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POETRY.



" How often have I led the sportive choir
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!"

The Traveller.

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POETRY.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING

RITSON'S ROBIN HOOD,
CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES,
BURNS' POEMS,
GOLDSMITH'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

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CONTENTS.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

*** The folios refer to those used at the bottom of the volume.

VIGNETTES IN TITLES.

ROBIN HOOD:

A COLLECTION OF

POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS

Relative to that celebrated English Outlaw.



ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH

EDITED BY JOSEPH RITSON.

ROBIN HOOD



PREFACE.

THE singular circumstance, that the name of an outlawed individual of the twelfth or thirteenth century should continue traditionally popular, be chanted in ballads, and, as one may say,

Familiar in our mouth as household words,

at the end of the eighteenth, excited the editor's curiosity to retrieve all the historical or poetical remains concerning him that could be met with: an object which he has occasionally pursued for many years; and of which pursuit he now publishes the result. He cannot, indeed, pretend that his researches, extensive as they must appear, have been attended with all the success he could have wished; but, at the same time, it ought to be acknowledged that many poetical pieces, of great antiquity and some merit, are deservedly rescued from oblivion.

The materials collected for "the life" of this celebrated character, which are either preserved at large, or carefully referred to in the "notes and illustrations," are not, it must be confessed, in every instance, so important, so ancient, or, perhaps, so authentic, as the subject seems to demand; although the compiler may be permitted to say, in humble second-hand imitation of the poet Martial:

Some there are good, some middling, and some bad;
But yet they were the best that could be had.

Desirous to omit nothing that he could find upon the subject, he has everywhere faithfully vouched and exhibited his authorities, such as they are: it would, therefor, seem altogether uncandid or unjust to make him responsible for the want of authenticity of such of them as may appear liable to that imputation.

The justice or candour, however, which he has reason to expect from the professed critic, who is allowed to dictate or influence the public opinion, may be easily conceived; since the author of an article in the *Critical Review*, for the month of January, 1792, who was necessaryly an entire stranger to the particular contents of this work, was pleased, by way of anticipation, it would seem, of his own criticism, (too frequently exercised on subjects he is equally ignorant of,) to pronounce them "the refuse of a stall." To the impartial critic, whether hireling or volunteer, who points out errors that might be corrected, and faults that might be remedyed—in a word, who, instead of abusing books for being what they are, shews what they should have been, an author or editor is not less, and perhaps even much more, indebted and obliged than the public at large; but, to adopt the words of the great Milton, one must always "ABOMINAT THE CENSURE OF RASCALS."

The Life of Robin Hood.

IT will scarcely be expected that one should be able to offer an authentic narrative of the life and transactions of this extraordinary personage. The times in which he lived, the mode of life he adopted, and the silence or loss of contemporary writers, are circumstances sufficiently favourable indeed to romance, but altogether inimical to historical truth. The reader must, therefor, be contented with such a detail, however scanty or imperfect, as a zealous pursuit of the subject enables one to give; and which, though it may fail to satisfy, may possibly serve to amuse. No assistance has been derived from the labours of his professed biographers (a); and even the industrious Sir John Hawkins, from whom the public might have expected ample gratification upon the subject, acknowledges that "the history of this popular hero is but little known; and all the scattered fragments concerning him, could they be brought together, would fall far short of satisfying such an enquirer as none but real and authenticated facts will content. We must," he says, "take his story as we find it." He accordingly gives us nothing but two or three trite and trivial extracts, with which every one, at all curious about the subject, was as well acquainted as himself. It is not, at the same time, pretended that the present attempt promises more than to bring together the scattered fragments to which the learned historian alludes. This, however, has been done according to the best of the compiler's information and abilities; and the result is, with a due sense of the deficiency of both, submitted to the reader's candour.

ROBIN HOOD was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham (A), in the reign of King Henry the Second, and about the year of Christ 1160 (B). His extraction was noble, and his true name ROBERT FITZOOTH, which vulgar pronunciation easyly corrupted into ROBIN HOOD (C). He is frequently styled, and commonly reputed to have been, EARL OF HUNTINGDON; a title to which, in the latter part of his life at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension (D). In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition, insomuch that, his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice he sought an asylum in

the woods and forests, with which immense tracts, especially in the northern parts of the kingdom, were at that time covered (E). Of these he chiefly affected Barnsdale, in Yorkshire; Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire; and, according to some, Plompton-park, in Cumberland (F). Here he either found, or was afterwards joined by, a number of persons in similar circumstances;

> "Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
> Thrust from the company of awful men" (*F);

who appear to have considered and obeyed him as their chief or leader, and of whom his principal favourites, or those in whose courage and fidelity he most confided, were LITTLE JOHN (whose surname is said to have been *Nailor*), WILLIAM SCADLOCK (Scathelock, or Scarlet), GEORGE A GREEN, pinder (or pound-keeper), of Wakefield, MUCH, a miller's son, and a certain monk or frier, named TUCK (G). He is likewise said to have been accompanyed in his retreat by a female, of whom he was enamoured, and whose real or adopted name was MARIAN (H).

His company, in process of time, consisted of a hundred archers; 'men,' says Major, 'most skilful in battle, whom four times that number of the boldest fellows durst not attack (I).' His manner of recruiting was somewhat singular; for, in the words of an old writer, "wheresoever he hard of any that were of unusual strength and 'hardines,' he would desgyse himselfe, and, rather then fayle, go lyke a begger to become acquaynted with them; and, after he had tryed them with fyghting; never give them over tyl he had used means to drawe [them] to lyve after his fashion" (J): a practice of which numerous instances are recorded in the more common and popular songs, where, indeed, he seldom fails to receive a sound beating. In shooting with the long bow, which they chiefly practised, "they excelled all the men of the land; though, as occation required, they had also other weapons" (K). In these forests, and with this company, he for many years reigned like an independent sovereign; at perpetual war, indeed, with the king of England and all his subjects, with an exception, however, of the poor and needy, and such as were "desolate and oppressed," or stood in need of his protection. When molested by a superior force in one place, he retired to another, still defying the power of what was called law and government, and making his enemies pay dearly, as well for their open attacks, as for their clandestine treachery. It is not, at the same time, to be concluded that he must, in this opposition, have been guilty of manifest treason or rebellion, as he most certainly can be justly charged with neither. An outlaw, in those times, being deprived of protection, owed no allegiance: "his hand 'was' against every man, and every man's hand against him" (L). These forests, in short, were his territories; those who accompanyed and adhered to him, his subjects:

> The world was not his friend, nor the world's law;

and what better title king Richard could pretend to the territory and people of England, than Robin Hood had to the dominion of Barnsdale or Sherwood, is a question humbly submitted to the consideration of the political philosopher. The deer with which the royal forests then abounded (every Norman tyrant being, like Nimrod, "a mighty hunter before the Lord") would afford our hero and his companions an ample supply of food throughout the year; and of fuel, for dressing their venison, or for the other purposes of life, they could evidently be in no want. The rest of their necessaries would be easyly procured, partly by taking what they had occasion for from the wealthy passenger who traversed or approached their territories, and partly by commerce with the neighbouring villages or great towns. It may be readyly imagined that such a life, during great part of the year, at least, and while it continued free from the alarms or apprehensions to which our foresters, one would suppose, must have been too frequently subject, might be sufficiently pleasant and desireable, and even deserve the compliment which is payed to it by Shakspeare, in his comedy of *As you like it*, (Act 1. scene 1.,) where, on Olivers asking "Where will the old duke live?" Charles answers, "They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the OLD ROBIN HOOD OF ENGLAND; . . . and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." Their gallant chief, indeed, may be presumed to have frequently exclaimed with the banished Valentine, in another play of the same author [1]:

> "How use doth breed a habit in a man!
> This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
> I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
> Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
> And, to the nightingale's complaining notes
> Tune my distresses, and record my woes."

He would, doubtless, too often find occasion to add:

> "What hallooing and what stir is this to-day?
> These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
> Have some unhappy passenger in chace:
> They love me well; yet I have much to do
> To keep them from uncivil outrages."

But, on the other hand, it will be at once difficult and painful to conceive,

> ——— When they did hear
> The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
> In that their pinching cave, they could discourse
> The freezing hours away! (M)

Their mode of life, in short, and domestic economy, of which no authentic particulars have been even traditionally preserved, are more easyly to be guessed at than described. They have, nevertheless, been elegantly sketched by the animating pencil of an excellent, though neglected poet:

> "The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an age to tell,
> And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,
> When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
> How he hath cousen'd them, that him would have betray'd;
> How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis'd,
> And cunningly escap'd, being set to be surpriz'd.
> In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
> But he hath heard some talk of him and little John;
> And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
> Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Much the miller's son,
> Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
> An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
> Still ready at his call, that bow men were right good,
> All clad in Lincoln green (N), with caps of red and blue,
> His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
> When setting to their lips their little beugles shrill,
> The warbling ecchos wak'd from every dale and hill.

[1] *The Two Gentlemen* [of] *Verona*, act v. scene iv.

Their bauldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,
To which, under their arms, their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man:
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick and rove,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-outs, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the
Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber and for feather, [pin:
With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots chests, and churls abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor:
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him, before he went, but for his pass must pay:
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which, wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods; chief lady of the game:
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here and there
Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew [1]."

That our hero and his companions, while they lived in the woods, had recourse to robbery for their better support, is neither to be concealed nor to be denyed. Testimonies to this purpose, indeed, would be equally endless and unnecessary. Fordun, in the fourteenth century, calls him, "*ille famosissimus siccarius*," that most celebrated robber; and Major terms him and Little John, "*famatissimi latrones*." But it is to be remembered, according to the confession of the latter historian, that in these exertions of power, he took away the goods of rich men only; never killing any person, unless he was attacked or resisted: that he would not suffer a woman to be maltreated; nor ever took anything from the poor, but charitably fed them with the wealth he drew from the abbots. 'I disapprove,' says he, 'of the rapine of the man; but he was the most humane and the prince of all robbers (O).' In allusion, no doubt, to this irregular and predatory course of life, he has had the honour to be compared to the illustrious Wallace, the champion and deliverer of his country; and that, it is not a little remarkable, in the latter's own time (P).

Our hero, indeed, seems to have held bishops, abbots, priests, and monks,—in a word, all the clergy, regular or secular,—in decided aversion.

"These byshoppes and thyse archebyshoppes,
Ye shall them bete and bynde,"

was an injunction carefully impressed upon his followers: and, in this part of his conduct, perhaps, the pride, avarice, uncharitableness, and hypocrisy, of these clerical drones, or pious locusts, will afford him ample justification. The abbot of Saint Marys, in York (Q), from some unknown cause, appears to have been distinguished by particular animosity; and the sheriff of Nottinghamshire (R), who may have been too active and officious in his endeavours to apprehend him, was the unremitted object of his vengeance.

Notwithstanding, however, the aversion in which he appears to have held the clergy of every denomination, he was a man of exemplary piety, according to the notions of that age, and retained a domestic chaplain (Friar Tuck, no doubt) for the diurnal celebration of the divine mysteries. This we learn from an anecdote preserved by Fordun, as an instance of those actions which the historian allows to deserve commendation. One day, as he heard mass, which he was most devoutly accustomed to do, (nor would he, in whatever necessity, suffer the office to be interrupted,) he was espyed by a certain sherif and officers belonging to the king, who had frequently before molested him, in that most secret recess of the wood where he was at mass. Some of his people, who perceived what was going forward, advised him to fly with all speed, which, out of reverence to the sacrament, which he was then most devoutly worshiping, he absolutely refused to do. But the rest of his men having fled for fear of death, Robin, confiding solely in Him whom he reverently worshiped, with a very few, who by chance were present, set upon his enemies, whom he easyly vanquished; and, being enriched with their spoils and ransom, he always held the ministers of the church and masses in greater veneration ever after, mindful of what is vulgarly said;

"Him god does surely hear
Who oft to th' mass gives ear (S)."

They who deride the miracles of Moses or Mahomet are at full liberty, no doubt, to reject those wrought in favour of Robin Hood; but, as a certain admirable author expresses himself, "an honest man, and of good judgment, believeth still what is told him, and that which he finds written."

Having, for a long series of years, maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published, offering a considerable reward for bringing him in either dead or alive; which, however, seems to have been productive of no greater success than former attempts for that purpose (T). At length, the infirmities of old age increasing upon him, and desirous to be relieved, in a fit of sickness, by being let blood, he applyed for that purpose to the prioress of Kirkleys-nunnery, in Yorkshire, his relation, (women, and particularly religious women, being, in those times, somewhat better skilled in surgery than the sex is at present,) by whom he was treacherously suffered to bleed to death. This event happened on the 18th of November, 1247, being the thirty-first year of King Henry III., and (if the date assigned to his birth be correct) about the 87th of his age (U). He was intered under some trees, at a short distance from the house; a stone being placed over his grave, with an inscription to his memory (V).

Such was the end of Robin Hood: a man who, in a barbarous age, and under a complicated tyranny, displayed a spirit of freedom and independence, which has endeared him to the common

[1] Draytons *Polyolbion*, song xxvi.

people, whose cause he maintained, (for all opposition to tyranny is the cause of the people); and, in spite of the malicious endeavours of pitiful monks, by whom history was consecrated to the crimes and follies of titled ruffians and sainted idiots, to suppress all record of his patriotic exertions and virtuous acts, will render his name immortal.

> "*Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,*
> *Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,*
> *Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*"

With respect to his personal character: it is sufficiently evident that he was active, brave, prudent, patient; possessed of uncommon bodyly strength, and considerable military skill; just, generous, benevolent, faithful, and beloved or revered by his followers or adherents for his excellent and amiable qualities. Fordun, a priest, extols his piety; and piety, by a priest, is regarded as the perfection of virtue. Major (as we have seen) pronounces him the most humane and the prince of all robbers; and Camden, whose testimony is of some weight, calls him "*prædonem mitissimum*," the gentlest of thieves. As proofs of his universal and singular popularity: his story and exploits have been made the subject as well of various dramatic exhibitions (W) as of innumerable poems, rimes, songs, and ballads (X). He has given rise to divers proverbs (Y); and to swear by him, or some of his companions, appears to have been a usual practice (Z). His songs have been preferred, on the most solemn occasions, not only to the Psalms of David, but to the New Testament (AA); his service to the word of God (BB). He may be regarded as the patron of archery (CC); and, though not actually canonized, (a situation to which the miracles wrought in his favour, as well in his lifetime as after his death, and the supernatural powers he is, in some parts, supposed to have possessed (DD), give him an indisputable claim), he obtained the principal distinction of sainthood in having a festival allotted to him, and solemn games instituted in honour of his memory, which were celebrated till the latter end of the sixteenth century; not by the populace only, but by kings or princes and grave magistrates; and that as well in Scotland as in England; being considered, in the former country, of the highest political importance, and essential to the civil and religious liberties of the people, the efforts of government to suppress them frequently producing tumult and insurrection (EE). His bow, and one of his arrows, his chair, his cap, and one of his slippers, were preserved, with peculiar veneration, till within the present century (FF); and not only places which afforded him security or amusement, but even the well at which he quenched his thirst, still retain his name (GG); a name which, in the middle of the present century, was conferred, as an honourable distinction, upon the prime minister to the king of Madagascar (HH).

After his death his company was dispersed (II). History is silent in particulars: all that we can, therefor, learn is, that the honour of Little John's death and burial is contended for by rival nations (JJ); that his grave continued long "celebrous for the yielding of excellent whetstones;" and that some of his descendants, of the name of *Nailor*, which he himself bore, and they from him, were in being so late as the last century (KK).

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

REFERRED TO IN THE FOREGOING LIFE.

(a) "PROFESSED biographers, *&c.*"] Such, that is, as have already appeared in print, since a sort of manuscript life in the Sloane library will appear to have been of some service. The first of these respectable personages is the author, or rather compiler, of "The noble birth and gallant atchievements of that remarkable outlaw Robin Hood; together with a true account of the many merry extravagant exploits he played; in twelve several stories: newly collected by an ingenious antiquary. London, printed by W. O." [William Onley.] 4to, black letter, no date. These "several stories," in fact, are only so many of the songs in the common *Garland* transposed; and the "ingenious antiquary," who strung them together, has known so little of his trade, that he sets out with informing us of his heros banishment by king Henry the *eighth*. The above is supposed to be "the small merry book" called *Robin Hood*, mentioned in a list of "books, ballads, and histories, printed for and sold by William Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-lane." (about 1680,) preserved in one of the volumes of old ballads (part of Bagfords collection) in the British museum.

Another piece of biography, from which much will not be expected, is, "The lives and heroick atchievements of the renowned Robin Hood, and *James Hind*, two noted robbers and highwaymen. London, 1752," 8vo. This, however, is probably nothing more than an extract from Johnsons *Lives of the highwaymen*, in which, as a specimen of the authors historical authenticity, we have the life and actions of that noted robber, SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

The principal if not sole reason why our hero is never once mentioned by Matthew Paris, *Benedictus abbas*, or any other ancient English historian, was most probably his avowed enmity to churchmen; and history, in former times, was written by none but monks. From the same motives that Josephus is pretended to have suppressed all mention of Jesus Christ, they were unwilling to praise the actions which they durst neither misrepresent nor deny. Fordun and Major, however, being foreigners, have not been deterred by this professional spirit from rendering homage to his virtues.

(A) "—was born at Lockslev in the county of Nottingham."] "Robin Hood," says a MS. in the British Museum, (*Bib. Sloan.* 715,) written, as it

seems, toward the end of the sixteenth century, "was borne at Lockesley in Yorkshyre, or after others in Notinghamshire." The writer here labours under manifest ignorance and confusion, but *the first row of the rubric* will set him right:

> "In *Locksly town*, in merry *Nottinghamshire*,
> In merry sweet Locksly town,
> There bold Robin Hood was *born* and was bred,
> Bold Robin of famous renown."[1]

Dr. Fuller (*Worthies of England*, 1662, p. 320.) is doubtful as to the place of his nativity. Speaking of the "Memorable Persons" of Nottinghamshire, "Robert Hood," says he, "(if not by *birth*) by his chief *abode* this country-man."

The name of such a town as *Locksley*, or *Loxley* (for so we sometimes find it spelled), in the county of Nottingham or of York, does not, it must be confessed, occur either in sir Henry Spelmans *Villare Anglicum*, in Adams's *Index villaris*, in Whatleys *Englands gazetteer*,[2] in Thorotons *History of Nottinghamshire*, or in the *Nomina villarum Eboracensium* (York, 1768, 8vo). The silence of these authorities is not, however, to be regarded as a conclusive proof that such a place never existed. The names of towns and villages, of which no trace is now to be found but in ancient writings, would fill a volume.

(B)—"in the reign of king Henry the second, and about the year of Christ 1160.] "Robin Hood," according to the Sloane MS., "was borne . . . in the dayes of Henry the 2nd, about the yeare 1160." This was the 6th year of that monarch; at whose death (*anno* 1189) he would, of course, be about 29 years of age. Those writers are therefor pretty correct who represent him as *playing his pranks* (Dr. Fullers phrase) in the reign of king Richard the first, and, according to the last named author, "about the year of our lord 1200."[3] Thus Major (who is followed by Stowe, *Annales* 1592, *p.* 227,) "*Circa hæc tempora* [*sci. Ricardi I.*] *ut auguror*, &c." A MS. note in the Museum (*Bib. Har.* 1233), not, in Mr. Wanleys opinion, to be relyed on, places him in the same period, "*Temp.* Rich. I." Nor is Fordun altogether out of his reckoning in bringing him down to the time of Henry III. as we shall hereafter see; and with him agrees that "noble clerke maister Hector Bocce," who in the nintieeth chapter of his "threttene buke," says, "About this tyme was that waithman Robert Hode with his fallow litil Johne, &c." (*Hystory of Scotland*, Edin. 1541. fo.) A modern writer, (*History of Whitby*, by Lionel Charlton, York, 1779, 4to.) though of no authority in this point, has done well enough to speak of him as living "in the days of abbot Richard and Peter his successor;" that is, between the years 1176 and 1211. The author of the two plays upon the story of our hero, of which a particular account will be hereafter given, makes him contemporary with king Richard, who, as well as his brother prince John, is introduced upon the scene; which is confirmed by another play, quoted in note (D). Warner, also, in his *Albions England*, 1602. p. 132. refers his existence to "better daies, first Richards daies." This, to be sure, may not be such evidence as would be sufficient to decide the point in a court of justice; but neither judge nor counsel will dispute the authority of that oracle of the law, sir Edward Coke, who pronounces that "This Robert Hood lived in the reign of king R. I." (3 *Institute*, 197.)

We must not, therefore, regard what is said by such writers as the author of "George a Greene, the pinner of Wakefield," 1599, (see note (G) who represents our hero as contemporary with king Edward IV. and the compiler of a foolish book called "The noble birth, &c. of Robin Hood," (see note (a) who commences it by informing us of his banishment by king Henry VIII. As well indeed might we suppose him to have lived before the time of Charlemagne, because sir John Harrington, in his translation of the *Orlando furioso*, 1590. p. 391. has made

> "Duke 'Ammon in great wrath thus wise 'to' speake,
> *This is a tale indeed of* Robin Hood,
> Which to beleeve, might show my wits but weake:"

or to imagine his story must have been familiar to Plutarch, because in his *Morals*, translated by Dr. Philemon Holland, 1603, p. 644. we read the following passage: "Even so [*i. e.* as the crane and fox serve each other in Æsop], when learned men at a table plunge and drowne themselves (as it were) in subtile problemes and questions interlaced with logicke, which the vulgar sort are not able for their lives to comprehend and conceive; whiles they also againe for their part come in with their *foolish songs*, and *vain ballads* of Robin-hood and Little John, telling *tales of a tubbe*, or of a *roasted horse*, and such like." In a word, if we are to credit translators, he must have existed before the siege of Troy: for thus, according to one of Homers:

> "Then came a choice companion
> Of Robin Hood and Little John,
> Who many a buck and many a doe,
> In *Sherwood forest*, with his bow,
> Had nabb'd; believe me it is true, sir,
> The fellows Christian name was Teucer."
> Iliad, by Bridges, 4to, p. 231.

Thus likewise, in a much earlier translation of the same immortal bard (Homer a la mode, 1664), we read of

> —"greate Apollo who's as good
> At pricks and butts as Robin Hood."

This last supposition indeed, has even the respectable countenance of dan Geoffrey Chaucer:

> "Pandarus answerde, it may be well inough,
> And held with him of all that ever he saied,
> But in his hart he thought, and soft lough,
> And to himselfe full soberly he saied,
> From *haselwood* there jolly Robin plaied,
> Shall come all that thou abidest here,
> Ye, farewell all the snow of ferne yere."
> Troilus (B. 5.) Speghts edition, 1602.

(C) "His extraction was noble, and his true name Robert Fitzooth."] In "an olde and auncient pamphlet," which Grafton the chronicler had seen, it was written that "This man discended of a noble parentage." The Sloane MS. says, "He was of . . . . . parentage;" and though the material word is illegible, the sense evidently requires *noble*. So, likewise, the Harleian note: "It is said that he was of noble blood." Leland also has expressly termed him "*nobilis*." (*Collectanea*, I. 54.) The following account of his family will be found sufficiently particular. Ralph Fitzothes or Fitzooth, a Norman.

[1] See part II. ballad 1.

[2] All three mention a *Loxley* in Warwickshire, and another in Staffordshire ("near Needwood-forest, the manor and seat of the Kinardsleys").

[3] It is 1100 in the original, but that is clearly an error of the press.

who had come over to England with William Rufus, marryed Maud or Matilda, daughter of Gilbert de Gaunt, earl of Kyme and Lindsey, by whom he had two sons: Philip, afterward earl of Kyme, that earldom being part of his mothers dowry, and William. Philip the elder dyed without issue; William was a ward to Robert de Vere earl of Oxford, in whose household he received his education, and who, by the kings express command, gave him in marriage to his own niece, the youngest of the three daughters of the celebrated lady Roisia de Vere, daughter of Aubrey de Vere, earl of Guisnes in Normandy, and lord high chamberlain of England under Henry I. and of Adeliza, daughter to Richard de Clare, earl of Clarence and Hertford, by Payn de Beauchamp baron of Bedford, her second husband. The offspring of this marriage was, our hero, ROBERT FITZOOTH, commonly called ROBIN HOOD. (See Stukeleys *Palæographia Britannica*, No. I. *passim.*)

A writer in the *Gentlemans magazine*, for March, 1793, under the signature D. H. pretends that *Hood* is only a corruption of "*o' th' wood*, q. d. *of Sherwood*." This, to be sure, is an absurd conceit; but, if the name were a matter of conjecture, it might be probably enough referred to some particular sort of *hood* our hero wore by way of distinction or disguise See Scots *Discoverie of witchcraft*, 1584, p. 522. It is unnecessary to add that *Hood* is a common surname at this day.

(D) "He is frequently stiled . . EARL OF HUNTINGDON, a title to which, for the latter part of his life at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension."] In Graftons "olde and auncient pamphlet," though the author had, as already noticed, said "this man discended of a noble parentage," he adds, "or rather beyng of a base stocke and linage, was for his manhood and chivalry advaunced to the noble dignitie of an erle."

In the MS. note (*Bib. Har.* 1233) is the following passage: "It is said that he was of noble blood no lesse then an earle." Warner, in his *Albions England*, already cited, calls him "a county." The titles of Mundys two plays are: "The downfall," and "The death of ROBERT EARLE OF HUNTINGTON." He is likewise introduced in that character in the same authors *Metropolis coronata*, hereafter cited. In his epitaph we shall find him expressly stiled "ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGTUN."

In "A pleasant commodie called *Looke about you*," printed in 1600, our hero is introduced, and performs a principal character. He is represented as the young earl of Huntington, and in ward to prince Richard, though his brother Henry, the young king, complains of his having "had wrong about his wardship." He is described as

"A gallant youth, a proper gentleman;"

and is sometimes called "pretty earle," and "little wag."

"*Fau.* But welcome, welcome, and young HUNTINGTON,
Sweet ROBYN HUDE, honors best flowing bloome"

"——an honourable youth,
Vertuous and modest, Huntingtons right heyre."

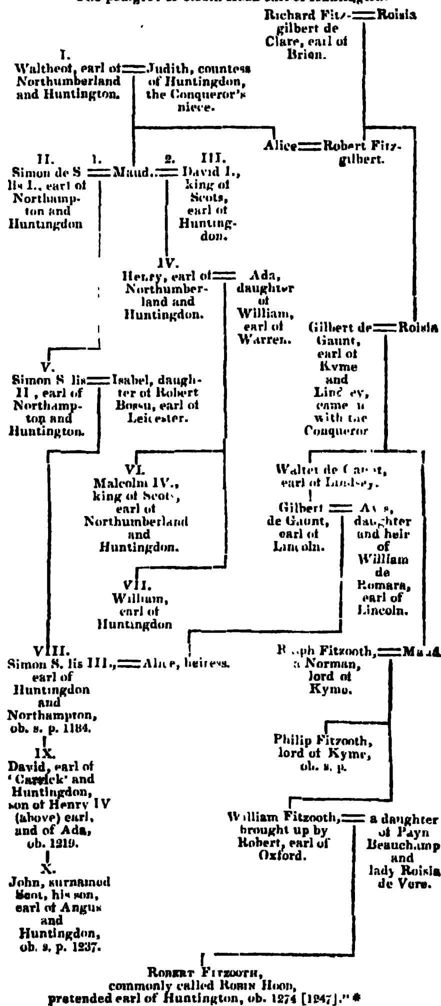
And it is said that

"*His father* GILBERT was the smoothst fac't lord
That ere bare armes in England or in Fraunce."

In one scene, "Enter Richard and Robert with coronets."

"*Rich.* Richard the prince of England, with his ward,
The noble ROBERT HOOD, EARLE HUNTINGTON,
Present their service to your majestic."

Dr. Percys objection, that the most ancient poems make no mention of this earldom, but only call him a yeoman, will be considered in another place. How he founded his pretensions to this title will be seen in his pedigree. Here it is.



ROBERT FITZOOTH,
commonly called ROBIN HOOD,
pretended earl of Huntington, ob. 1274 [1247]." *

* Stukeleys *Palæographia Britannica*, No. II p. 115. In an interleaved copy of *Robin Hoods garland* formerly belonging to Dr. Stukeley, and now in the possession of Francis Douce esquire, opposite the 2d page of the 1st song, is the following note in his own hand:

"Guy earl of Warwick.

George Gamwell of Gamwell Hall *magna* esq. — Joanna = Fitz Odoth

Robin Fitz Odoth

Gamwell the king's forester in Yorkshire. mentioned in Camden.

See my answer No. II. of Lady Roisia, where is Robin Hoods TRUE PEDIGREE."

The doctor seems, by this pedigree, to have founded our heros pretensions on his descent from Roisia, sister of Robert Fitzgilbert, husband of Alice, youngest daughter of Judith countess of Hunting

(E) "In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition, *&c.*"] Graftons pamphlet, after supposing him to have been "advaunced to the noble dignitie of an erle," continued thus: "But afterwardes he so prodigally exceeded in charges and expenses, that he fell into great debt, by reason whereof, so many actions and sutes were commenced against him whereunto he answered not, that by order of lawe he was outlawed."[1] Leland must undoubtedly have had good authority for calling him "*nobilis ille exlex.*"[2] Fordun supposes him in the number of those deprived of their estates by K. Hen. III. "*Hoc intempore*," says he, "*de* exheredatis *surrexit et caput erexit ille famosissimus siccarius* Robertus Hode et littill Johanne *cum eorum complicibus.*" (p. 774.) The Sloane MS. says he was "so ryotous that he lost or sould his patrimony & for debt became an outlawe:" and the Harleian note mentions his "having wasted his estate in riotous courses." The former authority, however, gives a different, though, it may be, less credible, account of his being obliged to abscond. It is as follows: "One of his first exployts was the going abrode into a forest, & bearing with him a bowe of exceeding great strength, he fell into company with certayne rangers or woodmen, who fell to quarrel with him, as making showe to use such a bowe as no man was able to shoote withall. Whereto Robin replyed that he had two better then that at Lockesley, only he bare that with him nowe as a byrding bowe. At length the 'contention' grewe so hote that there was a wager layd about the kylling of a deere a greate distance of, for performance whereof Robin offered to lay his head to a certayne some of money, the advantage of which rash speach the others presently tooke. So the marke being found out, one of them, both to make his hart faynt and hand unsteady, as he was about to shoote urged him with the losse of head if he myst the marke. Notwithstanding Robin kyld the deare, and gave every man his money agayne, save to him which at the poynt of shooting so upbraided him with danger to loose his hed for that wager; & he sayd they would drinke togeyther: whereupon the others stomached the matter and from quarelling they grewe to fighting with him. But Robin, getting him somewhat of, with shooting dispatch them, and so fled away; and then betaking himselfe to lyve in the woods, *&c.*"[3]

That he lurked or infested the woods is agreed by all. "*Circa hæc tempora*," says Major, "*Robertus Hudus Anglus & parvus Joannes, latrones famatissimi, in nemoribus latuerunt.*"

Dr. Stukeley says that "Robin Hood took to this wild way of life, in imitation of his grandfather Geoffrey de Mandeville, who being a favorer of Maud empress, K. Stephen took him prisoner at S. Albans, and made him give up the tower of London, Walden, Plessis, &c. upon which he lived on plunder." (*MS. note in his copy of* Robin Hoods garland.)

(F) "Of these he chiefly affected Barnsdale, *&c.*"] "Along on the lift hond," says Leland, "a iii. miles of betwixt Milburne and Feribridge I saw the wooddi and famose forrest of *Barnesdale*, wher thay say that Robyn Hudde lyvid like an owtlaw." *Itinerary*, V. 101.

"They haunted about *Barnsdale forrest, Compton* [r. *Plompton*] *parke*,[4] and such other places." *MS. Sloane.*

"His principal residence," says Fuller, "was in *Shirewood forrest* in this county [Notts], though he had another haunt (he is no fox that hath but one hole) near the sea in the North-riding in Yorkshire, where *Robin Hoods bay* still retaineth his name: not that he was any pirat, but a land-thief, who retreated to those unsuspected parts for his security." *Worthies of England*, p. 320.

In Thorotons *Nottinghamshire*, p. 505, is some account of the ancient and present state of Sherwood forest: but one looks in vain, through that dry detail of land-owners, for any particulars relating to our hero. "In *anno domini* 1194. king Richard the first, being a hunting in the forrest of Sherwood, did chase a hart out of the forrest of Sherwood into Barnesdale in Yorkshire, and because he could not there recover him, he made proclamation at Tickill in Yorkshire, and at divers others places there, that no person should kill, hurt, or chase the said hart, but that he might safely retorne into forrest againe, which hart was afterwards called a *hart-royall proclaimed.* (Manwoods *Forest laws*, 1598, p. 25, from "an auncient recorde" found by him in the tower of Nottingham castle.)[5]

(*F) "Here he either found, *&c.*"] After being outlawed, Grafton tells us, "for a lewde shift, as his last refuge, [he] gathered together a companye of roysters and cutters,[6] and practised robberyes and spoyling of the kinges subjects, and occupied and frequented the forestes or wild countries." See also the following note.

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don; which, whatever it might do in those times, would scarcely be thought sufficient to support such a claim, at present. Beside, though John the Scot died without issue, he left three sisters, all marryed to powerful barons, either in Scotland or in England, none of whom, however, assumed the title. It is, therefore, probable, after all, that Robin Hood derived his earldom in some other way.

Dr. Stukeley, whose learned labours are sufficiently known and esteemed, was a professed antiquary, and a beneficed clergyman of the church of England. He has not, it is true, thought it necessary to cite any ancient or other authority in support of the above representations; nor is it in the editors power to supply the deficiency. Perhaps, indeed, the doctor might think himself intitled to expect that his own authority would be deemed sufficient: upon that, however, they must be content to rest. Mr. Parkin, who published "A reply to the peevish, weak, and malevolent objections brought by Dr. Stukeley, in his *Origines Roystonianæ*, No. 2." (Norwich, 1748. 4to.) terms "his pedigree of Robin Hood quite jocose, an original indeed!" (see pp. 27, 32.)

Otho, and *Fitz-Otho*, it must be confessed, were common names among the Anglo-Normans, but no such name as *Othes, Ooth, Fitz-Othes*, or *Fitz-Ooth*, has been elsewhere met with. *Philip de Kime*, also, was certainly a considerable landholder in the county of Lincoln, in the time of king Henry II. but it no where appears, except from Dr Stukeley, that his surname was *Fitz-Ooth*.

The doctor likewise informs us that the arms of Ralph Fitzooth, and consequently of our hero, were "*g.* two bends engrailed, *o.*"

[1] Graftons chronicle. p. 85. [2] *Collec.* I. 54.

[3] See *Robin Hoods progress to Nottingham*, part II. ballad 2.

[4] Plompton park, upon the banks of the Peterill, in Cumberland, was formerly very large, and set apart by the kings of England for the keeping of deer. It was disafforested or disparked, by Henry the 8th. See Camdens *Britannia*, by bishop Gibson, who seems to confound this park with Inglewood forest, a district of sixteen miles in length, reaching from Carlile to Penrith, where the kings of England used to hunt, and Edward I. is reported to have killed 200 bucks in one day. *Ibi.*

[5] Drayton (*Polyolbion*, song 26.) introduces Sherwood in the character of a nymph, who, out of disdain at the preference shewn by the poet to a sister-forest,

> "All self praise set apart, determineth to sing
> That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
> Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range,
> For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
> To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court."

[6] Cutters.] See Note [u], ballad V., part I. The word is sometimes used as synonimous with bravos or assassins. So in the old play of *Arden of Feversham*, b. l. n. d.

> "And they are *cutters* and may *cut* your throat."

(G) "LITTLE JOHN, WILLIAM SCADLOCK, GEORGE A GREEN, pinder of Wakefield, MUCH, a millers son, and a certain monk or frier named TUCK."] Of these the pre-eminence is incontestably due to *Little John*, whose name is almost constantly coupled with that of his gallant leader, "*Robertus Hode &c* littill Johanne," are mentioned together by Fordun, as early as 1341; and later instances of the connection would be almost endless. After the words, "for debt became an outlaw," the Sloane MS. adds, "then joyninge to him many stout fellowes of lyke disposition, amongst whom one called *Little John* was principal or next to him, they haunted about Barnsdale forrest, *&c.*" See notes (II) (KK).

With respect to *frier Tuck*, "thogh some say he was an other kynd of religious man, for that the order of freyrs was not yet sprung up," (*MS. Sloan.*) yet as the Dominican friers (or friers preachers) came into England in the year 1221, upward of 20 years before the death of Robin Hood, and several orders of these religious had flourished abroad for some time, there does not seem much weight in that objection: nor, in fact, can one pay much regard to the term *frier*, as it seems to have been the common title given by the vulgar (more especially after the reformation) to all the regular clergy, of which the friers were at once the lowest and most numerous. If *frier Tuck* be the same person who, in one of the oldest songs, is called *The curtal frier of Fountainsdale*, he must necessaryly have been one of the monks of that abbey, which was of the Cistertian order. However this may be, *frier Tuck* is frequently noticed, by old writers, as one of the companions of Robin Hood, and as such was an essential character in the morris-dance (see note (H).) He is thus mentioned by Skelton, laureat, in his "goodly interlude" of *Magnificence*, written about the year 1500, and with an evident allusion to some game or practice now totally forgotten and inexplicable,

> "Another bade shave halfe my berde,
> And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke,
> And wolde have made me *freer Tucke*,
> To preche oute of the pylery hole."

In the year 1417, as Stow relates, "one by his counterfeite name, called *frier Tucke*, with manie other malefactors, committed many robberies in the counties of Surrey & Sussex, whereupon the king sent out his writs for their apprehension." (*Annales*, 1592.)

George a Green is *Georg o'the Green*, meaning perhaps the *town-green*, in which the *pound* or *pinfold* stood of which he had the care. He has been particularly celebrated, and "As good as George a Green" is still a common saying. Drayton, describing the progress of the river Calder, in the west-riding of Yorkshire, has the following lines:

> "It chanc'd she in her course on 'Kirkley' cast her eye,
> Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth lie;
> Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield stood,
> She doth not only think of lusty Robin Hood,
> But of his merry men, the pindar of the town
> Of Wakefield, George a Green, whose fames so far are blown
> For their so valiant fight, that every freemans song
> Can tell you of the same, quoth she, be talk'd on long
> For ye were merry lads, and those were merry days."

Thus too, Richard Brathwayte, in his poetical epistle "to all true-bred northerne sparks of the generous society of the Cottoneers" (*Strappado for the divell*, 1615):

> "But haste, my muse, in colours to display
> Some auncient customes in their high-roade way,
> . . . .
> At least such places labour to make knowne
> As former times have honour'd with renowne.
> . . . .
> The first whereof that I intend to show
> Is merry Wakefield, and her pindar too,
> Which fame hath blaz'd with all that did belong,
> Unto that towne in many gladsome song,
> The pindars valour, and how firme he stood
> In th' townes defence 'gainst th' rebel Robin Hood,
> How stoutly he behav'd himselfe, and would,
> In spite of Robin, bring his horse to th' fold,
> His many May-games which were to be seene
> Yearly presented *upon Wakefield greene*,
> Where lovely Jugge and lustie Tib would go,
> To see Tom-lively turne upon the toe;
> Hob, Lob, and Crowde the fidler would be there,
> And many more I will not speake of here.
> Good God! how glad hath been this hart of mine,
> To see that towne, which hath, in former time,
> So flourish'd and so gloried in her name,
> Famous by th' pindar who first rais'd the fame.
> Yea, I have paced ore *that greene* and ore
> And th' more I saw't I tooke delight the more,
> 'For where we take contentment in a place,
> A whole daies walke seemes as a cinquepace.'
> Yet as there is no solace upon earth,
> Which is attended evermore with mirth,
> But when we are transported most with gladnesse,
> Then suddenly our joy's reduc'd to sadnesse,
> So far'd with me to see the pindar gone,
> And of those jolly laddes that were not one
> Left to survive: I griev'd more then Ile say.—
> (But now for Bradford I must hast away.)
> . . . .
> Unto thy task, my muse, and now make knowne,
> The jolly shoo-maker of Bradford towne,
> His gentle craft so rais'd in former time
> By princely journey-men his discipline,
> 'Where he was wont with passengers to quaffe,
> 'But suffer none to carry up their staffe'
> Upon their shoulders, whilst they past through town,
> For if they did he soon would beat them downe;
> (So valiant was the souter) and from hence
> Twixt Robin Hood and him grew th' difference;
> Which, cause it is by most stage poets writ,
> For brevity I thought good to omit."

In the latter part of this extract, honest Richard evidently alludes to "A pleasant conceyted comedie of George a Greene, the pinner of Wakefield; as it was sundry times acted by the servants of the right honourable the earle of Sussex," 1599, 4to, which has been erroneously ascribed to Heywood the epigrammatist, and is reprinted, with other trash, in the late edition of Dodsleys *Old plays;* only it unluckily happens that *Robin Hood* is almost the only person who has no difference with the *souter* (or shoe-maker) *of Bradford*. The play in short (or at least that part of it which we have any concern with) is founded on the ballad of *Robin Hood and the pinder of Wakefield*, (see part II. song 3,) which it directly quotes, and is in fact a most despicable performance. King Edward (*the fourth*) having taken king James of Scotland prisoner, after a most bloody battle near Middleham-castle, from which of 30,000 Scots not 5000 had escaped, comes with his royal captive in disguise to Bradford, where they meet *Robin Hood* and *George a Green*, who have just had a stout affray: and, after having read this, and a great deal more such nonsensical stuff, captain Grose sagaciously "supposes, that this play has little or no foundation in

history;" and very gravely sits down, and debates his opinion in form.

"The history of George a Green, pindar of the town of Wakefield," 4to, no date, is a modern production, chiefly founded on the old play just mentioned, of neither authority nor merit.[1]

Our gallant pinder is thus facetiously commemorated by *Drunken Barnaby:*

> "*Hinc diverso curso, sero*
> *Quod audissem de* pindero
> Wakefeeldensi; *gloria mundi,*
> *Ubi socii sunt jucundi,*
> *Mecum statui peragrare*
> Georgii fustem *visitare.*"

> "Turning thence, none could me hinder
> To salute the *Wakefield pindar*.
> Who indeed is the world's glory,
> With his comrades never sorry.
> This was the cause, lest you should miss it,
> *George's club* I meant to visit.

> "*Veni* Wakefield *peramœnum,*
> *Ubi quœrens* Georgium Greenum,
> *Non inveni, sed in lignum,*
> *Fixum reperi* Georgii *signum,*
> *Ubi allam bibi feram*
> *Donec* Georgio *fortior eram.*"

> "Strait at Wakefield I was seen a,
> Where I sought for *George a Green a*,
> But could find not such a creature,
> Yet on a sign I saw his feature,
> Where strength of ale had so much stir'd me,
> That I grew stouter far than *Jordie*."

Besides the companions of our hero enumerated in the text, and whose names are most celebrated and familiar, we find those of *William of Goldsbrough*, (mentioned by Grafton,) *Right-hitting Brand*, (by Mundy,) and *Gilbert with the white hand*, who is thrice named in the *Lyttell geste of Robyn Hode*, (pp. 47. 51.) and is likewise noticed by bishop Gawin Douglas, in his *Palice of Honour*, printed at Edinburgh in 1579, but written before 1518:

> "Thair saw I Maitlaind upon auld Beird Gray,
> *Robene Hude*, and *Gilbert with the quhite 'hand,'*
> How Hay of Nauchton flew, in Madin land."[2]

As no mention is made of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough and William of Cloudeslie, either in the ancient legend, or in more than one of the numerous songs of Robin Hood, nor does the name of the latter once occur in the old metrical history of those famous archers, reprinted in Percys *Reliques*, and among *Pieces of ancient popular poetry*, it is to be concluded that they flourished at different periods, or at least had no connection with each other. In a poem, however, entitled "Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and YOUNG William of Cloudesley, the second part," 1616, 4to, b. l, (*Bib. Bod. Art. L.* 71, being a more modern copy than that in *Selden C.* 39, which wants the title, but was probably printed with the first part, which it there accompanies, in 1605; differing considerably therefrom in several places; and containing many additional verses:) are the following lines (not in the former copy):

> "Now beare thy fathers heart, my boy,
> Said William of Cloudesley then,
> When I was young I car'd not for
> The brags of sturdiest men.
> The pindor of Wakefield, George a Green,
> I try'd a sommers day,
> Yet he nor I were victors made
> Nor victor'd went away.
> Old Robin Hood, nor Little John,
> Amongst their merry men all,
> For fryer Tuck, so stout and young,
> My courage could appall."

(H) "MARIAN".] Who or whatever this lady was, it is observable that no mention of her occurs either in the *Lytell geste of Robyn Hode*, or in any other poem or song concerning him, except the not very old ballad of "Robin Hoods golden prise," where she is barely named, and a comparatively modern one of no merit (see part II. song 24). She is an important character, however, in the two old plays of *The death* and *downfall of Robert earl of Huntington*, written before 1600, and is frequently mentioned by dramatic or other writers about that period. The morris dance, so famous of old time, was (as is elsewhere noticed) composed of the following constituent characters: *Robin Hood, Little John, frier Tuck*, and *maid Marian*.

In the *First part of K. Henry IV.* Falstaff says to the hostess,—"There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, *maid Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee:" upon which Dr. Johnson observes, that "*Maid Marian* is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris." "In the *ancient songs of Robin Hood*," says Percy, "frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. I could quote," adds he, "many passages IN MY OLD MS. to this purpose, but shall produce only one:[3]

> "Good Robin Hood was living then,
> Which now is quite forgot,
> And so was fayre *maid Marian*, &c."

Mr. Steevens, too, after citing the old play of *The downfall of Robert earl of Huntington*, 1601, to prove "that *maid Marian* was originally a name assumed by *Matilda*, the daughter of *Robert lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a state of outlawry," observes, that "Shakspeare speaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet or a clown:" and refers to figure 2 in the plate at the end of the play, with Mr. Tollets observations on it. The widow, in sir W. Davenants *Love and Honour*, says, "I have been *mistress Marian* in a *maurice* ere now;" and Mr. Warton quotes an old piece, entitled "Old Meg of Herefordshire for a *maid Marian*, and Hereford town for a morris-dance: or 12 morris-dancers in Herefordshire of 1200 years old," London, 1609, quarto: which is dedicated, he says, to one Hall, a celebrated tabourer in that country.[4] See note (FF).

[1] An edition of "The history of George a Green," 1706, is in the British Museum.

[2] *Scottish poems*, i. 122. The last verse is undoubtedly sense as it now stands; but a collation of MSS. would probably authorise us to read,

> "*Quhom* Hay of Nauchton *slew* in Madin land."

[3] Without "the ancient songs," to which the doctor refers, are confined to his "old MS." he evidently asserts what he would probably find it difficult to prove. As for the passage he produces, it seems nothing to the purpose; as, in the first place, it is apparently not "ancient;" and, in the second, it is apparently not from a "song of Robin Hood."

[4] Mr. Warton, having observed that "The play of ROBIN

(I) "His company, &c."] See the entire passage quoted from Major in a subsequent note. "By such bootyes as he could get," says the writer of the Sloane MS. "his company encreast to an hundred and a halfe."

(J)—"the words of an old writer."] The author of the Sloane manuscript; which adds: "after such maner he procured the pynner of Wakefeyld to become one of his company, and a freyr called Muchel [r. Tuck)...Scarlock he induced upon this occasion: one day meeting him as he walket solitary & like to a man forlorne, because a mayd to whom he was affyanced was taken from [him] by the violence of her frends, & given to another that was old & welthy, whereupon Robin, understanding when the maryage-day should be, came to the church as a *begger*, & having his own company not far of, which came in so soone as they hard the sound of his horne, he tooke the bryde perforce from him that [bare] in hand to have marryed her, & caused the priest to wed her & Scarlocke togeyther." (See part II. song 8.) This MS., of which great part is merely the old legend or *Lytell geste of Robyn Hode* turned into prose, appears to have been written before the year 1600.

(K) "In shooting, &c."] *MS. Sloan.* Grafton also speaks of our heros "excellyng principally in archery or shooting, his manly courage agreeyng thereunto."

Their archery, indeed, was unparalleled, as both Robin Hood and Little John have frequently shot an arrow a measured mile, or 1760 yards, which, it is supposed, no one, either before or since, was ever able to do. "Tradition," says master Charlton, "informs us that in one of 'Robin Hoods' peregrinations, he, attended by his trusty mate Little John, went to dine [at Whitby-Abbey] with the abbot Richard, who, having heard them often famed for their great dexterity in shooting with the long bow, begged them after dinner to show him a specimen thereof; when, to oblige the abbot, they went up to the top of the abbey, whence each of them shot an arrow, which fell not far from Whitby-laths, but on the contrary side of the lane; and in memorial thereof, a pillar was set up by the abbot in the place where each of the arrows was found, which are yet standing in these our days; that field where the pillar for Robin Hood's arrow stands being still called *Robin Hood's field*, and the other where the pillar for Little John's arrow is placed, still preserving the name of *John's field*. Their distance from Whitby abbey is MORE THAN A MEASURED MILE, which seems very far for the flight of an arrow, and is a circumstance that will stagger the faith of many; but as to the credibility of the story, every reader may judge thereof as he thinks proper; only I must here beg leave to observe that these very pillars are mentioned, and the fields called by the aforesaid names, in the old deeds for that ground, now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Watson." (*History of Whitby*, York, 1779, p. 146.)[1]

Dr. Meredith Hanmer, in his *Chronicle of Ireland.* (p. 179,) speaking of Little John, says, "There are memorable acts reported of him, which I hold not for truth, that he would shoot an arrow A MILE OFF, and a great deale more; but them," adds he, "I leave among the lyes of the land."[2]

(L) "An outlaw, in those times, being deprived of protection, owed no allegiance, &c."] Such a character was, doubtless, at the period treated of, in a very critical situation; it being equally as legal and meritorious to hunt down and despatch him as it was to kill a wolf, the head of which animal he was said to bear. "*Item forisfacit*, says Bracton, (who wrote about the time,) *omnia que dacis sunt, quia a tempore quo utlagatus est* CAPUT GERIT LUPINUM, *ita ut impune ab omnibus interfici possit.*" (*l.* 2. c. 35.) In the great roll of the Exchequer, in the 7th year of king Richard I. is an allowance by writ, of two marks, to Thomas de Prestwude, for bringing to Westminster the head of William de Elleford, an outlaw. (See Madoxes *History of the Exchequer*, 136.) Those who received

and MARIAN is said to have been performed by the schoolboys of Angiers, according to annual custom, in the year 1392: The boys were *deguisiez*, says the old French record; and they had among them UN FILLETTE *deguisee*. (*Carpent. Du Cange, v.* ROBINET-PENTECOSTE):" adds he, "Our old character of *Mayd Marian* may be hence illustrated." (*His. Es. po.* i. 245.) This, indeed, seems sufficiently plausible; but unfortunately the *Robin* and *Marian* of *Angiers* are not the *Robin* and *Marian* of *Sherwood*. The play is still extant. See *Fabliaux ou contes*, Paris, 1781, ii. 144.

[1] "The quarry from whence king Wolfere fetched stones for his royal structure [*i. e.* Peterborough] was undoubtedly that of Bernach near unto Stamford.... And I find in the charter of K. Edward the Confessor, which he granted to the abbot of Ramsey, that the abbot of Ramsey should give to the abbot and convent of Peterburgh 4000 eeles in the time of Lent, and in consideration thereof the abbot of Peterburgh should give to the abbot of Ramsey as much freestone from his pitts in Bernack, and as much ragstone from his pitts in Peterburgh as he should need. Nor did the abbot of Peterburgh from these pits furnish only that but other abbies also, as that of St. Edmunds-Bury: in memory whereof there are two long stones yet standing upon a balk in Castor-field, near unto Gunwade-ferry; which erroneous tradition hath given out to be draughts of arrows from Alwalton church-yard thither; the one of Robin Hood, and the other of Little John; but the truth is, they were set up for witnesses, that the carriages of stone from Bernack to Gunwade-ferry, to be conveyed to S. Edmunds-Bury, might pass that way without paying toll; and in some old terrars they are called S. Edmunds stones. These stones are nicked in their tops after the manner of arrows, probably enough in memory of S. Edmund, who was shot to death with arrows by the Danes." Guntons *History of the church of Peterburgh*, 1686, p. 4.

[2] "In this relation," Mr. Walker observes, "the doctor not only evinces his credulity, but displays his ignorance of archery; for the ingenious and learned Mr. Barrington, than whom no man can be better informed on the subject, thinks that eleven score and seven yards is the utmost extent that an arrow can be shot from a long bow." (*Archæologia*, vol. VII.) According to tradition, he adds, Little John shot an arrow from the Old-bridge, Dublin, to the present site of St. Michaels church, a distance not exceeding, he believes, that mentioned by Mr. Barrington. (*Historical essay on the dress of the ancient and modern Irish*, p. 129.)

What Mr. Barrington "thinks" may be true enough, perhaps, of the Toxophilite-society and other modern archers; but people should not talk of ROBIN HOOD *who never shot in his bow.* The above ingenious writers censure of Dr. Hanmers *credulity* and *ignorance*, seems to be misapplyed; since he cannot be supposed to believe what he *holds not for truth*, and actually *leaves among the lyes of the land.*

See also the old song, printed in the appendix, No. 2. Drayton, a well-informed and intelligent man, who wrote before archery had fallen into complete disuse, says—

"At marks full *forty score* they us'd to prick and rove."

or consorted with a person outlawed were subject to the same punishment. Such was the humane policy of our enlightened ancestors!

(M) "——— how,
. . . . they could discourse
The freezing hours away!"]

(*Cymbeline*, act iii, scene 3.) The chief subjects of our heros conversation are supposed, by a poetical genius of the 16th century, to have been the commendation of a forest-life, and the ingratitude of mankind.

"I have no tales of Robin Hood, though mal-content was he
In better daies, first Richards daies, and liv'd in woods as we
A Tymon of the world; but not devoutly was he soe,
And therefore praise I not the man: but for from him did groe
Words worth the note, a word or twaine of him ere hence we goo,
Those daies begot some mal-contents, the principall of whome
A county was, that with a troope of yomandry did rome,
Brave archers and deliver men, since nor before so good,
Those took from rich to give the poore, and manned Robin Hood.
He fed them well, and lodg'd them safe in pleasant caves and bowers,
Oft saying to his merry men, What juster life than ours?
Here use we tallents that abroad the churles abuse or bide,
Their coffers excrements, and yeat for common wants denide.
We might have sterved for their store, & they have dyc'st our bones,
Whose tongues, driftes, harts, intice, meane, melt, as syrens, foxes, stones,
Yea even the best that betterd them heard but aloofe our mones.
And redily the churles could prie and prate of our amis,
Forgetfull of their owne. . . .
I did amis, not missing friends that wisht me to amend:
I did amend, but missed friends when mine amis had end:
My friendst herefore shall finde me true, but I will trust no frend.
Not one I knewe that wisht me ill, nor any workt me well,
To lose, lacke, live, time, frends, in yncke, an hell, an hell, an hell!
Then happie we (quoth Robin Hood) in merry Sherwood that dwell.[1]

It has been conjectured, however, that in the winter-season, our hero and his companions severally quartered themselves in villages or country-houses more or less remote, with persons of whose fidelity they were assured. It is not improbable, at the same time, that they might have tolerably comfortable habitations erected in the woods.

Archery, which our hero and his companions appear to have carryed to a state of perfection, continued to be cultivated for some ages after their time, down, indeed. to that of Henry VIII. or about the year 1540, when, owing to the introduction of artillery and matchlock-guns, it became neglected, and the bowmen of Cressy and Agincourt utterly extinct: though it may be still a question whether a body of expert archers would not, even at this day, be superior to an equal number armed with muskets. The following extract from Hales *Historia placitorum coronæ* (i. 118) will serve to show how familiar the bow and arrow was in the 14th century. "*M. 22. E. 3. Rot.* 117. *coram rege Ebor.* This was the case of Henry Vescy, who had been indicted before the sheriff *in turno suo* . . . of divers felonies, whereupon the sheriff *mandavit commissionem suam Henrico de Clyderawe & aliis ad capiendum prædictum* H. Vescy, *& salvo ducendum usque castrum de Ebor'.* Vescy would not submit to an arrest, but fled, *& inter fugiendum* shot with his bow and arrows at his pursuers, but in the end was kild by Clyderawe:" to which may be added a remarkable passage in Harrisons "Description of England," (prefixed to Holinsheds chronicle, 1587,) to prove how much it had declined in the 16th. "In times past," says he, "the cheefe force of England consisted in their long bowes. But now we have in maner generallie given over that kind of artillerie, and for long bowes in deed doo practise to shoot compasse for our pastime; which kind of shooting can never yeeld anie smart stroke, nor beat down our enemies, as our countriemen were woont to doo at everie time of need. Certes the Frenchmen and Rutters[2] deriding our new archerie in respect of their corslets, will not let, in open skirmish, if anie leisure serve, to turn up their tailes, and crie, Shoote, English; and all because our strong shooting is decaied and laid in bed. But if some of our Englishmen now lived that served king Edward the third in his warres with France, the breech[3] of such a varlet should have been nailed to his bum with one arrow, and an other fethered in his bowels, before he should have turned about to see who shot the first." (p. 198.) Bishop Latimer, in his sixth sermon before K. Edward VI. gives an interesting account how the sons of yeomen were, in his infancy, trained up to the bow.

(N) "All clad in Lincoln green—"]

This species of cloth is mentioned by Spenser (*Faerie queene*, VI. ii. 5.)

"All in a woodmans jacket he was clad
Of *Lincolne greene*, belay'd with silver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had."

It is likewise noticed by our poet himself, in another place:

"Swains in shepherds gray, and gyrles in *Lincolne greene*."[4]

See *Polyolbion*, song XXV. where the marginal note says, "*Lincolne* anciently dyed the best *green* in England." Thus *Coventry* had formerly the reputation of dying the best *blue*. See Rays *Proverbs*, p. 178. *Kendal green* is equally famous, and appears to have been cloth of a similar quality. This colour was adopted by foresters to prevent their being too readily discovered by the deer. See Sir John Wynnes *History of the Guedir family*, (Barringtons *Miscellanies*,) p. 419. Thus the Scotish highlanders used to wear brown plaids to prevent their being distinguished among the heath. It is needless to observe that *green* has ever been the favourite dress of an *archer*, *hunter*. &c. See note (cc) [5]. We now call it a Saxon or grass green:

"His coat is of a *Saxon green*, his waistcoat's of a plaid."
O. Song.

[1] Warners *Albions England*, 1602, p. 132. It is part of the hermits speech to the earl of Lancaster.

[2] Flemings. [3] Breeches.

[4] Thus also in part II. ballad I.
"She got on her holyday kirtle and gown,
They were of a light *Lincolne green*."

[5] In the sign of *The green man and still*, we perceive a *huntsman*, in a *green coat*, standing by the side of a *still*,

Lincoln green was well known in France in or before the thirteenth century. Thus in an old *fabliau*, transposed by M. Le Grand (*Fabliaux ou contes*, iv. 12:) "*Il mit donc son surcot fourré d'écureuil, & sa belle robe* d'ESTANFORT teinte en verd." *Estanfort* is Stamford, in Lincolnshire. This cloth is, likewise, often mentioned by the old Scotish poets, under the names of *Lincum licht*, *Lincum twyne*, &c. and appears to have been in universal request: and yet, notwithstanding this cloud of evidence, mister John Pinkerton has had the confidence to assert that "no particular cloth was ever made at Lincoln." (See *Ancient Scotish poems*, ii. 430.) But, indeed, this worthy gentleman, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, only stumbles upon truth by accident.

(*o*) "But it is to be remembered," *&c.*] The passage, from Majors work, which has been already quoted, is here given entire (except as to a single sentence introduced in another place.) *Circa hæc tempora* [*s. Ricardi I.*] *ut auguror, Robertus Hudus & Parvus Joannes latrones famatissimi, in nemoribus latuerunt, solum opulentum virorum bona diripientes. Nullum nisi eos invadentem vel resistentem pro suarum rerum tuitione occiderunt. Centum sagittarios ad pugnam aptissimos Robertus latrociniis aluit quos* 400 *viri fortissimi invadere non audebant. Fœminam nullam opprimi permisit, nec pauperum bona surripuit, verum eos ex abbatum bonis ablatis opipare pavit. Viri rapinam improbo, sed latronum omnium humanissimus & princeps erat.*" (*Majoris Britanniæ Historia. Edin.* 1740. p. 128.)

Stowe, in his *Annales*, 1592, p. 227. gives an almost literal version of the above passage; Richard Robinson versifies it [1]; and Camden slightly refers to it.

(P)—"has had the honour to be compared to the illustrious Wallace, *&c.*"] In the first volume of Pecks intended supplement to the *Monasticon*, consisting of collections for the history of Præmonstratensian monasteries, now in the British Museum, is a very curious rhyming Latin poem, with the following title: "*Prioris Alnwicensis de bello Scotico apud Dumbarr, tempore regis Edwardi I. dictamen sive rithmus Latinus, quo de* WILLIELMO WALLACE, Scotico illo ROBIN WHOOD, *plura sed invidiose canit:*" and in the margin are the following date and reference: "22. *Julii* 1304. 32. *E. I. Regist. Prem. fol.* 59. a."

in allusion, as it has been facetiously conjectured, to the partiality shown by that description of gentry to a morning dram. The genuine representation, however, should be the *green man*, (or *man who deals in green herbs*,) with a bundle of *pepper-mint*, or *penny-royal*, under his arm, which he brings to have *distilled*.

[1] "Richard Cœur de Lyon cald a king and conqueror was,
With Phillip King of France who did unto Jerusalem passe:
. . . .
In this kings time was Robyn Hood, that archer and outlawe,
And little John his partener eke, unto them which did drawe
One hondred tall and good archers, on whom foure hondred men,
Were their power never so strong, could not give onset then;
The abbots, monkes, and carles rich these onely did molest,
And reskewd woemen when they saw of theeves them so opprest;
Restoring poore mens goods, and eke abundantly releeved
Poore travellers which wanted food, or were with sicknes greeved."
Third Assertion, &c. (quoted elsewhere).

This, it may be observed, is the first known instance of our heros name being mentioned by any writer whatever; and affords a strong and respectable proof of his early popularity.

(Q)—"the abbot of St. Marys in York"] "In the year 1088 Alan earl of Richmond founded here a stately abbey for black monks to the honour of St. Olave; but it was afterwards dedicated to the blessed Virgin by the command of king William Rufus. Its yearly revenues at the suppression amounted to 1550*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* *Dugd.* 2850*l.* 1s. 5*d.* *Speed.*" Willis's *Mitred abbeys*, i. 214. The abbots in our heros time were—

Robert de Harpsham (el. 1184) *ob.* 1198.
Robert de Longo Campo, *ob.* 1239.
William Rondelo, *ob.* 1244.
Tho. de Wharterhille, *ob.* 1258.

(R)—"the sherif of Nottinghamshire"] Ralph Murdach was sherif of Derby and Nottinghamshires in the 1st year of king Richard I. and for the 7 years preceding, and William Brewerre in his 6th year, between which and the 1st no name appears on the roll. See Fullers *Worthies*, &c.

(S)—"an anecdote preserved by Fordun, *&c.*"] "*De quo etiam quædam commendabilia recitantur, sicut patuit in hoc, quod cum ipse quondam in Barnisdale iram* [*f. ob iram*] *regis & fremitum principis, missam, ut solitus erat, devotissime audiret, nec aliqua necessitate volebat interrumpere officium, quadam die cum audiret missam, à quodam vicecomite & ministris regis, sæpius per prius ipsum infestantibus, in illo secretissimo loco nemorali, ubi missæ interfuit, exploratus, venientes ad eum qui de suis hoc perceperunt, ut omni annisu fugeret suggesserunt, qui, ob reverentiam sacramenti, quod tunc devotissime venerabatur, omnino facere recusavit. Sed ceteris suis, ob metum mortis trepidantibus, Robertus tantum confisus in eum, quem coluit reveritus, cum paucissimis, qui tunc forte ei affuerunt, inimicos congressus & eos de facili devicit, & de eorum spoliis ac redemptione ditatus, ministros ecclesiæ & missas semper in majori veneratione semper & de post habere præelegit, attendens quod vulgariter dictum est:*

Hoc deus exaudit, qui missam sæpius audit."

(J. De Fordun Scotichronicon, à Hearne. Ox. 1722. p. 774.)

This passage is found in no other copy of Forduns chronicle than one in the Harleian library. Its suppression in all the rest may be fairly accounted for on the principle which is presumed to have influenced the conduct of the ancient English historians. See note (a).

(T)—"a proclamation was published, *&c.*"] "The king att last," says the Harleian MS. "sett furth a proclamation to have him apprehended, *&c.*" Grafton, after having told us that he "practised robberyes, *&c.*" adds, "The which beyng certefyed to the king, and he beyng greatly offended therewith, caused his proclamation to be made that whosoever would bryng him quicke or dead, the king would geve him a great summe of money, as by the recordes in the Exchequer is to be seene: But of this promise no man enjoyed any benefite. For the sayd Robert Hood, being after-

wardes troubled with sicknesse, *&c.*" (p. 85.) See note (L).

(U) "At length, the infirmities of old age increasing upon him, *&c.*"] Thus Grafton: "The sayd Robert Hood, beyng troubled with sicknesse, came to a certain nonry in Yorkshire called Bircklies [r. Kircklies], where desiryng to be let blood, he was betrayed and bled to death." The Sloane MS. says that "[Being] dystempered with could and age, he had great payne in his lymmes, his bloud being corrupted, therfore, to be eased of his payne by letting bloud, he repayred to the priores of Kyrkesly, which some say was his aunt, a woman very skylful in physique & surgery; who, perceyving him to be Robyn Hood, & waying howe fel an enimy he was to religious persons, toke reveng of him for her owne howse and all others by letting him bleed to death. It is also sayd that one sir Roger of Doncaster, bearing grudge to Robyn for some injury, incyted the priores, with whome he was very familiar, in such a maner to dispatch him." See the *Lytell geste of Robyn Hode*, ad finem. The Harleian MS., after mentioning the proclamation "sett furth to have him apprehended," adds, "at which time it happened he fell sick at a nunnery in Yorkshire called Birkleys [r. Kirkleys]; & desiring there to be let blood, hee was beytrayed & made bleed to death."

Kirkleys, Kirklees or Kirkleghes, formerly Kuthale, in the deanry of Pontefract, and archdeaconry of the west riding of Yorkshire, was a Cistercian, or, as some say, a Benedictine nunnery, founded, in honour of the virgin Mary and St. James, by Reynerus Flandrensis in the reign of king Henry II. Its revenues at the dissolution were somewhat about £20. and the site was granted (36 Hen. 8.) to John Tasburgh and Henry Savill, from whom it came to one of the ancestors of Sir George Armytage bart. the present possessor. The remains of the building (if any) are very inconsiderable, and its register has been searched after in vain. See Tanners *Notitia*, p. 674. Thoresbys *Ducatus Leodiensis*, p. 91. Hearnes "Account of several antiquities in and about the university of Oxford," at the end of Lelands *Itinerary*, vol. ii. p. 128.

In 1706 was discovered, among the ruins of the nunnery, the monument of *Elizabeth de Stayнton*, prioress; but it is not certain that this was the lady from whom our hero experienced such kind assistance. See Thoresby and Hearne *ubi supra*.

"One may wonder," says Dr. Fuller, "how he escaped the hand of justice, dying in his bed, for aught is found to the contrary: but it was because he was rather a *merry* than a *mischievous* thief (complementing passengers out of their purses), never murdering any but *deer*, and . . . 'feasting' the vicinage with his venison." (*Worthies*, p. 320.) See the following note.

(V) "He was interred under some trees at a short distance from the house; a stone being placed over his grave with an inscription to his memory." "*Kirkley monasterium monialium*, ubi Ro: Hood nobilis ille exlex sepultus." Lelands *Collectanea*, i. 54.— "Kirkleys Nunnery, in the woods whereof Robin Hoods grave is, is between Halifax and Wakefield upon Calder." *Letter from* Jo. Savile *to* W. Camden, *Illus. viro epis.* 1691.

"———————— as Caldor comes along,
It chanc'd she in her course on 'Kirkley' cast her eye,
Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth lie."
(Poly-Olbion, Song 28.)

See also Camdens *Britannia*, 1695, p. 709.

In the second volume of Dr. Stukeleys *Itinerarium curiosum* is an engraving of "The prospect of Kirkleys-abby, where Robin Hood dyed, from the footway leading to Heartishead church, at a quarter of a mile distance. A. The New Hall. B. The Gatehouse of the Nunnery. C. *The trees among which Robin Hood was buryed.* D. The way up the Hill where this was drawn. E. Bradley wood. F. Almondbury hill. G. Castle field. Drawn by Dr. Johnston among his Yorkshire antiquitys, p. 54 of the drawings. E. Kirkall, sculp." It makes plate 99 of the above work, but is unnoticed in the letter press.

According to the Sloane MS. the prioress, after "letting him bleed to death, buryed him under a great stone by the hywayes syde:" which is agreeable to the account in Graftons chronicle, where it is said that, after his death, "the prioresse of the same place caused him to be buried by the highway side, where he had used to rob and spoyle those that passed that way. And vpon his grave the sayde prioresse did lay a very fayre stone, wherein the names of *Robert Hood, William of Goldesborough*, and others were graven. And the cause why she buryed him there was, for that the common passengers and travailers, knowyng and seeyng him there buryed, might more safely and without feare take their jorneys that way, which they durst not do in the life of the sayd outlawes. And at eyther ende of the sayde tombe was erected a crosse of stone, which is to be seene there at this present."

"Near unto '*Kirklees*' the noted *Robin Hood* lies buried under a grave-stone that yet remains near the park, but the inscription scarce legible." Thoresbys *Ducatus Leodiensis*, p. 91. In the *Appendix*, p. 576, is the following note, with a reference to "page 91:"

"Amongst the papers of the learned Dr. Gale, late dean of Yorke, was found this epitaph of Robin Hood:

> Hear undernead dis laitl stean
> laiz robert earl of Huntingtun
> near arcir ver az hie sa geud
> an pipl kauld im robin heud
> sick utlawz az hi an iz men
> vil england nivr si agen.
> obiit 24 [r. 14] kal dekembris 1247."

The genuineness of this epitaph has been questioned. Dr. Percy, in the first edition of his "Reliques of ancient English poetry," (1765,) "It must be confessed this epitaph is suspicious, because in the most ancient poems of Robin Hood, there is no mention of this imaginary earldom." This reason, however, is by no means conclusive, the most ancient poem now extant having no pretension to the antiquity claimed by the epitaph: and indeed the doctor himself should seem to have afterward had less confidence in it, as, in both the subsequent editions, those words are omitted, and the learned critic merely observes that the epitaph *appears* to him *suspicious*. It will be admitted that the bare suspicion of this ingenious writer, whose knowledge and judgment of ancient poetry are so conspicuous and eminent, ought to have considerable weight. As for the present editors part, though he does not pretend to say that the language of this epitaph is that of Henry the thirds time, nor indeed to determine of what age it is, he can perceive nothing in it from whence one should be led to pronounce it spurious, *i. e.* that it was never inscribed on the grave-stone of Robin Hood. That there

actually was some inscription upon it in Mr. Thoresbys time, though then scarce legible, is evident from his own words: and it should be remembered, as well that the last century was not the era of imposition, as that Dr. Gale was both too good and too learned a man either to be capable of it himself or to be liable to it from others.[1]

That industrious chronologist and topographer, as well as respectable artist and citizen, master Thomas Gent, of York, in his "List of religious houses," annexed to "The ancient and modern state of" that famous city, 1730, 12mo, p. 234, informs us that he had been told, "That his [Robin Hoods] tombstone, having his effigy thereon, was order'd, not many years ago, by a certain knight to be placed as a harthstone in his great hall. When it was laid overnight, the next morning it was 'surprizingly' removed [on or to] one side; and so three times it was laid, and as successively turned aside. The knight, thinking he had done wrong to have brought it thither, order'd it should be drawn back again; which was performed by a pair of oxen and four horses, when twice the number could scarce do it before. But as this," adds the sagacious writer, "is a story only, it is left to the reader, to judge at pleasure." *N. B.* This is the second instance of a miracle wrought in favour of our hero!

In Goughs *Sepulchral Monuments*, p. cviii. is "the figure of the stone over the grave of Robin Hood [in Kirklees park, being a plain stone with a sort of cross fleuree thereon] now broken and much defaced, the inscription illegible. That printed in Thoresby *Ducat. Leod.* 576, from Dr. Gale's papers, was never on it.[2] The late Sir Samuel Armitage, owner of the premises, caused the ground under it to be dug a yard deep, and found it had never been disturbed; so that it was probably brought from some other place, and by vulgar tradition ascribed to Robin Hood" (refers to "Mr. Watsons letter in Antiquary society minutes"). This is probably the tomb-stone of Elizabeth de Staynton, mentioned in the preceding note.

The old epitaph is, by some anonymous hand, in a work entitled "*Sepulchrorum inscriptiones; or a curious collection of 900 of the most remarkable epitaphs,*" Westminster, 1727, (vol. ii. p. 73.) thus not inelegantly paraphrased.

"Here, underneath this little stone,
Thro' Death's assaults now lieth one,
Known by the name of Robin Hood,
Who was a thief, and archer good;
Full thirteen (r. thirty) years, and something more,
He robb'd the rich to feed the poor:
Therefore, his grave bedew with tears,
And offer for his soul your prayers."[3]

(w) "Various dramatic exhibitions."] The earlyest of these performances now extant is, "The playe of Robyn Hode, very proper to be played in Maye games," which is inserted in the appendix to this work, and may probably be as old as the 15th century. That a different play, however, on the same subject has formerly existed, seems pretty certain from a somewhat curious passage in "The famous chronicle of king Edward the first, sirnamed Edward Longshankes, *&c.*" by George Peele, printed in 1593.

"*Lluellen* . . . . . weele get the next daie from Brecknocke the BOOKE OF ROBIN HOOD, the frier he shall instruct us in his cause, and weele even here . . . wander like irregulers up and down the wildernesse, ile be *maister of misrule*, ile be *Robin Hood* that once, cousin 'Rice,' thou shalt be *little John*, and hers frier David, as fit as a die for *frier Tucke*. Now, my sweet Nel, if you will make up the messe with a good heart for *maide Marian*, and doe well with Lluellen under the green-woode trees, with as good a wil as in the good townes, why *plena est curia*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mortimor, solus.

Mortimor . . . . . Maisters, have after gentle Robin Hood,
You are not so well accompanied I hope,
But if a *potter* come to plaie his part,
Youle give him stripes or welcome good or worse. *Exit.*

Enter Lluellen, Meredith, frier, Elinor, and their traine. They are all clad in greene &c. sing, &c. Blyth and bonny, *the song ended, Lluellen speaketh.*

Luellen. Why so, I see, my mates of olde,
All were not lies that Bedlams [beldams] told;
Of Robin Hood and little John,
Frier Tucke and maide Marian."

Mortimer, as a *potter*, afterwards fights the frier with "flailes."

2. "The downfall of Robert earle of Huntington afterward called Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde: with his love to chaste Matilda, the lord Fitzwaters daughter, afterwardes his faire maide Marian. Acted by the right honourable, the earle of Notingham, lord high admirall of England, his servants. ¶ Imprinted at London, for William Leake, 1601." 4to. b. l.

3. "The death of Robert, earle of Huntington, otherwise called Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde: with the lamentable tragedie of chaste Matilda, his faire maid Marian, poysoned at Dunmowe, by king John. Acted, *&c.* ¶ Imprinted *&c.* [as above] 1601." 4to. b. l.

These two plays, usually called *the first* and *second part of Robin Hood*, were always, on the authority of Kirkman, falsely ascribed to Thomas Heywood, till Mr. Malone fortunately retrieved the names of the true authors, Anthony Mundy and Henry Chettle.[4]

[1] That dates, about this period, were frequently by *ides* and *kalends*, see Madoxes *Formulare Anglicanum*, (Dissertation) p. xxx.

[2] That this epitaph had been printed, or was well known at least, long before the publication of Mr. Thoresbys book, if not before either he or Dr. Gale was born, appears from the "true tale of Robin Hood" by Martin Parker, written, if not printed, as early as 1631. (See volume I. p 127.) The Arabic figures must have been inserted by the copyist for the Roman numerals; otherwise there will be an end of its pretension to authenticity. (N. B. *The note in the preceding page was detached from the present by mistake.*)

[3] In "The travels of Tom Thumb over England and Wales" [by Mr. Robert Dodsley], p. 106. is another though inferior version.

"Here, under this memorial stone,
Lies Robert earl of Huntingdon;
As he, no archer e'er was good.
And people call'd him Robin Hood:
Such outlaws as his men and he
Again may England never see."

[4] In "a large folio volume of accounts kept by Mr. Philip Henslowe, who appears to have been proprietor of the Rose theatre near the Bankside in Southwark," he has entered—

"Feb. 1597-8. "The first part of Robin Hood, by Anthony Mundy.
The second part of the downfall of earl Huntington, sirnamed Robinhood, by Anthony Mundy and Henry Chettle."

In a subsequent page is the following entry: "Lent unto Robarte Shawe, the 18 of Novemb. 1598, to lend unto Mr. Cheattle, upon the mending of *the first part of Robart*

As they seem partly founded on traditions long since forgotten, and refer occasionally to documents not now to be found, at any rate, as they are much older than most of the common ballads upon the subject, and contain some curious and possibly authentic particulars not elsewhere to be met with, the reader will excuse the particularity of the account and length of the extracts here given.

The *first part,* or *downfall of Robert earl of Huntington,* is supposed to be performed at the court and command of Henry the 8th; the poet Skelton being the dramatist, and acting the part of *chorus.* The introductory scene commences thus:

"*Enter sir John Eltam, and knocke at Skeltons doore.*

Sir John. Howe, maister Skelton! what, at studie hard?

opens the doore.

Skelt. Welcome and wisht for, honest sir John Eltam,—
Twill trouble you after your great affairs,

(i. e. *the surveying of certain maps which his majesty had employed him in;*)

To take the paine that I intended to intreate you to,
About rehearsall of your promis'd play.

Elt. Nay, master Skelton; for the king himselfe.
As wee were parting, bid mee take great heede
Wee faile not of our day: therefore I pray
Sende for the rest, that now we may rehearse.

Skel. O they are readie all, and drest to play.
What part play you?

Elt. Why, I play little John,
And came of purpose with this greene sute.

Skel. Holla, my masters, little John is come.

At every doore all the players runne out; some crying where? where? *others* Welcome, sir John: *among other the boyes and clowne.*

Skel. Faith, little Tracy, you are somewhat forward.
What, our maid Marian leaping like a lad!
If you remember, Robin is your love,
Sir Thomas Mantle yonder, not sir John.

Clow. But, master, sir John is my fellowe, for I am
Much the millers sonne. Am I not?

Skel. I know yee are sir:—
And, gentlemen, since you are thus prepar'd,
Goe in, and bring your dumbe scene on the stage,
And I, as prologue, purpose to expresse
The ground whereon our historie is laied.

Exeunt, manet Skelton.

Trumpet sounde, [1] *enter first king Richard with drum and auncient, giving Ely a purse and sceptre, his mother and brother John, Chester, Lester, Lacie, others at the kings appointment, doing reverence. The king goes in: presently Ely ascends the chaire, Chester, John, and the queene part displeasantly.* [2] *Enter* ROBERT, EARLE OF HUNTINGTON, *leading Marian: followes him Warman, and after Warman, the prior; Warman ever flattering, and making curtsie, taking gifts of the prior behinde and his master before. Prince John enters, offereth to take Marian; Queen Elinor enters, offering to pull Robin from her; but they inoflde each otrer, and sit downe within the curteines.* [3] *Warman with the prior, sir Hugh Lacy, lord Sentloe, and sir Gilbert Broghton folde hands, and drawing the curteins, all (but the prior) enter, and are kindely received by* Robin Hoode."

During the exhibition of the second part of the dumb-shew, Skelton instructs the audience as follows:—

"This youth that leads yon virgin by the hand
Is *our earle Robert,* or *your Robin Hoode,*
That in those daies, was *earle of Huntington;*
The ill-fac't miser, brib'd in either hand,
Is Warman, once the steward of his house,
Who, Judas like, betraies his liberall lord,
Into the hands of that relentlesse prior,
Calde Gilbert Hoode, uncle to Huntington.
Those two that seeke to part these lovely friends,
Are Elenor the queene, and John the prince,
She loves earle Robert, he maide Marian,
But vainely; for their deare affect is such,
As only death can sunder their true loves.
Long had they lov'd, and now it is agreed,
This day they must be troth-plight, after wed:
At Huntingtons faire house a feast is helde,
But envie turnes it to a house of teares.
For those false guestes, conspiring with the prior;
To whom earle Robert greatly is in debt,
Meane at the banquet to betray the earle,
Unto a heavie writ of outlawry:
The manner and escape you all shall see.

. . . .

Looke to your entrance, get you in, sir John.
My shift is long, for I play frier Tucke;
Wherein, if Skelton hath but any lucke,
Heele thanke his hearers oft with many a ducke.
For many talk of Robin Hood that never shot in his bowe,
But Skelton writes of Robin Hood what he doth truly knowe."

After some Skeltonical rimes, and a scene betwixt the prior, the sherif, and justice Warman, concerning the outlawry, which appears to be proclaimed, and the taking of earl Huntington at dinner, "*Enter Robin Hoode, little John following him; Robin having his napkin on his shoulder, as if hee were sodainly raised from dinner.*" He is in a violent rage at being outlawed, and Little John endeavours to pacify him. Marian being distressed at his apparent disorder, he dissembles with her. After she is gone, John thus addresses him:

"Now must your honour leave these mourning tunes,
And thus by my areede you shall provide;
Your plate and jewels Ile straight packe up,
And toward Notingham convey them hence.
At Rowford, Sowtham, Wortley, Hothersfield,
Of all your cattell mony shall be made,
And I at Mansfield will attend your comming;
Where weele determine which waie's best to take.

Rob. Well, be it so, a gods name, let it be;
And if I can, Marian shall come with mee.

John. Else care will kill her; therefore if you please,
At th' utmost corner of the garden wall,
Soone in the evening waite for Marian,
And as I goe Ile tell her of the place.
Your horses at the Bell shall readie bee,
I meane Belsavage,[1] whence as citizens
That 'meane' to ride for pleasure some small way,
You shall set foorth."

The company now enters, and Robin charges them with the conspiracy, and rates their treacherous pro-

Hoode, the sum of x s." and afterwards—"For mending of *Robin Hood* for the corte." See Malones edition of "The plays and poems of William Shakspeare," 1790. vol. I. part II. (Emendations and additions.)

[1] That is, the inn so called, upon Ludgate-hill. The modern sign, which however seems to have been the same 200 years ago, is *a bell* and *a wild man;* but the original is supposed to have been *a beautiful Indian;* and the inscription *La belle sauvage.* Some, indeed, assert that the inn once belonged to a lady *Arabella Savage;* and others, that its name, originally *The* bell *and* savage, arose (like *The George and blue bear*) from the junction of two inns, with those respective signs. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.*

ceeding. Little John in attempting to remove the goods is set upon by Warman and the sherif; and during the fray "*Enter prince John, Ely, and the prior, and others.*" Little John tells the prince, he but defends the box containing his own gettings; upon which his royal highness observes,

"You do the fellow wrong; his goods are his:
You only must extend upon the earles.
Prior. That was, my lord, but nowe is Robert Hood,
A simple yeoman as his servants were."

Ely gives the prior his commission, with directions to make speed, lest "in his country-houses all his heards be solde;" and gives Warman a patent "for the high sheriffewick of Nottingham." After this, "Enter Robin like a citizen;" and then the queen and Marian disguised for each other. Robin takes Marian, and leaves the queen to prince John, who is so much enraged at the deception that he breaks the head of Elys messenger. Sir Hugh, brother to lord Lacy, and steward to Ely, who had been deeply concerned in Huntingtons ruin is killed in a brawl, by prince John, whom Ely orders to be arrested; but the prince, producing letters from the king, revoking Elys appointment, "lifts up his drawne sworde" and "*Exit, cum Lester and Lacy,*" in triumph. Then, "*Enter Robin Hoode, Matilda, at one door, little John, and Much the millers sonne at another doore.*" After mutual congratulations, Robin asks if it be

"—— possible that Warmans spite
Should stretch so farre, that he doth hunt the lives
Of bonnie Scarlet, and his brother Scathlock.
Much. O, I, sir. Warman came but yesterday to take charge of the jaile at Notingham, and this daie, he saies, he will hang the two outlawes. . . .
Rob. Now, by my honours hope, . .
He is too blame: say, John, where must they die?
John. Yonder's their mothers house, and here the tree,
Whereon, poore men, they must forgoe their lives;
And yonder comes a lazy lozell frier,
That is appointed for their confessor,
Who, when we brought your monie to their mothers,
Was wishing her to patience for their deaths."

Here "*Enter frier Tucke;*" some conversation passes, and the frier skeltonizes; after which he departs, saying,

"———— let us goe our way,
Unto this hanging businesse; would for mee
Some rescue or reprevve might set them free.
Rob. Heardst thou not, little John, the friers speach?
John. He seemes like a good fellowe, my good lord.
Rob. He's a good fellowe, John, upon my word.
Lend me thy horne, and get thee in to Much,
And when I blowe this horne, come both and helpe mee.
John. Take heed, my lord: the villane Warman knows [you,
And ten to one, he hath a writ against you.
Rob. Feare not: below the bridge a poor blind man doth [dwell,
With him I will change my habit, and disguise,
Only be readie when I call for yee,
For I will save their lives, if it may bee. . . .

Enter Warman, Scarlet and Scathlock bounde, frier Tuck as their confessor, officers with halberts.

War. Master frier, be briefe, delay no time.
Scarlet and Scathlock, never hope for life;
Here is the place of execution,
And you must answer lawe, for what is done.
Scar. Well, if there be no remedie, we must:
Though it ill seemeth, Warman, thou shouldst bee,
So bloodie to pursue our lives thus cruellie.
Scat. Our mother sav'd thee from the gallows, Warman,
His father did preferre thee to thy lord:
One mother had wee both, and both our fathers
To thee and to thy father were kinde friends. . . .
War. Ye were first outlaws, then ye prooved theeves
Both of your fathers were good honest men;
Your mother lives their widowe in good fame:[1]
But you are scapethrifts, unthrifts, villanes, knaves,
And as ye liv'd by shifts, shall die with shame."

To them enters Ralph, the sherifs man, to acquaint him that the *carnifex*, or executor of the law, had fallen off his "curtall" and was "cripplefied" and rendered incapable of performing his office; so that the sherif was to become his deputy. The sherif insists that Ralph shall serve the turn, which he refuses. In the midst of the altercation, "*Enter Robin Hood, like an old man,*" who tells the sherif that the two outlaws had murdered his young son, and undone himself; so that for revenge sake he desires they may be delivered to him. They denying the charge, "Robin whispers with them," and with the sherifs leave, and his mans help, unbinds them: then, sounds his horn; and "*Enter little John, Much . . . Fight; the frier, making as if he helpt the sheriffe, knockes downe his men, crying,* Keepe the kings peace. *Sheriffe* [perceiving that it is "the outlawed earle of Huntington"] *runnes away, and his men.*" (See the ballad of "Robin Hood rescuing the widows sons," part II. num. xxiii.)

"*Fri.* Farewell, earle Robert, as I am true frier,
I had rather be thy clarke, than serve the prior.
Rob. A jolly fellowe! Scarlet, knowest thou him?
Scar. Hee is of Yorke, and of Saint Maries cloister;
There where your greedie uncle is lord prior. . . .
Rob. Here is no biding, masters; get yee in. . . .
John, on a sodaine thus I am resolv'd,
To keepe in Sherewoodde tille the kings returne,
And being outlawed, leade an outlawes life . . .
John. I like your honours purpose exceeding well.
Rob. Nay, no more honour, I pray thee, little John;
Henceforth I will be called Robin Hoode,
Matilda shall be my maid Marian."

Then follows a scene betwixt old Fitzwater and prince John, in the course of which the prince, as a reason to induce Fitzwater to recall his daughter Matilda, tells him that she is living in an adulterous state, for that

"—Huntington is excommunicate,
And till his debts be paid, by Romes decree,
It is agreed, absolv'd he cannot be:
And that can never be.—So never wife, &c."

Fitzwater, on this, flies into a passion, and accuses the prince of being already marryed to "earle Chepstowes daughter." They "*fight; John falls.*" Then enter the queen, *&c.* and John sentences Fitzwater to banishment: after which, "*Enter Scathlocke and Scarlet, winding their hornes, at severall doores. To them enter Robin Hoode, Matilda, all in greene, . . . Much, little John; all the men with bowes and arrowes.*[2]

. . . .

Rob. Wind once more, jolly huntsmen, all your horns,
Whose shrill sound, with the ecchoing wods assist,

[1] She is called the widow Scarlet: so that Scathlock was the elder brother. In fact, however, it was mere ignorance in the author to suppose the Scathlocke and Scarlet of the story distinct persons, the latter name being an evident corruption of the former: *Scathlock, Scadlock, Scarlock, Scarlet.*

[2] In "The booke of the inventary of the goods of my lord admeralles men taoken the 10 of Marche in the yeare

Shall ring a sad knell for the fearfull deere,
Before our feathered shafts, deaths winged darts,
Bring sodaine summons for their fatall ends.

Scar. Its ful seaven years since we were outlawed first,
And wealthy Sherewood was our heritage;
For all those yeares we raigned uncontrolde,
From Barnsdale shrogs to Notinghams red cliffes.
At Blitho and Tickhill were we welcome guests,
Good George a Greene at Bradford was our friend,
And wanton Wakefields pinner lov'd us well.[1]
At Barnsley dwels a potter, tough and strong,
That never brookt we brethren should have wrong.
The nunnes of Farnsfield (pretty nunnes they bee)
Gave napkins, shirts, and bands to him and mee.
Bateman of Kendall gave us Kendall greene;
And Sharpe of Leedes sharpe arrows for us made.
At Rotherham dwelt our bowyer, god him blisse,
Jackson he hight, his bowes did never misse.
This for our goode, our scathe let Scathlocke tell,
In merry Mansfield how it once befell.

Scath. In merry Mansfield, on a wrestling day,
Prizes there were, and yeomen came to play,
My brother Scarlet and myselfe were twaine;
Many resisted, but it was in vaine,
For of them all we wonne the mastery,
And the gilt wreathes were given to him and me.
There by sir Doncaster of 'Hothersfield,'
We were bewraid, beset, and forst to yield;
And so borne bound, from thence to Notingham,
Where we lay doom'd to death till Warman came."

Some cordial expressions pass between Robin and Matilda. He commands all the yeomen to be cheerful; and orders little John to read the articles.

"*Joh.* First, no man must presume to call our master,
By name of earle, lorde, baron, knight, or squire:
But simply by the name of Robin Hoode—
That faire Matilda henceforth change her name,
'And' by maid Marians name, be only cald.
Thirdly, no yeoman following Robin Hoode
In Sherewod, shall use widowe, wife, or maid,
But by true labour, lustfull thoughts expell.
Fourthly no passenger with whom ye meete,
Shall yee let passe till hee with Robin feaste:
Except a poast, a carrier, or such folke,
As use with foode to serve the market townes.
Fiftly, you never shall the poore man wrong,
Nor spare a priest, a usurer, or a clarke.
Lastly, you shall defend with all your power
Maids, widowes, orphants, and distressed men.

All. All these we vowe to keepe, as we are men.

Rob. Then wend ye to the greenewod merrily,
And let the light roes bootlesse from yee runne,
Marian and I, as soveraigns of your toyles,
Will wait, within our bower, your bent bowes spoiles.
Exeunt winding their hornes."

In the next scene, we find frier Tucke feignedly entering into a conspiracy with the prior and sir Doncaster, to serve an execution on Robin, in disguise. Jinny, the widow Scarlets daughter, coming in, on her way to Sherwood, is persuaded by the frier to accompany him, "disguised in habit like a pedlers mort." Fitzwater enters like an old man:—sees Robin sleeping on a green bank Marian strewing flowers on him; pretends to be blind and hungry, and is regaled by them. In answer to a question why the fair Matilda (Fitzwaters daughter) had changed her name, Robin tells him it is

"Because she lives a spotlesse maiden life:
And shall, till Robins outlawe life have ende,
That he may lawfully take her to wife;
Which, if king Richard come, will not be long."

"Enter frier Tucke and Jinny like pedlers singing," and afterward "Sir Doncaster and others weaponed."—The frier discovers the plot, and a fray ensues. The scene then changes to the court, where the prior is informed of six of his barns being destroyed by fire, and of the different execrations of all ranks upon him, as the undoer of "the good lord Robert, earle of Huntington;" that the convent of St. Marys had elected "Olde father Jerome" prior in his place; and lastly a herald brings his sentence of banishment, which is confirmed by the entrance of the prior. Lester brings an account of the imprisonment of his gallant sovereign, king Richard, by the duke of Austria, and requires his ransome to be sent. He then introduces a description of his matchless valour in the holy land. John not only refuses the ransom money, but usurps the stile of king: upon which Lester grows furious, and rates the whole company. The following is part of the dialogue:

"*Joh.* (*to Lester*) Darest thou attempt thus proudly in our sight?
Lest. What is't a subject dares, that I dare not?
Salf. Dare subjects dare, their soveraigne being by?
Lest. O god, that my true soveraigne were ny!
Qu. Lester, he is.
Lest. Madam, by god, you ly.
Chest. Unmanner'd man.
Lest. A plague of reverence!"

After this, and more on the same subject, the scene returns to the forest; where Ely, being taken by Much, "like a countryman with a basket," is examined and detected by Robin, who promises him protection and service. On their departure:

"*Joh.* Skelton, a worde or two beside the play.
Fri. Now, sir John Eltam, what ist you would say.
Jhon. Methinks I see no *jeasts of Robin Hoode,*
No *merry morrices of frier Tuck,*
No *pleasant skippings up and downe the wodde,*
No *hunting songs,* no *coursing of the bucke:*
Pray god this play of ours may have good lucke,
And the king's majestie mislike it not!
Fri. And if he doe, what can we doe to that?
I promis'd him a play of Robin Hoode,
His honorable life, in merry Sherewod;
His majestie himselfe survaid the plot,
And bad me boldly write it, it was good.
For *merry jeasts, they have bene showne before:*
As *how the frier fell into the well,*
For love of Jinny, that faire bonny bell:
How Greeneleafe rob'd the shrieve of Notingham,
And other mirthful matter, full of game."

"*Enter Warman banished.*" He laments his fall, and applies to a cousin, on whom he had bestowed large possessions, for relief; but receives nothing, except reproaches for his treachery to his noble master. The jailor of Nottingham, who was indebted to him for his place, refuses him even a scrap of his dogs meat, and reviles him in the severest terms. Goodwife Tomson, whose husband he had delivered from death, to his great joy, promises him a candle, but fetches him a halter; in which he is about to hang

1598," are the following properties for Robin Hood and his retinue, in this identical play:
"*Item,* vi grene cottes for Roben Hoode, and iiii knaves sewtes.
Item, i hatte for Robin Hoode, i hobihorse.
Item, Roben Hoodes sewte.
Item, the fryers trusse in *Roben Hoode.*"
Malones *Shak.* II. ii. (Emen. & ad.)

[1] *George a Greene* and *Wakefields pinner,* were one and the same person. The *shoemaker of Bradford* is anonymous.

himself, upon some tree in the forest, but is prevented by Fitzwater and some of Robin Hoods men, who crack a number of jokes upon him: Robin puts an end to their mockery, and proffers him comfort and favour. Then enters frier Tucke, with an account of sir Doncastor and the prior being striped and wounded in their way to Bawtrey: Robin out of love to his uncle hastens to the place. After this, "*Enter prince John, solus, in green, bowe and arrowes.*

John. Why this is somewhat like, now may I sing,
As did the Wakefield pinder in his note;
At Michaelmas commeth my covenant out,
My master gives me my fee:
Then Robin Ile weare thy Kendall greene,
And wend to the greenewodde with thee." [1]

He assumes the name of Woodnet, and is detected by Scathlocke and frier Tucke. The prince and Scathlocke fight, Scathelocke grows weary, and the frier takes his place. Marian enters, and perceiving the frier, parts the combatants. Robin enters, and John submits to him. Much enters, running, with information of the approach of "the king and twelve and twenty score of horses." Robin places his people in order. The trumpets sound, the king and his train enter, a general pardon ensues, and the king confirms the love of Robin and Matilda. Thus the play concludes, Skelton promising *the second part*, and acquainting the audience of what it should consist.

The *second part*, or *death of Robert earle of Huntington*, is a pursuit of the same story. The scene, so far as our hero is concerned, lyes in Sherwood. A few extracts may not be unacceptable.

"*Sc. iiii. Winde hornes. Enter king, queene, &c. Frier Tuck carrying a stags head, dauncing.*" The frier has been sent for to read the following inscription upon a copper ring round the stags neck:

"When Harold Hare-foote raigned king,
About my necke he put this ring."

The king orders "head, ring and all" to be sent to Nottingham castle, to be kept for monuments. Fitzwater tells him, he has heard "an olde tale,"

"That Harold, being Goodwin's sonne of Kent,[2]
Hunted for pleasure once within this wood,
And singled out a faire and stately stagge,
Which, foote to foote, the king in running caught;
And sure this was the stagge.

King. It was no doubt.

Chester. But some, my lord, affirme,
That Julius Cæsar, many years before,
Tooke such a stagge, and such a poesie writ:" [3]

Upon which his majesty very sagaciously remarks,

"It should not be in Julius Cæsars time:
There was no English used in this land
Untill the Saxons came, and this is writ
In Saxon characters."

The next quotation may be of service to Dr. Percy, who has been pleased to question our heros nobility, because "the most ancient poems make no mention of this *earldom*," and the old legend expressly asserts him "to have been a *yeoman*." It is very true; and we shall here not only find his title established, but also discover the secret of his not being usually distinguished or designed by it.

"*Enter Roben Hoode.*

King. How now, *earle Robert!*

Fri. A forfet, a forfet, my liege lord,
My masters lawes are on record,
The court-roll here your grace may see.

King. I pray thee, frier, read them mee.

Fri. One shall suffice, and this is hee.
No man that commeth in this wod,
To feast or dwell with Robin Hood,
Shall call him earle, lord, knight, or squire,
He no such titles doth desire,
But Robin Hood, plain Robin Hoode,
That honest YEOMAN, *stout and good,*
On paine of forfeiting a marke,
That must be paid to mee his clarke.
My liege, my liege, this lawe you broke,
Almost in the last word you spoke;
That crime may not acquitted bee,
Till frier Tuck receive his fee."

Now, the reason that "the most ancient poems make no mention of this earldom," and the old legend expressly asserts him "to have been a yeoman,"

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[1] See the ballad of "The jolly pinder of Wakefield," Part II., Num. III.

[2] Fitzwater confounds one man with another; Harold Harefoot was the son and successor of Canute the great.

[3] This tradition is referred to, and the inscription given in Mr. Rays *Itineraries*, 1760. p. 153.—"We rode through a bushet or common called Rodwell-hake, two miles from Leeds, where (according to the vulgar tradition) was once found a stag, with a ring of brass about its neck, having this inscription:

"When Julius Cæsar here was king,
About my neck he put this ring:
Whosoever doth me take,
Let me go for Cæsar's sake."

In *The midwife, or Old woman's magazine*, (vol. i. p. 259.) Mrs. Midnight, in a letter "To the venerable society of antiquarians," containing a description of Cæsars camp, on Windsor forest, has the following passage; "There have been many extraordinary things discovered about this camp. One thing, I particularly remember, was a deer of about sixteen hundred years old . . . . . This deer it seems was a favourite of Cæsar's, and on that account he bedecked her neck with a golden collar and an inscription, which I shall by and by take notice of, she had been frequently taken, but when the hunters, the peasants and poor people saw the golden collar on her neck, they readily let her go again. However, as she continually increased in strength and in bulk, as well as in age, after the course of about fifteen or sixteen centuries, the flesh and skin were entirely grown over this collar, so that it could not be discover'd till after she was kill'd, and then to the surprise of the virtuosi, it appeared with this inscription:

When Julius Cæsar reigned here,
Then was I a little deer;
If any man should me take,
Let me go for Cæsar's sake.

"This collar, which is of pure gold, I am told weighs thirty ounces, and as the blood of the creature still appears fresh upon it, I believe it may be as valuable as any of your *gimcracks;* however, there will be no harm in my sending of it to you; and if I can procure it, you may depend on my taking the utmost care of it." As no notice is announced of this wonderful piece of antiquity in the voluminous and important lucubrations of the above learned body, it most probably never came into their possession; which is very much to be lamented, as it would have been an admirable companion for *Hardecnutes chamber-pot*, and other similar curiosities.

The original of all these stories is to be found in Pliny, who says: "It is generally held and confessed that the stagge or hind live long; for an hundred yeer after Alexander the great, some were taken with golden collars about their necks, overgrowne now with haire, and growne within the skin: which collars the said king had done upon them." *Naturall historie* (by Holland), 1601. (B. 8. c. 32.)

appears, plainly enough, to be, that as, pursuant to his own injunction, he was never called, either by his followers, or in the vicinity, by any other name than *Robin Hood*, so particularly the minstrels, who were always, no doubt, welcome to Sherwood,[1] and liberally entertained by him and his yeomanry, would take special care never to offend against the above law: which puts an end to the dispute. *Q. E. D.*

Our hero is, at length, poisoned by a drink which Doncaster and the prior, his uncle, had prepared for him to give to the king. His departing scene, and last dying speech are beautiful and pathetic.

> "*Rob.* Inough, inough, Fitzwater, take your child.
> My dying frost, which no sunnes heat can thawe,
> Closes the powers of all my outward parts;
> My freezing blood runnes back unto my heart,
> Where it assists death, which it would resist:
> Only my love a little hinders death,
> For he beholds her eyes, and cannot smite.
>
> . . . .
>
> *Mat.* O let mee looke for ever in thy eyes,
> And lay my warme breath to thy bloodlesse lips,
> If my sight can restraine deaths tyrannies,
> Or keep lives breath within thy bosome lockt."

He desires to be buryed

> "At Wakefield, underneath the abbey-wall;

directs the manner of his funeral; and bids his yeomen,

> "For holy dirges, sing 'him' wodmens songs."

The king, upon the earls death, expresses his sorrow for the tragical event; ratifies the will; repeats the directions for the funeral; and says,

> Fall to your wod-songs, therefore, yeomen bold,
> And deck his herse with flowers, that lov'd you deere.

The whole concludes with the following solemne dirge:

> "Weepe, weepe, ye wod-men waile,
> Your hands with sorrow wring;
> Your master Robin Hood lies deade,
> Therefore sigh as you sing.
>
> Here lies his primer, and his beades,
> His bent bowe, and his arrowes keene,
> His good sworde and his holy crosse:
> Now cast on flowers fresh and greene.
>
> And, as they fall, shed teares and say,
> Well a, well a day, well a, well a day!
> Thus cast yee flowers and sing,
> And on to Wakefield take your way."

The poet then prosecutes the legend of Matilda, who is finally poisoned, by the procurement of king John, in Dunmow-priory.

The story of this lady, whom the author of these plays is supposed to have been the first that converted into the character of maid Marian, or connected in any shape with the history of Robin Hood, is thus related by Stow, under the year 1213: "The chronicle of Dunmow sayth, this discord arose betwixt the king and his barons, because of Mawd called the faire, daughter to Robert Fitzwalter, whome the king loved, but her father would not consent; and thereupon ensued warre throughout England..... Whilst Mawd the faire remayned at Dunmow, there came a messenger unto her from king John about his suite in love, but because she would not agree, the messenger poysoned a boyled or potched egge against she was hungrie, whereof she died" (*Annales*, 1592.) Two of Draytons *heroical epistles* pass between king John and Matilda. He has also written her *legend*.

4. "Robin Hood's penn'orths, by Wm. Haughton."[2]

5. "Metropolis coronata, the triumphs of ancient drapery: or, rich cloathing of England, in a second yeeres performance. In honour of the advancement of sir John Jolles, knight, to the high office of lord maior of London, and taking his oath for the same authoritie, on Monday being the 30. day of October, 1615. Performed in heartie affection to him, and at the bountifull charges of his worthy brethren the truly honourable society of drapers, the first that received such dignitie, in this citie. Devised and written by A. M. [Anthony Mundy] citizen and draper of London." 1615. 4to.

This is one of the pageants formerly usual on Lord-mayors-day, and of which several are extant, written as well by our author Mundy,[3] as by Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, and other hackney dramatists of that period. They were thought of such consequence that the city had for some time (though probably not till after the restoration) a professed laureat for their composition; an office which expired with Elkanah Settle in 1723-4. They consisted chiefly of machinery, allegorical or historical personages, songs and speeches.

"After all these shewes, thus ordered in their appointed places, followeth another device of huntsmen, all clad in greene, with their bowes, arrowes and bugles, and a new slaine deere, carried among them. It savoureth of *earle Robert de la Hude* sometime the noble *earle of Huntington*, and sonne in law (by marriage) to old *Fitz-Alwine*,[4] raised by the muses all-commanding power, to honour this triumph with his father. During the time of his out-lawed life in the forest of merry Shirwood, and elsewhere, while the cruel oppression of a most unnatural and covetous brother hung heavy upon him, Gilbert de la Hude lord abbot of Christall [r. Kirkstall] abbey, who had all or most of his lands in mortgage: he was commonly called Robin Hood, and had a gallant company of men (out-lawed in the like manner) that followed his downecast fortunes; as *little John*, *Scathlocke*, *Much the millers son*, *Right-hitting Brand*, *fryar Tuck*, and many more. In which condition of life we make instant use of him, and part of his brave bowmen, fitted with bowes and arrowes, of the like strength and length, as good records deliver

[1] Robin, in the old legend, expresses his regard for this order of men (concerning which the reader may consult an ingenious "Essay" in the *Reliques of ancient English poetry*, (vol. I.) and some "Observations" in a collection of *Ancient songs*, printed in 1790):

> "Whether he be messengere,
> Or *a man that myrthes can*,
> Or yf he be a pore man,
> Of my good he shall have some."

[2] This play is entered in master Henslowes account-book with the date of December 1600. See Malones *Shakspeare*, Vol. II. Part II. (Emen. & ad.,

[3] "The triumphes of reunited Britannia. A pageant in honour of sir Leonard Holliday lord mayor." 1605.

[4] Henry Fitz-Alwine Fitz-Liefstane, gold-smith, first mayor of London, was appointed to that office by K. Richard I. in 1189, and continued therein till the 15th of K. John, 1212, when he "deceased, and was buried in the priorie of the holy trinitie, neare unto Aldgate." (Stows *Survay*, 1598. p. 418.) His relationship with Robin Hood is merely poetical, and invented by Mundy "for the nonce;" though it is by no means improbable that they were acquainted, and that our hero might have occasionally dined at the mansion-house on a lord-mayors day.

testimonie, were then used by them in their killing of deere. . . . . .

Afterward, [viz. after "Fitz-Alwines speech to the lord maior at night,"] as occasion best presenteth itselfe, when the heate of all other employments are calmly overpast, earle Robin Hood, with fryer Tuck, and his other brave huntes-men, attending (now at last) to discharge their duty to my lord, which the busie turmoile of the whole day could not before affoord: they shewe themselves to him in this order, and earle Robin himselfe thus speaketh.

The speech spoken by earl Robert de la Hude, commonly called Robin Hood.

Since graves may not their dead containe
Nor in their peacefull sleepes remaine,
But triumphes and great showes must use them,
And we unable to refuse them;
It joyes me that earle Robert Hood,
Fetcht from the forrest of merrie Shirwood,
With these my yeomen tight and tall,
Brave huntsmen and good archers all,
Must in this joviall day partake,
Prepared for your honours sake.
No sooner was i raysde from rest,
And of my former state possest
As while i liv'd, but being alone,
And of my yeomen seeing not one,
I with my bugle gave a call,
Made all the woods to ring withall.
Immediately came little John,
And Scathlock followed him anon,
With Much the honest millers sonne;
And ere ought else could be done,
The frolicke frier came tripping in,
Hi heart upon a merrie pinne.
Master (quoth he) in yonder brake,
A deere is hid for Marian's sake,
Bid Scathlock, John, or honest Brand,
That hath the happy hitting hand,
Shoote right and have him: and see, my lord,
The deed performed with the word.
For Robin and his bow-men bold,
Religiously did ever holde,
Not emptie-handed to be seene,
Were't but at feasting on a greene;
Much more then, when so high a day
Calls our attendance: all we may
Is all too little, 'tis your grace
To winke at weakenesse in this case,
So fearing to be over-long,
End all with our old hunting-song.
. . . .

The song of Robin Hood and his huntes-men.

Now wend we together, my merry men all,
Unto the forrest side a:
And there to strike a buck or a doae,
Let our cunning all be tride a

Then goe we merrily, merrily on,
To the green-wood to take up our stand [a],
Where we will lye in waite for our game,
With our best bowes all in our hand [a].

What life is there like to bold Robin Hood?
It is so pleasant a thing a:
In merry Shirwood he spends his dayes,
As pleasantly as a king a.

No man may compare with bold Robin Hood,
With Robin Hood, Scathlocke and John [a]·
Their like was never, nor never will be,
If in case that they were gone a.

They will not away from merry Shirwood,
In any place else to dwell [a]:
For there is neither city nor towne,
That likes them half so well [a].

Our lives are wholly given to hunt,
And haunt the merry greene-wood [a];
Where our best service is daily spent,
For our master Robin Hood [a]."

6. "Robin Hood and his pastoral May games." 1624.

7. "Robin Hood and his crew of soldiers." 1627.

These two titles are inserted among the plays mentioned by Chetwood, in his *British theatre*, (p. 67.) as written by anonymous authors in the 16th century to the restoration. But neither Langbaine, who mentions both, nor any other person, pretends to have ever seen either of them. The former, indeed, may possibly be "The playe of Robyn Hode," already noticed; and the other is probably a future article. Langbaine, it is to be observed, gives no date to either piece; so that, it may be fairly concluded, those above specifyed are of Chetwoods own invention, which appears to have been abundantly fertile in every species of forgery and imposture.

8. "The sad shepherd, or a tale of Robin Hood."

The story of our renowned archer cannot be said to have been wholely occupyed by bards without a name; since, not to mention Mundy or Drayton, the celebrated Ben Jonson intended a pastoral drama on this subject, under the above title; but dying, in the year 1637, before it was finished, little more than the two first acts has descended down to us. His last editor (Mr. Whalley), while he regrets that it is but a fragment, speaks of it in raptures, and, indeed, not without evident reason, many passages being eminently poetical and judicious.

"The persons of the play," so far as concerns our immediate purpose, are: [1] "Robin Hood, the chief woodman [*i. e.* forester], master of the feast. [2] Marian, his lady, the mistress. [3] Friar Tuck, the chaplain and steward. [4] Little John, bow-bearer. [5, 6] Scarlet, Scathlock,[1] two brothers, huntsmen. [7] George a Green, huisher of the bower. [8] Much, Robin Hoods bailiff or acater." The rest are, the guests invited, the witch of Paplewick, her daughter, the swin'ard her son, Puck Hairy or Robin Goodfellow, their hind, and lastly a devout hermit. "The scene, *Sherwood*, consisting of a landscape of a forest, hills, valleys, cottages, a castle, a river, pastures, herds, flocks, all full of country simplicity; *Robin Hoods bower, his well*, &c." "The argument of the first act" is as follows; "Robin Hood, having invited all the shepherds and shepherdesses of the vale of Be'voir to a feast in the forest of Sherwood, and trusting to his mistress, maid Marian, with her woodmen, to kill him venison against the day; having left the like charge with friar Tuck his chaplain and steward, to command the rest of his merry men to see the bower made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment: 'meets' with his guests at their entrance into the wood, and conducts them to his bower: where, by the way, he receives the relation of THE SAD SHEPHERD Æglamour, who is fallen into a deep melancholy for the loss of his beloved Earine, reported to have been drowned in passing over the Trent, some few days before. . . . In the mean time Marian is come from hunting. . . . Robin Hood enquires if she hunted the deere at force, and what sport he made? how long he stood? and what head he bore? all which is briefly answered, with a relation of breaking him up, and the raven, and her bone. The suspect had of that raven

[1] Jonson was led into this mistake by the old play of Robin Hood. See before, p. 17.

to be Maudlin the witch of Paplewick, whom one of the hunstmen met i' the morning at the rouzing of the deer, and is confirmed by her being then in Robin Hoods' kitchen, i' the chimney corner, broiling the same bit which was thrown to the raven at the quarry or fall of the deer. Marian, being gone in to shew the deer to some of the shepherdesses, returns discontented; sends away the venison she had killed to her they call the witch; quarrels with her love Robin Hood, abuseth him, and his guests the shepherds; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexity."

By "the argument of the second act" it appears that the witch had "taken the shape of Marian to abuse Robin Hood, and perplex his guests." However, upon an explanation of the matter with the true Marian, the trick is found out, the venison recovered, and "Robin Hood dispatcheth out his woodmen to hunt and take her: which ends the act." The third act was designed to be taken up with the chace of the witch, her various schemes to elude the pursuers, and the discovery of Earine in the swineherds enchanted oak. Nothing more of the authors design appearing, we have only to regret the imperfect state of a pastoral drama, which, according to the above learned and ingenious editor, would have done honour to the nation.[1]

9. "Robin Hood and his crew of souldiers, a comedy acted at Nottingham on the day of his saCRed majesties corronation. *Vivat rex.* The actors names: Robin Hood, commander; Little John, William Scadlocke, souldiers; messenger from the sheriffe. London, printed for James Davis, 1661." 4to.

This is an interlude, of a few pages and no merit; alluding to the late rebellion, and the subject of the day. The outlaws, convinced by the reasoning of the sherifs messenger, become loyal subjects.

10. "Robin Hood. An opera, as it is perform'd at Lee's and Harpers great theatrical booth in Bartholomew-fair." 1730. 8vo.

11. "Robin Hood." 1751. 8vo.

This was a ballad-farce, acted at Drury-lane theatre; in which the following favourite song was originally sung by Mr. Beard, in the character of Robin Hood.

> As blithe as the linnet sings in the green wood,
> So blithe we'll wake the morn;
> And through the wide forest of merry Sherwood
> We'll wind the bugle horn.
>
> The sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,
> Bold Robin disdains to fly;
> Let him come when he will, we'll, in merry Sherwood,
> Or vanquish, boys, or die.
>
> Our hearts they are stout, and our bows they are good,
> As well their masters know;
> They're cull'd in the forest of merry Sherwood,
> And never will spare a foe.
>
> Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
> We'll hunt them all o'er the plain;
> And through the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
> No shaft shall fly in vain.
>
> Brave Scarlet, and John, who ne'er were subdu'd,
> Give each his hand so bold;
> We'll range through the forest of merry Sherwood,
> What say my hearts of gold?

[1] This play appears to have been performed upon the stage after the restoration. The prologue and epilogue (spoken by Mr. Portlock) are to be found in num. 1009 of the Sloane MSS. It was republished, with a continuation and notes, by Mr. Waldron, of Drury-lane theatre, in 1783.

12. "Robin Hood; or, Sherwood forest: a comic opera." As "performed at the theatre-royal in Covent-garden. By Leonard Mac Nally, esq." 1784. 8vo.

This otherwise insignificant performance was embellished with some fine music by Mr. Shield. The melody of one song, beginning,

> "I've travers'd Judah's barren sands,"

is singularly beautiful. It has been since reduced to, and is still frequently acted as, an after-piece.

A drama on the subject of Robin Hood, under the title of *The foresters*, has been long expected from the elegant author of *The school for scandal*. The first act, said to have been written many years ago, is, by those who have seen or heard it, spoken of with admiration.

(x) —"innumerable poems, rimes, songs and ballads."] The original and most ancient pieces of this nature have all perished in the lapse of time, during a period of between five and six hundred years continuance; and all we now know of them is that such things once existed. In the *Vision of Pierce Plowman*, an allegorical poem, thought to have been composed soon after the year 1360, and generally ascribed to Robert Langeland, the author introduces an ignorant, idle and drunken secular priest, the representative, no doubt, of the parochial clergy of that age, in the character of Sloth, who makes the following confession:

> "I cannot parfitli mi paternoster, as the priest it singeth,
> But I can RYMS OF ROBEN HODE, and '*Randolf*' erl of *Chester*,
> But of our lorde or our lady I lerne nothyng at all."[2]

Fordun, the Scotish historian, who wrote about 1340, speaking of Robin Hood and Little John, and their accomplices, says, "of whom the foolish vulgar in comedies and tragedies make lewd entertainment, and are delighted to hear the jesters and minstrels sing

[2] 1st edit. 1550, fo. xxvi., b. (*Randolf* is misprinted *Rand of*.) Subsequent editions, even of the same year, reading only "*Randall of Chester*," Mr. Warton (*History of English poetry*, ii. 179.) makes this genius, whom he calls a *frier*, say, "that he is well acquainted with THE *rimes of Randall of Chester*;" and these rimes he, whimsically enough, conjectures to be the old *Chester Whitsun-plays*; which, upon very idle and nonsensical evidence, he supposes to have written by *Randa Higden*, the compiler of the *Polychronicon*. Of course, if this absurd idea were at all founded, THE *rimes of Robin Hood* must likewise allude to certain Yorkshire or Nottinghamshire plays, *written by himself*. The "Randolf erl of Chester" here meant is Randal Blundevile, the last earl of that name, who had been in the holy land, was a great warrior and patriot, and dyed in 1231.

The reading of the original edition is confirmed by a very old manuscript, in the Cotton library, (*Vespasian*, B. XVI.) differing considerably from the printed copies, which gives the passage thus:

> "I can nouzt perfitli my pater-noster as a prest hit syngeth:
> I can rymes of Robyn Hood, of RONDOLF ERL OF CHESTRE,
> Ac of oure lorde ne of oure ladi the leste that ever was maked."

(See also *Caligula*, A. XI.)

The speaker himself could have told Mr. Warton he was no *frier*:

> I have ben PRIESTE & PERSON passynge thyrty winter,
> Yet can I nether solfe, ne singe, ne sayntes lyves read;
> But I can find in a fielde or in a furlong an hare,
> Better than in *Beatus vir* or in *Beati omnes*
> Construe one clause well, & kenne it to my parishens."

them above all other ballads:"[1] and Mair (or Major), whose history was published by himself in 1521, observes that "The exploits of this Robert are celebrated in songs throughout all Britain."[2] So, likewise, Hector Bois (or Boethius), who wrote about the same period, having mentioned "that waithman Robert Hode with his fallow litil Johne," adds, "of quhom ar mony fabillis and mery sportis soung amang the vulgar pepyll."[3] Whatever may have been the nature of the compositions alluded to by the above writers, several of the pieces printed in the present collection are unquestionably of great antiquity; not less, that is, than between three and four hundred years old. The *Lytell geste*, which is first inserted, is probably the oldest thing upon the subject we now possess;[4] but a legend, apparently of the same species, was once extant, of, perhaps, a still earlyer date, of which it is some little satisfaction to be able to give even the following fragment, from a single leaf, fortunately preserved in one of the volumes of old printed ballads in the British museum, in a hand-writing as old as Henry the 6ths time. It exhibits the characters of our hero and his *fidus Achates* in the noblest point of view.

> "He sayd Robyn Hod . . . . yne the preson,
> And owght off hit was gon.
>
> The porter rose a-non certeyn,
> As sone as he hard Johan call;
> Lytyll Johan was redy with a sword,
> And bare hym throw to the wall.
>
> Now will I be jayler, sayd lytyll Johan,
> And toke the keys in hond;
> He toke the way to Robin Hod,
> And sone he hyme unbond.
>
> He gaffe hym a good swerd in his hond,
> His hed ther-with for to kepe;
> And ther as the wallis wer lowest,
> Anon down ther they lepe.
>
> . . . .
>
> . . . .
>
> . . . .
>
> To Robyn . . . . . . sayd:
>
> I have done the a god torne for an . .
> Quit me when thow may;
> I have done the a gode torne, said lytyll [Johan],
> Forsothe as I the saye;
> I have browghte the under the gren wod .
> Farewell & have gode daye.
>
> Nay, be my trowthe, sayd Robyn,
> So schall it never bee;
> I make the master, sayd Robyn,
> Off all my men & me.
> Nay, be my trowthe, sayd lytyll Johan,
> So schall it never bee."

This, indeed, may be part of the "story of Robin Hood and little John," which M. Wilhelm Bedwell found in the ancient MS. lent him by his much honoured good friend M. G Withers, whence he extracted and published "The turnament of Tottenham," a poem of the same age, and which seemed to him to be done (perhaps but transcribed) by sir Gilbert Pilkington, formerly, as some had thought, parson of that parish.[5]

That poems and stories on the subject of our hero and his companions were extraordinarily popular and common before and during the sixteenth century is evident from the testimony of divers writers. Thus, Alexander Barclay, priest, in his translation of *The shyp of folys*, first printed by Pynson in 1508, afterward by Wynken de Worde in 1517, and lastly by John Cawood in 1570, says.

> "I write no *jeste* ne *tale* of Robin Hood."

Again:

> "For goodlie scripture is not worth an hawe,
> But tales are loved ground of ribaudry;
> And many are so blinded with their foly,
> That no scriptur thinke they so true nor gode,
> As his *a foolish jest* of Robin Hode."

Again:

> "And of all *fables* and *jestes* of Robin Hood,"
> Or other trifles."

The same Barclay, in the fourth of his *Egloges*, subjoined to the last edition of *The ship of foles*, but originally printed soon after 1500, has the following passage:

> "Yet would I gladly heare some *mery fit*
> Of maide Marion, or els of Robin Hood,
> Or Benteleyes ale, which chafeth well the blood,
> Of Perte of Norwich, or Sauce of Wilberton,
> Or buckishe Joly[6] well stuffed as a ton."

[1] "*De quibus stolidum vulgus hianter in comœdiis et tragœdiis prurienter festum faciunt, & super cæteras 'romancias' mimos & bardanos cantitare delectantur.*" Scotichronicon (à *Hearne*), p. 774. *Comedies* and *tragedies* are—not dramatic compositions, but—poems of a comic or serious cast. *Romancé* in Spanish, and *romance*, in French, signify—not a tale of chivalry, but—a vulgar ballad, at this day.

[2] "*Rebus hujus Roberti gestis tota Britannia in cantibus utitur.*" Majoris Britanniæ historia, Edin. 1740. p. 128

[3] *History of Scotland*, translated by maister Johne Bellendene, Edin. 1541. fo. The word "waithman" was probably suggested to the translator by Andrew of Wyntowns "Orygynale cronykil," written about 1420, which at the year 1283 has the following lines:

> "Lytil Jhon and Robyne Hude
> Wayth-men were commendyd gud:
> In Yngil-wode and Barnysdale
> Thai oysyd all this tyme thare trawale."

It seems equivalent to the English *vagabond*, or, perhaps, *outlaw*. *Waith* is *waif*; and it is to be remembered that, in the technical language of the English courts, a woman is said to be *waived*, and not *outlawed*.

[4] Of this poem there have been, at least, four editions, perhaps more. In "an old book in black letter in the advocates library [Edinburgh], sent to the faculty by a gentleman from Ayrshire in 1788," are "Fourteen leaves of fitts, &c. of Robyn Hood, with a print of him on horseback; over which "¶ Here beginneth a gest of Robyn Hode." (See Ames's *Typographical antiquities*, by Herbert, p. 1815.) Most of the pieces in this volume appear to have been printed "be Walter Chepman and Andrew Millar in the South-gait of Edinburgh," in or about 1508. The above imperfect "gette of Robyn Hode" is conjectured to be an edition of the old poem in question; but all endeavours to procure a sight of or extract from it have proved unsuccessful, though the editor even took a journey to Edinburgh chiefly for the purpose, and received every possible degree of attention and civility from the worthy librarian: the book having been now detained out of the library for some years. Robene Hude and litil Jhone," occurs also among the tales enumerated in Wedderburns *Complainte of Scotland*, printed at Saint-Andrews, in 1549. In a list of "bookes printed, and . . . . . sold by Jane Bell, at the east end of Christ-church [1655]," in company with *Frier Rush*, *The frier and the boy*, &c. is "a book of Robin Hood and Little John." Captain Cox of Coventry appears to have had a copy of some old edition; see Laneham's *Letter from Killingworth*, 1575.

[5] "Description of the town of Tottenham-high-crosse, &c." London, (1631, 4to.) 1718, 8vo.

[6] Mr. Warton reads *Toby*; and so, perhaps, it may be in former editions.

Robert Braham, in his epistle to the reader, prefixed to Lydgates *Troy-book*, 1555, is of opinion that "Caxtons recueil" [of Troy] is "worthye to be numbred amongest the *trifelinge tales* and *barrayne luerdries* of Robyn Hode and Bevys of Hampton." (See Ames's *Typographical antiquities*, by Herbert, p. 849.)

"For one that is sand blynd," says sir Thomas Chaloner, "woulde take an asse for a moyle, or another prayse a *rime* of Robyn Hode for as excellent a making as *Troylus* of Chaucer, yet shoulde they not straight-waies be counted madde therefore?" (Erasmus's *Praise of folye*, sig. h.)

"If good lyfe," observes bishop Latimer, "do not insue and folowe upon our readinge to the example of other, we myghte as well spende that tyme in reading of prophane hystories, of Canterburye tales, or *a fit of* Robin Hode." (*Sermons*, sig. A. iiii.)

The following lines, from a poem in the Hyndford MS. compiled in 1568, afford an additional proof of our heros popularity in Scotland:

> "Thair is no *story* that I of heir,
> Of *Johne* nor Robene Hude,
> Nor zit of Wallace wicht but weir,
> That me thinkes half so gude,
> As of thre palmaris, &c."

That the subject was not forgotten in the succeeding age, can be testifyed by Drayton, who is elsewhere quoted, and in his sixth eclogue makes Gorbo thus address "old Winken de Word:"

> "Come, sit we down under this hawthorn-tree,
> The morrows light shall lend us day enough,
> And let us tell of Gawen, or sir Guy,
> Of Robin Hood, or of old Clem a Clough."

Richard Johnson, who wrote "The history of Tom Thumbe," in prose, (London, 1621, 12mo. b. l.) thus prefaces his work: "My merry muse begets no tales of Guy of Warwicke, *&c.* nor will I trouble my penne with the *pleasant glee* of Robin Hood, little John, the fryer, and his Marian; nor will I call to mind the lusty Pinder of Wakefield, *&c.*"

In "The Calidonian forrest," a sort of allegorical or mystic tale, by John Hepwith, gentleman, printed in 1641, 4to. the author says,

> "Let us talke of Robin Hoode,
> And little John in merry Shirewoode, &c."[1]

Of one very ancient, and undoubtedly once very popular, song this single line is all that is now known to exist:

"**Robin Hood in Barnsdale stood.**"

However, though but a line, it is of the highest authority in Westminster-hall, where, in order to the decision of a knotty point, it has been repeatedly cited, in the most solemn manner, by grave and learned judges.

M. 6 Jac. B. R. Witham v. *Barker*. Yelv. 147. *Trespass*, for breaking plaintifs close, *&c.* *Plea, Liberum tenementum* of sir John Tyndall, and justification as his servant and by his command. *Replication*, That it is true it is his freehold, but that long before the time when *&c.* he leased to plaintif at will, who entered and was possessed until, *&c.* *traversing*, that defendant entered, *&c.* by command of sir John. *Demurrer:* and adjudged against plaintif, on the ground of the replication being bad, as not setting forth any seisin or possession in sir John, out of which a lease at will could be derived. For a title made by the plea or replication should be certain to all intents, because it is traversable. Here, therefor, he should have stated sir Johns seisin, as well as the lease at will; which is not done here: "**mes tout un come il ust replie** Robin Whood in Barnwood stood, absque hoc **q̄ def. p commandement sir** John. Quod nota. Per Fenner, Williams **et** Crook **justices sole en court. Et judgment done accordant.** Yelv. **p̄ def.**"

In the case of *Bush* v. *Leake*, *B. R. Trin.* 23 *G.* 3. Buller, justice, cited the case of *Coulthurst* v. *Coulthurst*, *C. B. Pasch.* 12 *G.* 3. (an action on bond) and observed "There, a case in Yelverton was alluded to, where the court said, You might as well say, by way of inducement to a traverse, *Robin Hood in Barnwood stood.*"

It is almost unnecessary to observe, because it will be shortly proved, that *Barnwood*, in the preceding quotations, ought to be *Barnsdale*.[2] With respect to *Whood*, the reader will see, under note (p), a remarkable proof of the antiquity of that pronunciation, which actually prevails in the metropolis at this day. See also the word "whodes" in note (gg).

This celebrated and important line occurs as the first of a foolish mock-song, inserted in an old morality, intitled "A new interlude and a mery of the nature of the iiii elementes," supposed to have been printed by John Rastall about 1520; where it is thus introduced:

> "*Hu*[*manyte*]. —— let us some lusty balet syng.
> *Yng*[*norance*]. Nay, syr, by the hevyn kyng:
> For me thynkyth it servyth for no thyng,
> All suche pevysh prykeryd song.

---

[1] Honest Barnaby, who wrote or traveled about 1640, was well acquainted with our heros story.

> "*Veni* Nottingham, *tyrones*
> Sherwoodenses *sunt* latrones,
> *Instar* Robin Hood, *&* *servi*
> Scarlet *&* Joannis Parvi;
> *Passim, sparsim, peculantur*
> *Cellis, sylvis deprædantur.*

> "Thence to Nottingham, where rovers,
> Highway riders, Sherwood drovers,
> Like old *Robin Hood*, and *Scarlet*,
> Or like *Little John* his varlet;
> Here and there they shew them doughty,
> In cells and woods to get their booty."

[2] There is, in fact, such a place as *Barnwood forest*, in Buckinghamshire; but no one, except Mr. Hearne, has hitherto supposed that part of the country to have been frequented by our hero. *Barnwood*, in the case reported by Yelverton, has clearly arisen from a confusion of *Barns*dale and green *wood*. "Robin Hood in the *greenwood* stood" was likewise the beginning of an old song now lost (see VIII.—"Robin Hood and Allin a Dale," &c., *infra*): and it is not a little remarkable that Jefferies, serjeant, on the trial of Pilkington and others, for a riot, in 1683, by a similar confusion, quotes the line in question thus:

> "Robin Hood upon *Greendale* stood."
> (*State-trials*, iii. 634.)

The following most vulgar and indecent rime, current among the peasantry in the north of England, may have been intended to ridicule the perpetual repetition of "Robin Hood in greenwood stood:"

> Robin Hood
> In green-wood stood,
> With his back against a tree;
> He fell flat
> Into a cow-plat,
> And all beshitten was he.

Hu. Pes, man, pryk-song may not be dyspysyd,
For therwith god is well plesyd.
. . . .
Yng. Is god well pleasyd, trowest thou, therby?
Nay, nay, for there is no reason why.
For is it not as good to say playnly
Gyf me a spade,
As gyf me a spa ve va ve va ve vade?
But yf thou wylt have a song that is good,
I have one of Robyn Hode,
The best that ever was made.
Hu. Then a feleshyp, let us here it.
Yng. But there is a bordon, thou must bere it,
Or ellys it wyll not be.
Hu. Than begyn, and care not for . . .
Downe downe downe, &c.
Yng. Robyn Hode in Barnysdale stode,
And lent hym tyl a mapyll thystyll;
Than cam our lady & swete saynt Andrewe;
Slepyst thou, wakyst thou, Geffrey Coke?[1]

A c. wynter the water was depe,
I can not tell you how brode;
He toke a gose nek in his hande,
And over the water he went.

He start up to a thystell top,
And cut hym downe a holyn clobbe;
He stroke the wren betwene the hornys,
That fyre sprange out of the pygges tayle.

Jak boy is thy bow i-broke,
Or hath any man done the wryguldy wrange?
He plukkyd muskyllys out of a wyllowe,
And put them in to his sachell.

Wylkyn was an archer good,
And well coude handell a spade;
He toke his bend bowe in his hand,
And set him downe by the fyre.

He toke with him lx. bowes and ten,
A pese of befe, another of baken.
Of all the byrdes in mery Englond,
So merely pypys the mery botell"

All the entire poems and songs known to be extant will be found in the following collection; but many more may be traditionally preserved in different parts of the country which would have added considerably to its value.[2] That some of these identical pieces, or others of the like nature, were great favourites with the common people in the time of queen Elizabeth, though not much esteemed, it would seem, by the refined critic, may, in addition to the testimonies already cited, be infered from a passage in Webbes *Discourse of English poetrie*, printed in 1586. "If I lette passe," says he, "the unaccountable rabble of ryming ballet-makers, and compylers of senceleese sonets, who be most busy to stuffe every stall full of grosse devises and unlearned pamphlets, I trust I shall with the best sort be held excused. For though many such can frame an *alehouse-song* of five or sixe score verses, hobbling uppon some tune of a *northern jygge*, or Robyn Hoode, or *La lubber*, &c and perhappes observe just number of sillables, eyght in one line, sixe in an other, and therewithall an A to make a jerke in the ende, yet if these might be accounted poets (as it is sayde some of them make meanes to be promoted to the lawrell) surely we shall shortly have whole swarmes of poets; and every one that can frame a booke in ryme, though, for want of matter, it be but in commendations of copper noses or bottle ale, wyll catch at the garlande due to poets: whose potticall (poeticall, I should say) heades, I woulde wyshe, at their worshipfull comencements, might, in steede of lawrell, be gorgiously garnished with fayre greene barley, in token of their good affection to our Englishe malt." The

[1] It is possible that, amid these absurdities, there may be other lines of the old song of Robin Hood, which is the only reason for reviving them.

"O sleepst thou, or wakst thou, Jeffery Cooke?"

occurs, likewise, in a medley of a similar description, in *Pammelia*, 1609.

[2] In *The gentleman's magazine*, for December, 1790, is the first verse of a song used by the inhabitants of Helston in Cornwall, on the celebration of an annual festivity on the eighth of May, called the *Furry-day*, supposed Floras day, not, it is imagined, "as many have thought, in remembrance of some festival instituted in honour of that goddess, but rather from the garlands commonly worn on that day." (See the same publication for June and October, 1790.) This verse was the whole that Mr. Urbans correspondent could then recollect, but he thought he might be afterward able "to send all that is known of it, for," he says, "it formerly was very long, but is now much forgotten." The stanza is as follows:

"Robin Hood and Little John
They are both gone to fair O;
And we will go to the merry green-wood,
To see what they do there O.
With hel an tow,
And rum-be-low,
And chearily we'll get up,
As soon as any day O,
All for to bring the summer home,
The summer and the May O."

"After which," he adds, "there is something about the grey goose wing; from all which," he concludes, "the goddess Flora has nothing to say to it." She may have nothing to say to the song, indeed, and yet a good deal to do with the thing. But the fact is that the first *eight* days of May, or the *first* day and the *eighth*, seem to have been devoted by the Celtic nations to some great religious ceremony. Certain superstitious observances of this period still exist in the highlands of Scotland, where it is called the *Bel-tein*, *Beltan*, in that country, being a common term for the beginning of May as "between the Beltans" is a saying significant of the *first* and *eighth* days of that month. The games of Robin Hood, as we shall elsewhere see, were, for whatever reason, always celebrated in May.—*N. B.* "*Hel-an-tow*," in the above stanza, should be *heave and how*. *Heave and how*, and *Rumbelow*, was an ordinary chorus to old ballads; and is at least as ancient as the reign of Edward II., since it occurs in the stanza of a Scotish song, preserved by some of our old historians, on the battle of Bannock-burn.

To lengthen this long note: Among the Harleian MSS. (num. 367.) is the fragment of "a tale of Robin Hood dialouge-wise beetweene Watt and Jeffry. The morall is the overthrowe of the abbyes; the like being attempted by the Puritane, which is the wolfe, and the politician, which is the fox, agaynst the bushops. Robin Hood, bushop; Adam Bell, abbot; Little John, colleauges of the university." This seems to have been a common mode of satyrizing both the old church and the reformers. In another MS. of the same collection, (N. 207) written about 1532, is a tract intitled "The banckett of John the reve, unto Peirs Ploughman, Laurens Laborer, Thomlyn Tailyor, and Hobb of the Hille, with others:" being, as Mr. Wanley says, a dispute concerning transubstantiation by a Roman catholic. The other, indeed, is much more modern: it alludes to the indolence of the abbots, and their falling off from the original purity in which they were placed by the bishops, whom it inclines to praise. The object of its satire seems to be the Puritans; but here it is imperfect, though the lines preserved are not wholly destitute of poetical merit.—"Robin Hood and the duke of Lancaster, a ballad, to the tune of *The abbot of Canterbury*, 1727," is a satire on sir Robert Walpole.

chief object of this satire seems to be William Elderton, the drunken ballad-maker, of whose compositions all but one or two have unfortunately perished.[1]

Most of the songs inserted in the second part of this work were common broad-sheet ballads, printed in the black letter, with wood-cuts, between the restoration and the revolution; though copies of some few have been found of an carlyer date. "Who was the author of the collection, intitled ***Robin Hood's garland***, no one," says sir John Hawkins, "has yet pretended to guess. As some of the songs have in them more of the spirit of poetry than others, it is probable," he thinks, "it is the work of various hands: that it has from time to time been varied and adapted to the phrase of the times," he says, "is certain." None of these songs, it is believed, were ever collected into a ***garland*** till some time after the restoration; as the earlyest that has been met with, a copy of which is preserved in the study of Anthony à Wood, was printed by W. Thackeray, a noted ballad-monger, in 1689. This, however, contains no more than ***sixteen*** songs, some of which, very falsely as it seems, are said to have been "never before printed." "The latest edition of any worth," according to sir John Hawkins, "is that of 1719." None of the old editions of this ***garland*** have any sort of preface: that prefixed to the modern ones, of Bow or Aldermary church-yard, being taken from the collection of old ballads, 1723, where it is placed at the head of ***Robin Hoods birth and breeding***. The full title of the last London edition of any note is—"Robin Hood's garland: being a complete history of all the notable and merry exploits performed by him and his men on many occasions: To which is ***added*** a ***preface***, [i. e. the one already mentioned] giving a more full and particular account of his birth, &c. than any hitherto published. [***Cut of archers shooting at a target.***]

> I'll send this arrow from my bow,
> And in a wager will be bound
> To hit the mark aright, although
> It were for fifteen hundred pound.
> Doubt not I'll make the wager good,
> Or ne'er believe bold Robin Hood.

Adorned with twenty-seven neat and curious cuts adapted to the subject of each song. London, Printed and sold by R. Marshall, in Aldermary church-yard, Bow-lane." 12mo. On the back of the title-page is the following Grub-street address:

> "To all gentlemen archers."
> "This garland has been long out of repair,
> Some songs being wanting, of which we give account;
> For now at last, by true industrious care,
> The ***sixteen*** songs to twenty-seven we mount;
> Which large addition needs must please, I know,
> All the ingenious 'yeomen' of the bow.
> To read how Robin Hood and Little John,
> Brave Scarlet, Stutely, valiant, bold and free,
> Each of them bravely, fairly play'd the man,
> While they did reign beneath the green-wood tree;
> Bishops, friars, likewise many more,
> Parted with their gold, for to increase their store,
> But never would they rob or wrong the poor."

The last seven lines are not by the author of the first six, but were added afterward; perhaps when the ***twenty-four*** songs were increased to ***twenty-seven***.[2]

(Y)—"has given rise to divers proverbs:"] Proverbs, in all countries, are, generally speaking, of very great antiquity; and therefor it will not be contended that those concerning our hero are the oldest we have. It is highly probable, however, that they originated in or near his own time, and of course have existed for upward of 500 years, which is no modern date. They are here arranged, not, perhaps, according to their exact chronological order, but by the age of the authorities they are taken from.

1. ***Good even, good Robin Hood.***

The allusion is to ***civility*** extorted by ***fear***. It is preserved by Skelton, in that most biting satire, against cardinal Wolsey, ***Why come ye not to court?*** (Works, 1736, p. 147.)

> "He is set so hye,
> In his hierarchy,
> . . . .
> That in the chambre of stars
> All matters there he mars;
> Clapping his rod on the borde,
> No man dare speake a word;

[1] Chatterton, in his "Memoirs of a sad dog," represents "baron Otranto" (meaning, the honorable Horace Walpole, now earl of Orford) when on a visit to "sir Stentor," as highly pleased with *Robin Hoods ramble*, "melodiously chaunted by the knight's groom and dairymaid, to the excellent music of a two-stringed violin and bag-pipe," which transported him back "to the age of his favourite hero, Richard the third;" whereas, says he, "the songs of Robin Hood were not in being till the reign of queen Elizabeth." This, indeed, may be in a great measure true of those which we now have, but there is sufficient evidence of the existence and popularity of such-like songs for ages preceding; and some of these, no doubt, were occasionally modernised or new-written, though most of them must be allowed to have perished.

The late Dr. Johnson, in controverting the authenticity of *Fingal*, a composition in which the author, Mr. Macpherson, has made great use of some unquestionably ancient Irish ballads, said, "He would undertake to write an epick poem on the story of *Robin Hood*, and half England, to whom the names and places he should mention in it are familiar, would believe and declare they had heard it from their earliest years." (Boswell's *Journal*, p. 486.)

[2] The following note is inserted in the fourth edition of the *Reliques of ancient English poetry*, published in July 1795 (vol. I. p. xcvii.):

"Of the 24 songs in what is now called 'Robin Hood's garland,' many are so modern as not to be found in Pepys's collection, completed only in 1700. In the [editors] folio MS. are ancient fragments of the following, *viz.*—Robin Hood and the beggar.—Robin Hood and the butcher.—Robin Hood and fryer Tucke.—Robin Hood and the pindar.—Robin Hood and queen Catharine, in two parts.—Little John and the four beggars, and 'Robine Hood his death.' This last, which is very curious, has no resemblance to any that have yet been published [it is probably number XXVIII. of part I.]; and the others are extremely different from the printed copies; but they unfortunately are in the beginning of the MS., where half of every leaf hath been torn away."

As this MS. "contains several songs relating to the civil war in the last century," the mere circumstance of its comprising fragments of the above ballads, is no proof of a higher antiquity, any more than its not containing 'one that alludes to the restoration' proves its having been compiled before that period; or than, because some of these 24 songs are not to be found in Pepys's collection, they are more modern than 1700. If the MS. could be collated, it would probably turn out that many of its contents have been inaccurately and unfaithfully transcribed, by some illiterate person, from printed copies still extant, and, consequently, that it is, so far, of no authority. See the advertisement prefixed.

For he hath all the saying,
Without any renaying:
He rolleth in his recordes,
He saith, How say ye, my lordes?
Is not my reason good?
Good even, good Robin Hood[1]."

2. *Many men talk of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow.*

"That is, many discourse (or prate rather) of matters wherein they have no skill or experience. This proverb is now extended all over England, though originally of *Nottinghamshire* extraction, where *Robin Hood* did principally reside in *Sherwood* forrest. He was an arch robber, and withal an excellent archer; though surely the poet[2] gives a *twang* to the *loose of his arrow,* making him shoot one a *cloth-yard long, at full forty score mark, for compass never higher than the breast,* and *within less than a foot of the mark.* But herein our author hath verified the proverb, talking at large of Robin Hood, in whose bow he never shot." Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 315.

"One may justly wonder," adds the facetious writer, "this archer did not at last hit the mark, I mean, *come to the gallows* for his many robberies."

The proverb is mentioned, and given as above, by sir Edward Coke in his 3rd Institute, p. 197. See also note (x). It is thus noticed by Jonson, in "The king's entertainment at Walbeck in Nottinghamshire, 1633:"

"This is . . . father Fitz-Ale, herald of Derby, &c.
He can fly o'er hills and dales,
And report you more odd tales
Of our out-law Robin Hood,
That revell'd here in Sherewood,
And more stories of him show,
(Though he *ne'er shot in his bow*)
Than an' men or believe, or know."

We likewise meet with it in *Epigrams*, &c. 1654:

"*In Virtutem.*

"Vertue we praise, but practice not her good,
(Athenian-like) we act not what we know;
So *many men* doe *talk of Robin Hood,*
Who never yet *shot* arrow *in his bow.*"

On the back of a ballad, in Anthony a Woods collection, he has written,

"There be some that prate
Of Robin Hood, and of his bow,
Which never shot therein, I trow."

Ray gives it thus:

"Many talk of Robin Hood, that never shot in his bow,
And many talk of little John, that never did him know;"

which Kelly has varyed, but without authority.

Camdens printer has separated the lines, as distinct proverbs (*Remains*, 1674):

"Many speak of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow.
Many a man talks of little John that never did him know."

This proverb likewise occurs in *The downfall of Robert earle of Huntington*, 1600, and seems alluded to in a scarce and curious old tract intitled "The contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell, upon David Dycers Dreame &c." 1560. 4to. b. l.

"Your sodain stormes and thundre claps, your boasts and braggs so loude:
Hath doone no harme thogh Robin Hood spake with you in a cloud.
Go learne againe of litell Jhon, *to shute in Robyn Hods bowe,*
Or Dicars dreame shall be unhit, and all his whens, I trowe."[3]

The Italians appear to have a similar saying.

Molti parlan di Orlando
Chi non viddero mai suo brando.

3. *To overshoot Robin Hood.*

"And lastly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth *as if they had overshot Robin Hood,* that Plato banished them [*i. e.* poets] out of his commonwealth." Sir P. Sidneys *Defence of poesie.*

4. *Tales of Robin Hood are good* [*enough*] *for fools.*

This proverb is inserted in Camdens *Remains*, printed originally in 1605; but the word in brackets is supplyed from Ray.

5. *To sell Robin Hoods pennyworths.*

"It is spoken of things sold under half their value; or if you will, *half sold half given.* Robin Hood came lightly by his ware, and lightly parted therewith; so that he could afford *the length of his bow* for a *yard* of velvet. Whithersoever he came, he carried a *fair* along with him; chapmen crowding to buy his stollen commodities. But seeing *The receiver is as bad as the thief,* and such *buyers* are as bad as *receivers,* the cheap pennyworths of plundered goods may *in fine* prove dear enough to their consciences." Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 315.

This saying is alluded to in the old north-country song of *Randal a Barnaby:*

"All men said it became me well
And *Robin Hoods pennyworths I did sell.*"

6. *Come, turn about, Robin Hood.*

Implying that to challenge or defy our hero must have been the *ne plus ultra* of courage. It occurs in *Wit and drollery*, 1661.

"Oh Love, whose power and might,
No creature ere withstood,
Thou forcest me to write,
Come turn about Robin-hood."

7. *As crook'd as Robin Hoods bow.*

That is, we are to conceive, when bent by himself. The following stanza of a modern Irish song is the only authority for this proverb that has been met with.

"The next with whom I did engage,
It was an old woman worn with age,
Her teeth were like tobacco pegs,
Besides she had two bandy legs,
Her back more crook'd than Robin Hoods bow,
Purblind and decrepid, unable to go;
Altho' her years were sixty three,
She smil'd at the humours of *Soosthe Bue.*"

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[1] Mr. Warton has mistaken and misprinted this line so as to make it absolute nonsense.

"Is not my reason good?
Good—even good—Robin Hood."
(*His. En. po.* vol. ii.)

[2] *Draytons Poly-Olbion*, song 26, p. 122. (*Supra*, p. 2, 3.)

[3] In Churchyards "Replication onto Camels objection," he tells the latter:

"Your knowledge is great, your judgement is good,
The most of your study hath bea of *Robyn Hood*,
And Bevys of Hampton, and syr Launcelot de Lake,
Hath taught you full oft your verses to make."

(z)—"to swear by him, or some of his companions, appears to have been a usual practice."] The earlyest instance of this practice occurs in a pleasant story among "Certaine merry tales of the mad-men of Gottam," compiled in the reign of Henry VIII. by Dr. Andrew Borde, an eminent physician of that period, which here follows *verbatim*, as taken from an old edition in black letter, without date, (in the Bodleian library,) being the first tale in the book.

"There was two men of Gottam, and the one of them was going to the market to Nottingham to buy sheepe, and the other came from the market; and both met together upon Nottingham bridge. Well met, said the one to the other. Whither be yee going? said he that came from Nottingham. Marry, said he that was going thither, I goe to the market to buy sheepe. Buy sheepe! said the other, and which way wilt thou bring them home? Marry, said the other, I will bring them over this bridge. BY ROBIN HOOD, said he that came from Nottingham, but thou shalt not. BY MAID MARRION, said he that was going thitherward, but I will. Thou shalt not, said the one. I will, said the other. Ter here! said the one. Shue there! said the other. Then they beate their staves against the ground, one against the other, as there had beene an hundred sheepe betwixt them. Hold in, said the one. Beware the leaping over the bridge of my sheepe, said the other. I care not, said the other. They shall not come this way, said the one. But they shall, said the other. Then said the other, & if that thou make much to doe, I will put my finger in thy mouth. A turd thou wilt, said the other. And as they were at their contention, another man of Gottam came from the market, with a sacke of meale upon a horse, and seeing and hearing his neighbours at strife for sheepe, and none betwixt them, said, Ah fooles, will you never learn wit? Helpe me, said he that had the meale, and lay my sack upon my shoulder. They did so; and he went to the one side of the bridge, and unloosed the mouth of the sacke, and did shake out all his meale into the river. Now, neighbours, said the man, how much meale is there in my sacke now? Marry, there is none at all, said they. Now, by my faith, said he, even as much wit is in your two heads, to strive for that thing you have not. Which was the wisest of all these three persons, judge you?"[1]

"By the bare scalp of Robin Hoods fat frier,"

is an oath put by Shakspeare into the mouth of one of his outlaws in the *Two gentlemen of Verona*, act 4. scene 1. "Robin Hoods fat frier" is frier Tuck; a circumstance of which doctor Johnson, who set about explaining that author with a very inadequate stock of information, was perfectly ignorant.

(AA)—"his songs have been preferred not only, on the most solemn occasion, to the psalms of David, but in fact to the new testament."] "[On Friday, March 9th. 1733] was executed at Northampton William Alcock for the murder of his wife. He never own'd the fact, nor was at all concern'd at his approaching death, refusing the prayers and assistance of any persons. In the morning he drank more than was sufficient, yet sent and paid for a pint of wine, which being deny'd him, he would not enter the cart before he had his money return'd. On his way to the gallows he sung part of an OLD SONG OF ROBIN HOOD, with the chorus, *Derry, derry, down*[2], *&c.* and swore, kick'd and spurn'd at every person that laid hold of the cart; and before he was turn'd off, took off his shoes, to avoid a well-known proverb; and being told by a person in the cart with him, it was more proper for him to read, or hear somebody read to him, than so vilely to swear and sing, he struck the book out of the person's hands, and went on damning the spectators, and calling for wine. Whilst psalms and prayers were performing at the tree, he did little but talk to one or other, desiring some to remember him, others to drink to his good journey; and to the last moment declared the injustice of his case." (*Gentleman's magazine*, volume III. page 154.)

To this may be added, that at Edinburgh, in 1565, "Sandy Stevin menstrall" [*i. e.* musician] was convinced of blasphemy, alledging, That he would give no moir credit to *The new testament* then to *a tale of Robin Hood*, except it wer confirmed be the doctours of the church." Knox's *Historie of the reformation in Scotland*. (Edin. 1732, p. 368.)

William Roy, in a bitter satire against cardinal Wolsey, intitled, "Rede me and be nott wrothe For I saye nothynge but sothe," printed abroad, about 1525, speaking of the bishops, says,—

"Their frantyke foly is so pevishe,
That they contempne in Englishe,
To have *the new testament*;
But as for *tales of Robyn Hode*,
With wother jestes nether honest nor goode,
They have none impediment."

To the same effect is the following passage in another old libel upon the priests, intitled "I playne Piers which cannot flatter, a plowe-man men me call, *&c.*" b. l. n. d. printed in the original as prose:

"No Christen booke
Maye thou on looke,
Yf thou be an English-strunt,
Thus dothe alyens us loutte,
By that ye spreade aboute.
After that old sorte and wonte.
You allowe they saye,
Legenda aurea,
Roben Hoode, Bevys, & Gower,
And all bagage by syd,
But *gods word* ye may not abyde,
These lyese are your churche 'dower.'[3]

See, also, before, p. 22.

(BB) "His service to the word of god."] "I came once myselfe," says bishop Latimer, (in his sixth sermon before king Edward VI.) "to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word over night into the town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was a holy day, and methought it

[1] See the original story, in which two brothers, of whom one had wished for as many oxen as he saw stars, the other for a pasture as wide as the firmament, kill each other about the pasturage of the oxen, (from *Camer. oper. subscis. cent.* 1. *c.* 92. *p.* 429,) in Wanleys *Little world of man*, edition of 1774, p. 426.

[2] "*Derry down* is the burden of the old songs of the Druids sung by their Bards and Vaids, to call the people to their religious assemblys in the groves. *Doire* in Irish (the old Punic) is a grove: corrupted into *derry*. A famous Druid grove and academy at the place since called *Londonderry* from thence." *MS. note by Dr. Stukely, in his copy of Robin Hoods garland.*

[3] These two singular articles, with others here quoted, are in the equally curious and extensive library of George Steevens, Esq., whose liberality in the communication of his literary treasures increases, if possible, with their rarity and value.

was an holidayes worke; the church stode in my way; and I toke my horsse and my companye and went thither; I thought I should have found a great companye in the churche, and when I came there the churche dore was faste locked. I tarried there half an houre and more, and at last the keye was founde; and one of the parishe commes to me, and sayes, Syr, thys ys a busye day with us, we cannot heare you; it is ROBYN HOODES DAYE. The parishe are gone abroad to gather for ROBYN HOODE, I pray you let them not. I was fayne there to geve place to ROBYN HOODE. I thought my rochet should have been regarded, thoughe I were not; but it woulde not serve, it was fayne to geve place to ROBYN HOODES MEN.

It is no laughying matter, my friendes, it is a wepynge matter, a heavy matter, under the pretence for gatherynge for ROBYN HOODE, a traytoure[1] and a thefe, to put out a preacher, to have his office lesse estemed, to prefer ROBYN HOD before the mynystration of gods word; and all thys hath come of unpreachynge prelates. Thys realme hath been il provided, for that it hath had suche corrupte judgementes in it, to prefer ROBYN HODE to GODDES WORDE. Yf the bysshoppes had bene preachers, there sholde never have bene any such thynge, *&c.*"

(CC)—" may be called the patron of archery."] The bow and arrow makers, in particular, have always held his memory in the utmost reverence. Thus, in the old ballad of *Londons ordinary:*

" The hosiers will dine at the Leg,
The drapers at the sign of the Brush,
The *fletchers* to *Robin Hood* will go,
And the spendthrift to Beggars-bush."[2]

The picture of our hero is yet a common sign in the country, and before hanging-signs were abolished in London, must have been still more so in the city; there being at present no less than a dozen alleys, courts, lanes, *&c.* to which he or it has given a name. (See Baldwin's *New complete guide*, 1770.) *The Robin Hood Society*, a club or assembly for public debate, or school for oratory, is well known. It was held at a public house, which had once born the sign, and still retained the name of this great man, in Butcher-row, near Temple-bar.

It is very usual in the north of England, for a publican, whose name fortunately happens to be *John Little*, to have the sign of Robin Hood and his constant attendant, with this quibbling subscription:

You gentlemen, and yeomen good,
Come in and drink with Robin Hood;
If Robin Hood be not at home,
Come in and drink with *Little John.*[3]

[1] The bishop grows scurrilous. "I never heard," says Coke, attorney-general, "that *Robin Hood* was a *traitor*; they say he was an *outlaw.*" (*State-trials*, i. 218.—Raleigh had said, "Is it not strange for me to make myself a *Robin Hood*, a Kett, or a Cade?")

[2] This ballad seems to have been written in imitation of a song in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630, beginning—

" The gentry to the Kings-head,
The nobles to the crown, *&c.*"

[3] In Arnold's *Essex harmony*, (ii. 98.) he gives the inscription, as a catch for three voices, of his own composition, thus:

" My beer is stout, my ale is good,
Pray stay and drink with Robin Hood;
If Robin Hood abroad is gone,
Pray stay and drink with little John."

This inscription is to this day (April 1839) to be seen on a public-house at Hoxton.

An honest countryman, admiring the conceit, adopted the lines, with a slight, but, as he thought, necessary alteration, *viz.*

If Robin Hood be not at home,
Come in and drink with—*Simon Webster.*

Drayton, describing the various ensigns or devices of the English counties, at the battle of Agincourt, gives to

" Old NOTTINGHAM, *an archer clad in green*,
Under a tree with his drawn bow that stood,
Which in a chequer'd flag far off was seen;
It was the picture of OLD ROBIN HOOD."

(DD)—" the supernatural powers he is, in some parts, supposed to have possessed."] "In the parish of Halifax, is an immense stone or rock, supposed to be a druidical monument, there called *Robin Hood's penny stone*, which he is said to have used to pitch with at a mark for his amusement. There is likewise another of these stones, of several tons weight, which the country people will tell you he threw off an adjoining hill with a spade as he was digging. Every thing of the marvellous kind being here attributed to Robin Hood, as it is in Cornwall to K. Arthur." (Watsons *History of Halifax*, p. 27.)

At Bitchover, six miles south of Bakewell, and four from Haddon, in Derbyshire, among several singular groupes of rocks, are some stones called *Robin Hoods stride*, being two of the highest and most remarkable. The people say Robin Hood lived here.

(EE)—" having a festival allotted to him, and solemn games instituted in honour of his memory, &c."] These games, which were of great antiquity, and different kinds, appear to have been solemnized on the first and succeeding days of May; and to owe their original establishment to the cultivation and improvement of the manly exercise of archery, which was not, in former times, practised merely for the sake of amusement.

"I find," says Stow, "that in the moneth of May, the citizens of London, of all estates, lightlie in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their severall *mayinges*, and did fetch in Maypoles, with divers *warlike shewes*, with good *archers*, *morice-dancers*, and other devices for pastime all the day long: and towards the evening they had stage-playes and bonefires in the streetes. . . . These greate Mayinges and Maygames, made by the governors and masters of this citie, with the triumphant setting up of the greate shafte, (a principall Maypole in Cornhill, before the parish church of S. Andrew, therefore called Undershafte) by meane of an insurrection of youthes against alianes on Mayday, 1517, the ninth of Henry the eight, have not beene so freely used as afore." (*Survay of London*, 1598, p. 72.)

The disuse of these ancient pastimes, and the consequent "neglect of archerie," are thus pathetically lamented by Richard Niccolls, in his *Londons artillery*, 1616

" How is it that our London hath laid downe
This worthy practise, which was once the crowne
Of all her pastime, when her *Robin Hood*
Had wont each yeare, when *May* did clad the wood.

With lustie greene, to lead his yong men out,
Whose brave demeanour oft when they did shoot,
Invited royall princes from their courts,
Into the wilde woods to behold their sports!
Who thought it then a manly sight and trim,
To see a youth of cleane compacted lim,
Who, with a comely grace, in his left hand
Holding his bow did take his stedfast stand,
Setting his left leg somewhat foorth before,
His arrow with his right hand nocking sure,
Not stooping, nor yet standing streight upright,
Then, with his left hand little 'bove his sight,
Stretching his arm out, with an easie strength,
To draw an arrow of a yard in length."[1]

A description of one drawing a bow.

The lines,

"Invited royall princes from their courts
Into the wild woods to behold their sports,"

may be reasonab.y supposed to allude to Henry VIII. who appears to have been particularly attached, as well to the exercise of archery, as to the observance of May. Some short time after his coronation, says Hall, he "came to Westminster, with the quene, and all their traine: and on a tyme being there, his grace, therles of Essex, Wilshire, and other noble menne, to the numbre of twelve, came sodainly in a mornyng into the quenes chambre, all appareled in short cotes of Kentish Kendal, with hodes on their heddes, and hosen of the same, every one of them his bowe and arrowes, and a sworde and a bucklar, like outlawes, or 'Robyn' Hodes men; wherof the quene, the ladies, and al other there, were abashed, as well for the straunge sight, as also for their sodain commyng: and after certayn daunces and pastime made thei departed." (*Hen. VIII.* fo. 6, b.) The same author gives the following curious account of "A maiynge" in the 7th year of this monarch (1516): "The kyng & the quene, accompanied with many lordes & ladies, roade to the high grounde on Shoters-hil to take the open ayre, and as they passed by the way they espied a company of tall yomen, clothed all in grene, with grene whodes & bowes & arrowes, to the number of ii. C. Then one of them whiche called hymselfe *Robyn Hood*, came to the kyng, desyring hym to se his men shote, and the kyng was content. Then he whisteled, & all the ii. C. archers shot & losed at once; & then he whisteled again, and they likewyse shot agayne; their arrowes whisteled by craft of the head, so that the noyes was straunge and great, and muche pleased the kyng, the quene, and all the company. All these archers were of the kynges garde, and had thus appareled themselves to make solace to the kynge. Then Robyn Hood desyred the kyng and quene to come into the grene wood, and to se how the outlawes lyve. The kynge demaunded of the quene and her ladyes, if they durst adventure to go into the wood with so many outlawes. Then the quene said, if it pleased hym, she was content. Then the hornes blewe tyll they came to the wood under Shoters-hill, and there was an arber made of bowes, with a hal, and a great chamber, and an inner chamber, very well made and covered with floures and swete herbes, whiche the kyng muche praised. Then sayd Robyn Hood, Sir, outlawes brekefastes is venyson, and therefore you must be content with such fare as we use. Then the kyng and quene sat doune, and were served with venyson and vyne by Robin Hood and his men, to their great contentacion. Then the kyng departed and his company, and Robyn Hood and his men them conduicted; and as they were returnyng, there met with them two ladyes in a ryche chariot drawen with v. horses, and every horse had his name on his head, and on every horse sat a lady with her name written . . . and in the chayre sate the lady May, accompanied with lady Flora, richely appareled; and they saluted the kyng with diverse goodly songes, and so brought hym to Grenewyche. At this maiyng was a greate number of people to beholde, to their great solace and confort." (fo. lvi, b.)

That this sort of May-games was not peculiar to London, appears from a passage in Richard Robinsons "Third assertion Englishe historicall, frendly in favour and furtherance of English archery:"[2]

"And, beare because of archery I do by penne explane
The use, the proffet, and the praise, to England by the same,
Myselfe remembreth of a childe in contreye native mine,
A *May-game* was of Robyn Hood, and of his traine that time,
To traine up young men, stripplings, and eche other younger childe,
In shooting, yearely this with solempne feast was by the guylde
Or brotherhood of townsmen done, with sport, with joy, and love,
To proffet which in present tyme, and afterward did prove."

(1553) (7 E. 6.)

The games of Robin Hood seem to have been occasionally of a dramatic cast. Sir John Paston, in the time of K. Edward IV. complaining of the ingratitude of his servants, mentions one who had promised never to desert him, "and ther uppon," says he, "I have kepyd hym this iii yer *to pleye seynt Jorge*, and *Robyn Hod and the shryf off Notyngham*,[3] and now when I wolde have good horse he is goon into *Bernysdale*, and I withowt a keeper."

In some old accounts of the church-wardens of Saint Helens at Abingdon, Berks, for the year 1556, there is an entry *For setting up* Robin Hoodes Bower; I suppose, says Wharton, for a parish interlude. (See *History of English poetry*, ii. 175.)[4]

In some places these games were nothing more than a morris-dance, in which *Robin Hood*, *Little John*,

[1] This description is finely illustrated by an excellent wood cut at the head of one of Anthony à Woods old ballads in the Ashmoleian museum. The frontispiece to Gervas Markhams *Archerie*, 16 . . is, likewise, a man drawing a bow.

[2] See "The auncient order societie and unitie laudable of prince Arthure and his knightly armory of the round table . . . Translated and collected by R. R. London, Imprinted by John Wolfe dwelling in Distaffe-lane neere the signe of the Castle. 1583." 4to. b. l. It appears from this publication that on the revival of London archery in queen Elizabeths time, "the worshipfull socyety of archers," instead of calling themselves after Robin Hood and his companions, took the names of "the magnificent prince Arthure and his knightly traine of the round table." It is, probably, to one of the annual meetings of this identical society, that master Shallow alludes, in "*The second part of K. Henry IV.*" "I remember," says he, "at Mile-end green, [their usual place of exercise,]—I was then Sir Dagonet in *Arthur's shew*," *&c.* (See also Steevens's *Shakspeare*, 1793. ix. 142.) The successors of the above "friendly and frank fellowship" assumed the ridiculous appellations of duke of Shoreditch, marquis of Clarkenwell, earl of Pancridge, *&c.* See Woods *Bowmans glory*, 1682.

[3] Meaning that his sole or chief employment had been in Christmas or May-games, Whitsun-ales, and such like idle diversions. See *Original letters*, &c. ii. 134.

[4] The precise purpose or meaning of *setting up Robin Hoods bower* has not been satisfactorily ascertained. Mr

Maid Marian, and *frier Tuck* were the principal personages; the others being a clown or fool, the hobby-horse, (which appears, for some reason or other, to have been frequently forgot[1],) the taborer, and the dancers, who were more or less numerous. Thus Warner:

"At Paske began our *morriss*, and ere penticost our *May*,
The *Roben Hood*, *litell John*, *frier Tucke*, and *Marian* deftly play. [gay."[2]
And lard and ladie gang till kirke with lads and lasses

Perhaps the clearest idea of these last-mentioned games, about the beginning of the 16th century, will be derived from some curious extracts given by Mr. Lysons, in his valuable work intitled "The environs of London," (Vol. I. 1792. p. 226) from the contemporary accounts of the "church-wardens of the parish of Kingston upon Thames."

"Robin Hood and May-game.

"23 Hen. 7.	To the menstorell upon May-day	0	0	4
——	For paynting of the mores garments and for sarten gret leveres[57]	0	2	4
——	For paynting of a bannar for Robin Hode	0	0	3
——	For 2 M. & ½ pynnys	0	0	10
——	For 4 plyts and ½ of laun for the mores garments	0	2	11
——	For orseden[58] for the same	0	0	10
——	For a goun for the lady	0	0	8
——	For bellys for the dawnsars	0	0	12
24 Hen. 7.	For little John's cote	0	8	0
1 Hen. 8.	For silver paper for the mores dawnsars	0	0	7
——	For Kendall for Robyn Hode's cote	0	1	3
——	For 3 yerds of white for the frere's[59] cote	0	3	0
——	For 4 yerds of kendall for mayde Maryan's[60] huke[61]	0	3	4
——	For saten of sypers for the same huke	0	0	6
——	For 2 payre of glovys for Robin Hode and mayde Maryan	0	0	3

"[57] The word livery was formerly used to signify any thing delivered; see the Northumberland household book, p. 60. If it ever bore such an acceptation at that time, one might be induced to suppose, from the following entries, that it here meant a badge, or something of that kind:

15 C. of leveres for Robin Hode	0	5	0
For leveres, paper and sateyn	0	0	20
For pynnes and leveres	0	6	5
For 13 C. of leverys	0	4	4
For 24 great lyvereys	0	0	4

We are told that formerly, in the celebration of May-games, the youth divided themselves into two troops, the one in winter *livery*, the other in the habit of the spring. See Brands Popular antiquities, p. 261." This quotation is misapplied. *Liveries*, in the present instance, are pieces of *paper* or *sateyn* with some device thereon, which were distributed among the spectators. So in a passage which will be shortly quoted from *Jacke Drums entertainment*: "Well said, my boyes, I must have my lords *livory*: what is't? a *May pole*?" See also *Don Quixote*, part 2. chap. 22.

"[58] Though it varies considerably from that word, this may be a corruption of *orpiment*, which was much in use for colouring the morris garments." How *orseden* can be a corruption of *orpiment* is not very easy to conceive: it may as well be supposed to mean *worsted* or *buckram*.

"[59] The frier's coat was generally of russet, as it appears by the following extracts . . . ." The coat of this mock frier would, doubtless, be made of the same stuff as that of a real one.

"[60] Marian was the assumed name of the beloved mistress of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, whilst he was in a state of outlawry, as Robin Hood was his. See Mr. Steevens's note to a passage in Shakspere's Henry IV. This character in the morris dances was generally represented by a boy. See Strutt's view of customs and manners, vol. iii. p. 150. It appears by one of the extracts, given above, that at Kingston it was performed by a woman, who was paid a shilling each year for her trouble."

"[61] Mr. Steevens suggests, with great probability, that this word may have the same meaning as *howve* or *houve*, used by Chaucer for a head-dress; maid Marian's head-dress was always very fine: indeed some persons have derived her name from the Italian word *marione*, a head-dress." Mr. Steevens was never less happy than he is in this *very probable* conjecture. The word *howve* or *houve*, in Chaucer, is a mere variation of *hood*: and maid Marians head-dress must, to be sure, have been "very fine" when made of 4 yards of broad cloth! A *huke* is a woman's gown or habit (Huke *palla, toga, pallium Belgicis feminis usitatum*, SKIN.) *Marione*, in Italian, signifies a murrion or scull-cap; and it must be confessed, that they (if any there ever were) who thence derived the proper name of *Marian* (*Mary*) must have been blockheads of the first water.

Hearne, in an attempt to derive the name of "The Chiltern country" (cılꞇeꞃn, Saxon) from *silex*, a flint, has the following words: "*Certe Silcestriam*, &c. *i. e.* Certainly Silchester, in Hampshire, signifies nothing but *the city of flints* (that is, *a city composed or built of flint stones*). And what is more, in that very Chiltern country you may frequently see houses built of flints, in erecting which, in ancient times, I suppose that many persons involved themselves deeply in debt, and that, in order to extricate themselves, they took up money at interest of I know not what great men, which so far disturbed their minds that they would become thieves, and do many things in no wise agreeable to the English government. Hence, the nobility ordered that large woods in the Chiltern country should, in a great measure, be cut down, lest they should conceal any considerable body of robbers, who were wont to convert the same into lurking places. It concerns this matter to call to mind, that of this sort of robbers was that *Robin* or *Robert Hood*, of whom the vulgar dayly sing so many wonderful things. He (being now made an outlaw) before he retired into the north parts, frequently robing in the Chiltern country, lurked in the thickets thereof on purpose that he should not be taken. Thence it was, that to us boys, (exhilarating, according to custom, the mind with sports) certain countrymen, with whom we had accidentally some conversation, showed us that sort of den or retreat (vulgarly called *Robin Hoods bower*) in Maydenhead-thicket: which thicket is the same that Leland in his Itinerary, called *Frith*, by which name the Anglo-Saxons themselves spoke of thickets. For although ꝼꞃıð in reality signifys *peace*, yet since numerous groves with them (as well as before with the Britons) were deemed sacred, it is by no means to be wondered at that a great wood (because manifestly an asylum) should in the judgment of the Anglo-Saxons be called by no other name than ꝼꞃıðeꞅ: and, that Maydenhead-thicket was esteemed among the greater woods Leland himself is a witness. Rightly therefor did Robin Hood (as ꝼꞃıð-bena reckon himself to abide there in security." (*Chronicon de Dunstaple*, p. 387.) What he means by all this is, doubtless, sufficiently obscure: the mere name, however, of *Robin Hoods bower* seems a very feeble authority for concluding that gallant outlaw to have robed or skulked in the Chiltern hundreds.

[1] See Steevens's *Shakspeare*, 1793. x. 196.

[2] *Albions England*, 1602, p. 121. It is part of the "Northerne mans speech against the friers." He adds:

"At Baptis-day with ale and cakes bout bonfires neighbours stood,
At Martlemasse wa turnd a crabbe, thilke tolde of *Robin Hood*,
Till after long time myrke."

—— For 6 brode arovys	0	0	6
—— To mayde Maryan for her labour for two years	0	2	0
—— To Fygge the taborer	0	6	0
—— Rec^d for Robyn Hod's gaderyng 4 marks[62]			
5 Hen. 8. Rec^d for Robin Hood's gaderyng at Croydon	0	9	4
11 Hen. 8. Paid for three broad yerds of rosett for makyng the frer's cote	0	3	6
—— Shoes for the mores daunsars, the frere and mayde Maryan at 7^d a payre	0	5	4
13 Hen. 8. Eight yerds of fustyan for the mores daunsars coats	0	16	0
A dosyn of gold skynnes for the morres[63] .	0	0	10
15 Hen. 8. Hire of hats for Robynhode .	0	0	16
—— Paid for the hat that was lost . . .	0	0	10
16 Hen. 8. Rec^d at the church-ale and Robynhode all things deducted . . .	3	10	6
—— Paid for 6 yerds ¼ of satyn for Robyn Hode's cotys	0	12	6
—— For makyng the same	0	2	0
—— For 3 ells of locram[64]	0	1	6
21 Hen. Hen. 8. For spunging and brushing Robynhode's cotys	0	0	2
28 Hen. 8. Five hats and 4 porses for the daunsars	0	0	4½
—— 4 yerds of cloth for the fole's cote .	0	2	0
—— 2 ells of worstede for mayde Maryans kyrtle	0	6	8
—— For 6 payre of double sollyd showne	0	4	6
—— To the mynstrele	0	10	8
—— To the fryer and the piper for to go to Croydon	0	0	8

29 Hen. 8. Mem. Lefte in the keping of the wardens nowe beinge.

A fryers cote of russet and a kyrtele of a worstyde weltyd with red cloth, a mowren's[65] cote of buckram, and 4 morres daunsars cotes of white fustian spangelyd and two gryne saten cotes and a dysardd's[66] cote of cotton and 6 payre of garters with bells."

These games appear to have been discontinued at Kingston, as a parochial undertaking at least, after the above period, as the industrious enquirer found no further entries relating to them.

In an old circular wood cut, preserved on the title of a penny-history, (*Adam Bell*, &c.) printed at Newcastle in 1772, is the apparent representation of a morris-dance, consisting of the following personages: 1. A bishop. 2. Robin Hood. 3. The potter (or begger). 4. Little John. 5. Frier Tuck. 6. Maid Marian. Figures 2 and 4 are distinguished by their bows, and different size. The frier holds out a cross; and Marian has flowing hair, and wears a sort of coronet. But the execution of the whole is too rude to merit a copy.

"[62] It appears that this, as well as other games, was made a parish concern."

"[63] Probably gilt leather, the pliability of which was particularly accommodated to the motion of the dancers."

"[64] A sort of coarse linen."

"[65] Probably a Moor's coat: the word Morion is sometimes used to express a Moor.—The morris dance is by some supposed to have been originally derived from Moorish-dance. Black buckram appears to have been much used for the dresses of the ancient mummers. One of the figures in Mr. Tollet's window is supposed to be a morisco."

"[66] Disard is an old word for a fool."

Some of the principal characters of the Morris seem to have gradually disappeared, so that at length it consisted only of the dancers, the piper, and the fool. In Mr. Tollets window we find neither Robin Hood nor Little John, though Marian and the frier are there distinguished performers. But in the scene of one, introduced in the old play of *Jacke Drums entertainment*, first printed in 1601, there is not the least symptom of any of the four.[1] "*The taber and pipe strike up a morrice. A shoute within:* A lord, a lord, a lord, who![2]

Ed. Oh, a morrice is come, observe our country sports,
'Tis Whitson tyde, and we must frolick it.

Enter the morrice.

The song.

Skip it, and trip it, nimbly, nimbly,
Tickle it, tickle it lustily,
Strike up the taber, for the wenches favour,
Tickle it, tickle it, lustily.
Let us be seen on Hygate greene,
To dance for the honour of Holloway.
Since we are come hither, let's spare for no leather,
To dance for the honour of Holloway.

Ed. Well said, my boyes, I must have my lord's livory: what is't? a maypole? Troth, 'twere a good body for a courtiers impreza, if it had but this life, *Frustra florescit.* Hold, cousin, hold. [*He gives the fool money.*

Foole. Thankes, cousin, when the lord my fathers audit comes, wee'l repay you againe. Your benevolence, too, sir.

Mam. What! a lords sonne become a begger!

Foole. Why not? when beggers are become lords sons. Come, 'tis but a trifle.

Mam. Oh, sir, many a small make a great.

Foole. No, sir, a few great make a many small. Come, my lords, poore and neede hath no law.

S. Ed. Nor necessitie no right. Drum, downe with them into the celler. Rest content, rest content; one bout more, and then away.

Foole. 'Spoke' like a true heart: I kisse thy foot, sweet knight. [*The morrice sing and dance and exeunt.*"

Much curious matter on the subject of the morris dance is to be found in "Mr. Tollet's opinion concerning the morris-dancers upon his window." (See Steevens's *Shakspeare*, v. 425. (edition, 1778) or viii. 596. (edition, 1793). See also Mr. Waldrons notes upon the *Sad Shepherd*, 1783, p. 255. Morris-dancers are said to be yet annually seen in Norfolk,[3]

[1] Neither is any notice taken of them, where the characters of the morris dance are mentioned, in *The two noble kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher.

[2] This was a usual cry on occasions of mirth and jollity. Thus, in the celebration of St. Stephens day, in the Inner Temple hall, as we find it described in Dugdales *Origines juridiciales*: "Supper ended, the constable-marshall 'presenteth' himself with drums afore him, mounted upon a scaffold, born by four men; and goeth three times round about the harthe, crying out aloud, *A lord, a lord, &c.* Then he descendeth and goeth to dance, &c." (p. 156.)

[3] This country would seem to have been famous for their exertions a couple of centuries ago. Will Kemp the player was a celebrated morris dancer; and in the Bodleian library is the following scarce and curious tract by him: "Kemps nine daies wonder performed in a daunce from London to Norwich. Containing the pleasure, paines and kind entertainment of William Kemp between London and that city in his late morrice. Wherein is somewhat set downe worth note; to reproove the slaunders spred of him, many things merry, nothing hurtfull. Written by himself to satisfie his friends. London, printed by E. A. for Nicholas Ling. 1600. 4to. b. l. On the title-page is a wooden cut-figure of Kemp as a morris-dancer, preceded by a fellow

and make their constant appearance in Lancashire [1].

In Scotland, "*The game of Robin Hood* was celebrated in the month of May. The populace assembled previous to the celebration of this festival, and chose some respectable[2] member of the corporation to officiate in the character of *Robin Hood*, and another in that of *Little John* his squire. Upon the day appointed, which was a Sunday or holyday, the people assembled in military array, and went to some adjoining field, where, either as actors or spectators, the whole inhabitants of the respective towns were convened. In this field they probably amused themselves with a representation of Robin Hood's predatory exploits, or of his encounters with the officers of justice [rather, perhaps, in feats of archery or military exercises].

"As numerous meetings for disorderly mirth are apt to engender tumult, when the minds of the people came to be agitated with religious controversy, it was found necessary to repress the game[3] of Robin Hood by public statute. The populace were by no means willing to relinquish their favourite amusement. Year after year the magistrates of Edinburgh were obliged to exert their authority[4] in repressing this game; often ineffectually. In the year 1561, the mob were so enraged at being disappointed in *making a Robin Hood*, that they rose in mutiny, seized on the city-gates, committed robberies upon strangers; and one of the ringleaders being condemned by the magistrates to be hanged, the mob forced open the jail, set at liberty the criminal and all the prisoners, and broke in pieces the gibbet erected at the cross for executing the malefactor. They next assaulted the magistrates, who were[5] sitting in the council-chamber, and who fled to the tolbooth for shelter, where the mob attacked them, battering the doors, and pouring stones thro' the windows. Application was made to the deacons of the corporations to appease the tumult. Remaining, however, unconcerned spectators, they made this answer: "They will be magistrates alone; let them rule the people alone." The magistrates were kept in confinement till they made proclamation be published, offering indemnity to the rioters upon laying down their arms. Still, however, so late as the year 1592, we find the general assembly complaining of the profanation of the sabbath, by making[6] of *Robin Hood plays*." (Arnots *History of Edinburgh*, p. 77.)

Notwithstanding the above representation, it is certain that these amusements were considerably upon the decline before the year 1568. This appears from a poem by Alexander Scot, preserved in the Hyndford MS. (in the advocates library, compiled and written in that identical year,) and inaccurately printed in *The ever green:*

> "In *May* quhen men zeid everichone
> With *Robene Hoid* and *Littill Johne*,
> To bring in bowis and birkin bobbynis;
> Now all sic game is fastlingis gone,
> Bot gif it be amangis clovin Robbynis."

(FF)—"His bow, and one of his arrows, his chair, his cap, and one of his slippers were preserved till within the present century."] "We omitted," says Ray, "the sight of Fountain's abbey, where *Robin Hood's* BOW is kept." (*Itineraries*, 1760. p. 161.)

"Having pleased ourselves with the antiquities of 'Notingham,' we took horse and went to visit the *well* and ancient CHAIR of Robin Hood, which is not far from hence, within the forest of Sherwood. Being placed in the CHAIR, we had a CAP, which they say was his, very formally put upon our heads, and having performed the usual ceremonies befitting so great a solemnity, we receiv'd the freedom of the chair, and were incorporated into the society of that renowned brotherhood." (Bromes *Travels over England*, &c. 1700, p. 85.)

"On one side of this forest [*sci.* of Sherwood] towards Nottingham," says the author of "The travels of Tom Thumb over England and Wales," (*i. e.* Robert Dodsley,) "I was shewn a CHAIR, a BOW, and ARROW, all said to have been his [Robin Hoods] property." (p. 82.)

"I was pleased with a SLIPPER, belonging to the famous Robin Hood, shewn me, fifty years ago, at *St. Anns well*, near Nottingham, a place upon the borders of Sherwood forest, to which he resorted." (*Journey from Birmingham to London, by W. Hutton.* Bir. 1785, p. 174.)

(GG)—"not only places which afforded him security or amusement, but even the well at which he quenched his thirst, still retain his name."] *Robin-Hoods-bay* is both a bay and a village, on the coast of Yorkshire, between Whitby and Scarborough. It is mentioned by Leland as "a fischer tounlet of 20. bootes caullid *Robyn Huddes bay*, a dok or bosom of a mile yn length." (*Itinerary*, i. 53.) "When his robberies," says master Charlton, "became so numerous, and the outcries against him so loud, as almost to alarm the whole nation, parties of soldiers were sent down from London to apprehend him: and then it was, that fearing for his safety, he found it necessary to desert his usual haunts, and, retreating northward, to cross the moors that surrounded Whitby, [one side whereof happens, a little unfortunately, to lye open to the sea,] where, gaining the sea coast, he always had in readiness near

with a pipe and drum, whom he, in the book, calls Thomas Slye his taberer.—See, in Richard Brathwaytes *Remains after death*, 1618, some lines "upon Kempe and his morice with his epitaph."

[1] "On Monday [July 30] the morris-dancers of Pendleton paid their annual visit in Salford. They were adorned with all the variety of colours that a profusion of ribbons could give them, and had a very showy garland." *Star*, Aug. 9, 1792.

[2] "Council register, v. 1. p. 30."

[3] "Mary, parliament 6. c. 61. A.D. 1555." "Anentis *Robert Hude*, and abbot of Unreason. *Item*, It is statute and ordained, that in all times cumming, na maner of person be chosen *Robert Hude*, nor *Little John*, *abbot of unreason*, *queenis of Maij*, nor utherwise, nouther in burgh, nor to landwart, in onie time to cum: and gif ony provest, baillies, councell, and communitie, chuse sik ane personage as *Robert Hude*, *Little John*, *abbotis of unreason*, or *queenis of Maij*, within burgh, the chusers of sik sall tine their freedome for the space of five zeires; and utherwise salbe punished as the queenis grace will: and the acceptar of sik lik office sall be banished foorth of the realme: and gif ony sik persones . . . . beis chosen out-with burgh, and uthers landward townes, the chusers sall pay to our soveraine ladie ten poundes, and their persones [be] put in waird there to remaine during the queenis grace pleasure." *Abbot of unreason* is the character better known in England by the title of abbot or lord of misrule, "who," says Percy, "in the houses of our nobility presided over the Christmas gambols, and promoted mirth and jolity at that festive season." Northumberland household book, (notes,) p. 441.

[4] "Council register, v. 4. p. 4. 30.

[5] "Knox's history, p. 270."

[6] "Book of universal kirk, p. 414." See also Keiths *History of Scotland*, p. 2[illegible].

at hand some small fishing vessels, to which he could have refuge, if he found himself pursued; for in these, putting off to sea, he looked upon himself as quite secure, and held the whole power of the English nation at defiance. The chief place of his resort at these times, where his boats were generally laid up, was about six miles from Whitby, to which he communicated his name, and which is still called *Robin Hoods bay.* There he frequently went a fishing in the summer season, even when no enemy appeared to annoy him, and not far from that place he had butts or marks set up, where he used to exercise his men in shooting with the long-bow."[1]

Near Gloucester is "a famous hill," called "*Robin Hoods hill;*" concerning which there is a very foolish modern song. Another hill of the same name exists in the neighbourhood of Castleton, Derbyshire.

"Over a spring call'd ROBIN HOODS WELL, (3 or 4 miles [on] this side [*i. e.* north] of Doncaster, and but a quarter of a mile only from 2 towns call'd Skelbrough and Bourwallis) is a very handsome stone arch, erected by the lord Carlisle, where passengers from the coach frequently drink of the fair water, and give their charity to two people who attend there." (Gents *History of York.* York, 1730, p. 234.)[2]

[1] *History of Whitby.* York, 1779, p 146. "It was always believed," adds the worthy pedagogue, "that these butts had been erected by him for that very purpose, till the year 1771, when this popular notion was discovered to be a mistake; they being no more than the barrows or *tumuli* thrown up by our pagan predecessors on interring their leaders or the other persons of distinction amongst them. However, notwithstanding this discovery, there is no doubt but Robin Hood made use of those houes or butts when he was disposed to exercise his men, and wanted to train them up in hitting a mark." Be that as it may, there are a few hillocks of a similar nature not far from Guisbrough, which likewise bear the name of *Robin Hoods butts;* and others, it is imagined, may be met with in other parts.

[2] Epigram on Robin Hoods well, "a fine spring on the road, ornamented by sir John Vanbrugh;" By Roger Gale, Esq. (*Bib. Topo. Britan.* No. II., part III. p. 427.)

"*Nympha fui quondam latronibus hospita sylvæ*
Heu nimium sociis nota, Robine, tuis.
Me pudet innocuos latices fudisse scelestis,
Jamque viatori poculo tuta fero,
En pietatis honos! Comes hanc mihi Carliolensis
Ædem sacravit quâ bibis, hospes, aquas."

The same author (Gent), in his "long and pathetick prologue," setting forth "the contingencies, vicissitudes or changes of this transitory life," spoken, for the most part, on Wednesday and Friday on the 18th and 20th of February, 1761, at the deep tragedy of beautiful, eloquent, tender-hearted, but unfortunate Jane Shore, ... uttered and performed at his benefit" . . . (being then *ætatis* 70, and far declined into the vale of sorrow,*) has very artfully contrived to introduce our hero and his famous well.

"The concave-hall 'mongst sources never view'd,
Nor heard the goddesses in merry mood,
At their choice viands sing bold *Robin Hood:*†
Whose tomb at Kirkley's nunnery display'd,
A false, hard-hearted, irreligious maid,
Who bled, and to cold death that earl betray'd.
But fame still lasts, while country folks display
His *limpid fountain,* and loud-surging bay."

* He dyed in 1778, aged 87.

† "*Omnes agnovere deam; lætique receptant*
Alcæum musæ comitem, ponuntur Iacchi
Crateres; flaveatque scyphis Cerealia vina.
Accedunt vultus hilares; festique lepores,
Et jocus, et risus: dulci testudine Naias
Pulchra modos variat; furtisque insignis et arcu
Hodi *latronis, fluvios bene nota per istos,*
Ludicra gesta cani: resonant laquearia plausu."

Though there is no attendance at present, nor is the water altogether so *fair* as it might and should be, the case was otherwise in the days of honest Barnaby,

"*Veni Doncaster, &c.*
Nescit situs artem modi,
Puteum Roberti Hoodi
Veni, & liquente vena
Vincto[3] *catino catena,*
Tollens sitim, parcum odi,
Solvens obolum custodi.

Thence to Doncaster, &c.
Thirst knows neither mean nor measure,
Robin Hood's well was my treasure;
In a [4] common dish enchained,
I my furious thirst restrained:
And because I drank the deeper,
I paid two farthings to the keeper."

He mentions it again:

"*Nunc longinquos locos odi,*
Vale fons Roberti Hoodi.

"Now I hate all foreign places
Robin Hoods well, and his chaces."

A different well, sacred either to Robin Hood, or to St. Ann, has been already mentioned.

[3] "*Viventes venæ, spinæ, catinusque catenæ,*
Sunt Robin Hoodi *nota trophæa sui.*"

[4] "A well, thorn, dish, hung in an iron chain,
For monuments of Robin Hood remain."

(HH)—"confered as an honorable distinction upon the prime minister to the king of Madagascar."] The natives of this iland, who have dealings with our people, pride themselves, it seems, in English names, which are bestowed upon them at the discretion or caprice of the sailers; and thus a venerable minister of state, who should have been called sir Robert Walpole or cardinal Fleury, acquired the name of Robin Hood. Mr. Ives, by whom he is frequently mentioned, relates the following anecdote:

"The reader will excuse my giving him another instance . . . which still more strikingly displays the extreme sensibility of these islanders, in respect to their kings dignity. ROBIN HOOD (who seemed to act as *prime minister,* and negotiated most of the king's concerns with our agent-victualler) was one day transacting business with another gentleman of the squadron, and they happened to differ so much about the value of a certain commodity, that high words arose, and at length *Robin Hood* in the greatest agitation started from the ground where he was sitting, and swore that he would immediately acquaint the king of Baba with what had passed. Our English gentleman, too much heated with this threat, and the violent altercation which had preceded it, unguardedly replied, "D—n the king of Baba!"—The eyes of *Robin Hood* flashed like lightning, and in the most violent wrath he retorted, "D—n king George." At the same instant he left the spot, hurrying away towards the Madagascarian cottages. Our countryman was soon struck with the impropriety of his behaviour, followed and overtook the disputant, and having made all proper concessions, the affair was happily terminated."[5]

[5] *Voyage from England to India.* 1773, p. 8. In a subsequent page, this great man is employed in a commerce

(21) "After his death his company was dispersed."] They, and their successors, disciples or followers, are supposed to have been afterward distinguished, from the name of their gallant leader, by the title of *Roberdsmen.* Lord Coke, who is somewhat singular in accusing him of living "by robbery, burning of houses, felony, waste and spoil, and principally by and with vagabonds, idle wanderers, night-walkers, and draw-latches," says that "albeit he lived in Yorkshire, yet men of his quality took their denomination of him, and were called *Roberdsmen* throughout all England. Against these men," continues he, "was the statue of Winchester made in 13 E. 1. [c. 14.] for preventing of robbery, murders, burning of houses, &c. Also the statue of 5 E. 3. [c. 14.] which 'recites' the statue of Winchester, and that there had been divers manslaughters, felonies, and robberies done in times past, by people that be called *Roberdsmen,* wasters and draw-latches; and remedy [is] provided by that act for the arresting of them. At the parliament holden 50 E. 3." he adds, "it was petitioned to the king that ribauds and sturdy beggars might be banished out of every town. The answer of the king in parliament was, touching ribauds: The statute of Winchester and the declaration of the same with other statutes of *Roberdsmen,* and for such as make themselves gentlemen, and men of armes, and *archers,* if they cannot so prove theirselves, let them be driven to their occupation or service, or to the place from whence they came." He likewise notices the statute of 7 R. 2. [c. 5.] by which it is provided "that the statutes of *roberdsmen,* and draw-latches, be firmly holden and kept:" (3 *Inst.* 197.)

These *Roberdsmen* are mentioned in *Pierce the ploughmans crede,* written about 1400:

"And right as *Robartesmen* raken aboute."[1]

Mr. Warton, who had once thought that the *friers Robertines* were here meant, observes that "the expression of *Robin hoodes men,* in bishop Latimers sermon, [*supra,* p. 28,] is not without an allusion to the *bad* sense of *Roberdsmen.*" (*H. E. P.* ii. additions, sig. d. 4.) It does not, however, appear that the latter word has been ever used in a *good* one; nor is there, after all, sufficient ground for concluding that these people were so named after *Robin Hood.*

(22)—"the honour of little Johns death and burial is contended for by rival nations."] I. By England. At the village of Hathersage, about 6 miles from Castleton, in Derbyshire, is Little Johns grave. A few years ago some curious person caused it to be opened, when there were found several bones of an uncommon size which he preserved; but, meeting afterward with many unlucky accidents, he carefully replaced them; partly at the intercession of the sexton, who had taken them up for him, and who had in like manner been visited with misfortunes: upon restoring the bones all these troubles ceased. Such is the tradition at Castleton. E. Hargrove, in his "Anecdotes of archery," York, 1792, asserts, "that the grave is distinguished by a large stone placed at the head, and another at the foot; on each of which are yet some remains of the letters I. L." (p. 26.)[2] II. By Scotland. "In Murray land" according to that most veracious historian, maister Hector Boece, "is the kirke of Pette, quhare the banis of lytill John remanis in gret admiratioun of pepill. He hes bene fourtene fut of hycht with square membris effering thairto. Vi. zeris," continues he, "afore the cumyng of this werk to lycht we saw his hanche-bane, als mekill as the haill bane of ane man: for we schot our arme in the mouth thairof. Be quhilk apperis how strang and square pepill grew in our regioun afore thay were effeminat with lust and intemperance of mouth."[3] III. By Ireland. "There standeth," as Stanihurst relates, "in Ostmantowne greene an hillocke, named little John his shot. The occasion," he says, "proceeded of this.

"In the yeere one thousand one hundred foure score and nine, there ranged three robbers and outlaws in England, among which Robert Hood and little John weere cheefeteins, of all theeves doubtlesse the most courteous. Robert Hood being betrayed at a nunrie in Scotland called Bricklies, the remnant of the crue was scattered, and everie man forced to shift for himselfe. Whereupon little John was faine to flee the realme by sailing into Ireland, where he sojourned for a few daies at Dublin. The citizens being doone to understand the wandering outcast to be an excellent archer, requested him hartilie to trie how far he could shoot at randon; who yeelding to their behest, stood on the bridge of Dublin, and shot to that mole hill, leaving behind him a monument, rather by his posteritie to be woondered, than possiblie by anie man living to be counterscored. But as the repaire of so notorious a champion to anie countrie would soone be published, so his abode could not be long concealed: and therefore to eschew the danger of [the] lawes, he fled into Scotland, where he died at a towne or village called Moravie."[4] Thus Stanihurst, who is quoted by Dr. Hanmer in his *Chronicle of Ireland,* p. 179. but Mr. Walker, after observing that "poor Little John's great practical skill in archery could not save him from an ignominious fate," says, "it appeared, from some records in the Southwell family, that he was publicly executed for robbery on Arbor-hill, Dublin."[5]

of a more delicate, indeed, but, according to European notions, less honourable nature, which he manages with consummate address.

[1] They likewise seem alluded to in the *Vision,* fo. 1, b.

"And ryse wyth ribaudy as *Roberdes knaves.*"

[2] "On a loose paper, in Mr. Ashmole's hand-writing, in the museum at Oxford, is the following little anecdote:—

"The famous Little John (Robin Hood's companion) lyes buried in Fothersedge church-yard, in the peak of Derbyshire, one stone at his head, another at his feet, and part of his bow hangs up in the chancell. *Anno* 1652." H. E[llis]." *European magazine,* October 1794. p. 295.

[3] *Historie of Scotland, translatit be maister Johne Bellenden,* Edin. 1541. fo. The luxury of his countrymen will appear a strange complaint, in the mouth of a Scotishman of the 16th century, to such as believe, with the late Dr. Johnson, that they learned to plant kail from Cromwells soldiers, and that "when they had not kail they probably had nothing." (*Journey to the Western islands,* p. 55.) See also Boises original work.

[4] *Description of Ireland,* in Holinsheds chronicle, 1587.

[5] *Historical essay,* &c. p. 129. This allegation demands what the lawyers call a *profert in curiam.* It is however, certain that there have been persons who usurped the name of *Little John.* In the year 1502, "about mydsomer, was taken a felow whiche had renued many of Robyn Hodes pagentes, which named hymselfe *Grenelef.*" (*Fabyans chronicle,* 1559.) Therefore, beware of counterfeits!

(KK)—"some of his descendants, of the name of *Nailor, &c.*"] See the preface to the *History of George a Green.* As surnames were by no means in general use at the close of the twelfth century, Little John may have obtained that of *Nailor* from his original profession.

("Ye boasted worthies of the knuckle,
To Maggs and to the *Nailor* truckle")

But however this, or the fact itself may be, a bow said to have belonged to Little John, with the name of *Naylor* upon it, is now, as the editor is informed, in the possession of a gentleman in the west riding of Yorkshire.

The quotation about *whetstones* is from the Sloan MS. Those, indeed, who recollect the equivocal meaning of the word may think that this production has not been altogether confined to the grave of Little John.

END OF THE LIFE, ETC.

ROBIN HOOD.

PART I.

I.
A LYTELL GESTE OF ROBYN HODE.

This ancient legend is printed from the copy of an edition, in 4to. and black letter, by Wynken de Worde, preserved in the public library at Cambridge; compared with, and, in some places, corrected by, another impression (apparently from the former), likewise in 4to. and black letter, by William Copland; a copy of which is among the late Mr. Garricks old plays, now in the British Museum. The full title of the first edition is as follows: "Here beginneth a mery geste of Robyn Hode and his meyne, and of the proude sheryfe of Notyngham;" and the printers colophon runs thus: "Explycit. Kynge Edwarde and Robyn hode & Lytell Johan. Enprented at London in Flote strete at the sygne of the sone. By Wynken de Worde." To Coplands edition is added "a newe playe for to be played in Maye games very pleasaunte and full of pastyme;" which will be found at large in another place. No other copy of either edition is known to be extant; but, by the favour of the reverend Dr. Farmer, the editor hath in his hands a few leaves of an old 4to. black letter impression, judged by its late worthy possessor, than whom no one can decide in these matters with more certainty, to be of Rastalls printing, and older, by some years, than the above edition of Wynken de Worde, which yet, though without date, we may safely place as high as the year 1520. Among the same gentleman's numerous literary curiosities is likewise another edition, "printed," after Coplands, "for Edward White," (4to. black letter, no date, but entered in the Stationers books 13 May, 1594) which, as well as the above fragment, hath been collated, and every variation worthy of notice either adopted or remarked in the margin. The only desertion from all the copies (except in necessary corrections) is the division of stanzas, the indenting of the lines, the addition of points, the disuse of abbreviations, and the occasional introduction or rejection of a capital letter; liberties, if they may be so called, which have been taken with most of the other poems in this collection.

Lithe[a] and lysten, gentylmen,
That be of frebore[b] blode;
I shall you tell of a good yemàn,
His name was Robyn Hode.

Robyn was a proude outlawe, 5
Whyles he walked on grounde,
So curteyse[c] an outlawe as he was one
Was never none y founde.

Robyn stode in Bernysdale,
And lened hym to a tree, 10
And by hym stode Lytell Johan,
A good yeman was he;

And also dyde good Scathelock,
And Much the millers sone;
There was no ynche of his body, 15
But it was worthe a grome[d].

Than be spake hym Lytell Johan
All unto Robyn Hode,
Mayster, yf ye wolde dyne betyme,
It wolde do you moch good. 20

Then bespake good Robyn,
To dyne I have no lust[e],
Tyll I have some bolde baròn,
Or some unketh[f] gest,
That may paye for the best[g]; 25
Or some knyght or some squyere
That dwelleth here by west.

A good maner than had Robyn,
In londe where that he were,
Every daye or he woulde dyne 30
Thre messes wolde he here:

The one in the worshyp of the fader,
The other of the holy goost,
The thyrde was of our dere lady,
That he loved of all other moste. 35

Robyn loved our dere lady,
For doute of dedely synne;
Wolde he never do company harme
That ony woman was ynne.

[a] Attend, hear, hearken. [b] Free-born, gentle. [c] Courteous.

[d] Q. common man? [There is some doubt as to the derivation of this word. In its modern acceptation it signifies "one who attends, observes, takes, or has the care of anything, whether of horses, chambers, garments, bride, &c." (*Richardsons Dic.*) Some derive it from the Dutch *Grom*, a boy, in which sense it seems to be used in this instance. Horne Tooke referred it to the Anglo-Saxon *Gyman*, curare, acourare, servire, custodire; and referring to the Anglo-Saxon *Bridgum*, (bride-groom), and to the Dutch, Danish, and Swedish modes of writing the same word, contended that the *r* was superfluous.—Ed.]

[e] Desire, inclination. [f] Strange, unknown.

[g] The irregularity or defect of the versification, in this and similar passages, is probably owing to the loss of a line.

Mayster, than sayd Lytell Johan, 40
 And we our borde[h] shall sprede,
Tell us whether we shall gone,
 And what lyfe we shall lede;

Where we shall take, where we shall leve,
 Where we shall abide behynde, 45
Where we shall robbe, where we shall reve[i],
 Where we shall bete and bynde.

Ther of no force[k], sayd Robyn,
 We shall do well ynough;
But loke ye do no housbonde[l] harme 50
 That tylleth with his plough;

No more ye shall no good yeman,
 That walketh by grene wode shawe[m],
Ne no knyght ne no squyer,
 That wolde be a good felawe. 55

These bysshoppes, and thyse archebysshoppes,
 Ye shall them bete and bynde;
The hye sheryfe of Notynghame,
 Hym holde in your mynde.

This worde shall be holde, sayd Lytyll Johan, 60
 And this lesson shall we lere[n];
It is ferre dayes[o], god sende us a gest,
 That we were at our dynere

Take thy good bowe in thy hande, said Robyn,
 Let Moche wende[p] with the, 65
And so shall Wyllyam Scathelocke,
 And no man abyde with me.

And walke up to the Sayles,
 And so to Watlynge strete[q],
And wayte after some unketh gest, 70
 Up chaunce[r] ye mowe[s] them mete.

Be he erle or ony baron,
 Abbot or ony knyght,
Brynge hym to lodge to me,
 Hys dyner shall be dyght[t]. 75

They wente unto the Sayles,
 These yemen all thre,
They loked est, they loked west,
 They myght no man see.

But as they loked in Barnysdale, 80
 By a derne[u] strete[x],
Then came there a knyght rydynge,
 Full sone they gan hym mete.

[h] Table. [i] Take by force

[k] Care [l] Husbandman, peasant

[m] Shaw is usually explained by *little wood*, but *green wood little wood*, would be mere tautology, it may, therefore, mean *shade*, which appears its primitive signification: *Scuwa*, Saxon

[n] Learn. [o] Far in the day: *grand jour*, Fr. [p] Go.

[q] This seems to have been, and, in many parts, is still the name generally used by the vulgar for ERMING STREET The course of the real Watling-street was from Dover to Chester.

The SAYLES appears to be some place in the neighbourhood of Barnsdale, but no mention of it has elsewhere occurred; though, it is believed, there is a field so called not far from Doncaster.

[r] *Up chaunce*, by chance. [s] May.

[t] Dressed. [u] Privy, secret [x] Lane, path, way.

All drery then was his semblaunte[y],
 And lytell was his pride, 85
Hys one fote in the sterope stode,
 That other waved besyde.

Hys hode hangynge over hys eyen two,
 He rode in symple aray;
A soryer man than he was one 90
 Rode never in somers day.

Lytell Johan was curteyse,
 And set hym on his kne:
Welcome be ye, gentyll knyght,
 Welcome are you to me. 95

Welcome be thou to grene wood,
 Hende[z] knyght and fre;
My mayster hath abyden you fastynge,
 Syr, all these oures thre.

Who is your mayster? sayd the knyght. 100
 Johan sayde, Robyn Hode.
He is a good yeman, sayd the knyght,
 Of hym I have herde moch good.

I graunte, he sayd, with you to wende,
 My brethren all in fere; 105
My purpose was to have deyned to day
 At Blythe or Dankastere

Forthe than went this gentyll knyght,
 With a carefull chere,
The teres out of his eyen ran, 110
 And fell downe by his lere.[a]

They brought hym unto the lodge dore,
 When Robyn gan hym se,
Full curtesly dyde of his hode,
 And set hym on his kne. 115

Welcome, syr knyght, then said Robyn,
 Welcome thou arte to me,
I haue abyde you fastynge, syr,
 All these houres thre.

Then answered the gentyll knyght, 120
 With wordes fayre and fre,
God the save, good Robyn,
 And all thy fayre meyne[b].

They wasshed togyder and wyped bothe,
 And set tyll theyr dynere; 125
Brede and wyne they had ynough,
 And nombles[c] of the dere;

Swannes and fesauntes they had full good,
 And foules of the revere;
There fayled never so lytell a byrde, 130
 That ever was bred on brere

Do gladly, syr knyght, sayd Robyn,
 Gramercy[d], syr, sayd he,
Suche a dyner had I not
 Of all these wekes thre: 135

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 84 all his *Printed Copies* *V.* 105. *So R* [Rastall] all thre. *W. C* [de Worde *and* Copland.] *V.* 108 this *R* that. *W. C* *V.* 111. ere *R*

[y] Semblance, appearance. [z] Gentle, courteous.

[a] Cheek [b] Attendants, retinue; *mesnée*, Fr.

[c] Entrails; those parts which are usually baked in a pie; now, corruptly, called *numbles*, or *umbles*. *nombles*, Fr [d] Thanks, or many thanks; *grand merci*, Fr.

If I come agayne, Robyn,
Here by this countrè,
As good a dyner I shall the make,
As thou hast made to me.

Gramercy, knyght, sayd Robyn, 140
My dyner whan I have,
I was never so gredy, by dere worthy god,
My dyner for to crave.

But pay or ye wende, sayd Robyn,
Me thynketh it is good ryght; 145
It was never the maner, by dere worthy god,
A yeman to pay for a knyght.

I have nought in my cofers, sayd the knyght,
That I may profer for shame.
Lytell Johan, go loke, sayd Robyn, 150
Ne let [e] not for no blame.

Tell me trouth, sayd Robyn,
So god have parte of the.
I have no more but ten shilings, sayd the knyght,
So god have parte of me. 155

Yf thou have no more, sayd Robyn,
I wyll not one peny;
And yf thou have nede of ony more,
More shall I len the.

Go now forth, Lytell Johan, 160
The trouthe tell thou me,
Yf there be no more but ten shillings,
Not one peny that I se.

Lytell Johan spred downe his mantell
Full fayre upon the grounde, 165
And there he founde in the knyghtes cofer
But even halfe a pounde.

Lytyll Johan let it lye full styll,
And went to his mayster full lowe.
What tydynge Johan? sayd Robyn. 170
"Syr, the knyght is trewe inough."

Fyll of the best wyne, sayd Robyn,
The knyght shall begynne;
Moch wonder thynketh me
Thy clothynge is so thynne. 175

Tell me one worde, sayd Robyn,
And counsell shall it be;
I trowe thou were made a knyght of forse,
Or elles of yemanry;

Or elles thou hast ben a sory housband [f], 180
And leved in stroke and stryfe;
An okerer [g], or elles a lechoure, sayd Robyn,
With wronge hast thou lede thy lyfe.

I am none of them, sayd the knyght,
By god that made me; 185
An hondreth wynter here before,
Myne aunsetters [h] knyghtes have be.

But ofte it hath befal, Robyn,
A man hath be dysgrate [i];
But god that syteth in heven above 190
May amend his state.

Within two or thre yere, Robyn, he sayd,
My neyghbores well it 'kende,'
Foure hondreth pound of good money
Full wel than myght I spende. 195

Now have I no good, sayd the knyght,
But my chyldren and my wyfe;
God hath shapen such an ende,
Tyll god 'may amende my lyfe.'

In what maner, sayd Robyn, 200
Hast thou lore [k] thy riches?
For my grete foly, he sayd,
And for my kindenesse.

I had a sone, for soth, Robyn,
That sholde have ben my eyre, 205
When he was twenty wynter olde,
In felde wolde juste full feyre;

He slewe a knyght of Lancastshyre,
And a squyre bolde;
For to save hym in his ryght 210
My goodes beth sette [l] and solde;

My londes beth [m] set to wedde [n], Robyn,
Untyll a certayne daye,
To a ryche abbot here besyde,
Of Saynt Mary abbay. 215

What is the somme? sayd Robyn,
Trouthe than tell thou me.
Syr, he sayd, foure hondred pounde,
The abbot tolde it to me.

Now, and thou lese [o] thy londe, sayd Robyn, 220
What shall fall of the?
Hastely I wyll me buske [p], sayd the knyght,
Over the salte see,

And se where Cryst was quycke and deed,
On the mounte of Caluarè. 225
Fare well, frende, and have good daye,
It may noo better be——

Teeres fell out of his eyen two,
He wolde haue gone his waye—
Farewell, frendes, and have good day, 230
I ne have more to pay.

Where be thy friendes? sayd Robyn.
"Syr, never one wyll me know;
Whyle I was ryche inow at home
Grete bost then wolde they blowe, 235

And now they renne awaye fro me,
As bestes on a rowe;
They take no more heed of me
Then they me never sawe."

For ruthe [q] then wepte Lytell Johan, 240
Scathelocke and Much 'in fere [r]';
Fyll of the best wyne, sayd Robyn,
For here is a symple chere.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 147. to pay. *R.* pay. *W. C.* *V.* 150. Robyn. *R.* Robyn Hoode. *W. C.*

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 192. two yere. *R.* *V.* 193. knowe. *Printed Copies.* *V.* 199. it may amende. *Printed Copies.* *V.* 208. lancaseshyre. *R.* *V.* 227. not. *W. C.* *V.* 232. by. *W. C.* *V.* 233. *So R.* knowe me. *W. C.* *The fragment of Rastall's edition ends with v.* 238. *V.* 241. also. *Printed Copies.* *V.* 242. Wyme. *Printed Copies.*

[e] Omit. [f] Manager. [g] Usurer. [h] Ancestors.
[i] Disgraced. *Hath be dysgrate*, hath fallen into poverty.

[k] Lost. [l] Mortgaged. [m] Are, be.
[n] Pledge, mortgage. [o] Lose. [p] Go, betake myself.
[q] Pity, compassion. [r] Together.

Hast thou ony frendes, sayd Robyn,
  Thy borowes[s] that wyll be? 245
I have none, then sayd the knyght,
  But god that dyed on a tree.

Do waye thy japes[t], sayd Robyn,
  Therof wyll I right none;
Wenest[u] thou I wyll have god to borowe? 250
  Peter, Poule, or Johan?

Nay, by hym that me made,
  And shope[x] both sonne and mone,
Fynde a better borowe, sayd Robyn,
  Or mony getest thou none. 255

I have none other, sayd the knyght,
  The sothe[y] for to say,
But yf it be our dere lady,
  She fayled me never or this day.

By dere worthy god, sayd Robyn, 260
  To seche[z] all Englond thorowe,
Yet founde I never to my pay[a],
  A moch better borowe.

Come now forthe, Lytell Johan,
  And goo to my tresoure, 265
And brynge me foure hondred pounde,
  And loke that it well tolde be.

Forthe then wente Lytell Johan,
  And Scathelocke went before,
He tolde out foure houndred pounde, 270
  By eyghtene score.

Is this well tolde? sayd lytell Much
  Johan sayd, What greveth the?
It is almes to helpe a gentyll knyght
  That is fall in poverte. 275

Mayster, than sayd Lytell Johan,
  His clothynge is full thynne,
Ye must gyve the knyght a lyveray[b],
  To 'lappe'[c] his body ther in.

For ye have scarlet and grene, mayster 280
  And many a ryche aray,
There is no marchaunt in mery Englonde
  So ryche I dare well saye.

Take hym thre yerdes of every colour,
  And loke that well mete it be 285
Lytell Johan toke none other mesure
  But his bowe tre,

And of every handfull that he met[d]
  He lept ouer fotes thre.
What devilkyns draper, sayd litell Much, 290
  Thynkyst thou to be?

Scathelocke stoode full styll and lough[e],
  And sayd, By god allmyght,
Johan may gyve hym the better mesure,
  By god, it cost hum but lyght[f]. 295

VARIOUS READINGS.—V 279 helpe W wrappe (

[s] Pledges, sureties. [t] Tricks. [u] Thinkest
[x] Shaped, formed. [y] Sooth, truth [z] Seek
[a] Consent, satisfaction. [b] Livery, habit.
[c] Wrap. [d] Measured. [e] Laughed.
[f] Light; or perhaps for lyte, little.

Mayster, sayd Lytell Johan,
  All unto Robyn Hode,
Ye must gyve that knight an hors,
  To lede home al this good.

Take hym a gray courser, sayd Robyn, 300
  And a sadell newe;
He is our ladyes messengere,
  God lene[g] that he be true.

And a good palfraye, sayd lytell Much,
  To mayntayne hym in his ryght. 305
And a payre of botes, sayd Scathelocke,
  For he is a gentyll knyght.

What shalt thou gyve hym, Lytell Johan? sayd Robyn.
  Syr, a payre of gylte spores clene,
To pray for all this company: 310
  God brynge hym out of tene[h]!

Whan shall my daye be, sayd the knyght,
  Syr, and your wyll be?
This daye twelve moneth, sayd Robyn,
  Under this grene wode tre. 315

It were grete shame, sayd Robyn,
  A knyght alone to ryde,
Without squyer, yeman or page,
  To walke by hys syde.

I shall the lene Lytyll Johan my man, 320
  For he shall be thy knave[i];
In a yemans stede he may the stonde,
  Yf thou grete nede have.

THE SECONDE FYTTE.

Nowe is the knyght went[j] on this way,
  This game he thought full good,
When he loked on Bernysdale,
  He blyssed Robyn Hode;

And whan he thought on Bernysdale,
  On Scathelock, Much, and Johan,
He blyssed them for the best company
  That ever he in come[k].

Then spake that gentyll knyght,
  To Lytel Johan gan he saye, 10
To morowe I must to Yorke toune,
  To Saynt Mary abbay;

And to the abbot of that place
  Foure hondred pounde I must pay:
And but I be there upon this nyght 15
  My londe is lost for ay.

The abbot sayd to his covent[l],
  There he stode on grounde,
This day twelfe moneth came there a knyght
  And borowed foure hondred pounde. 20

[He borowed foure hondred pounde,]
  Upon all his londe fre,
But[m] he come this ylke[n] day
  Dysherytye shall he be.

VARIOUS READINGS.—V 303. leue. W. londe. C.

[g] Lend, or perhaps leue (allow), i. e. permit or grant.
[h] Grief, sorrow, distress. [i] Servant, man.
[j] Wended, gone. [k] (Pronounced com) came.
[l] Convent; whence our Covent Garden.
[m] Without, unless (Scotch). [n] Same.

It is full erely, sayd the pryoure[o],
The day is not yet ferre gone,
I had lever [p] to pay an hondred pounde,
And lay it downe a none.

The knyght is ferre be yonde the see,
In Englonde is his ryght, 30
And suffreth honger and colde
And many a sory nyght:

It were grete pytè, sayd the pryoure,
So to have his londe,
And ye be so lyght of your conseyence 35
Ye do to him moch wronge.

Thou arte euer in my berde, sayd the abbot,
By god and saynt Rycharde[q]
With that cam in a fat heded monke,
The heygh selerer [r]; 40

He is dede or hanged, sayd the monke,
By god that bought me dere,
And we shall have to spende in this place
Foure hondred pounde by yere.

The abbot and the hy selerer, 45
Sterte forthe full bolde,
The high justyce of Englonde
The abbot there dyde holde[s].

The hye justyce and many mo
Had take into their honde, 50
Holy[t] all the knyghtes det,
To put that knyght to wronge.

They demed[u] the knyght wonder sore,
The abbot and hys meynè:
"But he come this ylke day 55
Dysheryte shall he be."

He wyll not come yet, sayd the justyce,
I dare well under take.
But in sorowe [x] tyme for them all
The knyght came to the gate. 60

Than be spake that gentyll knyght
Untyll his meynè,
Now put on your symple wedes
That ye brought fro the see.

[They put on their symple wedes,] 65
And came to the gates anone,
The porter was redy hymselfe,
And welcomed them everychone.

Welcome, syr knyght, sayd the porter,
My lord to mete is he, 70
And so is many a gentyll man,
For the love of the.

The porter swore a full grete othe,
By god that made me,
Here be the best coresed [y] hors 75
That ever yet sawe I me.

Lede them into the stable, he sayd,
That eased myght they be.
They shall not come therin, sayd the knyght,
By god that dyed on a tre. 80

Lordes were to mete isette
In that abbotes hall,
The knyght went forth and kneled downe,
And salved [z] them grete and small.

Do gladly, syr abbot, sayd the knyght, 85
I am come to holde my day.
The fyrst word the abbot spake,
Hast thou brought my pay [a]?

Not one peny, sayd the knyght,
By god that maked me. 90
Thou art a shrewed [b] dettour, sayd the abbot;
Syr justyce, drynke to me.

What doost thou here, sayd the abbot,
But thou haddest bought thy pay?
For god, than sayd the knyght, 95
To pray of a lenger daye.

Thy daye is broke, sayd the justyce,
Londe getest thou none.
"Now, good syr justyce, be my frende,
And fende [c] me of my fone [d]. 100

I am holde [e] with the abbot, sayd the justyce,
Bothe with cloth and fee.
"Now, good syr sheryf, be my frende."
Nay for god, sayd he.

"Now, good syr abbot, be my frende, 105
For thy curteysè,
And holde my londes in thy honde
Tyll I have made the gree [f];

And I wyll be thy true servaunte,
And trewely serve the, 110
Tyl ye have foure hondred pounde
Of money good and free."

The abbot sware a full grete othe,
By god that dyed on a tre,
Get the londe where thou may, 115
For thou getest none of me.

By dere worthy god, then sayd the knyght,
That all this worlde wrought,
But I have my londe agayne,
Full dere it shall be bought; 120

[o] The prior, in an abbey, was the officer immediately under the abbot; in priories and conventual cathedrals he was the superior.

[p] Rather.

[q] This was a "S. Richard king and confessour, sonne to Lotharius king of Kent, who, for the love of Christ, taking upon him a long peregrination, went to Rome for devotion to that sea, and in his way homeward, died at Luca, about the year of Christ, seaven hundred and fifty, where his body is kept untill this day with great veneration, in the oratory and chappell of S. Frigidian, and adorned with an epitaph both in verse and prose." *Eng. Martyrologe*, 1608.
There were other saints of the same name, as Richard de la Wich, bishop of Chichester, canonized in 1262; and Richard bishop of St. Andrews in Calabria. See Draytons *Poly Olbion*, Song 24.

[r] The cellarer (celerier, cellerarius, or cellarius) was that officer who furnished the convent with provisions, "cui potus et escæ cura est, qui cellæ vinariæ et escariæ præest, promus." *Du Cange.* He appears to have been a person of considerable trust, and to have had a principal concern in the management of the society's revenues. See Spelman's *Glossary*, Fuller's *Church History*, &c.

[s] Keep. [t] Wholly. [u] Doomed, judged. [x] Sorry.

[y] Qy. [z] (*Salued?*) saluted. [a] Money. [b] Unlucky.
[c] Defend. [d] Foes. [e] Held, retained of counsell.
[f] Satisfaction.

God that was of a mayden borne
  Lene[g] us well to spede,
For it is good to assay a frende
  Or that a man have nede.

The abbot lothely on hym gan loke 125
  And vylaynesly hym gan 'call,'
Out, he sayd, thou false knyght,
  Spede the out of my hall.

Thou lyest, then sayd the gentyll knyght,
  Abbot in thy hal; 130
False knyght was I never,
  By god that made us all

Up then stode that gentyll knyght,
  To the abbot sayd he,
To suffre a knyght to knele so longe, 135
  Thou canst no curteysye;

In joustes and in tournement
  Full ferre than have I be,
And put myselfe as ferre in prees
  As ony that ever I se. 140

What wyll ye gyve more? sayd the justyce,
  And the knyght shall make a releyse;
And elles dare I safly swere
  Ye holde never your londe in pees

An hondred pounde, sayd the abbot. 145
  The justyce said, Gyve him two.
Nay, be god, sayd the knyght,
  Yet gete ye it not soo:

Though ye wolde gyve a thousande more,
  Yet were 'ye' never the nere: 150
Shall there never be myn eyre,
  Abbot, justyse, ne frere.

He sterte hym to a borde anone,
  Tyll a table rounde,
And there he shoke out of a bagge 155
  Even foure hondred pounde.

Have here thy golde, syr abbot, sayd the knyght,
  Which that thou lentest me;
Haddest thou ben curteys at my comynge,
  Rewarde sholdest thou have be. 160

The abbot sat styll, and ete no more,
  For all his ryall[h] chere,
He cast his hede on his sholder,
  And fast began to stare.

Take me my golde agayne, sayd the abbot, 165
  Syr justyce, that I toke the.
Not a peny, sayd the justyce,
  By god that dyed on a tree.

"Syr abbot, and ye men of lawe,
  Now have I holde my daye, 170
Now shall I have my londe agayne,
  For ought that you can saye."

The knyght stert out of the dore,
  Awaye was all his care,
And on he put his good clothynge, 175
  The other he lefte there.

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 122. leue. W. Sende us C. V. 126 loke. W. C. V. 148. grote. W. gct. C. V 150. thou Printed Copies.

[g] Lend, or perhaps loue (*leave*), i. e. permit, grant. [h] Royal

He wente hym forthe full mery syngynge,
  As men have tolde in tale,
His lady met hym at the gate,
  At home in Wierysdale[i]. 180

Welcome, my lorde, sayd his lady;
  Syr, lost is all your good?
Be mery, dame, sayd the knyght,
  And praye for Robyn Hode,

That ever his soule be in blysse, 185
  He holpe me out of my tene;
Ne had not be his kyndenesse,
  Beggers had we ben.

The abbot and I acordyd ben,
  He is served of his pay, 190
The good yeman lent it me,
  As I came by the way.

This knyght than dwelled fayre at home,
  The soth[j] for to say,
Tyll he had got foure hondreth pounde, 195
  All redy for too paye.

He purveyed hym an hondred bowes,
  The strenges [were] welle dyght,
An hondred shefe of arowes good,
  The hedes burnyshed full bryght, 200

And every arowe an elle longe,
  With pecocke well y dyght[k],
Inocked[l] all with white sylver,
  It was a semly syght.

He purveyed hym an hondreth men, 205
  Well harneysed in that stede[m],
And hymselfe in that same sete[n],
  And clothed in whyte and rede.

He bare a launsgay[o] in his honde,
  And a man ledde his male, 210
And reden with a lyght songe,
  Unto Bernysdale.

As he went at a brydge ther was a wrastelyng,
  And there taryed was he,
And there was all the best yemen, 215
  Of all the west countree

A full fayre game there was upset,
  A whyte bull up pyght[p];
A grete courser with sadle and brydil,
  With golde burneyshed full bryght; 220

A payre of gloves, a rede golde rynge,
  A pype of wyne, in good fay[q]:
What man bereth him best I wys[r],
  The pryce shall bere away.

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 207. sute C. V 218. I up pyght W. up ypght C

[i] A forest in Lancashire [j] Sooth, truth.

[k] *With pecocke well y dyght* Handsomely dressed with peacock's feathers. Thus, Chaucer describing his "squire's yeman."—

"A shefe of *peacock arwes* bright & keene,
Under his belt he bare ful thriftly"

[l] Nocked, notched. [m] Time. [n] Qy. [o] A kind of lance.

[p] Qy. [q] Faith. [r] Trow

There was a yeman in that place, 225
And best worthy was he,
And for he was ferre and frend bestad [s],
Islayne he sholde have be.

The knyght had reuth [t] of this yeman,
In place where that he stode, 230
He said that yoman sholde have no harme,
For love of Robyn Hode.

The knyght presed into the place,
An hondred folowed hym "fre,"
With bowes bent, and arowes sharpe, 235
For to shende [u] that company.

They sholdred all, and made hym rome,
To wete [x] what he wolde say,
He toke the yeman by the honde,
And geve hym all the playe; 240

He gave hym fyve marke for his wyne,
There it laye on the molde, [y]
And bad it sholde be sette a broche,
Drynke who so wolde.

Thus longe taryed this gentyll knyght, 245
Tyll that playe was done,
So longe abode Robyn fastynge,
Thre houres after the none.

THE THYRDE FYTTE.

Lyth and lysten, gentyll men,
All that now be here,
Of Lytell Johan, that was the knyghtes man,
Good myrthe ye shall here.

It was upon a mery day, 5
That yonge men wolde go shete, [z]
Lytell Johan fet his bowe anone,
And sayd he wolde them mete.

Thre tymes Lytell Johan shot about,
And alway cleft the wande, 10
The proude sheryf of Notyngham
By the markes gan stande.

The sheryf swore a full grete othe,
By hym that dyed on a tree,
This man is the best archere 15
That yet sawe I me.

Say me now, wyght [a] yonge man,
What is now thy name?
In what countre were thou born,
And where is thy wonnynge wan? [b] 20

Various Readings.—*V.* 234. fere *W.* in fere *C.* *V.* 6. shote. *W.* *V.* 10. he sleste (*sliced?*) *W.* *V.* 19. thou wast. *C.* wast thou. *White.*

[s] *Ferre and frend bestad.* Far from home and without a friend. The passage, however, seems corrupt. Perhaps it should be—*fren*, (*frend* or *fremd*), *bestad*, i.e., beset or surrounded by strangers. (*Fremd*, Saxon.) Thus, in Spenser's 4th Eclogue:—

"So now his friend is changed for a *fren*."

[t] Pity, compassion. [u] Hurt, annoy. [x] Know.
[y] Earth. [z] Shoot. [a] Strong, stout.
[b] *Wonnynge wan*, dwelling-place.

"In Holdernesse I was bore,
I wys all of my dame,
Men call me Reynolde Grenelefe,
Whan I am at hame."

"Say me, Reynaud Grenelefe, 25
Wolte thou dwell with me?
And every yere I wyll the gyve
Twenty marke to thy fee."

I have a mayster, sayd Lytell Johan,
A curteys knyght is he, 30
May ye gete leve of hym,
The better may it bee.

The sheryfe gate Lytell Johan
Twelve monethes of the knyght,
Therefore he gave him ryght anone 35
A good hors and a wyght.

Now is Lytel Johan the sheryffes man,
He gyve us well to spede,
But alway thought Lytell Johan
To quyte hym well his mede. [c] 40

Now so god me helpe, sayd Lytel Johan,
And be my trewe lewtè, [d]
I shall be the worste servaunte to hym
That ever yet had he.

It befell upon a wednesday, 45
The sheryfe on hontynge was gone,
And Lytel Johan lay in his bed,
And was foryete [e] at home.

Therfore he was fastynge
Tyl it was past the none. 50
Good syr stuard, I pray the,
Geve me to dyne, sayd Lytel Johan.

It is to long for Grenelefe,
Fastynge so long to be;
Therfore I pray the, stuarde, 55
My dyner gyve thou me.

Shalt thou never ete ne drynke, sayd the stuarde,
Tyll my lord be come to towne.
I make myn avowe [f] to god, sayd Lytell Johan,
I had lever to cracke thy crowne. 60

The butler was ful uncurteys,
There he stode on flore,
He sterte to the buttery,
And shet [g] fast the dore.

Lytell Johan gave the buteler such a rap, 65
His backe yede [h] nygh on two,
Tho he lyved an hundreth wynter,
The wors he sholde go.

He sporned the dore with his fote,
It went up wel and fyne, 70
And there he made a large lyveray [i]
Both of ale and wyne.

Various Reading.—*V.* 41. Ge. *W.* *f.* God.

[c] To reward him to some purpose.
[d] Loyalty, good faith. [e] Forgotten. [f] Vow.
[g] Shut. [h] Went.
[i] Livery, delivery: the mess portion or quantity of provisions delivered out at a time by the butler, was called a *Livery*.

Syth ye wyl not dyne, sayd Lytel Johan,
 I shall gyve you to drynke,
And though ye lyve an hondred wynter, 75
 On Lytell Johan ye shall thynk.

Lytell Johan ete, and Lytell [Johan] dronke,
 The whyle that he wolde.
The sheryfe had in his kechyn a coke,
 A stoute man and a bolde. 80

I make myn avowe[j] to god, sayd the coke,
 Thou arte a shrewde hynde,[k]
In an housholde to dwel,
 For to ask thus to dyne.

And there he lent Lytel Johan 85
 Good strokes thre.
I make myn avowe, sayd Lytell Johan,
 These strokes lyketh well me.

Thou arte a bolde man and an hardy,
 And so thynketh me; 90
And or I passe fro this place,
 Asayed[l] better shalt thou be.

Lytell Johan drewe a good swerde,
 The coke toke another in honde;
They thought nothynge for to fle, 95
 But styfly for to stonde.

There they fought sore to gyder,
 Two myle way and more,
Myght neyther other harme done,
 The mountenaunce[m] of an houre. 100

I make myn avowe to god, sayd Lytell Johan,
 And be my trewe lewtè,
Thou art one of the best swerdemen,
 That ever yet sawe I me.

Coowdest thou shote as well in a bowe, 105
 To grene wood thou sholdest with me,
And two tymes in the yere thy clothynge
 [n]Ichaunged sholde be;

And every yere of Robyn Hode
 Twenty marke to thy fee. 110
Put up thy swerde, sayd the coke,
 And felowes wyll we be.

Then he fette[o] to Lytell Johan
 The numbles[p] of a doo,
Good brede and full good wyne, 115
 They ete and dranke therto.

And whan they had dronken well,
 Ther trouthes togyder they plyght,
That they wolde be with Robyn
 That ylke same[q] day at nyght. 120

The dyde them to the tresure hous,
 As fast as they myght gone,
The lockes that were of good stele
 They brake them everychone;

VARIOUS READING.—V. 121. hyed. C.

[j] Vow. [k] *Shrewde hynde*, unlucky knave.
[l] Essayed, tried, proved.
[m] Amount, duration, space.
[n] Changed. [o] Fetched.
[p] See p. [illegible] of this ed.
[q] *Ylke same*, very same.

They toke away the sylver vessell, 125
 And all that they myght get,
Peces[r], masars[s], and spones,
 Wolde they non forgete;

Also they toke the good pence,
 Thre hondred pounde and three; 130
And dyde them strayt to Robyn Hode,
 Under the grene wode tre.

"God the save, my dere mayster,
 And Cryst the save and se."[t]
And than sayd Robyn to Lytell Johan, 135
 Welcome myght thou be;

And also be that fayre yeman
 Thou bryngest there with the.
What tydynges fro Notyngham?
 Lytell Johan tell thou me. 140

"Well the greteth the proude sheryfe,
 And sende the here by me
His coke and his sylver vessell,
 And thre hondred pounde and thre."

I make myn avow[u] to god, sayd Robyn, 145
 And to the trenytè,
It was never by his good wyll,
 This good is come to me.

Lytell Johan hym there bethought,
 On a shrewed wyle, 150
Fyve myle in the forest he ran,
 Hym happed at his wyll;

Than he met the proud sheryf,
 Huntynge with hounde and horne,
Lytell Johan coud[v] his curteysye, 155
 And kneled hym beforne:

"God the save, my dere mayster,
 And Cryst the save and see."
Raynolde Grenelefe, sayd the sheryfe,
 Where hast thou nowe be? 160

"I have be in this forest,
 A fayre syght can I se,
It was one of the fayrest syghtes
 That ever yet sawe I me[x];

Yonder I se a ryght fayre hart, 165
 His coloure is of grene,
Seven score of dere upon an herde
 Be with hym all bedene[y];

His tynde[z] are so sharp, mayster,
 Of sexty and well mo, 170
That I durst not shote for drede
 Lest they wolde me sloo."

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 150. whyle. W. V. 163. syght. W. sightes, C.

[r] Pixes; vessels destined to contain the sacramental wafer.
[s] Cups, vessels. [t] Regard. [u] Vow. [v] Knew, understood.
[x] A gallicism; *que jamais j'ai vu moi.*

[y] Behind, one after another? [More probably spread out, scattered around him. The etymology appears to be the same as that of the word *Bed*, which is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Beddian*, sternere, to spread out smooth, or level. In Anglo-Saxon *Bedde* is sometimes used for a table.—ED.]

[z] Tyndes, tines, antlers, the pointed branches that issue from the main beam of a stag. "In Yngland ther ys a

I make myn avowe to god, sayd the sheryf,
  That syght wolde I fayn se.
"Buske you thyderwarde, my dere mayster, 175
  Anone and wende with me."

The sheryfe rode, and Lytell Johan
  Of fote he was full smarte,
And whan they came afore Robyn:
  "Lo, here is the mayster harte!" 180

Styll stode the proude sheryf,
  A sory man was he:
"Wo worthe the[b], Raynolde Greneléfe
  Thou hast now betrayed me."

I make myn avowe to god, sayd Lytell Johan, 185
  Mayster, ye be to blame,
I was myssérved of my dynere,
  When I was with you at hame.

Soone he was to super sette,
  And served with sylver whyte; 190
And whan the sheryf se his vessell,
  For sorowe he myght not ete.

Make good chere, sayd Robyn Hode,
  Sheryfe, for charytè,
And for the love of Lytell Johan, 195
  Thy lyfe is graunted to the.

When they had supped well,
  The day was all agone,
Robyn commaunded Lytell Johan
  To drawe of his hosen and his shone, 200

His kyrtell[c] and his cote a pye[d],
  That was furred well fyne,
And take him a grene mantèll,
  To lappe[e] his body therin.

Robyn commaunded his wyght yong men[f], 205
  Under the grene wood tre,
They shall lay in that same sorte;
  That the sheryf myght them se.

All nyght lay that proud sheryf,
  In his breche and in his sherte, 210
No wonder it was in grene wode,
  Tho his sydes do smerte.

Make glad chere, sayd Robyn Hode,
  Sheryfe, for charytè,
For this is our order I wys[g], 215
  Under the grene wood tre.

This is harder order, sayd the sheryfe,
  Than ony anker[h] or frere;
For al the golde in mery Englonde
  I wolde not longe dwell here. 220

All these twelve monethes, sayd Robyn,
  Thou shalte dwell with me;
I shall the teche, proud sheryfe,
  An outlawe for to be.

Or I here another nyght lye, sayd the sheryfe, 225
  Robyn, nowe I praye the,
Smyte of my hede rather to morne,
  And I forgyve it the.

Lete me go, then sayd the sheryf,
  For saynt Charytè, 230
And I wyll be thy best frende
  That ever yet had the.

Thou shalte swere me an othe, sayd Robyn,
  On my bryght bronde[i],
Thou shalt never awayte me scathe[k], 235
  By water ne by londe;

And if thou fynde ony of my men,
  By nyght or by day,
Upon thyne othe thou shalt swere,
  To helpe them that thou may. 240

Now have the sheryf iswore[l] his othe,
  And home he began to gone,
He was as full of grene wode
  As ever was hepe[m] of stone.

THE FOURTH FYTTE.

The sheryf dwelled in Notynghame,
  He was fayne[n] that he was gone,
And Robyn and his mery men
  Went to wode anone.

Go we to dyner, sayd Lytell Johan. 5
  Robyn Hode sayd, Nay;
For I drede our lady be wroth with me,
  For she sent me not my pay.

Have no dout, mayster, sayd Lytell Johan,
  Yet is not the sonne at rest, 10
For I dare saye, and saufly swere,
  The knyght is trewe and trust.

Take thy bowe in thy hande, sayd Robyn,
  Let Moch wende with the,
And so shall Wyllyam Scathelock, 15
  And no man abyde with me,

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 183. wo the worth. W.

shepcote, the wyche schepekote hayt ix dorys, & at youery dor stondet ix ramys, & every ram hat ix ewys, & yevery ewe hathe ix lambys, & yevery lambe hayt ix hornes, & every horne hayt ix *tyndes*: what ys the somm of all thos belle?" *MSS. More, Ee.* 4. 35.)

[b] *Wo worthe the*, woe be to thee.

[c] Query, waistcoat? [Probably derived from *gird*, and thence applied to any article of dress confined by a girdle. —Ed.]

[d] Upper garment, short cloak; *courtepy*, Chaucer. See See Tyrwhitt's note, iv. 201.

[e] Wrap.

[f] Yeomen (which is everywhere substituted in Copland's edition). See Spelman's glossary, in the words *Juniores*, *Yeomen*; Tyrwhitt's edition of the Canterbury Tales, iv. 195; Shakspeare's plays, 1793, xiv. 347.

[g] Trow; there is no modern word precisely synonymous.

[h] Hermit, Anchorite.

[i] Brand, sword.

[k] *Awayte me scathe*, lie in wait to do me harm.

[l] Sworn.

[m] Hip, haw, the fruit of the white-thorn. So in *Gil Morice*, a Scottish ballad:—

"I was once *as fow* of Gill Morice
As the hip is o' the stean."

[The hip is the fruit of the wild rose, but in the present instance and in that quoted by Mr Ritson, the haw, the fruit of the white-thorn or *haw*thorn, appears to be indicated, since the hip has no *stone*, although it is very *full* of seeds.—Ed.]

[n] Glad.

And walke up into the Sayles,
  And to Watlynge strete,
And wayte after 'some' unketh gest,
  Up chaunce ye may them mete. 20

Whether he be messengere,
  Or a man that myrthes[o] can,
Or yf he be a pore man,
  Of my good he shall have some.

Forth then stert Lytel Johan, 25
  Half in tray[p] and tene[q],
And gyrde hym with a full good swerde,
  Under a mantel of grene.

They went up to the Sayles,
  These yemen all thre; 30
They loked est, they loked west,
  They myght no man se.

But as 'they' loked in Bernysdale,
  By the hye waye,
Than were they ware of two blacke monkes, 35
  Eche on a good palferay.

Then bespake Lytell Johan,
  To Much he gan say,
I dare lay my lyfe to wedde[r],
  That these monkes have brought our pay. 40

Make glad chere, sayd Lytell Johan,
  And frese[s] our bowes of ewe,
And loke your hertes be seker[t] and sad,
  Your strynges trusty and trewe.

The monke hath fifty two men, 45
  And seven somers[u] full stronge,
There rydeth no bysshop in this londe
  So ryally[x], I understond.

Brethern, sayd Lytell Johan,
  Here are no more but we thre; 50
But we brynge them to dyner,
  Our mayster dare we not se.

Bende your bowes, sayd Lytell Johan,
  Make all yon prese[y] to stonde,
The formost monke, his lyfe and his deth 55
  Is closed in my honde.

Abyde, chorle[z] monke, sayd Lytell Johan,
  No ferther that thou gone;
Yf thou doost, by dere worthy god,
  Thy deth is in my honde. 60

And evyll thryfte on thy hede, sayd Lytell Johan,
  Ryght under thy hattes bonde,
For thou hast made our mayster wroth,
  He is fastynge so longe.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 19. such. *W.* *V.* 33. he. *Old copies.* *V.* 56. you. *W.* Make you yonder preste. *C.*

[o] Mirth, merriment. *A man that mirths can*, a minstrel, fiddler, juggler, or the like.

[p] Anger. [q] Grief, vexation.

[r] Pawn, pledge.

[s] Frese. Mr. Ritson queries the meaning of this word, nor can we offer any explanation, unless for *And frese*, we should read *Un-freise*, i. e., take out of the cases made of cloth of frieze. This we offer merely as a conjecture.—Ed.

[t] Sure. [u] Sumpter-horses. [x] Royally.

[y] Company. [z] Churl, peasant, clown.

Who is your mayster? sayd the monke. 65
  Lytell Johan sayd, Robyn Hode.
He is a stronge thefe, sayd the monke,
  Of hym herd I never good.

Thou lyest, than sayd Lytell Johan,
  And that shall rewe the; 70
He is a yeman of the forest,
  To dyne he hath bode[a] the.

Much was redy with a bolte[b],
  Redly and a none,
He set the monke to fore the brest, 75
  To the grounde that he can gone.

Of fyfty two wyght yonge men,
  There abode not one,
Saf a lytell page, and a grome
  To lede the somers with Johan. 80

They brought the monke to the lodge dore,
  Whether he were loth or lefe[c],
For to speke with Robyn Hode,
  Maugre in theyr tethe.

Robyn dyde adowne his hode, 85
  The monke whan that he se;
The monke was not so curteyse,
  His hode then let he be.

He is a chorle, mayster, by dere worthy god,
  Than said Lytell Johan. 90
Thereof no fors[d], sayd Robyn,
  For curteysy can he none.

How many men, sayd Robyn,
  Had this monke, Johan?
"Fyfty and two whan that we met, 95
  But many of them be gone."

Let blowe a horne, sayd Robin,
  That felaushyp may us knowe;
Seven score of wyght yemen,
  Came pryckynge on a rowe, 100

And everych of them a good mantell,
  Of scarlet and of raye[e],
All they came to good Robyn,
  To wyte[f] what he wolde say.

They made the monke to wasshe and wype, 105
  And syt at his denere,
Robyn Hode and Lytel Johan
  They served 'him' bothe in fere.

Do gladly, monke, sayd Robyn,
  Gramercy, syr, said he. 110
"Where is your abbay, whan ye are at home,
  And who is your avowe[g]?"

Saynt Mary abbay, sayd the monke,
  Though I be symple here.
In what offyce? sayd Robyn. 115
  "Syr, the hye selerer."

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 77. yemen. *C.* *V.* 80. Lytell Johan. *Old Copies.* *V.* 106. them. *Old Copies.*

[a] Bidden, invited.

[b] A bolt was an arrow of a particular kind, used for shooting at a mark, or at birds.

[c] *Lefe*, willing, *loth or lefe*, whether he were willing or not. [d] Care. [e] "Ray cloth, cloth that was never coloured or dyed."—*Bailey*. [f] Know. [g] Founder, patron, protector. See Spelman's Glossary, v. *Advocatus*.

Ye be the more welcome, sayd Robyn,
So ever mote I the.
Fyll of the best wyne, sayd Robyn,
This monke shall drynke to me. 120

But I have grete mervayle, sayd Robyn,
Of all this longe day,
I drede our lady be wroth with me,
She sent me not my pay.

Have no doute, mayster, sayd Lytell Johan, 125
Ye have no nede I saye,
This monke it hath brought, I dare well swere,
For he is of her abbay.

And she was a borowe,[h] sayd Robyn,
Betwene a knyght and me, 130
Of a lytell money that I hym lent,
Under the grene wode tree;

And yf thou hast that sylver ibroughte,
I praye the let me se,
And I shall helpe the eft sones[i], 135
Yf thou hast nede of me.

The monke swore a full grete othe,
With a sory chere,
Of the borowehode[k] thou spekest to me,
Herde I never ere[l]. 140

I make myn avowe to god, sayd Robyn,
Monke, thou arte to blame,
For god is holde a ryghtwys[m] man,
And so is his dame.

Thou toldest with thyn owne tonge, 145
Thou may not say nay,
How thou arte her servaunt,
And servest her every day.

And thou art made her messengere,
My money for to pay, 150
Therfore I cun[n] the more thanke,
Thou arte come at thy day.

What is in your cofers? sayd Robyn,
Trewe than tell thou me.
Syr, he sayd, twenty marke, 155
Al so mote[o] I the[p].

Yf there be no more, sayd Robyn,
I wyll not one peny;
Yf thou hast myster[q] of ony more,
Syr, more I shall lende to the; 160

And yf I fynde more, sayd Robyn,
I wys thou shalte it forgone[r];
For of thy spendynge sylver, monk,
Therof wyll I ryght none.

Go nowe forthe, Lytell Johan, 165
And the trouth tell thou me;
If there be no more but twenty marke,
No peny that I se.

Lytell Johan spred his mantell downe,
As he had done before, 170
And he tolde out of the monkes male,
Eyght hundreth pounde and more.

Lytell Johan let it lye full styll,
And went to his mayster in hast;
Syr, he sayd, the monke is trewe ynowe[s], 175
Our lady hath doubled your cost.

I make myn avowe to god, sayd Robyn,
Monke, what tolde I the?
Our lady is the trewest woman,
That ever yet founde I me. 180

By dere worthy god, sayd Robyn,
To seche all Englond thorowe,
Yet founde I never to my pay
A moche better borowe.

Fyll of ye best wyne, do hym drynke, sayd Robyn, 185
And grete well thy lady hende,
And yf she have nede of Robyn Hode,
A frende she shall hym fynde;

And yf she nedeth ony more sylver,
Come thou agayne to me, 190
And by this token she hath me sent,
She shall have such thre.

The monke was going to London ward,
There to holde grete mote[t],
The knyght that rode so hye on hors, 195
To brynge hym under fote.

Whether be ye away? sayd Robyn.
"Syr, to maners in this londe,
Too reken with our reves[u],
That have done moch wronge." 200

"Come now forth, Lytell Johan,
And harken to my tale,
A better yeman I knowe none,
To seke a monkes male."

How moch is in yonder other 'cofer?' sayd Robyn, 205
The soth must we see.
By our lady, than sayd the monke,
That were no curteysye,

To bydde a man to dyner,
And syth[x] hym bete and bynde. 210
It is our olde maner, sayd Robyn,
To leve but lytell behynde.

The monke toke the hors with spore,
No lenger wolde he abyde.
Aske to drynke, then sayd Robyn, 215
Or that ye forther ryde.

Nay, for god, then sayd the monke,
Me reweth I cam so nere,
For better chepe[y] I myght have dyned,
In Blythe or in Dankestere. 220

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 136. to *W.* *V.* 149. nade *W.* *not in C.* *V.* 172. Eyght pounde. *W.*

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 187. to. *W.* *V.* 205. *corser. W.* courser. *C.*

h Pledge, surety.
i Hereafter, afterward.
k Suretyship.
l Before.
m Righteous.
n Con, owe, give.
o May, might.
p Thrive.
q Need.
r Forego, lose.
s Enough.
t Meeting, assembly, court, audit. [So at the present day, *ward-mote.*—ED.]
u Bailiffs, receivers.
x Afterward.
y Cheaper: *à meilleur marché.* Fr.

Grete well your abbot, sayd Robyn,
  And your pryour, I you pray,
And byd him sende me such a monke,
  To dyner every day.

Now lete we that monke be styll, 225
  And speke we of that knyght,
Yet he came to holde his day
  Whyle that it was lyght.

He dyde him streyt to Bernysdale,
  Under the grene wode tre, 230
And he founde there Robyn Hode,
  And all his merry meynè.

The knight lyght downe of his good palfrày,
  Robyn whan he gan see,
So curteysly he dyde adoune his hede, 235
  And set hym on his knee.

"God the save, good Robyn Hode,
  And al this company."
"Welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,
  And ryght welcome to me." 240

Than bespake hym Robyn Hode,
  To that knyght so fre,
What nede dryveth the to grene wode?
  I pray the, syr knyght, tell me.

And welcome be thou, gentyl knyght, 245
  Why hast thou be so longe?
"For the abbot and the hye justyce
  Wolde have had my londe."

Hast thou thy lond agayne? sayd Robyn,
  Treuth than tell thou me. 250
Ye, for god, sayd the knyght,
  And that thanke I god and the.

But take not a grefe, I have be so longe;
  I came by a wrastelynge,
And there I dyd holpe a poor yemàn, 255
  With wronge was put behynde.

Nay, for god, sayd Robyn,
  Syr knyght, that thanke I the;
What man that helpeth a good yemàn.
  His frende than wyll I be. 260

Have here foure hondred pounde, than sayd the [knyght,
  The whiche ye lent to me;
And here is also twenty marke
  For your curteysy.

Nay, for god, than sayd Robyn, 265
  Thou broke[a] it well for ay,
For our lady, by her selerer,
  Hath sent to me my pay;

And yf I toke it twyse,
  A shame it were to me: 270
But trewely, gentyll knyght,
  Welcom arte thou to me.

VARIOUS READING.—*V.* 254. gayne. *W.*

V. 253. But take not a grefe, sayd the knyght,
  That I have be so longe. *Old Copies.*

V. 269. I twyse. *W.*

[a] Brook, enjoy, use, keep.

Whan Robyn had tolde his tale,
  He leugh[a] and had good chere.
By my trouthe, then sayd the knyght, 275
  Your money is redy here.

Broke it well, sayd Robyn,
  Thou gentyll knyght so fre;
And welcome be thou, gentill knyght,
  Under my trystell[b] tree. 280

But what shall these bowes do? sayd Robyn,
  And these arowes ifedered[c] fre?
By god, than sayd the knyght,
  A pore present to the.

"Come now forth, Lytell Johan, 285
  And go to my treasurè,
And brynge me there foure hondred pounde,
  The monke over tolde it me.

Have here foure hondred pounde,
  Thou gentyll knyght and trewe, 290
And bye hors and harnes good,
  And gylte thy spores all newe:

And yf thou fayle ony spendynge,
  Com to Robyn Hode,
And by my trouth thou shalt none fayle 295
  The whyles I have any good.

And broke well thy four hundred pound,
  Whiche I lent to the,
And make thy selfe no more so bare,
  By the counsell of me. 300

Thus than holpe hym good Robyn,
  The knyght all of his care.
God, that sytteth in heven hye,
  Graunte us well to fare.

THE FYFTH FYTTE.

Now hath the knyght his leve itake[d],
  And wente hym on his way;
Robyn Hode and his mery men
  Dwelled styll full many a day.

Lyth and lysten, gentil men, 5
  And herken what I shall say,
How the proud sheryfe of Notyngham
  Dyde crye a full fayre play;

That all the best archers of the north
  Sholde come upon a day, 10
And they that shoteth 'alder' best[e]
  The game shall bere away.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 290. thi trusty. *C.* *V.* 302. this care. *W.* *V.* 303. syt. *W.*

V. 11. And that shoteth al ther best. *W.*
And they that shote al of the best. *C.*

[a] Laughed.

[b] Trysting-tree. Gathering-tree. Tree appointed for meeting together. [c] Feathered. [d] Taken.

[e] Best of all. This phrase, which occurs in Chaucer is corrupted in de Worde's edition to "*al ther,*" and "*al theyre,*" which Coplande has changed to "*al of the:*" whence it may be infered that the expression was become already obsolete, and consequently that the poem is of

"He that shoteth 'alder' best
Furthest fayre and lowe,
At a payre of fynly[f] buttes, 15
Under the grene wode shawe,[g]

A ryght good arowe he shall have,
The shaft of sylver whyte,
The heade and the feders[h] of ryche rede golde,
In Englond is none lyke." 20

This then herde good Robyn,
Under his trystell tre[i]:
"Make you redy, ye wyght yonge men[k],
That shotynge wyll I se.

Buske[l] you, my mery yonge men, 25
Ye shall go with me;
And I wyll wete the shryves fayth,
Trewe and yf he be."

Whan they had theyr bowes ibent[m],
Theyr takles[n] fedred fre, 30
Seven score of wyght yonge men
Stode by Robyns kne.

Whan they cam to Notyngham,
The buttes were fayre and longe,
Many was the bold archere 35
That shoted with bowes stronge.

"There shall but syx shote with me,
The other shal kepe my hede,
And stande with good bowes bent
That I be not desceyved." 40

The fourth outlawe his bow gan bende,
And that was Robyn Hode,
And that behelde the proude sheryfe,
All by the but he stode.

Thryes Robyn shot about, 45
And alway he slist the wand,
And so dyde good Gylberte,
With the whyte hande.

Lytell Johan and good Scatheloke
Were archers good and fre; 50
Lytell Much and good Reynolde,
The worste wolde they not be.

Whan they had shot aboute,
These archours fayre and good,
Evermore was the best, 55
Forsoth, Robyn Hode.

Hym was delyvered the goode arow,
For best worthy was he;
He toke the yeft[o] so curteysly,
To grene wode wolde he. 60

They cryed out on Robyn Hode,
And great hornes gan they blowe,
Wo worth the, treason! sayd Robyn,
Full evyl thou art to knowe.

And wo be thou, thou proud sheryf, 65
Thus gladdynge thy gest,
Other wyse thou behote[p] me
In yonder wylde forest;

But had I the in grene wode,
Under my trystell tre[q], 70
Thou sholdest leve me a better wedde[r]
Than thy trewe lewtè.

Full many a bowe there was bent,
And arowes let they glyde,
Many a kyrtell there was rent, 75
And hurt many a syde

The outlawes shot was so stronge,
That no man myght them dryve,
And the proud sheryfes men
They fled away full blyve[s] 80

Robyn sawe the busshement[t] to broke,
In grene wode he wolde have be,
Many an arowe there was shot
Amonge that company.

Lytell Johan was hurte full sore, 85
With an arowe in his kne,
That he myght neyther go nor ryde;
It was full grete pytè.

Mayster, then sayd Lytell Johan,
If ever thou lovest me, 90
And for that ylke[u] lordes love,
That dyed upon a tre,

And for the medes of my servyce,
That I have served the,
Lete never the proude sheryf 95
Alyve now fynde me;

But take out thy browne swerde,
And smyte all of my hede,
And gyve me woundes dede and wyde,
No lyfe on me be lefte. 100

I wolde not that, sayd Robyn,
Johan, that thou were slawe[v],
For all the golde in mery Englond,
Though it lay now on a rawe.

God forbede, sayd lytell Much, 105
That dyed on a tre,
That thou sholdest, Lytell Johan,
Parte our company.

Up he toke him on his backe,
And bare hym well a myle, 110
Many a tyme he layd hym downe,
And shot another whyle.

Then was there a fayre castell,
A lytell within the wode,
Double dyched it was about, 115
And walled, by the rode;

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 13. al theyre. W. al of the. C. V. 46. they slist. W. he clefte. C.

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 80. belyve C. V. 100. That I after eate no bread. C.

much greater antiquity than 1520: and yet Shakspeare, above half a century after, puts the word *alderliefest* into the mouth of Queen Margaret. [f] Goodly. [g] Shade. [h] Feathers. [i] See p. 46. [k] Yeomen. See p. 43. [l] Address or prepare yourselves, make ready. [m] Bent. [n] Arrows. [o] Gift.

[p] Promised. [q] See p. 46. [r] Pawn, pledge, or deposit. [s] Fast, quickly, briskly. [t] Ambush. [u] Same, very. [v] Slain.

And there dwelled that gentyll knyght,
Syr Rychard at the Lee,
That Robyn had lent his good,
Under the grene wode tree. 120

In he toke good Robyn,
And all his company:
"Welcome be thou, Robyn Hode,
Welcome arte thou [to] me;

And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort, 125
And of thy curteysye,
And of thy grete kyndenesse,
Under the grene wode tre;

I love no man in all this worlde
So moche as I do the; 130
For all the proud sheryf of Notyngham,
Ryght here shalt thou be.

Shyt[x] the gates, and drawe the bridge,
And let no man com in;
And arme you well and make you redy, 135
And to the walle ye wynne[y].

For one thyng, Robyn, I the behote,
I swere by saynt Quyntyn,
These twelve dayes thou wonest[z] with me,
To suppe, ete, and dyne. 140

Bordes were layed, and clothes spred,
Reddely and anone;
Robyn Hode and his mery men
To mete gan they gone[a].

THE SYXTE FYTTE.

Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,
And herken unto your songe,
How the proude sheryfe of Notyngham,
And men of armes stronge,

Full faste came to the hye sheryfe, 5
The countre up to rout,
And they beset the knyghts castell,
The walles all about.

The proude sheryf loude gan cryo,
And sayd, Thou traytour knyght, 10
Thou kepeste here the kynges enemye,
Agayne the lawes and ryght.

"Syr, I wyll avowe[b] that I have done,
The dedes that here be dyght[c],
Upon all the londes that I have, 15
As I am a trewe knyght.

Wende forthe, syrs, on your waye,
And doth no more to me,
Tyll ye wytte[d] our kynges wyll
What he woll say to the." 20

Various Reading.—V 14. thou. W.

[x] Shut. [y] Get.
[z] Dwellest.
[a] Gan they gone. Are they gone, did they go. [Qy., they began to go?—Ed.]
[b] Maintain, verbum juris. [c] Done.
[d] Know.

The sheref thus had his answere,
With out ony leasynge[e],
Forthe he yode[f] to London toune,
All for to tel our kynge.

There he tolde him of that knyght, 25
And eke of Robyn Hode,
And also of the bolde archeres,
That noble were and good.

"He wolde avowe that he had done,
To mayntayne the outlawes stronge, 30
He wolde be lorde, and set you at nought,
In all the north londe."

I woll be at Notyngham, sayd the kynge,
Within this fourtynyght,
And take I wyll Robyn Hode, 35
And so I wyll that knyght.

Go home, thou proud sheryf,
And do as I bydde the,
And ordayne good archeres inowe,
Of all the wyde countree. 40

The sheryf had his leve itake,
And went hym on his way;
And Robyn Hode to grene wode,
Upon a certayn day;

And Lytell Johan was hole of the arowe, 45
That shote was in his kne,
And dyde hym strayte to Robyn Hode,
Under the grene wode tre.

Robyn Hode walked in the foreste,
Under the leves grene, 50
The proud sheryfe of Notyngham
Therefore he had grete tene.

The sheryf there fayled of Robyn Hode,
He myght not have his pray,
Then he awayted[g] that gentyll knyght, 55
Bothe by nyght and by daye.

Ever he awayted that gentyll knyght,
Syr Rychard at the Lee;
As he went on haukynge by the ryver syde,
And let his haukes flee, 60

Toke he there his gentyll knyght,
With men of armes stronge,
And lad hym home to Notyngham warde,
Ibonde[h] both fote and honde.

The sheryf swore a full grete othe, 65
By hym that dyed on a tre,
He had lever than an hondrede pounde,
That Robyn Hode had he!

Then the lady, the knyghtes wyfe,
A fayre lady and fre, 70
She set her on a gode palfray,
To grene wode anon rode she.

Various Readings.—V. 38. the bydde. Old Copies. V. 64. honde and fote. W. fote and hande. C. V. 68. That he had Robyn Hode. W.

[e] Lying, falsehood.
[f] Rode [g] Lay in wait for.
[h] Bound.

When she came to the forèst,
  Under the grene wode tre,
Founde she there Robyn Hode, 75
  And all his fayre meynè.

"God the save, good Robyn Hode,
  And all thy company;
For our dere ladyes love,
  A bone graunte thou me. 80

Let thou never my wedded lorde
  Shamfully slayne to be;
He is fast ibounde to Notyngham warde,
  For the love of the."

Anone then sayd good Robyn, 85
  To that lady fre,
What man hath your lorde itake?
  The proude shirife, than sayd she.

[The proude sheryfe hath hym itake]
  Forsoth as I the say; 90
He is not yet thre myles,
  Passed on 'his' waye.

Up then sterte good Robyn,
  As a man that had be wode:
"Buske you, my mery younge men, 95
  For hym that dyed on a rode[i];

And he that this sorowe forsaketh,
  By hym that dyed on a tre,
And by him that al thinges maketh,
  No lenger shall dwell with me." 100

Sone there were good bowes ibent,
  Mo than seven score,
Hedge ne dyche spared they none,
  That was them before.

I make myn avowe to god, sayd Robyn, 105
  The knyght wolde I fayn se,
And yf I may hym take,
  Iquyt[j] than shall he bee.

And whan they came to Notyngham,
  They walked in the strete, 110
And with the proud sheryf, I wys,
  Sone gan they mete.

Abyde, thou proud sheryf, he sayd,
  Abyde and speake with me,
Of some tydynges of our kynge, 115
  I wolde fayne here of the.

This seven yere, by dere worthy god,
  Ne yede[k] I so fast on fote,
I make myn avowe to god, thou proud sheryfe,
  'It' is not for thy good. 120

Robyn bent a good bowe,
  An arrowe he drewe at his wyll,
He hyt so the proud sheryf,
  Upon the grounde he lay full styll;

And or he myght up aryse, 125
  On his fete to stonde,
He smote of the sheryves hede,
  With his bryght bronde.

"Lye thou there, thou proud sheryf,
  Evyll mote thou thryve; 130
There myght no man to the trust,
  The whyles thou were alyve."

His men drewe out theyr bryght swerdes,
  That were so sharpe and kene, 135
And layde on the sheryves men,
  And dryved them downe by dene.[k]

Robyn stert to that knyght,
  And cut a two his honde,
And toke him in his hand a bowe,
  And bade hym by hym stonde. 140

"Leve thy hors the behynde,
  And lerne for to renne;
Thou shalt with me to grene wode,
  Through myre, mosse and fenne,

Thou shalt with me to grene wode, 145
  Without ony leasynge,
Tyll that I have gete us grace,
  Of Edwarde our comly kynge."

THE SEVENTH FYTTE.

The kynge came to Notynghame,
  With knyghtes in grete araye,
For to take that gentyll knyght,
  And Robyn Hode, yf he may.

He asked men of that countrè, 5
  After Robyn Hode,
And after that gentyll knyght,
  That was so bolde and stout.

Whan they had tolde hym the case,
  Our kynge understonde ther tale, 10
And seased in his honde
  The knyghtes londes all,

All the passe[l] of Lancasshyre,
  He went both ferre and nere,
Tyll he came to Plomton parke, 15
  He faylyd[m] many of his dere.

There our kynge was wont to se
  Herdes many one,
He coud unneth[n] fynde one dere,
  That bare ony good horne. 20

The kynge was wonder wroth with all,
  And swore by the trynytè,
"I wolde I had Robyn Hode,
  With eyen I myght hym se;

Various Readings.—*V.* 77. God the good Robyn. *W.* *V.* 79. lady. *W.* *V.* 81. Eate. *V.* 82. Shamly I slayne be. *W.* *V.* 88. For soth as I the say. *W.* *V.* 92. your. *W.* You may them over take. *C.* *V.* 99, 100. Shall he never in grene wode be, Nor longer dwell with me. *W.* *V.* 108. sc. *W.* *V.* 120. At. *W.* That. *C.*—[good] boote. *Wh.*

Various Readings.—*V.* 138. hoode. *W.* bande. *C.* *V.* 4. and yf. *W.*

[i] Rood, crucifix. [j] Acquitted, set at liberty. [k] Went.

[k] *By dene.* [Mr. Ritson explains this to mean "one after the other," but query whether it does not rather signify, *flat;* to drive them down *by dene*, to lay them low, spread out upon the ground. See note *y*, p. 42.—Ed.]

[l] Extent, bounds, limits, district, as the *pas de Calais.* Copland's edit. reads *compas.* [m] Wanted, missed. [n] Scarcely

And he that wolde smyte of the knyghtes hede, 25
And brynge it to me,
He shall have the knyghtes londes,
Syr Rycharde at the Le;

I gyve it hym with my charter,
And sele it with my honde, 30
To have and holde for ever more,
In all mery Englonde."

Than bespake a fayre olde knyght,
That was treue in his fay,[o]
A, my lege lorde the kynge, 35
One worde I shall you say;

There is no man in this countrè
May have the knyghtes londes,
Whyle Robyn Hode may ryde or gone,
And bere a bowe in his hondes; 40

That he ne shall lese his hede,
That is the best ball in his hode:
Give it no man, my lorde the kynge,
That ye wyll any good.

Half a yere dwelled our comly kynge, 45
In Notyngham, and well more,
Coude he not here of Robyn Hode,
In what countre that he were;

But alway went good Robyn
By halke[p] and eke by hyll, 50
And alway slewe the kynges dere,
And welt them at his wyll.[q]

Than bespake a proude fostere,[r]
That stode by our kynges kne,
If ye wyll se good Robyn, 55
Ye must do after me;

Take fyve of the best knyghtes
That be in your lede,[s]
And walke downe by 'yon' abbay,
And gete you monkes wede.[t] 60

And I wyll be your ledes man[u]
And lede you the way,
And or ye come to Notyngham,
Myn hede then dare I lay,

That ye shall mete with good Robyn, 65
On lyve yf that he be,
Or ye come to Notyngham,
With eyen ye shall hym se.

Full hastly our kynge was dyght,
So were his knyghtes fyve, 70
Everych of them in monkes wede,
And hasted them thyder blyth.

Our kynge was grete above his cole,[v]
A brode hat on his crowne,
Ryght as he were abbot lyke, 75
They rode up in to the towne.

Styf botes our kynge had on,
Forsoth as I you say,
He rode syngynge to grene wede,
The covent was clothed in grave. 80

His male hors[w], and his grete somers,[ww]
Folowed our kynge be hynde,
Tyll they came to grene wede,
A myle under the lynde.[x]

There they met with good Robyn, 85
Stondynge on the waye,
And so dyde many a bolde archere,
For soth as I you say.

Robyn toke the kynges hors,
Hastely in that stede, 90
And sayd, Syr abbot, by your leve,
A whyle ye must abyde;

We be yemen of this foreste,
Under the grene wode tre,
We lyve by our kynges dere, 95
Other shyft have not we;

And ye have chyrches and rentes both,
And gold full grete plentè;
Gyve us some of your spendynge,
For saynt Charyte.[xx] 100

Than bespake our cumly kynge,
Anone than sayd he,
I brought no more to grene wode,
But forty pounde with me;

I have layne at Notyngham, 105
This fourtynyght with our kynge,
And spent I have full moche good,
On many a grete lordynge;

And I have but forty pounde,
No more than have I me, 110
But yf I had an hondred pounde,
I would geve it to the.

Robyn toke the forty pounde,
And departed it in two partye,
Halfendell[y] he gave his mery men, 115
And bad them mery to be.

VARIOUS READING.—*V.* 59. your. *Old Copies.*

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 96. Under the grene wode tre. *W.* *V.* 112. I vouche it halfe on the. *W.*

[o] Faith, honour.

[p] Perhaps, haugh, low ground by the side of a river? See the glossary to Bishop Douglas's Virgil, v. *Hawchis.* Halke, with Chaucer, signifies a corner; but here it seems used in opposition to a hill.

[q] *Welt them at his wyll*, did as he pleased with them, used them at his pleasure.

[r] Forester. [s] Train, suite. [t] Dress, habits. [u] Guide.

[v] Mr. Ritson queries the meaning of this word. We should probably read *cowl*: the allusion seems to be to the unusual distinction of the hat worn in addition to that portion of the monastic dress.—ED.

[w] Horse carrying the mail, *bag* or baggage.

[ww] Sumpter horses.

[x] The lime or linden tree; or, collectively, lime-trees, or trees in general.

[xx] This saint is also mentioned by Spenser, in his Fifth Eclogue:

"Ah dear lord, and sweet *Saint Charity*:"

again, in the downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

"Therefore, sweet master, for *Saint Charity*:"

and likewise in one of Ophelia's songs, in Hamlet:

"By Gis and by *Saint Charity*."

(See Shakspeare's Plays, 1793, xv. 163). Mr. Stevens's assertion, that "Saint Charity is a known saint among the Roman Catholics," though disputed by a Catholic friend, can be supported by infallible authority. "We read," says Dr. Douglas, "in the Martyrology, on the first of August, Romæ passio sanctarum virginum, *Fidei. Spei*, et *Charitatis*, quæ sub Hadriano principe martyrii coronam adeptæ sunt."—*Criterion*, p. 68.

[y] Half.

Full curteysly Robyn gan say,
  Syr, have this for your spendyng,
We shall mete a nether day.
  Gramercy, than sayd our kynge ; 120

But well the greteth Edwarde our kynge,
  And sent to the his seale,
And byddeth the com to Notyngham,
  Both to mete and mele.[yy]

He toke out the brode tarpe,[z] 125
  And sone he let hym se ;
Robyn coud his courteysy,[a]
  And set hym on his kne :

"I love no man in all the worlde
  So well as I do my kynge, 130
Welcome is my lordes seale ;
  And, monke, for thy tydynge,

Syr abbot, for thy tydynges,
  To day thou shalt dyne with me
For the love of my kynge 135
  Under my trystell tre."

Forth he lad our comly kynge,
  Full fayre by the honde,
Many a dere there was slayne,
  And full fast dyghtande.[b] 140

Robyn toke a full grete horne,
  And loude he gan blowe,
Seven score of wyght yonge men,[c]
  Came redy on a rowe.

All they kneeled on theyr kne,
  Full fayre before Robyn. 145
The kynge sayd hymselfe untyll,
  And swore by saynt Austyn,

Here is a wonder semely syght,
  Me thynketh, by goddes pyne ;[d] 150
His men are more at his byddynge,
  Then my men be at myn.

Full hastly was theyr dyner idyght,[e]
  And therto gan they gone,
They served our kynge with al theyr myght, 155
  Both Robyn and Lytell Johan.

Anone before our kynge was set
  The fatte venyson,
The good whyte brede, the good red wyne,
  And therto the fyne ale browne. 160

Make good chere, sayd Robyn,
  Abbot, for charyte ;
And for this ylke tydynge,
  Blyssed mote thou be.

Now shalte thou se what lyfe we lede, 165
  Or thou hens wende,
Than thou may enfourme our kynge,
  Whan ye togyder lende.[f]

Various Readings.—*V*. 125. seale. *C*. *V*. 160. and browne. *W*.

[yy] Meat and meal, unstinted hospitality.

[z] Qy. [a] *Coud his courteysy*, understood good manners.

[b] Made ready, disembowelled, or *brittled*, according to the old hunting phrase.—Ed. [c] Yeomen. See note [f], p. 43.

[d] *Goddes pyne*, Christ's passion, or crucifixion.

[e] Dight, dressed, made ready. [f] Meet, encounter.

Up they sterte all in hast,
  Theyr bowes were smartly bent, 170
Our kynge was never so sore agast,
  He wende[g] to have be shente.[h]

Two yerdes[i] there were up set,
  There to gan they gange ;[j]
By fifty pase, our kynge sayd, 175
  The merkes were to longe,

On every syde a rose garlonde,
  They shot under the lyne.
Who so fayleth of the rose garlonde, sayd Robyn,
  His takyll[k] he shall tyne,[l] 180

And yelde it to his mayster,
  Be it never so fyne,
For no man wyll I spare,
  So drynke I ale or wyne.

And bere a buffet on his hede, 185
  I wys ryght all bare.
And all that fell in Robyns lote,
  He smote them wonder sare.

Twyse Robyn shot aboute, 190
  And ever he cleved the wande,
And so dyde good Gylberte,
  With the whyte hand ;

Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,
  For nothyng wolde they spare, 195
When they fayled of the garlonde,
  Robyn smote them full sare :

At the last shot that Robyn shot,
  For all his frendes fare,
Yet he fayled of the garlonde, 200
  Thre fyngers and mare.

Than bespake good Gylberte,
  And thus he gan say,
Mayster, he sayd, your takyll is lost,
  Stand forth and take your pay. 205

If it be so, sayd Robyn,
  That may no better be ;
Syr abbot, I delyver the myn arowe,
  I pray the, syr, serve thou me.

It falleth not for myn order, sayd our kynge, 210
  Robyn, by thy leve,
For to smyte no good yeman,
  For doute I sholde hym greve.

Smyte on boldely, sayd Robyn,
  I give the large leve. 215
Anone our kynge, with that worde,
  He folde up his sleve,

And sych a buffet he gave Robyn,
  To grounde he yede full nere.
I make myn avowe to god, sayd Robyn, 220
  Thou arte a stalworthe[m] frere ;

Various Readings.—*V*. 186. A wys. *W*. For that shall be his fyne. *C*. *V*. 193. good whyte. *W*. lilly white. *C*.

[g] Thought. [h] Hurt, wounded.

[i] Rods.

[j] *Gan they gange*, are they gone, did they go. [Qy. They began to go?—Ed.] [k] Arrows.

[l] Lose, forfeit. [m] Stout, well-made.

There is pith in thyn arme, sayd Robyn,
  I trowe thou canst well shote.
Thus our kynge and Robyn Hode
  Togeder than they met. 225

Robyn beholde our comly kynge
  Wystly in the face,
So dyde syr Richarde at the Le,
  And kneled downe in that place ;

And so dyde all the wylde outlawes, 230
  Whan they se them knele.
"My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
  Now I knowe you well."

Mercy, then Robyn sayd to our kynge,
  Under your trystyll tre [n], 235
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace
  For my men and me !

Yes, for god, sayd Robyn,
  And also god me save ;
I aske mercy, my lorde the kynge, 240
  And for my men I crave.

Yes, for god, than sayd our kynge
  Thy peticion I graunt the,
With that thou leve the grene wode,
  And all thy company ; 245

And come home, syr, to my courte,
  And there dwell with me.
I make myn avowe to god, sayd Robyn,
  And ryght so shall it be ;

I wyll come to your courte, 250
  Your servyse for to se,
And brynge with me of my men
  Seven score and thre.

But me lyke well your servyse,
  I come agayne full soone, 255
And shote at the donne [o] dere,
  As I am wonte to done.

THE EIGHTH FYTTE.

Haste thou ony grene cloth ? sayd our kynge,
  That thou wylte sell nowe to me.
Ye, for god, sayd Robyn,
  Thyrty yerdes and thre.

Robyn, sayd our kynge, 5
  Now pray I the,
To sell me some of that cloth,
  To me and my meynè.

Yes, for god, then sayd Robyn,
  Or elles I were a fole ; 10
A nother day ye wyll me clothe,
  I trowe, ayenst [p] the Yole [q].

The kynge kest [r] of his cote then,
  A grene garment he dyde on,
And every knyght had so, I wys, 15
  They clothed them full soone.

Whan they were clothed in Lyncolne grene,
  They kest away theyr graye.
Now we shall to Notyngham,
  All thus our kynge gan say. 20

Theyr bowes bente and forth they went,
  Shotynge all in fere,
Towarde the towne of Notyngham,
  Outlawes as they were.

Our kynge and Robyn rode togyder, 25
  For soth as I you say,
And they shote plucke buffet [s],
  As they went by the way ;

And many a buffet our kynge wan,
  Of Robyn Hode that day ; 30
And nothynge spared good Robyn
  Our kynge in his pay.

So god me helpe, sayd our kynge,
  Thy game is nought to lere,
I sholde not get a shote of the, 35
  Though I shote all this yere.

All the people of Notyngham
  They stode and behelde,
They sawe nothynge but mantels of grene,
  That covered all the felde ; 40

Than every man to other gan say,
  I drede our kynge be slone [t] ;
Come Robyn Hode to the towne, I wys,
  On lyve he leveth not one.

Full hastly they began to fle, 45
  Both yemen and knaves,
And olde wyves that myght evyll goo,
  They hypped on theyr staves.

The kynge loughe [u] full fast,
  And commanded theym agayne ; 50
When they se our comly kynge,
  I wys they were full fayne [x].

They ete and dranke, and made them glad,
  And sange with notes hye.
Than bespake our comly kynge 55
  To syr Rycharde at the Lee :

He gave hym there his londe agayne,
  A good man he bad hym be.
Robyn thanked our comly kynge,
  And set hym on his kne. 60

Various Readings.—V. 248. And therto sent I me. *W.* *V.* 9. good. *OCC.*

[n] See note [b], p. 46. [o] Dun. [p] Against. [q] Christmas.

Various Readings.—V. 16. Another had full sone. *W.* *V.* 44. Lefte never one. *W.* *V.* 49. lughe. *W.*

[r] Cast.

[s] *Plucke buffet.* The meaning of this term is queried by Mr. Ritson. May it not signify a shooting-match in which the loser was bound to stand a buffet from his opponent ? A somewhat similar forfeit is exacted in certain boys' games, as marbles and ball.—Ed.

[t] Slain. [u] Laughed. [x] Glad.

Had Robyn dwelled in the kynges courte,
But twelve monethes and thre,
That he had spent an hondred pounde,
And all his mennes fe [y].

In every place where Robyn came, 65
Ever more he layde downe,
Both for knyghtes and for squyres,
To gete hym grete renowne,

By than the yere was all agone,
He had no man but twayne 70
Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,
Wyth him all for to gone.

Robyn sawe yonge men shote,
Full fayre upon a day,
Alas! than sayd good Robyn, 75
My welthe is went away.

Somtyme I was an archere good,
A styffe and eke a stronge,
I was commytted [z] the best archere, 80
That was in mery Englonde.

Alas! then sayd good Robyn,
Alas and well a woo!
Yf I dwele lenger with the kynge,
Sorowe wyll me sloo. 85

Forth than went Robyn Hode,
Tyll he came to our kynge:
"My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
Graunte me myn askynge.

I made a chapell in Bernysdale, 90
That semely is to se,
It is of Mary Magdalene,
And thereto wolde I be;

I myght never in this seven nyght,
No tyme to slepe ne wynke, 95
Nother all these seven dayes,
Nother ete ne drynke.

Me longeth sore to Bernysdale,
I may not be therfro,
Barefote and wolwarde [a] I have hyght [b] 100
Thyder for to go."

Yf it be so, than sayd our kynge,
It may no better be;
Seven nyght I gyve the leve,
No lengre, to dwell fro me. 105

Gramercy, lorde, then sayd Robyn,
And set hym on his kne;
He toke his leve full courteysly,
To grene wode then went he.

Whan he came to grene wode, 110
In a mery mornynge,
There he herde the notes small,
Of byrdes mery syngynge.

It is ferre gone, sayd Robyn,
That I was last here, 115
Me lyste a lytell for to shote,
At the donne dere.

Robyn slewe a full grete harte,
His horne than gan he blow,
That all the outlawes of that forèst, 120
That horne coud they knowe,

And gadred them togyder,
In a lytell throwe [c],
Seven score of wight yonge men [d],
Came redy on a rowe; 125

And fayre dyde of theyr hodes,
And set them on theyr kne:
Welcome, they sayd, our maystèr,
Under this grene wode tre.

Robyn dwelled in grene wode, 130
Twenty yere and two,
For all drede of Edwarde our kynge,
Agayne wolde he not goo.

Yet he was begyled, I wys,
Through a wycked womàn, 135
The pryoresse of Kyrkesly,
That nye was of his kynne,

For the love of a knyght,
Syr Roger of Donkestèr,
That was her owne speciall, 140
Full evyll mote they 'fare,'

They toke togyder theyr counsell
Robyn Hode for to sle [e],
And how they myght best do that dede,
His banis [f] for to be. 145

Than bespake good Robyn,
In place where as he stode,
To morow I muste to Kyrkesley,
Craftely [g] to be leten blode.

Syr Roger of Donkestere, 150
By the pryoresse he lay,
And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,
Through theyr false playe.

Cryst have mercy on his soule,
That dyed on the rode! 155
For he was a good out lawe,
And dyde pore men moch god.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 74. forre. *W.* *V.* 75. commended for. *C.*

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 134. donkesley. *W.* *V.* 136. the. *Old Copies.*

[y] Fee, wages. [z] Accounted.

[a] Wearing a flannel shirt by way of penance. See Stevens's *Shakspeare*, 1793, v. 360.

[b] Vowed, promised.

[c] Space.

[d] Yeomen. See note [f], p. 43.

[e] Slay. [f] Bane, destruction.

[g] Skilfully, *secundum artem.*

II.

ROBYN HODE [AND THE POTTER].

THIS curious, and hitherto unpublished, and even unheard of old piece, is given from a manuscript, among bishop Mores collections, in the public library of the university of Cambridge (Ee. 4. 35). The writing, which is evidently that of a vulgar and illiterate person, appears to be of the age of Henry the seventh, that is about the year 1500; but the composition (which he has irremediably corrupted) is probably of an earlyer period, and much older, no doubt, than "The play of Robyn Hode," which seems allusive to the same story. At the end of the original is "Expleycyt Robyn Hode."

IN schomer[h], when the leves spryng,
  The bloschems[i] on every bowe[k],
So merey doyt[l] the berdys syng,
  Yn wodys[m] merey now.

Herkens, god yemen, 5
  Comley, cortessey[n], and god,
On of the best that yever bar bou[o],
  * Hes name was Roben Hode.

Roben Hood was the yemans name,
  That was boyt[p] corteys and fre; 10
For the loffe[q] of owr ladey,
  All wemen werschep[r] 'he.'

Bot as the god yeman stod on a day,
  Among hes mery maney[s],
He was war of a prowd potter, 15
  Cam dryfyng owyr the 'ley.'

Yonder comet a prod potter, seyde Roben,
  That long hayt[t] hantyd this wey,
He was never so corteys a man
  On peney of pawage[u] to pay. 20

Y met hem bot at Wentbreg, seyde Lytyll John,
  And therfor yeffell[x] mot he the,
Seche thre strokes he me gafe,
  Yet they cleffe by my seydys.

Y ley forty shillings, seyde Lytyll John, 25
  To pay het[y] thes same day,
Ther ys nat a man among hus[z] all
  A wed[a] schall make hem ley.

Her ys forty shillings, seyde Roben,
  Mor, and thow dar say, 30
That y schall make that prowde potter,
  A wed to me schall he ley.

Ther thes money they leyde,
  They toke het a yeman to kepe;
Roben befor the potter he breyde[b], 35
  'And up to hem can lepe.'

Handys apon hes horse he leyde,
  And bad 'hem' stonde foll stell.
The potter schorteley to hem seyde,
  Felow, what ys they well? 40

All thes thre yer, and mor, potter, he seyde,
  Thow hast hantyd thes wey,
Yet wer tow never so cortys a man
  One peney of pauage[c] to pay.

What ys they name? seyde the potter; 45
  For pauage thow aske of me.
"Roben Hod ys mey name,
  A wed schall thow leffe[d] me."

Wed well y non leffe, seyde the potter
  Nor payag[e] well y non pay; 50
Awey they honde fro mey horse,
  Y well the tone[f] eyls, be mey fay.

The potter to hes cart he went,
  He was not to seke,
A god to-hande staffe therowt he hent[g], 55
  Befor Roben he 'lepe.'

Roben howt with a swerd bent[h],
  A bokeler en hes honde [therto];
The potter to Roben he went,
  And seyde, Felow, let mey horse go. 60

Togeder then went thes two yemen,
  Het was a god seyt to se;
Therof low[i] Robyn hes men,
  Ther they stod under a tre.

Leytell John to hes felow he seyde, 65
  Yend[k] potter welle steffeley stonde.
The potter, with a caward[l] stroke,
  Smot the bokeler owt of hes honde;

And ar[m] Roben meyt get het agen,
  Hes bokeler at hes fette, 70
The potter yn the neke hem toke,
  To the gronde sone he yede.

That saw Roben hes men,
  As thay stode ender[n] a bow:
Let us helpe owr master, seyed Lytell John, 75
  Yonder potter els well hem sclo[o].

Thes yemen went with a breyde[p],
  To 'ther' master they cam.
Leytell John to hes master seyde,
  Ho haet the wager won? 80

Schall y haff yowr forty shillings, seyde Lytel [John,
  Or ye, master, schall haffe myne?
[q] Yeff they wer a hundred, seyde Roben,
  Y feythe, they ben all theyne.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 12. ye. *V.* 16. lefe. *V.* 17. syde. *V.* 21. syde. *V.* 27. hya. *V.* 28. leffe.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 36. A bad hem stond still. *V.* 38. the potter. *V.* 56. leppyd. *V.* 69. A. *V.* 76. seyde hels. *V.* 77. went yemen. *V.* 78. thes. *V.* 82. lytl.

[h] Summer. [i] Blossoms. [k] Bough. [l] Doth, do. [m] Woods. [n] Courteous. [o] Bow. [p] Both. [q] Love. [r] Reverenced, respected. [s] Attendants, retinue; *mesnie*, Fr. [t] Hath.

[u] *Pawage*, or *pasage*. A toll or duty payable for the liberty of passing over the soil or territory of another: *paagium*, d. [x] Evil. [y] It. [z] Us.

[a] Pawn, pledge, or deposit. [b] Started, stept hastily.

[c] See v. 20. [d] Leave. [e] See verse 20. [f] Grieve. [g] Took, caught.

[h] Bent. Mr. Ritson makes a query here; the meaning appears to us to [illegible] Robin out with a sword, *turned towards*, or *pointed at* his adversary," the word *bent* being used in the same sense as when we speak of a person having *bent* his eyes upon another.—Ed. [i] Laughed.

[k] Yon. [l] Awkward, or backward. See Awkward, p. 63. [m] Ere. [n] Under. [o] Slay.

[p] Start, quick or hasty step. [q] If.

Het ys fol leytell cortesey, seyde the potter, 85
As y haffe harde weyse men saye,
Yeff a por yeman com drywyng ower the wey,
To let[r] hem of hes gorney[s].

Be mey trowet[t], thow seys soyt[u], seyde Roben,
Thow seys god yemenrey[x]; 90
And thow dreyffe[y] forthe yevery day,
Thow schalt never be let[z] for me.

Y well prey the, god potter,
A felischepe well thow haffe?
Geffe me they clothyng, and thow schalt hafe myne;
Y well go to Notynggam. 95

Robyn went to Notynggam,
Thes pottes for to sell;
The potter abode with Robens men,
Ther he fered[a] not eylle[b]. 100

Y grant therto, seyde the potter,
Thow schalt feynde me a felow gode;
Bot thow can sell mey pottes well,
Com ayen as thow yede.

Nay, be mey trowt, seyde Roben, 105
And then y besero[c] mey hede,
Yeffe y bryng eney pottes ayen,
And eney weyffe well hem chepe[d].

Than spake Leytell John,
And all hes felowhes heynd[e], 110
Master, be well war of the screffe of Notynggam,
For he ys leytell howr frende.

Thorow the helpe of howr ladey,
Felowhes, let me alone;
Heyt war howte[f], seyde Roben, 115
To Notynggam well y gon.

Tho Roben droffe on hes wey,
So merey ower the londe.
Heres mor and affter ys to saye,
The best ys beheynde. 120

[THE SECOND FIT.]

When Roben cam to Notynggam,
The soyt yef y scholde saye,
He set op hes horse anon,
And gaffe hem hotys[g] and haye.

Yn the medys[h] of the towne, 125
Ther he schowed hes war,
Pottys! pottys! he gan crey foll sone,
Haffe hansell for the mar[i].

Foll effen agenest the screffeys gate,
Schowed he hes chaffar[k]; 130
Weyffes and wedowes abowt hem drow,
And chepyd[l] fast of hes war.

Yet, Pottys, great chepe[m]! cryed Robyn,
Y loffe yeffell[n] thes[o] to stonde.
And all that saw hem sell, 135
Seyde he had be no potter long.

The pottys that wer werthe pens feyffe,
He solde tham for pens thre:
Preveley seyde man and weyffe,
Ywnder potter schall never the[p]. 140

Thos Roben solde foll fast,
Tell he had pottys bot feyffe[q];
Op he hem toke of his car,
And sende hem to the screffeys[r] weyffe.

Therof sche was foll fayne, 145
Gereamarsey[s], sir, than seyde sche,
When ye com to thes contre ayen,
Y schall bey of 'they' pottys, so mot y the.

Ye schall haffe of the best, seyde Roben,
And swar be the treneytè. 150
Foll corteysley 'she' gan hem call,
Com deyne with the screfe and me.

Godamarsey[t], seyde Roben,
Yowr bedyng schall be doyn[u].
A mayden yn the pottys gan ber, 155
Roben and the screffe weyffe folowed anon.

Whan Roben ynto the hall cam,
The screffe sone he met,
The potter cowed of corteysey[x],
And sone the screffe he gret[y]. 160

"Loketh what thes potter hayt geffe[z] yow and me,
Feyffe pottys smalle and grete!"
He ys fol wellcom, seyd the screffe,
Let os[a] was[b], and 'go' to mete.

As they sat at her methe[c], 165
With a nobell cher,
Two of the screffes men gan speke
Off a gret wager,

Various Readings.—*V*. 90. yemercy. *V*. 101. grat. *V*. 104. yede.

Various Readings.—*V*. 135. say. *V*. 146. seyde sche s' than. *V*. 148. tho. *V*. 151. he. *V*. 161. Loseth. *V*. 164. to.

[r] Hinder. [s] Journey. [t] Troth. [u] Sooth, truth.

[x] *Thou seys god yemenrey*, Thou speakest honestly, fairly, sensibly, like a good yeoman. [y] Drive. [z] Hindered.

[a] Fared, lived. [b] This stanza is evidently misplaced; it should be either the last but one of the present, or the first of the next *fit*.

[c] Beshrew. [A curse invoking sorrow, *Beshrew thee*, sorrow be to thee.—Ed.] [d] Cheapen, buy.

[e] Gentle, courteous. [f] Qy. [g] Oats.

[h] Midst, middle.

[i] The vender of any wares is said to receive *hansel* of his first customer; but the meaning of the text, *Haffe hansel for the mar*, is not understood, unless it can be thought to imply, *Give me hansel*, i. e., buy of my pots.

[k] Chaffer, merchandize. [l] Cheapened, bought.

[m] Very cheap: *à très-bon marché*, Fr. [n] Evil.

[o] Thus. [p] Thrive. [q] Five. [r] Sheriff's.

[s] Gramercy, thanks, or many thanks; *grand merci*, Fr.

[t] See Gereamarsey, above.

[u] Bedyng, asking. *Your bedyng schall be doyn*; your invitation shall be complied with.

[x] Could, knew. *Cowed of corteysey*, understood good manners. [y] Greeted, saluted. [z] Given. [a] Us.

[b] Wash. "And afterward the justices arise and *wasse*, and geffe thanks onto the new serjaunts for ther gode dyner." (*Origines juridiciales*, p. 116.) This ceremony, which, in former times, was constantly practised as well before as after meat, seems to have fallen into disuse on the introduction of forks, about the year 1620; as before that period our ancestors supplied the place of this necessary utensil with their fingers. [c] Meat.

Was made the thother daye,
Off a schotyng was god and feyne, 170
Off forty shillings, the soyt[d] to saye,
Who scholde thes wager wen.

Styll than sat thes prowde potter,
Thos[e] than thowt he,
As y am a trow[f] Cerstyn[g] man, 175
Thes schotyng well y se.

Whan they had fared of the best,
With bred and ale and weyne,
To the 'bottys[h] they' made them prest[i],
With bowes and boltys[j] foll feyne. 180

The screffes men schot foll fast,
As archares that weren godde,
Ther cam non ner ney the marke
Bey halfe a god archares bowe.

Stell then stod the prowde potter, 185
Thos than seyde he,
And y had a bow, be the rode[k],
On schot scholde yow se.

Thow schall haffe a bow, seyde the screffe,
The best that thow well cheys[l] of thre; 190
Thow semyst a stalward[m] and a stronge,
Asay[n] schall thow be.

The screffe comandyd a yeman that stod hem bey
Affter bowhes to wende;
The best bow that the yeman browthe 195
Roben set on a stryng.

"Now schall y wet and thow be god,[o]
And polle het op to they ner[p]."
So god me helpe, seyde the prowde potter,
Thys ys bot rygzt weke ger[q]. 200

To a quequer[r] Roben went,
A god bolt owthe[s] he toke,
So ney on to the marke he went,
He fayled not a fothe[t].

All they schot abowthe agen, 205
The screffes men and he,
Off the marke he welde not fayle,
He cleffed the preke[u] on thre.

The screffes men thowt gret schame,
The potter the mastry wan; 210
The screffe lowe and made god game,
And seyde, Potter, thow art a man;
Thow art worthey to ber a bowe,
Yn what plas that thow 'gang.'

Yn mey cart y haffe a bowe, 215
Forsoyt[v], he seyde, and that a godde;
Yn mey cart ys the bow
That 'I had of Robyn Hode.'

Knowest thow Robyn Hode? seyde the screffe,
Potter, y prey the tell thou me. 220
"A hundred torne y haffe schot with hem,
Under hes tortyll[x] tre."

Y had lever nar a hundred ponde, seyde the screffe,
And swar be the trenitè,
[Y had lever nar[y] a hundred ponde, he seyde,] 225
That the fals owtelawe stod be me.

And ye well do afftyr mey red, seyde the potter,
And boldeley go with me,
And to morow, or we het[z] bred,
Roben Hode wel we se. 230

Y well queyt[a] the, kod[b] the screffe,
And swer be god of meythe[c].
Schetyng[d] thay left, and hom they went,
[e]Her scoper[f] was redey deythe[g]

e morow, when het[h] was day, 235
ɔskyd[i] hem forthe to reyde;
The potter hes carte forthe gan ray[k],
And wolde not [be] leffe[l] beheynde.

He toke leffe[m] of the screffys wyffe,
And thankyd her of all thyng: 240
"Dam, for mey loffe, and ye well thys wer,
Y geffe yow her a golde ryng."

Gramarsey[n], seyde the weyffe,
Sir, god eylde[o] het the.
The screffes hart was never so leythe[p], 245
The feyr forest to se.

And when he cam ynto the foreyst,
Yonder[q] the leffes grene,
Berdys ther sange on bowhes prest,
Het was gret goy[r] to sene[s]. 250

Her het[t] ys merey to be, seyde Roben,
For a man that had hawt[u] to spende:
Be mey horne 'we' schall awet[x]
Yeff Roben Hode be 'ner hande.'

Roben set hes horne to hes mowthe, 255
And blow a blast that was foll god,
That herde hes men that ther stode,
Fer downe yn the wodde.
I her mey master, seyde Leytyll John:
They ran as thay wer wode[y]. 260

Various Readings.—*V V.* 169. 170. *These two lines are transposed in the MS.* *V.* 179. pottys the. *V.* 180. bolt yt. *V.* 191. senyst. *V.* 214. goe.

Various Readings.—*V.* 218. that Robyng gaffe me. *V.* 232. mey they. *V.* 251. so. *V.* 254. he. *V.* 255. her. *V.* 259. For.

[d] Sooth, truth. [e] Thus. [f] True.
[g] Christian. [h] Butts, marks for shooting at.
[i] Ready, ready to go.
[j] A bolt was an arrow of a particular kind, used for shooting at a mark or at birds. [k] Crucifix.
[l] Choose. [m] Stout, well-made. [n] Essayed, tried, proved.
[o] Wit (know) and (an, if) thou art good. [p] Ear.
[q] Gear, stuff, goods, property, effects. [r] Quiver.
[s] Out. [t] Foot.
[u] A piece of wood in the centre of the target.

[v] Forsooth, truly.
[x] Wreathed, twined, twirled, twisted; *tortillé*, Fr.
[y] Nor than. [z] Eat. [a] Quit, recompense.
[b] Quoth. [c] Might. [d] Shooting. [e] Their.
[f] Supper. [g] Dight, dressed. [h] It.
[i] Busked, prepared, got ready. [k] Array, put in order.
[l] Left. [m] Leave
[n] Thanks, or many thanks, *grand merci*, Fr. [o] Yield.
[p] Light. [q] Under. [r] Joy. [s] See. [t] It.
[u] Aught, anything, something. [x] Wit, know. [y] Mad.

When thay to thar master cam,
  Leytell John wold not spar:
" Master, how haffe yow far yn Notynggam?
  " Haffe yow solde yowr war?"

" Ye, be mey trowthe, Leytyll John, 265
  Loke thow take no car;
Y haffe browt the screffe of Notynggam,
  For all howr chaffar."

He ys foll wellcom, seyde Lytyll John,
  Thes tydyng ys foll godde. 270
The screffe had lever nar[z] a hundred ponde
  He had never sene Roben Hode.

" Had I west that beforen[a],
  At Notynggam when we wer,
Thow scholde not com yn feyr forest 275
  Of all thes thowsande eyr[b].

" That wot y well, seyde Roben,
  Y thanke god that y be her;
Therfor schall ye leffe yowr horse with hos[c],
  And all your hother ger. 280

That fend I godys forbode[d], kod the screffe,
  So to lese mey godde[e].
" Hether ye cam on horse soll hey,
  And hom schall ye go on fote;
And gret well they weyffe at home, 285
  The woman ys foll godde[f].

Y schall her sende a wheyt palffrey,
  Het[g] hambellet[h] as the weynde;
Ner[i] for the loffe of yowr weyffe,
  Off mor sorow scholde yow seyng." 290

Thes parted Robyn Hode and the screffe,
  To Notynggam he toke the waye;
Hes weyffe feyr welcomed hem hom,
  And to hem gan sche saye:

Seyr, how haffe yow fared yn grene foreyst? 295
  Haffe ye browt Roben hom?
" Dam, the deyell[k] spede hem, bothe bodey and [bon,
  Y haffe hade a foll grete skorne.

Of all the god[l] that y haffe lade to grene wod,
  He hayt take het fro me, 300
All bot this feyr palffrey,
  That he hayt sende to the."

With that sche toke op a lowde lawhyng,
  And swhar be hem that deyed on tre,
Now haffe yow payed for all the pottys 305
  That Roben gaffe to me.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 263. How haffe. *V.* 266. I leyty. *V.* 274. He had west. *V.* 279. that ye be. *V.* 284. y. *V.* 288. *The MS. repeats this line after the following:* Het ambellet be mey sey.

[z] Nor, than. [a] Before. [b] Year. [c] Us.

[d] *That fend I godys forbode.* Mr. Ritson explains *fend*, as defend; and *forbode*, as commandment; but queries the sense of the passage. Fend, is rightly interpreted as *defend*, used here in its legitimate sense as forbid, *prohibit*. *Forbode*, is more properly a *commandment not to do, a prohibition*, than a simple commandment. The sentence in modern English would consequently run thus: *That forbids God's prohibition, i. e.* it is contrary to God's commandment. The "I," is manifestly an interpolation.—ED.

[e] Goods, property. [f] Good. [g] It. [h] Ambleth.

[i] Nor were it, were it not. [k] Devil. [l] Good, goods, property.

Now ye be com hom to Notynggam,
  Ye schall haffe god ynowe."
Now speke we of Roben Hode,
  And of the pottyr onder the grene bowhe. 310

" Potter, what was they pottys worthe
  To Notynggam that y ledde with me?"
They wer worth two nobellys[m], seyd he,
  So mot[n] y treyffe[o] or the;
So cowde y had for tham, 315
  And y had ther be.

Thow schalt hafe ten ponde, seyde Roben,
  Of money feyr and fre;
And yever whan thow comest to grene wod,
  Wellcom, potter, to me. 320

Thes partyd Robyn, the screffe, and the potter,
  Ondernethe the grene wod tre.
God haffe mersey on Roben Hodys solle,
  And saffe all god yemanrey!

III.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

THIS poem, a north country (or, perhaps, Scotish) composition of some antiquity, is given from a modern copy printed at Newcastle, where the editor accidentally picked it up: no other having, to his knowledge, been ever seen or heard of. The corruptions of the press being equally numerous and minute, some of the most trifling have been corrected without notice. But it may be proper to mention that each line of the printed copy is here thrown into two; a step which, though absolutely necessary from the narrowness of the page, is sufficiently justified by the frequent recurrence of the double rime. The division of stanzas was conceived to be a still further improvement. —The original title is, " A pretty dialogue betwixt Robin Hood and a beggar."

LYTH[p] and listen, gentlemen,
  That be of high born blood,
I'll tell you of a brave booting[q]
  That befell Robin Hood.

Robin Hood upon a day, 5
  He went forth him alone,
And as he came from Barnsdale
  Into fair evening,

He met a beggar on the way,
  Who sturdily could gang[r]; 10
He had a pike-staff in his hand
  That was both stark[s] and strang[t];

A clouted[u] clock[x] about him was,
  That held[y] him frae[z] the cold,
The thinnest bit of it, I guess, 15
  Was more then twenty fold.

His meal-poke[a] hang about his neck,
  Into a leathern whang[b],
Well fasten'd to a broad bucle,
  That was both stark and 'strang.' 20

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 311. bowhes. *V.* 317. be ther.

[m] Nobles. The noble was a gold coin, value 6*s.* 8*d.*
[n] Might. [o] Thrive. [p] Attend, hear, hearken.
[q] *Booting*, Qy. [r] Go. [s] Stiff. [t] Strong.
[u] Patched. [x] Cloak. [y] Kept. [z] From.
[a] Meal-bag; bag in which oatmeal is put. [b] Thong or string.

He had three hats upon his head,
  Together sticked fast,
He car'd neither for wind nor wet,
  In lands where'er he past.

Good Robin cast him in the way, 25
  To see what he might be,
If any beggar had money,
  He thought some part had he

Tarry, tarry, good Robin says,
  Tarry, and speak with me. 30
He heard him as he heard him not,
  And fast on his way can hy.

'Tis be not so, says [good] Robin,
  Nay, thou must tarry still.
By my troth, said the bold beggar, 35
  Of that I have no will.

It is far to my lodging house,
  And it is growing late,
If they have supt e'er I come in
  I will look wondrous blate[c]. 40

Now, by my truth, says good Robin,
  I see well by thy fare,
If thou shares well to thy supper,
  Of mine thou dost not care,

Who wants my dinner all this day, 45
  And wots not where to ly,
And would I to the tavern go,
  I want money to buy.

Sir, you must lend me some money
  Till we meet again. 50
The beggar answer'd cankardly[d],
  I have no money to lend.

Thou art a young man as I,
  And seems to be as sweer[e];
If thou fast till thou get from me, 55
  Thou shalt eat none this year.

Now, by my truth, says [good] Robin,
  Since we are asembled so,
If thou has but a small farthing,
  I'll have it e'er thou go. 60

Come, lay down thy clouted cloak,
  And do no longer stand,
And loose the strings of all thy pokes,
  I'll ripe them with my hand.

And now to thee I make a vow, 65
  If 'thou' make any din,
I shall see a broad arrow,
  Can pierce a beggar's skin.

The beggar smil'd, and answer made,
  Far better let me be; 70
Think not that I will be afraid,
  For thy nip[f] crooked tree;

Various Reading.—V. 24. where'e.

[c] Sheepish, or foolish, as we should now say.
[d] Peevishly, with ill temper. [e] Qy
[f] Nip (in Scotch), paring, shred, little bit. q. d. Your paltry bit of a stick or bird-bolt.—Ed.

Or that I fear thee any whit,
  For thy curn[g] nips of sticks,
I know no use for them so meet 75
  As to be puding-pricks[h].

Here I defy thee to do me ill,
  For all thy boisterous fair[i],
Thou's get nothing from me but ill,
  Would'st thou seek evermair. 80

Good Robin bent his noble bow,
  He was an angery man,
And in it set a broad arrow;
  Lo! e'er 'twas drawn a span,

The beggar, with his noble tree[k], 85
  Reach'd him so round a rout,
That his bow and his broad arrow
  In flinders[l] flew about.

Good Robin bound[m] him to his brand,
  But that prov'd likewise vain, 90
The beggar lighted on his hand
  With his pike staff again.

[I] wot he might not draw a sword
  For forty days and mair[n].
Good Robin could not speak a word,
  His heart was ne'er so sair[o] 95

He could not fight, he could not flee,
  He wist not what to do;
The beggar with his noble tree
  Laid lusty slaps him to. 100

He paid[p] good Robin back and side
  And baist[q] him up and down,
And with his pyke-staff laid on loud,
  Till he fell in a swoon.

Stand up, man, the beggar said, 105
  'Tis shame to go to rest
Stay till thou get thy money told,
  I think it were the best:

And syne[r] go to the tavern house,
  And buy both wine and ale; 110
Hereat thy friends will crack[s] full crouse[t],
  Thou hast been at the dale.

Good Robin answer'd ne'er a word,
  But lay still as a stane[u];
His cheeks were pale as any clay, 115
  And closed were his een[x].

The beggar thought him dead but fail[y]
  And boldly bound[z] his way—
I would ye had been at the dale,
  And gotten part of the play 120

Various Reading.—V. 116. clos'd We might read:

And clos'd were [baith] his een

[g] Qy. [h] Skewers that fasten the pudding-bag.
[i] Fare, ado. [k] Staff. [l] Splinters. [m] Betook.
[n] More [o] Sore. [p] Beat [q] Basted, belaboured.
[r] After, afterward, then. [s] Boast. [t] Brisk. [u] Stone.
[x] Eyes. [y] *But fail.* Without fail, without doubt.
[z] Went; betook himself to.

THE SECOND PART.

Now three of Robin's men, by chance,
  Came walking by the way,
And found their master in a trance,
  On ground where that he lay.

Up have they taken good Robin, 5
  Making a pitious bear[a],
Yet saw they no man there at whom
  They might the matter spear[b].

They looked him all round about,
  But wound on him saw 'nane'[c], 10
Yet at his mouth came bocking[d] out
  The blood of a good vain.

Cold water they have gotten syne,
  And cast unto his face;
Then he began to hitch his ear, 15
  And speak within short space.

Tell us, dear master, said his men,
  How with you stands the case.
Good Robin sigh'd e'er he began
  To tell of his disgrace. 20

"I have been watchman in this wood
  Near hand this twenty year,
Yet I was never so hard bestead[e]
  As ye have found me here;

A beggar with a clouted clock, 25
  Of whom I fear'd no ill
Hath with his pyke-staff cla'd[f] my back,
  I fear 'twill never be well.

See, where he goes o'er yon hill,
  With hat upon his head; 30
If e'er ye lov'd your master well,
  Go now revenge this deed;

And bring him back again to me,
  If it lie in your might[g],
That I may see, before I die, 35
  Him punish'd in my sight:

And if you may not bring him back,
  Let him not go loose on;
For to us all it were great shame
  If he escape again." 40

"One of us shall with you remain,
  Because you're ill at ease,
The other two shall bring him back,
  To use him as you please."

Now, by my truth, says good Robin, 45
  I true[h] there's enough said;
And he get scouth[i] to wield his tree,
  I fear you'll both be paid[j].

"Be not fear'd, our master,
  That we two can be dung[k] 50
With any bluter[l] base beggàr,
  That has nought but a rung[m].

His staff shall stand him in no stead,
  That you shall shortly see,
But back again he shall be led, 55
  And fast bound shall he be,
To see if ye will have him slain,
  Or hanged on a tree."

"But cast you sliely in his way,
  Before he be aware, 60
And on his pyke-staff first hands lay,
  Ye'll speed the better far."

Now leave we Robin with his man,
  Again to play the child,
And learn himself to stand and gang 65
  By halds[n], for all his eild[o].

Now pass we to the bold beggàr,
  That raked[p] o'er the hill,
Who never mended his pace more,
  Then he had done no ill. 70

. . . .

. . . .

[q]And they have taken another way,
  Was nearer by miles three.

They stoutly ran with all their might,
  Spared neither dub[r] 'nor' mire,
They started at neither how[s] nor height, 75
  No travel made them tire,

Till they before the beggar wan[t],
  And cast them in his way;
A little wood lay in a glen[u],
  And there they both did stay; 80

They stood up closely by a tree,
  In each side of the gate[v],
Untill the beggar came them nigh,
  That thought of no such late[x]:

And as he was betwixt them past, 85
  They leapt upon him baith[y];
The one his pyke-staff gripped[z] fast,
  They feared for its skaith[a].

The other he held in his sight
  A drawen durk[b] to his breast, 90
And said, False 'carel[c],' quit thy staff,
  Or I shall be thy priest.

---

[a] Moan, lamentation, outcry. [This is a very singular use of this word, nor are we aware of any other instance in which it occurs in this sense as a substantive.—Ed.]

[b] Ask, inquire. [c] None.
[d] Pouring, flowing. [e] Beset, put to it.
[f] Scratched. [g] Power.
[h] Trow, believe. [i] Scope, space.—Ed.
[j] Beaten.

[k] Beaten, overcome.

[l] *Bluter*. Mr. Ritson queries the meaning of this word. It is possible that it is the same as *bloated*, and used in the sense of puffed up, arrogant, or *saucy*. A Scottish friend informs us that, in Scotch, *Bluter* signifies to bubble up, splutter.—Ed. [m] Staff.

[n] Holds, holding places, supports. [o] Age. [p] Walked apace.

[q] The preceding lines of this stanza are wanting in the original. [r] Shallow miry pool. [s] Hill. [t] Got. [u] Valley.

[v] Way, *gate*, is a common word in the north for way.—P.

[x] Lake, play, game? [Qy. Is this not a forced abbreviation of *laying in wait*, used by the minstrel for the sake of the rhyme? or perhaps we should read *let*, i. e. hindrance. —Ed.] [y] Both. [z] Grasped, laid hold of.

[a] *They feared for its skaith*. They feared for the *harm* it might do them. [b] Dagger.

[c] Carle, old fellow. [Anglo-Saxon, *Ceorl*, a labouring man, a rustic. *Carel, carl*, in the ancient language of Germany, signifies *robust*, strong.]

His pyke-staff they have taken him frae,
And stuck it in the green,
He was full loath to let it gae, 95
An better might it been.

The beggar was the feardest[d] man
Of any that e'er might be,
To win[e] away no way he can,
Nor help him with his tree. 100

Nor wist he wherefore he was ta'en,
Nor how many was there;
He thought his life days had been gane,
He grew into dispair.

Grant me my life, the beggar said, 105
For him that dy'd on the tree,
And hold away that ugly knife,
Or else for fear I'll die.

I griev'd you never in all my life,
Neither by late or air[f], 110
You have great sin if you would slay
A silly poor beggàr.

Thou lies, false lown[g], they said again,
For all that may be sworn;
Thou hast 'near' slain the gentlest man 115
Of one that e'er was born;

And back again thou shall be led,
And fast bound shalt thou be,
To see if he will have thee slain,
Or hanged on a tree. 120

The beggar then thought all was wrong,
They were set for his wrack[h],
He saw nothing appearing then,
But ill upon warse[i] back.

Were he out of their hands, he thought, 125
And had again his tree,
He should not be led back for nought,
With such as he did see.

Then he bethought him on a wile,
If it could take effect, 130
How he might the young men beguile,
And give them a begeck[k].

Thus to do them shame for ill
His beastly breast was bent,
He found the wind blew something shrill, 135
To further his intent.

He said, Brave gentlemen, be good,
And let a poor man be;
When ye have taken a beggar's blood,
It helps you not a flee[l]. 140

It was but in my own defence,
If he has gotten skaith;
But I will make a recompence
Is better for you baith.

If ye will set me fair and free, 145
And do me no more dear[m],
An hundred pounds I will you give,
And much more odd silvèr,

That I have gather'd this many years,
Under this clouted cloak, 150
And hid up wonder privately,
In bottom of my poke[n].

The young men to the council yeed[o],
And let the beggar gae[p];
They wist full well he had no speed 155
From them to run away.

They thought they would the money take,
Come after what so may;
And yet they would not take him back,
But in that place him slay. 160

By that good Robin would not know
That they had gotten coin,
It would content him [well] to show
That there they had him slain.

They said, False carel, soon have done, 165
And tell forth thy money,
For the ill turn that thou hast done
It's but a simple plee.

And yet we will not have thee back,
Come after what so may, 170
If thou will do that which thou spak,
And make us present pay.

O then he loosed his clouted clock,
And spread it on the ground,
And thereon lay he many a pok[e], 175
Betwixt them and the wind.

He took a great bag from his [illegible],
It was near full of meal,
Two pecks in it at least there was,
And more, I wot full we[illegible] 180

Upon this cloak he set it down,
The mouth he opened wide,
To turn the same he made him bown[r],
The young men ready spy'd;

In every hand he took a nook 185
Of that great leathren 'mail,'
And with a fling the meal he shook
Into their face all hail[s]:

Wherewith he blinded them so close,
A stime[t] they could not see; 190
And then in heart he did rejoice,
And clap'd his lusty tree.

He thought if he had done them wrong,
In mealing of their cloaths,
For to strike off the meal again 195
With his pyke-staff he goes.

VARIOUS READING.—V. 132 gave, begack.

[d] Fearfulest, most frightened or afraid.
[e] Get. [f] Early
[g] Villain, knave, base fellow.
[h] Ruin, destruction. [i] Worse.
[k] Play them a trick, make fools of them.
[l] Fly.

VARIOUS READINGS.—V 153 y[illegible]n. V. 171. spok. V 177 half. V. 183. bound V. 186. bag. V. 194. cloath.

[m] Harm. [n] Bag [o] Went.
[p] Go. [q] N[illegible] [r] Ready.
[s] *Alt hail*, wholly, entirely.
[t] Spark, part[illegible]o of light.

E'er any of them could red[u] their een,
Or a glimmring might see,
Ilke[x] one of them a dozen had,
Well laid on with his tree. 200

The young men were right swift of foot,
And boldly bound away[y],
The beggar could them no more hit,
For all the haste he may.

What's all this haste? the beggar said, 205
May not you tarry still,
Until your money be received?
I'll pay you with good will.

The shaking of my pokes, I fear,
Hath blown into your een; 210
But I have a good pyke-staff here
Can ripe[z] them out full clean.

The young men answered never a word,
They were dum as a stane;
In the thick wood the beggar fled, 215
E'er they riped their een:

And syne the night became so late,
To seek him was in vain:
But judge ye if they looked blate[a]
When they cam home again. 220

Good Robin speer'd[b] how they had sped.
They answered him, Full ill.
That can not be, good Robin says,
Ye have been at the mill.

The mill it is a meat rife[c] part, 225
They may lick what they please,
Most like ye have been at the art,
Who would look at your 'claiths.'

They hang'd their heads, they drooped down,
A word they could not speak. 230
Robin said, Because I fell a sound[d],
I think ye'll do the like.

Tell on the matter, less or more,
And tell me what and how
Ye have done with the bold beggar 235
I sent you for right now.

And when they told him to an end,
As i have said before,
How that the beggar did them blind,
What misters[e] presses more? 240

. . . .
. . . .

And how in the thick woods he fled,
E'er they a stime could see;

And how they scarcely could win home, 245
Their bones were baste[f] so sore;
Good Robin cry'd, Fy! out! for shame!
We're sham'd for evermore.

Altho good Robin would full fain
Of his wrath revenged be, 250
He smil'd to see his merry young men
Had gotten a taste of the tree.

VAR. READINGS.—V. 206. thou. V. 221. speed. V. 229. cloaths.

[u] Clear. [x] Each. [y] Briskly scampered off.
[z] Cleanse. [a] Sheepish or foolish. [b] Asked, inquired.
[c] *Meat-rife part*, place abounding in victuals.
[d] *A sound*, in a swoon. [e] Need. [f] Basted, belaboured.

IV.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE,

is reprinted from the "Reliques of ancient English poetry," published by Dr. Percy, (Vol. I. p. 81.) who there gives it from his "folio MS." as "never before printed, and 'carrying' marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject:" sentiments, to which, if the authority be genuine, and the publication faithful, (both which, by the way, they who are acquainted with Dr. Percys book, will have sufficient reason to doubt,) the present editor has nothing to object.[g]

As for Guy of Gisborne, the only further memorial which has occured concerning him is in an old satyrical piece by William Dunbar, a celebrated Scotish poet, of the 15th century, on one "Schir Thomas Nory," (MS. Maitland, p. 3. MSS. More, Ll. 5. 10.) where he is named along with our hero, Adam Bell, and other worthies, it is conjectured of a similar stamp, but whose merits have not, less fortunately, come to the knowledge of posterity.

"Was neuir WEILD ROBEINE vnder bewch,
"Nor zitt Roger of Clekkinslewch,
"So bauld a bairne as he;
"GY OF GYSBURNE, na Allane Bell,
"Na Simones sones of Quhynsell,
"Off thocht war neuir so slie."

Gisborne is a market town in the west riding of the county of York, on the borders of Lancashire.

[g] In the fourth edition of the "Reliques of ancient English poetry," published in July 1795, it is, for the first time, acknowledged that "Some liberties were, by the editor, taken with this ballad, which, in this edition, hath been brought nearer to the folio MS." Of the new readings, which are numerous, the most material are here noticed.

v. 1.	"for *shaws*, the MS. has	*shales*." (p. cvii)
v. 17.	sayd Lyttle John.	Master quoth John.
v. 18.	wind blows over the.	wind that blowes ore a.
v. 32.	That leaned agaynst.	His body leaned to a.
v. 37.	Stand still.	Stand you still.
v. 43.	often.	offt.
v. 63.	wends.	flyes.
v. 76.	And.	Good.
v. 124.	do.	shoote.
v. 156.	upon the.	ore the left.
v. 158.	but.	both.
v. 166.	stuck it.	sticked itt.
v. 171.	know.	till.
v. 178.	did throw.	did it throw.
v. 181.	Thy. thy.	The. the.
v. 204.	None other rewarde I'll.	Nor no other will I.
v. 214.	blive.	belive.
v. 216.	can.	did.

How an editor, who is not ashamed to say that the inadvertent transposition of two words ("*Ye live* upo'," for "*Live ye* upo'") in part of the line of a common Scottish song, which he himself had corrupted to "*Come ze frae*," has *destroyed all confidence*, can justify such wanton, arbitrary, and even injudicious alterations in the publication of an ancient poem, is beyond the conception of a person not habituated to "liberties" of this nature, nor destitute of all manner of regard to truth or probity. [This tirade against Bishop Percy would have been suppressed, and the alterations made silently, had it not been so curious a specimen of Ritson's controversial spirit. It cannot at the present day detract from the merit of Dr. Percy, whose publication of the "Reliques" confessedly contributed much to the revival of a *pure* taste in poetry. In venturing on so bold an experiment, he very judiciously adapted his work so as not too violently to shock popular prejudices; without these precautions, which raised the ire of Ritson, a rigid antiquary, the Reliques would never have become popular, and the effect which they were calculated to produce upon literature would have been lost.—ED.]

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

WHAN shaws[h] beene sheene,[i] and shraddes[j] full
  And leaves both large and longe, [fayre,
Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest
  To heare the small birdes songe

The woodweele[k] sang, and wold not cease, 5
  Sitting upon the spraye,
Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
  In the greenwood where he lay.

Now, by my faye, sayd jollye Robin,
  A sweaven[l] I had this night; 10
I dreamt me of tow wighty[m] yemen,
  That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beate and binde,
  And tooke my bowe me froe;
Iff I be Robin alive in this lande, 15
  Ile be wroken[n] on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,
  As the wind blowes over the hill;
For iff itt be never so loude this night,
  To-morrow it may be still. 20

"Buske yee, bowne yee,[o] my merry men all,
  And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yond wighty yeomen,
  In greenwood where they bee."

Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene, 25
  And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrest
  A shooting forth are gone;

Until they came to the merry greenwood,
  Where they had gladdest to bee, 30
There they were ware of a wight yeoman,
  That leaned agaynst a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
  Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde[p] 35
  Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand still, master, quoth Little John,
  Under this tree so grene,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman,
  To know what he doth meane. 40

"Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
  And that I farley[q] finde:
How often send I my men before,
  And tarry my selfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken, 45
  And a man but heare him speake;
And it were not for bursting of my bowe,
  John, I thy head wold breake."

As often wordes they breeden bale[r],
  So they parted Robin and John: 50
And John is gone to Barnesdale;
  The gates[s] he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
  Great heavinesse there he hadd,
For he found tow of his own fellowes, 55
  Were slain both in a slade[t].

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
  Fast over stocke and stone,
For the proud sheriffe with seven score men
  Fast after him is gone. 60

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
  With Christ his might and mayne;
Ile make yond sheriffe that wends soe fast,
  To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe, 65
  And fetteled[u] him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
  And fell downe at his foote.

"Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
  That ever thou grew on a tree! 70
For now this day thou art my bale,
  My boote[w] when thou shold bee."

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
  Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For itt mett one of the sheriffes men, 75
  And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
  To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the greenwood slade[x]
  To meet with Little Johns arrowe. 80

But as it is said, when men be mett
  Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
  And bound him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe, 85
  And hanged hye on a hill."
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
  If it be Christ his will.

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
  And thinke of Robin Hood, 90
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
  Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
  Good morrowe, good fellow, quo' he[y]:
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy 95
  A good archere thou sholdst bee. [hande,

---

[h] Little woods.

[i] Bright, in full splendour.

[j] "It should perhaps be *swards* i. e. the surface of the ground: *viz.* "when the fields are in their beauty"—PERCY. Rather, *shrobbes* (shrubs). The plural of *sward* was never used by any writer whatever.

[k] "The golden ouzle, a bird of the thrush kind."—Percy

[l] Dream. [m] Strong.

[n] Wreaked, revenged.

[o] Prepare ye, get ready. [p] Horse-hide

[q] Fairly, plainly.

[r] Mischief

[s] Ways, passes, paths, riding *Gate* is a common word in the North for way.—P. [t] See note x.

[u] Made him ready, prepared himself, set about.

[v] Woe, sorrow, misery [w] Help.

[x] "A slip of green swerde between plow-lands or woods." P.

[y] "Dr. Percy, by the mark he has bestowed on this line,

I am wilfulle [z] of my waye, quo' the yemàn,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin;
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide. 100

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe
Than fortye pound soe good.

"Now come with me, thou mighty yemàn, 105
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye [a] make
Among the woods so even, 110
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here at some unsett steven [b]."

They cutt them down two summer shroggs [c],
That grew both under a breere,
And sett them threescore rood in twaine, 115
To shoote the prickes y-fere [d].

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I do bidd thee.
Nay, by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee. 120

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it fro:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman, 125
He shot within the garlànd:
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke-wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode; 130
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne [e].
Nay, by my faith, quoth bold Robin, 135
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Gisbòrne. 140

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,
By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnésdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neyther beene kythe nor kin [f], 145
Might have seen a full fayre fight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a summers day: 150
Yett neither Robin Hood nor sir Guy
Them fettled [g] to flye away.

Robin was reachles [h] on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quick and nimble withall, 155
And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah, deere ladye, sayd Robin Hood tho,
That art but [i] mother and may [k],
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day. 160

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a[n] awkwarde [l] stroke
And he sir Guy [m] hath slayne.

He took sir Guys head by the hayre, 165
And stuck it upon his bowes end:
"Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end."

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And nicked sir Guy in the face, 170
That he was never on woman born
Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe. 176

Robin did off his gown of greene,
And on sir Guy did throwe,
And he put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe. 180

"Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and little horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnésdale,
To see how my men doe fare."

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth, 185
And a loude blast in it did blow:
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe [n].

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seems to consider it as the yeomans reply: but it seems rather a repetition of Robins complimentary address.

[z] Doubtful.

[a] "A trial of skill, high proof of skill."—P.

[b] *At some unsett steven*, at some unlooked-for time, by some odd accident, by mere chance.

[c] "Shrubs, thorns, briars.—*G. Doug.* Scroggis."—P.

[d] Together.

[e] The lyme or linden tree.

[f] Acquaintance nor kindred.

[g] Attempted, [illegible].

[h] Careless, regardless, unobservant. [i] Both. [k] Maid.

[l] *Awkwarde.* So, according to Percy, reads his MS. He has altered it to "*backward*." An awkwarde stroke seems to mean an unusual or out-of-the-way stroke, one which the receiver could not foresee, be aware of, or guard against; a sort of left or back-hand stroke.

[m] The title of SIR, Dr. Percy says, was not formerly peculiar to knights; it was given to priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages. If the text did not seem to be in favour of the latter part of this assertion, one might reasonably question its truth. Another instance, at least, it is believed, admitting this to be one, which is by no means certain, could not be produced.

[n] "A little hill."—P.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
  I heare nowe tydings good, 190
For yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blow,
  And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blowe,
  Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeomàn, 195
  Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good sir Guy,
  Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
  Nor I will none of thy fee: 200

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,
  Let me goe strike the knave;
For this is all the meede[o] I aske;
  None other rewarde I'le have.

Thou art a madman, sayd the sheriffe, 205
  Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee:
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
  Well granted it shal bee.

When Little John heard his master speake,
  Well knewe he it was his steven[p]: 210
Now shall I be looset, quoth Little John,
  With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
  He thought to loose him blive[q];
The sheriffe and all his companye 215
  Fast after him can drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;
  Why draw you mee so neere?
It was never the use in our countryè,
  Ones shrift[r] another shold heere. 220

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
  And losed John hand and foote,
And gave him sir Guyes bow into his hand,
  And bade it be his boote.[s]

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand, 225
  His boltes[t] and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
  He fettled[u] him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne,
  He fled full fast away; 230
And soe did all the companye:
  Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
  Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
But Little John with an arrowe so broad, 235
  He shott him into the 'backe'-syde.

VARIOUS READING.—V. 236. Sic. *PC.* quere *the MS.*

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[o] Reward. [p] Voice.
[q] Belive, immediately. [r] Confession.
[s] That is to say, Bade him put it to use, profit by it.—ED.
[t] A bolt was an arrow of a particular kind used for shooting at a mark or at birds.
[u] Made ready.

V.

A TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD:

OR,

A briefe touch of the life and death of that renowned outlaw Robert Earl of Huntingdon, vulgarly called Robin Hood, who lived and dyed in A.D. 1198,[1] being the 9th year of king Richard the first, commonly called Richard Cœur de Lyon.

Carefully collected out of the truest writers of our English Chronicles: and published for the satisfaction of those who desire truth from falsehood.

BY MARTIN PARKER.

This poem, given from an edition in black letter, printed for I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger, 1686, remaining in the curious library left by Anthony a Wood, appears to have been first entered on the hall-book of the stationers company, the 29th of February, 1631.

Martin Parker was a great writer of ballads, several of which, with his initials subjoined, are still extant in the Pepysian and other collections. (See "Ancient songs," 1790, p. 239.) Dr. Percy mentions a little miscellany intitled, "The garland of withered roses, by Martin Parker, 1656." The editor has, likewise, seen "The nightingale warbling forth her own disaster, or the rape of Philomela: newly written in English verse by Martin Parker, 1632;" and, on the 24th of November, 1640, Mr. Oulton enters, at Stationers hall, "a book called The true story of Guy earle of Warwicke, in prose, by Martyn Parker."

At the end of this poem the author adds "The epitaph which the prioress of the monastry of Kirkslay in Yorkshire set over Robin Hood, which," he says, "(as is before mentioned) was to be read within these hundred years, though in old broken English, much to the same sence and meaning." He gives it thus:

"*Decembris quarto die*, 1198. *anno regni Richardi primi* 9.

"Robert earl of Huntington
"Lies under this little stone,
"No archer was like him so good;
"His wildness named him Robin Hood;
"Full thirteen years, and something more,
"These northern parts he vexed sore;
"Such outlaws as he and his men
"May England never know again."

"Some other superstitious words," he adds, "were in, which I," says he, "thought fit to leave out." Now, under this precise gentlemans favour, one would be glad to know what these same "superstitious words" were; there not being anything of the kind in Dr. Gales copy, which seems to be the original, and which is shorter by two lines than the above.

BOTH gentlemen, and yeomen bold,
  Or whatsoever you are,
To have a stately story told
  Attention now prepare:

It is a tale of Robin Hood, 5
  Which i to you will tell
Which being rightly understood,
  I know will please you well.

This Robin (so much talked on)
  Was once a man of fame, 10
Instiled earl of Huntington,
  Lord Robin Hood by name.

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[1] An absurd mistake, scarcely worth notice in this place, and which the reader will have it in his own power to correct.

In courtship and magnificence
  His carriage won him praise,
And greater favour with his prince 15
  Than any in our days.

In bounteous liberality
  He too much did excell,
And loved men of quality
  More than exceeding well. 20

His great revenues all he sold
  For wine and costly chear;
He kept three hundred bow-men bold,
  He shooting lov'd so dear.

No archer living in his time 25
  With him might well compare;
He practis'd all his youthful prime
  That exercise most rare.

At last, by his profuse expence,
  He had consum'd his wealth; 30
And, being outlaw'd by his prince,
  In woods he liv'd by stealth.

The abbot of Saint Maries rich,
  To whom he mony ought,
His hatred to the earl was such 35
  That he his downfal wrought.

So being outlaw'd (as 'tis told)
  He with a crew went forth
Of lusty cutters[u] stout and bold,
  And robbed in the North. 40

Among the rest one Little John,
  A yeoman bold and free,
Who could (if it stood him upon)
  With ease encounter three.

One hundred men in all he got, 45
  With whom (the story says)
Three hundred common men durst not
  Hold combat any waies.

They Yorkshire woods frequented much,
  And Lancashire also, 50
Wherein their practises were such
  That they wrought muckle[x] woe.

None rich durst travel to and fro,
  Though ne'r so strongly arm'd,
But by these thieves (so strong in show) 55
  They still were rob'd and harm'd.

His chiefest spight to th' clergy was,
  That liv'd in monstrous pride:
No one of them he would let pass
  Along the highway side, 60

But first they must to dinner go,
  And afterwards to shrift:
Full many a one he served so,
  Thus while he liv'd by theft.

No monks nor fryers he would let go, 65
  Without paying their fees:
If they thought much to be used so,
  Their stones he made them lese.

For such as they the country fill'd
  With bastards in those days: 70
Which to prevent, these sparks did geld
  All that came in their ways.

But Robin Hood so gentle was,
  And bore so brave a mind,
If any in distress did pass, 75
  To them he was so kind,

That he would give and lend to them,
  To help them in their need;
This made all poor men pray for him,
  And wish he well might speed. 80

The widow and the fatherless
  He would send means unto;
And those whom famine did oppress
  Found him a friendly foe.

Nor would he do a woman wrong, 85
  But see her safe convey'd:
He would protect with power strong
  All those who crav'd his aid.

The abbot of Saint Maries then,
  Who him undid before, 90
Was riding with two hundred men,
  And gold and silver store:

But Robin Hood upon him set,
  With his couragious sparks,
And all the coyn perforce did get, 95
  Which was twelve thousand marks.

He bound the abbot to a tree,
  And would not let him pass,
Before that to his men and he
  His lordship had said mass: 100

Which being done, upon his horse
  He set him fast astride,
And with his face towards his arse
  He forced him to ride.

His men were forced to be his guide, 105
  For he rode backward home:
The abbot, being thus villify'd,
  Did sorely chafe and fume.

Thus Robin Hood did vindicate
  His former wrongs receiv'd; 110
For 'twas this covetous prelate
  That him of land bereav'd.

The abbot he rode to the king,
  With all the haste he could;
And to his grace he every thing 115
  Exactly did unfold:

And said that if no course were ta'n,
  By force or stratagem,
To take this rebel and his train,
  No man should pass for them. 120

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[u] Sharking fellows [called cutters or cut-purses, from their practice of stealing purses by cutting them away from the girdle, in which it was the custom to carry them. —Ed.]

[x] Much, great.

The king protested by and by
  Unto the abbot then,
That Robin Hood with speed should dye,
  With all his merry men.

But e're the king did any send, 125
  He did another feat,
Which did his grace much more offend,
  The fact indeed was great:

For in a short time after that
  The kings receivers went 130
Towards London with the coyn they got,
  For's highness northern rent:

Bold Robin Hood and Little John,
  With the rest of their train,
Not dreading law, set them upon, 135
  And did their gold obtain.

The king much moved at the same,
  And the abbots talk also,
In this his anger did proclaim,
  And sent word to and fro, 140

That whosoever alive or dead
  Could bring bold Robin Hood,
Should have one thousand marks well paid
  In gold and silver good.

This promise of the king did make 145
  Full many yeomen bold
Attempt stout Robin Hood to take
  With all the force they could.

But still when any came to him
  Within the gay green wood, 150
He entertainment gave to them
  With venison fat and good;

And shew'd to them such martial sport
  With his long bow and arrow,
That they of him did give report, 155
  How that it was great sorow

That such a worthy man as he
  Should thus be put to shift,
Being a late lord of high degree,
  Of living quite bereft. 160

The king to take him more and more
  Sent men of mickle[y] might;
But he and his still beat them sore,
  And conquered them in fight:

Or else with love and courtesie, 165
  To him he won their hearts.
Thus still he liv'd by robbery
  Throughout the northern parts;

And all the country stood in dread
  Of Robin Hood and's men: 170
For stouter lads ne'r liv'd by bread
  In those days, nor since then.

The abbot, which before i nam'd,
  Sought all the means he could
To have by force this rebel ta'n, 175
  And his adherents hold.

Therefore he arm'd five hundred men,
  With furniture compleat;
But the outlaws slew half of them,
  And made the rest retreat. 180

The long bow and the arrow keen
  They were so us'd unto
That still he kept the forrest green
  In spight o' th' proudest foe.

Twelve of the abbots men he took, 185
  Who came to have him ta'n,
When all the rest the field forsook,
  These he did entertain

With banqueting and merriment,
  And, having us'd them well, 190
He to their lord them safely sent,
  And will'd them him to tell,

That if he would be pleas'd at last
  To beg of our good king,
That he might pardon what was past, 195
  And him to favour bring,

He would surrender back again
  The mony which before
Was taken by him 'and his' men
  From him and many more. 200

Poor men might safely pass by him,
  And some that way would chuse,
For well they knew that to help them
  He evermore did use.

But where he knew a miser rich 205
  That did the poor oppress,
To feel his coyn his hands did itch,
  He'd have it more or less:

And sometimes, when the high-way fail'd,
  Then he his courage rouzes, 210
He and his men have oft assaild
  Such rich men in their houses:

So that, through dread of Robin then,
  And his adventurous crew,
The misers kept great store of men, 215
  Which else maintain'd but few.

King Richard, of that name the first,
  Sirnamed Cœur de Lyon,
Went to defeat the Pagans curst,
  Who kept the coasts of Sion. 220

The bishop of Ely chancellor,
  Was left a vice-roy here,
Who, like a potent emperor,
  Did proud domineer.

Our chronicles of him report, 225
  That commonly he rode
With a thousand horse from court to court,
  Where he would make abode.

He, riding down towards the north,
  With his aforesaid train, 230
Robin and his men did issue forth,
  Them all to entertain;

[y] Much.

And with the gallant gray-goose wing
They shew'd to them such play
That made their horses kick and fling, 235
And down their riders lay.

Full glad and fain the bishop was,
For all his thousand men,
To seek what means he could to pass
From out of Robins ken. 240

Two hundred of his men were kill'd,
And fourscore horses good,
Thirty, who did as captives yield,
Were carried to the green wood;

Which afterwards were ransomed, 245
For twenty marks a man:
The rest set spurs to horse and fled
To th' town of Warrington.

The bishop, sore inraged, then
Did, in king Richards name, 250
Muster up a power of northern men,
These outlaws bold to tame.

But Robin with his courtesie
So won the meaner sort,
That they were loath on him to try 255
What rigour did import.

So that bold Robin and his train
Did live unhurt of them,
Until king Richard came again
From fair Jerusalem: 260

And then the talk of Robin Hood
His royal ears did fill;
His grace admir'd that i' th' green wood
He was continued still.

So that the country far and near 265
Did give him great applause;
For none of them need stand in fear,
But such as broke the laws.

He wished well unto the king,
And prayed still for his health, 270
And never practis'd any thing
Against the common-wealth.

Only, because he was undone
By th' cruel clergy then,
All means that he could think upon 275
To vex such kind of men,

He enterpriz'd with hateful spleen;
For which he was to blame,
For fault of some to wreak his teen
On all that by him came. 280

With wealth that he by roguery got
Eight alms-houses he built,
Thinking thereby to purge the blot
Of blood which he had spilt.

Such was their blind devotion then, 285
Depending on their works;
Which if 'twere true, we Christian men
Inferiour were to Turks.

But, to speak true of Robin Hood,
And wrong him not a jot, 290
He never would shed any mans blood
That him invaded not.

Nor would he injure husbandmen,
That toil at cart and plough;
For well he knew wer't not for them 295
To live no man knew how.

The king in person, with some lords,
To Nottingham did ride,
To try what strength and skill affords
To crush this outlaws pride. 300

And, as he once before had done,
He did again proclaim,
That whosoever would take upon
To bring to Nottingham,

Or any place within the land, 305
Rebellious Robin Hood,
Should be preferr'd in place to stand
With those of noble blood.

When Robin Hood heard of the same,
Within a little space, 310
Into the town of Nottingham
A letter to his grace

He shot upon an arrow head,
One evening cunningly;
Which was brought to the king, and read 315
Before his majesty.

The tenour of this letter was
That Robin would submit,
And be true liegeman to his grace
In any thing that's fit, 320

So that his highness would forgive
Him and his merry men all;
If not, he must i' th' green wood live,
And take what chance did fall.

The king would feign have pardoned him, 325
But that some lords did say,
This president will much condemn
Your grace another day.

While that the king and lords did stay
Debating on this thing, 330
Some of these outlaws fled away
Unto the Scottish king.

For they suppos'd, if he were ta'n
Or to the king did yield,
By th' commons all the rest of 's train 335
Full quickly would be quell'd.

Of more than full an hundred men,
But forty tarried still,
Who were resolv'd to stick to him
Let Fortune work her will. 340

If none had fled, all for his sake
Had got their pardon free;
The king to favour meant to take
His merry men and he.

But e're the pardon to him came 345
This famous archer dy'd :
His death and manner of the same
I'le presently describe.

For, being vext to think upon
His followers revolt, 350
In melancholy passiòn
He did recount his fault.

Perfidious traytors ! said he then,
In all your dangers past
Have i you guarded as my men, 355
To leave me thus at last !

This sad perplexity did cause
A feaver, as some say,
Which him unto confusion draws,
Though by a stranger way. 360

This deadly danger to prevent,
He hie'd him with all speed
Unto a nunnery, with intent
For his healths-sake to bleed.

A faithless fryer did pretend 365
In love to let him blood,
But he by falshood wrought the end
Of famous Robin Hood.

The fryer, as some say, did this
To vindicate the wrong 370
Which to the clergy he and his
Had done by power strong.

Thus dyed he by treachery,
That could not die by force :
Had he liv'd longer, certainly 375
King Richard, in remorse,

Had unto favour him receiv'd,
'His' brave men elevated :
'Tis pitty he was of life bereav'd
By one which he so hated. 380

A treacherous leach this fryer was,
To let him bleed to death ;
And Robin was, methinks, an ass
To trust him with his breath.

His corps the prioress of the place, 385
The next day that he dy'd,
Caused to be buried, in mean case,
Close by the high-way side.

And over him she caused a stone
To be fixt on the ground, 390
An epitaph was set thereon,
Wherein his name was found ;

The date o' th' year and day also,
She made to be set there :
That all, who by the way did go, 395
Might see it plain appear,

That such a man as Robin Hood
Was buried in that place ;
And how he lived in the green wood
And robbed for a space. 400

It seems that though the clergy he
Had put to mickle woe,
He should not quite forgotten be,
Although he was their foe.

This woman, though she did him hate, 405
Yet loved his memory ;
And thought it wondrous pitty that
His fame should with him dye.

This epitaph, as records tell,
Within this hundred years, 410
By many was discerned well,
But time all things out-wears.

His followers, when he was dead,
Were some repriev'd to grace ;
The rest to foreign countries fled, 415
And left their native place.

Although his funeral was but mean,
This woman had in mind,
Least his fame should be buried clean
From those that came behind. 420

For certainly, before nor since,
No man e're understood,
Under the reign of any prince,
Of one like Robin Hood.

Full thirteen years, and something more, 425
These outlaws lived thus ;
Feared of the rich, loved of the poor .
A thing most marvellous.

A thing impossible to us
This story seems to be ; 430
None dares be now so venturous,
But times are chang'd we see.

We that live in these later days
Of civil government,
If need be, have an hundred ways 435
Such outlaws to prevent.

In those days men more barbarous were,
And lived less in awe ;
Now (god be thanked) people fear
More to offend the law. 440

No waring guns were then in use,
They dreamt of no such thing ;
Our Englishmen in fight did use
The gallant gray-goose wing :

In which activity these men, 445
Through practise, were so good,
That in those days none equal'd them,
Especially Robin Hood.

So that, it seems, keeping in caves,
In woods and forests thick, 450
They'd beat a multitude with staves,
Their arrows did so prick :

And none durst neer unto them come,
Unless in courtesie ;
All such he bravely would send home 455
With mirth and jollity :

Which courtesie won him such love,
As i before have told,
'Twas the chief cause that he did prove
More prosperous than he could. 460

Let us be thankful for these times
Of plenty, truth and peace;
And leave out great and horrid crimes,
Least they cause this to cease.

I know there's many feigned tales 465
Of Robin Hood and 's crew;
But chronicles, which seldome fails,
Reports this to be true.

Let none then think this is a lye,
For, if 'twere put to th' worst, 470
They may the truth of all descry
I' th' reign of Richard the first.

If any reader please to try,
As i direction show,
The truth of this brave history, 475
He'l find it true I know.

And i shall think my labour well
Bestow'd to purpose good,
When't shall be said that i did tell
True tales of Robin Hood. 480

VARIOUS READING.—V. 460. *i. e.* than he could otherwise have been.

PART II.

I.

ROBIN HOODS BIRTH, BREEDING, VALOUR, AND MARRIAGE[1].

FROM a black letter copy in the large and valuable collection of old ballads late belonging to Thomas Pearson, esq. and now in the possession of the duke of Roxburgh. This is the collection mentioned in the Harleian catalogue, and would seem to be the greater part of that originally made by old Bagford (see Hearnes appendix to *Hemingi Chartularium*, p. 662), another volume or two having come with the rest of his typographical collections to the British Museum. The 3 vols. which went to Osborne were probably bought of him by mr. West, at whose sale they were purchased by major Pearson, by whom the collection was new-arranged, ornamented, and improved.

The full title of the original is: "A new ballad of bold Robin Hood: shewing his birth, breeding, valour, and marriage at Titbury Bull-running. Calculated for the meridian of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire or Kent."

KIND gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?
Ay, and then you shall hear anon
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his man brave Little John.

In Locksly town, in merry Nottinghamshire, 5
In merry sweet Locksly town,
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a forrester was,
And he shot in a lusty strong bow 10
Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,
And William of 'Clowdesle[a]',
To shoot with our forrester for forty mark, 15
And the forrester beat them all three.

His mother was neece to the Coventry knight,
Which Warwickshire men call sir Guy;
For he slew the blue bore that hangs up at the gate,
Or mine host of the Bull tells a lie. 20

Her brother was Gamwel, of Great Gamwel-Hall,
A noble house-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
And a 'squire of famous degree.

VARIOUS READING.—V. 14. Clowdel-le.

[1] In reading this song, we are admonished by the editor of the collection of old ballads, printed in 1723, (who thinks it "the most beautiful, and one of the oldest extant, written on that subject,") to observe one thing, and that is, between some of the stanzas we must suppose a considerable time to pass. "Clorinda," he says, "might be [thought] a very forward girl, if between Robin Hood's question and her answer we did not suppose two or three hours to have been spent in courtship: and between Robin Hood's being entertained at Gamwell Hall, and his having ninety-three bowmen in Sherwood, we must allow some years."

With respect to its antiquity, Dr. Percy in the new edition of his "Reliques of ancient English poetry," (vol. 1. p. xcvii) expresses a very different opinion; since, according to him, it "seems of much later date than most of the others . . . . and can scarce be older than the reign of K. Charles I., FOR," says he, "K. James I. had *no issue* after his accession to the throne of England;" an observation, which, if anything to the purpose, is certainly NOT TRUE. "It may even," he continues, "have been written since the restoration, and only express the wishes of the nation for issue on the marriage (*sic*) of their favourite K. Charles II. on his marriage (*sic*) with the infanta of Portugal." However this may be, the writers having deviated from "all the old traditions concerning this celebrated outlaw," is no proof that he was "ignorant" of them; and that Dr. Percy chooses to "*think* it is not found in the Pepys collection," only shews *conjecture* to be easyer than *investigation*. ☞ In the second edition of that collection, any person disposed to the search will find, at least, TWO COPIES of it, both in black letter.

[a] For an account of these worthies consult their old metrical legend in Percys *Reliques*, volume 1. or *Ancient popular poetry*, 1791.

The mother of Robin said to her husband, 25
My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwel,
To taste of my brother's good cheer.

And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
Take one of my horses, I pray: 30
The sun is arising, and therefore make haste,
For to-morrow is Christmas-day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,
And sadled and bridled was he;
God-wot a blue bonnet, his new suit of cloaths, 35
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.

She got on her holyday kirtle[a] and gown,
They were of a light Lincoln green;
The cloath was homespun, but for colour and make
It might 'have beseemed' our queen. 40

And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,
And his dagger on his tother side;
And said, My dear mother, let's haste to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride.

When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey, 45
His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bad her not fear,
For his gelding 'had' oft carried double.

And when she was settled, they rode to their neighbours,
And drank and shook hands with them all; 50
And then Robin gallopt, and never gave o're,
'Till they lighted at Gamwel-Hall.

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
Was joyful his sister to see;
For he kist her, and kist her, and swore a great oath,
Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me. 55

To-morrow, when mass had been said at the chappel,
Six tables were covered in the hall,
And in comes the 'squire, and makes a short speech,
It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all. 60

But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
'Till a Christmas carrol he does sing.
Then all clapt their hands, and they shouted and sung,
'Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now mustard and brawn, roast beef and plumb pies,
Were set upon every table; 65
And noble George Gamwel said, Eat and be merry,
And drink too as long as you're able.

When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace,
And, Be merry, my friends, said the 'squire; 70
It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
And lay some more wood on the fire.

And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For little John is a fine lad,
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks, 75
As shall make you both merry and glad.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 40. a beseem'd. *V.* 48. has.

When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown;
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin Hood put them all down. 80

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
Was joyful this sight for to see;
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou'st go no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me.

Thou shalt have my land when I die, and till then, 85
Thou shalt be the staff of my age.
Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, said Robin,
That Little John may be my page.

And he said, Kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon;
With all my heart, so let it be. 90
Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood,
Come hither my page unto me:

Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow,
And broad arrows one, two, or three.
For when 'tis fair weather we'll into Sherwood, 95
Some merry pastime to see.

When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
He winded his bugle so clear;
And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold,
Before Robin Hood did appear. 100

Where are your companions all? said Robin Hood,
For still I want forty and three.
Then said a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,
All under the green wood tree.

As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by, 105
The queen of the shepherds was she;
And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,
And her buskin did reach to her knee.

Her gate it was graceful, her body was straight,
And her countenance free from pride; 110
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows
Hung dangling by her sweet side.

Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her hair,
And her skin was as smooth as glass;
Her visage spoke wisdom, and modesty too: 115
Sets with Robin Hood such a lass[b]!

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away?
O whither, fair lady, away?
And she made him answer, To kill a fat buck;
For to-morrow is Titbury day. 120

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me
A little to yonder green bower;
There set down to rest you, and you shall be sure
Of a brace or a 'leash' in an hour.

And as we were going towards the green bower, 125
Two hundred good bucks we espy'd;
She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
And she shot him through side and side.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 104. a. *V.* 124. lease. *V.* 127. choose.

[a] *Kirtle*, upper petticoat. [The word is not confined to women's apparel, and is believed to be properly applied only to garments fastened round the waist with a *girdle*.—ED.]

[b] *Sets with Robin Hood such a lass.* Probably, such a lass would suit or become him well; but the passage is either singular or corrupt.

By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
I never saw woman like thee; 130
And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from west,
Thou needst not beg venison of me.

However, along to my bower you shall go,
And taste of a forrester's meat:
And when we came thither we found as good cheer
As any man needs for to eat. 136

For there was hot venison, and warden pies[c] cold,
Cream clouted, and honey-combs plenty;
And the servitors they were, besides Little John,
Good yeomen at last four and twenty. 140

Clorinda said, Tell me your name, gentle sir:
And he said, 'Tis bold Robin Hood:
'Squire Gamwel's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood;

For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife. 145
So 'tis, sir, Clorinda reply'd.
But oh! said bold Robin, how sweet would it be,
If Clorinda would be my bride!

She blusht at the motion; yet, after a pause
Said, Yes, sir, and with all my heart. 150
Then let us send for a priest, said Robin Hood,
And be married before we do part.

But she said, It may not be so, gentle sir,
For I must be at Titbury feast;
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me, 155
I'll make him the most welcome guest.

Said Robin Hood, Reach me that buck, Little John,
For I'll go along with my dear;
And bid my yeomen kill six brace of bucks,
And meet me to-morrow just here. 160

Before he had ridden five Staffordshire miles,
Eight yeomen, that were too bold,
Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver his buck:
A truer tale never was told.

I will not, faith, said bold Robin; come, John, 165
Stand by me, and we'll beat 'em all.
Then both drew their swords, and so cut 'em, and [slasht 'em,
That five out of them did fall.

The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,
And pitiful John begg'd their lives: 170
When John's boon was granted, he gave them good [counsel,
And sent them all home to their wives.

This battle was fought near to Titbury town,
When the bagpipes baited the bull;
I'm the king of the fidlers, and I swear 'tis truth, 175
And I call him that doubts it a gull[d]:

For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while;
And Clorinda sung "Hey derry down!
"The bumkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,
"And now let's dance into the town." 180

Before we came in we heard a great shouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly;
For some were on bull-back, some dancing a morris,
And some singing *Arthur-a-Bradley*[e].

And there we see[f] Thomas, our justices clerk, 185
And Mary, to whom he was kind;
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary madam,
And kiss'd her full sweetly behind:

And so may your worships. But we went to dinner,
With Thomas and Mary, and Nan; 190
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, sir Roger, the parson
Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste: 194
He brought his mass-book, and he bad them take [hands,
And joyn'd them in marriage full fast.

And then, as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride
Went hand in hand to the green bower,
The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
And 'twas a most joyful hour. 200

And when Robin came in sight of the bower,
Where are my yeomen? said he:
And Little John answer'd, Lo, yonder they stand,
All under the green wood tree.

Then a garland they brought her by two and by two,
And plac'd them all on the bride's head: 206
The music struck up, and we all fell to dance,
'Till the bride and bridegroom were a-bed.

And what they did there must be counsel[g] to me,
Because they lay long the next day; 210
And I had haste home, but I got a good piece
Of bride-cake, and so came away.

Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,
That marry'd they were with a ring;
And so will Nan Knight, or be buried a maiden, 215
And now let us pray for the king;

That he may get children, and they may get more,
To govern and do us some good:
And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
And sing 'em in merry Sherwood. 220

[c] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. In Shakspeare's "Winters Tale," the clown, enumerating the articles he had to provide for the sheep-shearing feast, says he "must have saffron to colour the *warden pies*."

[d] For an account of Tutbury bull-running, and the character of king of the minstrels there, see Dr. Plotts "Natural History of Staffordshire," chap. x. § 69. sir J. Hawkinses "History of music," vol. ii. p. 64. and Blounts "Ancient tenures," by Beckwith, p. 308.

[e] See this old and popular ballad in the Appendix.

[f] Saw.

[g] *Counsel*, secret. Mr. Ritson observes that the phrase is used by Chaucer:

"Shall it be *conseil*? sayde the first shrewe,
And I shal tellen thee in wordes fewe
What we shul don, and bring it wel aboute."
Pardoneres Tale.

II.

ROBIN HOODS PROGRESS TO NOTTINGHAM.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. It is there said to go "To the tune of Bold Robin Hood;" and the chorus is repeated in every stanza. To the above title are added the following doggerel lines:

Where hee met with fifteen forresters all on a row,
And hee desired of them some news for to know,
But with crosse grain'd words they did him thwart,
For which at last hee made them smart.

Robin Hood he was and a tall young man,
Derry derry down,
And fifteen winters old;
And Robin Hood he was a proper young man,
Of courage stout and bold. 5
Hey down, derry derry down.

Robin Hood hee would and to fair Nottingham,
With the general for to dine;
There was hee aware of fifteen forresters,
And a drinking bear, ale, and wine. 10

What news? What news? said bold Robin Hood,
What news fain wouldest thou know?
Our king hath provided a shooting match,
And I'm ready with my bow.

We hold it in scorn, said the forresters, 15
That ever a boy so young
Should bear a bow before our king,
That's not able to draw one string.

I'le hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,
By the leave of our lady, 20
That I'le hit a mark a hundred rod [h],
And I'le cause a hart to dye.

We'l hold you twenty mark, then said the forresters,
By the leave of our lady,
Thou hit'st not the marke a hundred rod, 25
Nor causest a hart to dye.

Robin Hood he bent up a noble bow,
And a broad arrow he let flye,
He hit the mark a hundred rod,
And he caused a hart to dye. 30

Some say hee brake ribs one or two,
And some say hee brake three;
The arrow within the hart would not abide,
But it glanced in two or three.

The hart did skip, and the hart did leap, 35
And the hart lay on the ground;
The wager is mine, said bold Robin Hood,
If't were for a thousand pound.

The wager's none of thine, then said the forresters,
Although thou beest in haste; 40
Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,
Lest wee thy sides do baste.

Robin Hood hee took up his noble bow,
And his broad arrows all amain; 44
And Robin Hood he laught, and begun [for] to [smile,
As hee went over the plain.

Then Robin hee bent his noble bow,
And his broad arrows he let flye,
Till fourteen of these fifteen forresters
Upon the ground did lye. 50

He that did this quarrel first begin
Went tripping over the plain;
But Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,
And hee fetcht him back again.

You said I was no archer, said Robin Hood, 55
But say so now again:
With that he sent another arrow,
That split his head in twain.

You have found mee an archer, saith Robin Hood,
Which will make your wives for to wring, 60
And wish that you had never spoke the word,
That I could not draw one string.

The people that lived in fair Nottingham
Came running out amain,
Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood, 65
With the forresters that were slain.

Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
And some did lose their blood;
But Robin hee took up his noble bow,
And is gone to the merry green wood. 70

They carried these forresters into fair Nottingham,
As many there did know;
They dig'd them graves in their church-yard,
And they buried them all a row.

[h] Poles, perches. A rod, pole, or perch, is usually sixteen feet and a half, but in Sherwood forest (according to Blount) it is twenty-one feet, the foot there being eighteen inches.

III.

THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD,

WITH

ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, AND JOHN.

From an old black letter copy, in A. à Woods collection, compared with two other copies in the British Museum, one in black letter. It should be sung "To an excellent tune," which has not been recovered.

Several lines of this ballad are quoted in the two old plays of the "Downfall" and "Death of Robert earle of Huntington," 1601, 4to. b. l. but acted many years before. It is also alluded to in Shakspeares Merry Wives of Windsor, act I. scene 1, and again, in his Second part of K. Hen. IV., act. V. scene 3.

In Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder [i],
In Wakefield all on a green,
In Wakefield all on a green:
There is neither knight nor squire, said the pinder,
Nor baron that is so bold, 5
Nor baron that is so bold,
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold, &c.

[i] The *pinder* is the *pounder* or *pound-keeper*; the petty officer of a manor, whose duty it is to impound all strange cattle straying upon the common, &c.

All this be heard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John; 10
With that they espy'd the jolly pindèr,
As he sat under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again, said the pindèr,
For a wrong way you have gone;
For you have forsaken the kings highway, 15
And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame, said jolly Robin,
We being three, and thou but one,
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one. 20

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
And his foot against a stone,
And there he fought a long summers day,
A summers day so long,
Till that their swords on their broad bucklèrs, 25
Were broke fast into their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin [Hood,
And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the best pindèrs,
That ever I tryed with sword. 30

And wilt thou forsake thy pinders craft,
And live in the green-wood with me?
"At Michaelmas next my cov'nant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee;

Then I'le take my blew blade all in my hand, 35
And plod to the green-wood with thee."
Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
For my merry men and me?

I have both bread and beef, said the pindèr,
And good ale of the best. 40
And that is meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
For such unbidden 'guests.'

"O wilt thou forsake the pinder his craft,
And go to the green-wood with me?
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year, 45
The one green, the other brown."

"If Michaelmas day was come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him,
As my master doth by me." 50

IV.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP.

"Showing how Robin Hood went to an old womans house and changed cloaths with her to scape from the bishop; and how he robbed the bishop of all his gold, and made him sing a mass. To the tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger." From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

Come, gentlemen all, and listen awhile,
Hey down, down, an a down,
And a story ile to you unfold;
Ile tell you how Robin Hood served the bishop,
When he robbed him of his gold. 5

As it fell out on a sun-shining day,
When Phœbus was in 'his' prime,
Then Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would spend some time.

And as he walk'd the forrest along, 10
Some pastime for to spy,
There was he aware of a proud bishòp,
And all his company.

O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,
If the bishop he doth take me? 15
No mercy he'l show unto me, I know,
But hanged I shall be.

Then Robin was stout, and turned him about,
And a little house there he did spy;
And to an old wife, for to save his life, 20
He loud began for to cry.

Why, who art thou? said the old womàn,
Come tell to me for good.
"I am an out-law, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood; 25

And yonder's the bishop and all his men,
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'l work my spight,
And hanged I shall be."

If thou be Robin Hood, said the old wife, 30
As thou 'dost' seem to be,
I'le for thee provide, and thee I will hide,
From the bishop and his company.

For I remember, 'one' Saturday night,
Thou brought me both shoos and hose; 35
Therefore I'le provide thy person to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.

"Then give me soon thy coat of gray,
And take thou my mantle of green;
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign, 40
And take thou my arrows so keen."

And when Robin Hood was so araid,
He went straight to his company,
With his spindle and twine, he oft lookt behind
For the bishop and his company. 45

O who is yonder, quoth little John,
That now comes over the lee[a]?
An arrow I will at her let flie,
So like an old witch looks she.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood [then, 50
And shoot not thy arrows so keen;
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
And quickly it shall be seen.

The bishop he came to the old womans house,
And called, with furious mood, 55
Come let me soon see, and bring unto me
That traitor Robin Hood.

The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,
Himselfe on a dapple gray;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood, 60
He went laughing all the way.

[a] Plain.

But as they were riding the forrest along,
  The bishop he 'chanc'd' for to see
A hundred brave bowmen bold,
  Stand under the green-wood tree. 65

O who is yonder, the bishop then said,
  That's ranging within yonder wood?
Marry, says the old woman, I think it to be
  A man call'd Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the bishop he said, 70
  Which I have here with me?
"Why, I am an old woman, thou cuckoldly bishop,
  Lift up my leg and see."

Then woe is me, the bishop he said,
  That ever I saw this day! 75
He turn'd him about, but Robin stout
  Call'd him, and bid him stay.

Then Robin took hold of the bishop's horse,
  And ty'd him fast to a tree;
Then Little John smil'd his master upon, 80
  For joy of that company.

Robin Hood took his mantle from's back,
  And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishops portmantle he
  Soon told five hundred pound. 85

Now let him go, said Robin Hood,
  Said little John, That may not be;
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,
  Before that he goe from me.

Then Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand, 90
  And bound him fast to a tree,
And made him sing a mass, God wot,
  To him and his yeomandree[1].

And then they brought him through the wood,
  And set him on his dapple gray, 95
And gave him the tail within his hand,
  And bade him for Robin Hood pray.

V

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood. The tune is, "Robin Hood and the Begger"

Come, all you brave gallants, listen awhile,
  With hey down, down, an a down,
  That are 'this bower' within;
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,
  A song I intend for to sing. 5

Upon a time it chanced so,
  Bold Robin in [the] forrest did 'spy
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
  With his flesh to the market did hye.

Good morrow, good fellow, said jolly Robin, 10
  What food hast [thou], tell unto me?
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,
  For I like well thy company.

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,
  No matter where I dwell; 15
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
  I am going, my flesh to sell.

What is [the] price of thy flesh? said jolly Robin,
  Come tell it soon unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,
  For a butcher fain would I be. 21

The price of my flesh, the butcher repli'd,
  I soon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not too dear,
  Four mark thou must give unto me. 25

Four mark I will give thee, saith jolly Robin,
  Four mark it shall be thy fee;
The mony come count, and let me mount,
  For a butcher I fain would be.

Now Robin he is to Notingham gone, 30
  His butchers trade to begin;
With good intent to the sheriff he went,
  And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers they opened their meat,
  Bold Robin he then begun; 35
But how for to sell he knew not well,
  For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could sell
  Robin got both gold and fee;
For he sold more meat for one peny 40
  Then others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,
  No butcher by him could thrive;
For he sold more meat for one peny
  Than others could do for five. 45

Which made the butchers of Notingham
  To study as they did stand,
Saying, Surely he 'is' some prodigal,
  That hath sold his fathers land.

The butchers stepped to jolly Robin, 50
  Acquainted with him for to be;
Come, brother, one said, we be all of one trade,
  Come, will you go dine with me?

Accurst of his heart, said jolly Robin,
  That a butcher doth deny; 55
I will go with you, my brethren true,
  As fast as I can hie.

But when to the sheriffs house they came,
  To dinner they hied apace,
And Robin Hood he the man must be 60
  Before them all to say grace.

Pray God bless us all, said jolly Robin,
  And our meat within this place;
A cup of sack[1] so good will nourish our blood:
  And so I do end my grace. 65

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 2. in the bowers.

[1] Yeomanry, followers.

[1] A kind of Spanish wine, perhaps sherry, formerly much drank in this country: very different, at least, from the sweet or Canary wine now so called.



ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,
  Let us be merry while we do stay;
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,
  I vow I the reckning will pay.

Come, 'brothers,' be merry, said jolly Robin, 70
  Let us drink, and never give ore;
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,
  If it cost me five pounds and more.

This is a mad blade, the butchers then said.
  Saies the sheriff, He is some prodigal, 75
That some land has sold for silver and gold,
  And now he doth mean to spend all.

Hast thou any horn beasts, the sheriff repli'd
  Good fellow, to sell unto me?
"Yes, that I have, good master sheriff, 80
  I have hundreds two or three,

And a hundred aker of good free land,
  If you please it to see:
And Ile make you as good assurance of it,
  As ever my father made me." 85

The sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
  And, with three hundred pound in gold,
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,
  His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride, 90
  To the forrest of merry Sherwood,
Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day,
  From a man they call Robin Hood!

But when a little farther they came,
  Bold Robin he chanced to spy 95
A hundred head of good red deer,
  Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

"How like you my horn'd beasts, good master sheriff?
  They be fat and fair for to see."
"I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone, 100
  For I like not thy company."

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
  And blew but blasts three;
Then quickly anon there came Little John,
  And all his company. 105

What is your will, master? then said Little John,
  Good master come tell unto me.
"I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham
  This day to dine with thee."

He is welcome to me, then said Little John, 110
  I hope he will honestly pay;
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,
  Will serve us to drink a whole day.

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
  And laid it upon the ground; 115
And out of the sheriffs portmantle
  He told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,
  And set him on his dapple gray;
"O have me commended to your wife at home:"
  So Robin went laughing away. 121

VI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER; OR, ROBIN HOOD MET WITH HIS MATCH.

"A merry and pleasant song relating the gallant and fierce combate fought between Arthur Bland, a tanner of Nottingham and Robin Hood, the greatest and most noblest archer of England. Tune is, Robin Hood and the Stranger." From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

In Nottingham there lives a jolly tanner,
  With a hey down, down, a down, down,
  His name is Arthur-a-Bland;
There is nere a squire in Nottinghamshire
  Dare bid bold Arthur stand. 5

With a long pike-staff upon his shoulder,
  So well he can clear his way;
By two and by three he makes them to flee,
  For he hath no list to stay.

And as he went forth, in a summers morning, 10
  Into the 'forrest of merry' Sherwood,
To view the red deer, that range here and there,
  There met he with bold Robin Hood.

As soon as bold Robin 'he did' espy,
  He thought some sport he would make, 15
Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
  And thus to him 'he' spake:

Why, what art thou, thou bold fellow,
  That ranges so boldly here?
In sooth, to be brief, thou lookst like a thief, 20
  That comes to steal our kings deer.

For I am a keeper in this forrest,
  The king puts me in trust
To look to his deer, that range here and there; 25
  Therefore stay thee I must.

"If thou beest a keeper in this forrest,
  And hast such a great command,
'Yet' thou must have more partakers[n] in store,
  Before thou make me to stand." 30

"Nay, I have no more partakers in store,
  Or any that I do not need;
But I have a staff of another oke graff[o],
  I know it will do the deed.

For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw, 35
  Nor all thine arrows to boot;
If I get a knop[p] upon the bare scop[q],
  Thou canst as well shite as shoote."

Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
  And give better terms to me; 40
Else Ile thee correct for thy neglect,
  And make thee more mannerly.

VARIOUS READING.—V. 14. did him.

[n] Assistants, persons to take thy part.

[o] Oak-branch or sapling?

[p] The knob, the top or end of a stick; thence applied a blow with a stick. [q] Scalp, pate.

Marry gep with a wenion[r]! quod Arthur-a-Bland,
 Art thou such a goodly man?
I care not a fig for thy looking so big, 45
 Mend thou thyself where thou can.

Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,
 And laid down his bow so long;
He took up a staff of another oke graff,
 That was both stiff and strong. 50

I'le yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,
 Since thou wilt not yield to mine;
For I have a staff of another oke graff,
 Not half a foot longer then thine.

But let me measure, said jolly Robin, 55
 Before we begin our fray;
For I'le not have mine to be longer than thine,
 For that will be counted foul play.

I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
 My staff is of oke so free; 60
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,
 And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then Robin could no longer forbear,
 He gave him such a knock,
Quickly and soon the blood came down, 65
 Before it was ten a clock.

Then Arthur he soon recovered himself,
 And gave him such a knock on the crown,
That from every side of bold Robin Hoods head,
 The blood came trickling down. 70

Then Robin raged like a wild boar,
 As soon as he saw his own blood:
Then Bland was in hast he laid on so fast,
 As though he had been cleaving of wood.

And about, and about, and about they went, 75
 Like two wild bores in a chase;
Striving to aim each other to maim,
 Leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
 Which held for two hours and more; 80
That all the wood rang at every bang,
 They ply'd their work so sore.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 And let thy quarrel fall;
For here we may thrash our bones all to mesh[s], 85
 And get no coyn at all:

And in the forrest of merry Sherwood
 Heareafter thou shalt be free.
"God a mercy for 'nought,' my freedom I bought,
 I may thank my staff, and not thee." 90

What tradesman art thou? said jolly Robin,
 Good fellow, I prethee me show:
And also me tell, in what place thou dost dwel?
 For both of these fain would I know.

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd, 95
 In Nottingham long have I wrought;
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear,
 I will tan thy hide for 'nought.'

God-a-mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
 Since thou art so kind and free; 100
And if thou wilt tan my hide for 'nought,'
 I will do as much for thee.

And if thou'lt forsake thy tanners trade,
 And live in the green wood with me,
My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the 'rood,' 105
 I will give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
 As I think well thou art,
Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur-a-Bland,
 We two will never depart[t]. 110

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John?
 Of him fain would I hear;
For we are alide by the mothers side,
 And he is my kinsman dear.

Then Robin Hood blew on the beaugle horn, 115
 He blew full lowd and shrill;
But quickly anon appear'd Little John,
 Come tripping down a green hill;

O what is the matter? then said Little John,
 Master, I pray you tell: 120
Why do you stand with your staff in your hand,
 I fear all is not well.

"O man I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
 The tanner that stands thee beside;
He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade, 125
 For soundly he hath tan'd my hide."

He is to be commended, then said Little John,
 If such a feat he can do;
If he be so stout, we will have a bout,
 And he shall tan my hide too. 130

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 For as I do understand,
He's a yeoman good of thine own blood,
 For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John threw his staff away, 135
 As far as he could it fling,
And ran out of hand to Arthur-a-Bland,
 And about his neck did cling.

With loving respect, there was no neglect,
 They were neither 'nice' nor coy, 140
Each other did face with a lovely grace,
 And both did weep for joy.
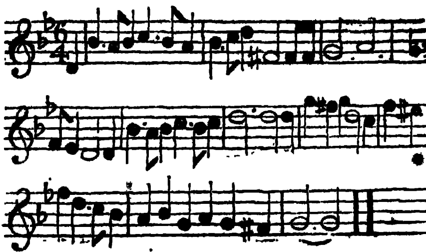
[r] *Marry gep with a wenion.* [Mr. Ritson has left this exclamation as a query, nor can we satisfactorily explain it. *Marry*, is the corruption of the oath "By St. Mary;" of *gep*, we know not the meaning; it may be a contraction of *go up*, or *get up*, which appears not unlikely, as *Marry come up* has been a common exclamation, and may perhaps be yet in use; and both phrases are equivalent to Away! Out with you! still familiar terms: *wenion*, or *wanion* as it is more commonly written, is not to be found in any of the old dictionaries, and its exact meaning is uncertain: it seems to be derived either from the Anglo-Saxon *wanung*, detriment, or *wanian*, to deplore, to decrease to fall away, and to be equivalent to harm, evil or sorrow; and the whole phrase to resolve itself into a hearty curse.—Ed.]

[s] Mash, or jelly.

[t] Part from each other, separate.

Then Robin Hood took 'them both' by the hands,
And danc'd round about the oke tree :
"For three merry men, and three merry men, 145
And three merry men we be :

And ever hereafter as long as we live,
We three will be 'as' one ;
The wood it shall ring, and the old wife sing,
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John." 150



VII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TINKER.

From an old black letter copy in the library of Anthony Wood. The full title is,

"A new song to drive away cold winter,
Between Robin Hood and the jovial tinker:
How Robin by a wile
The Tinker he did cheat;
But at the length as you shall hear
The Tinker did him beat,
Whereby the same they did then so agree
They after liv'd in love and unity.

To the tune of, *In Summer time.*

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
Down, a down, a down.
And birds sing on every tree,
Hey down, a down, a down.
Robin Hood went to Nottingham, 5
Down, a down, a down.
As fast as hee could dree[u].
Hey down, a down, a down.

And as hee came to Nottingham,
A tinker he did meet, 10
And seeing him a lusty blade,
He did him kindly greet.

[u] *Dree* properly signifies to endure or suffer, and Jamieson in his dictionary explains the Anglo-Saxon *dreog-an*, from which *dree* is derived, as radically the same with *drag-an*, to draw, to drag along. Here it is metaphorically used, in reference to the labour of travelling, and is explained by Mr. Ritson as *hye*, which means to hasten or move quickly.—*Ed.*

Where dost thou live? quoth Robin Hood,
I pray thee now mee tell:
Sad news I hear there is abroad, 15
I fear all is not well.

What is that news? the tinker said,
Tell mee without delay:
I am a tinker by my trade,
And do live at Banbura. 20

As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
It is but as I hear,
Two tinkers were set ith' stocks,
For drinking ale and 'beer.'

If that be all, the tinker he said, 25
As I may say to you,
Your news is not worth a fart,
Since that they all bee true.

For drinking good ale and 'beer,'
You will not lose your part. 30
No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
I love it with all my heart.

What news abroad? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me what thou dost hear:
Seeing thou goest from town to town, 35
Some news thou need not fear.

All the news I have, the tinker said,
I hear it is for good,
It is to seek a bold outlaw,
Which they call Robin Hood. 40

I have a warrant from the king,
To take him where I can ;
If you can tell me where hee is,
I will make you a man.

The king would give a hundred pound, 45
That he could but him see ;
And if wee can but now him get,
It will serve thee and mee.

Let me see that warrant, said Robin Hood,
Ile see if it bee right; 50
And I will do the best I can
For to take him this night.

That will I not, the tinker said,
None with it I will trust ;
And where hee is if you'll not tell, 55
Take him by force I must.

But Robin Hood perceiving well
How then the game would go,
"If you would go to Nottingham,
We shall find him I know." 60

The tinker had a crab-tree staff,
Which was both good and strong,
Robin hee had a good strong blade ;
So they went both along.

And when they came to Nottingham, 65
There they both tooke their inn ;
And they called for ale and wine,
To drink it was no sin.

But ale and wine they drank so fast,
  That the tinker hee forgot 70
What thing he was about to do;
  It fell so to his lot,

That, while the tinker fell asleep,
  'Robin' made then haste away,
And left the tinker in the lurch, 75
  For the great shot to pay.

But when the tinker wakened,
  And saw that he was gone,
He call'd then even for his host,
  And thus hee made his moan: 80

I had a warrant from the king,
  Which might have done me good,
That is to take a bold outlaw,
  Some call him Robin Hood:

But now my warrant and mony's gone, 85
  Nothing I have to pay;
And he that promis'd to be my friend,
  He is gone and fled away.

That friend you tell on, said the host,
  They call him Robin Hood; 90
And when that first hee met with you,
  He ment you little good.

"Had I but known it had been hee,
  When that I had him here,
Th' one of us should have tri'd our might 95
  Which should have paid full dear.

In the mean time I will away,
  No longer here Ile bide,
But I will go and seek him out,
  Whatever do me betide. 100

But one thing I would gladly know,
  What here I have to pay."
Ten shillings just, then said the host.
  "Ile pay without delay;

Or elce take here my working-bag, 105
  And my good hammer too;
And if that I light but on the knave,
  I will then soon pay you."

The onely way, then said the host,
  And not to stand in fear, 110
Is to seek him among the parks,
  Killing of the kings deer.

The tinker hee then went with speed,
  And made then no delay,
Till he had found 'bold' Robin Hood, 115
  That they might have a fray.

At last hee spy'd him in a park,
  Hunting then of the deer.
What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
  That doth come mee so near? 120

No knave, no knave, the tinker said,
  And that you soon shall know;
Whether of us hath done any wrong,
  My crab-tree staff shall shew.

Then Robin drew his gallant blade, 125
  Made then of trusty steel:
But the tinker he laid on so fast,
  That he made Robin reel.

Then Robins anger did arise,
  He fought right manfully, 130
Until he had made the tinker
  Almost then fit to fly.

With that they had about again,
  They ply'd their weapons fast;
The tinker threshed his bones so sore, 135
  He made him yeeld at last.

A boon, a boon, Robin hee cryes,
  If thou wilt grant it mee.
Before I do it, the tinker said,
  Ile hang thee on this tree. 140

But the tinker looking him about,
  Robin his horn did blow;
Then came unto him Little John,
  And William Scadlock too.

What is the matter, quoth Little John, 145
  You sit on th' highway side?
"Here is a tinker that stands by,
  That hath paid well my hide."

That tinker then, said Little John,
  Fain that blade I would see, 150
And I would try what I could do,
  If hee'l do as much for me.

But Robin hee then wish'd them both
  They should the quarrel cease,
"That henceforth wee may bee as one, 155
  And ever live in peace.

And for the jovial tinkers part,
  A hundred pounds Ile give
In th' year to maintain him on,
  As long as he doth live. 160

In manhood he is a mettled man,
  And a mettle man by trade;
Never thought I that any man
  Should have made mee so afraid.

And if hee will bee one of us, 165
  Wee will take all one fare;
And whatsoever wee do get,
  He shall have his full share."

So the tinker was content 170
  With them to go along,
And with them a part to take:
  And so I end my song.

VIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN 'A' DALE.

"Or a pleasant relation how a young gentleman, being in love with a young damsel, 'she' was taken from him to be an old knights bride: and how Robin Hood, pittying the young mans case, took her from the old knight, when they were going to be marryed, and restored her to her own love again. To a pleasant northern tune, Robin Hood in the green-wood stood.

Bold Robin Hood he did the young man right,
And took the damsel from the doting knight."

From an old black letter copy in major Pearsons collection.

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood, 5
All under the green wood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was cloathed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay; 10
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a round-de-lay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did [he] espy the same young man 15
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetcht a sigh,
"Alack and a well a day!" 20

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And 'Midge' the millers son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

Stand off, stand off, the young man said, 25
What is your will with me?
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon green wood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin askt him courteously, 30
O, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?

I have no money, the young man said,
But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years, 35
To have it at my wedding.

Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she from me was tane[x],
And chosen to be an old knights delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain. [4]0

What is thy name? then said Robin Hood,
Come tell me, without any fail.
By the faith of my body, then said the young man,
My name it is Allin a Dale.

What will thou give me, said Robin Hood, 45
In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?

I have no money, then quoth the young man,
No ready gold nor fee, 50
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be.

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
By the faith of my body, then said the young man,
It is but five little mile. 56

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin[y],
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allin should keep his wedding. 60

What hast thou here? the bishop then said,
I prithee now tell unto me.
I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
And the best in the north country.

O welcome, O welcome, the bishop he said, 65
That musick best pleaseth me.
You shall have no musick, quoth Robin Hood,
Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old, 70
And after him a finikin[z] lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

This is not a fit match, quod bold Robin Hood,
That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church, 75
The bride shall chuse her own dear.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee[a]. 80

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allin a Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

This is thy true love, Robin he said, 85
Young Allin, as I hear say,
And you shall be married at 'this' same time,
Before we depart away.

That shall not be, the bishop he said,
For thy word shall not stand; 90
They shall be three times askt in the church,
As the law is of our land.

Robin Hood pull'd off the bishops coat,
And put it upon Little John;
By the faith of my body, then Robin said, 95
This 'cloth' doth make thee a man.

Various Readings.—V. 22. Nicke. V. 38. soon from.

[x] Taken.

[y] Stop, stay. [z] Finical, fine, spruce.
[a] Plain.

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He askt them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough. 100

Who gives me this maid? said Little John.
Quoth Robin Hood, that do I;
And he that takes her from Allin a Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy. 105

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride lookt like a queen;
And so they return'd to the merry green-wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

IX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD.

"Shewing how Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd fought a sore combate.

The shepherd fought for twenty pound, and Robin for bottle and bag,
But the shepherd stout, gave them the rout, so sore they could not wag.

Tune is, Robin Hood and queen Katherine."

From two old black letter copies, one of them in the collection of Anthony à Wood, the other in that of Thomas Pearson, esq. At the head of the former is a fine cut of Robin Hood.

All gentlemen, and yeomen good,
Down, a down, a down, a down,
I wish you to draw near;
For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood
Unto you I will declare. 5
Down a, &c.

As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,
Some pastime for to spie,
There he was aware of a jolly shephèrd,
That on the ground did lie.

Arise, arise, cried jolly Robin, 10
And now come let me see
What's in thy bag and bottle[b]; I say,
Come tell it unto me.

"What's that to thee? thou proud fellòw,
Tell me as I do stand; 15
What hast thou to do with my bag and bottle?
Let me see thy command[c]."

"My sword, which hangeth by my side,
Is my command I know;
Come, and let me taste of thy bottle, 20
Or it may breed thy woe."

"The devil a drop, thou proud fellòw,
Of my bottle thou shalt see,
Until thy valour here be tried,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee." 25

What shall we fight for? cries Robin Hood,
Come tell it soon to me;
Here is twenty pound in good red gold,
Win it and take it thee.

The shepherd stood all in a maze, 30
And knew not what to say:
"I have no money, thou proud fellòw,
But bag and bottle ile lay."

"I am content, thou shepherd swain,
Fling them down on the ground; 35
But it will breed thee mickle[d] pain,
To win my twenty pound."

"Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellòw,
Thou standst too long to prate;
This hook of mine shall let thee know, 40
A coward I do hate."

So they fell to it, full hardy and sore,
It was on a summers day,
From ten till four in the afternoon
The shepherd held him play. 45

Robins buckler proved his 'chief' defence,
And saved him many a bang,
For every blow the shepherd gave
Made Robin's sword cry twang.

Many a sturdie blow the shepherd gave, 50
And that bold Robin found,
Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
Then he fell to the ground.

"Arise, arise, thou proud fellòw,
And thou shalt have fair play, 55
If thou wilt yield before thou go,
That I have won the day."

A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin,
If that a man thou be,
Then let me have my beugle horn, 60
And blow but blasts three.

Then said the shepherd to bold Robin,
To that I will agree;
'For' if thou shouldst blow till to-morrow morn,
I scorn one foot to flee. 65

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with mickle main[e],
Until he espied Little John
Come tripping over the plain.

"O who is yonder, thou proud fellòw, 70
That comes down yonder hill?"
"Yonder is John, bold Robin Hoods man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill."

What is the matter? saies Little John,
Master, come tell to me. 75
My case is bad, cries Robin Hood,
For the shepherd hath conquered me.

I am glad of that, cries Little John:
Shepherd, turn thou to me;
For a bout with thee I mean to have, 80
Either come fight or flee.

[b] A small vessel of wood or leather in the shape of a cask, in which shepherds and others, employed abroad in the fields, carry or keep their drink.
[c] Warrant, authority.

Various Reading.—V. 46. chiefest.

[d] Much. [e] Force.

"With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
For it never shall be said
That a shepherds hook of thy sturdy look
Will one jot be dismaied." 85

So they fell to it, full hardy and sore,
Striving for victorie.
Ile know, says John, ere we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The shepherd gave John a sturdie blow, 90
With his hook under the chin.
Beshrew thy heart, said Little John,
Thou basely dost begin.

Nay, that is nothing, said the shepherd,
Either yield to me the daie, 95
Or I will bang thy back and sides,
Before thou goest thy way.

What, dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
That thou canst conquer me?
Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go, 100
Ile fight before ile flee.

Again the shepherd laid on him,
'Just as he first begun.'
Hold thy hand, cry'd bold Robin,
I will yield the wager won. 105

With all my heart, said Little John,
To that I will agree;
For he is the flower of shepherd swains,
The like I did never see.

Thus have you heard of Robin Hood, 110
Also of Little John;
How a shepherd swain did conquer them,
The like was never known.

X.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRYER.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood; corrected by a much earlyer one in the Pepysian library, printed by H. Gosson, about the year 16 0 [e]; compared with a later one in the same collection. The full title is: "The famous battell betweene Robin Hood and the curtall fryer. To a New Northerne tune."

"The curtall fryer," dr. Stukely says, "is *cordelier* from the cord or rope which they wore round their waist, to whip themselves with. They were," adds he, "of the Franciscan order." Our fryer, however, is undoubtedly so called from his "curtall dogs," or curs, as we now say. *Courtault*, F.) In fact, he is no fryer at all, but a monk of Fountains abbey, which was of the Cistercian order.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were disposed to play.

Then some would leape, and some would runne, 5
And some would use artillery;
"Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer for to be?

Which of you can kill a bucke,
Or who can kill a doe;
Or who can kill a hart of Greece[f] 10
Five hundreth foot him fro?"

Will Scadlocke he kild a bucke,
And Midge he kild a doe;
And Little Iohn kild a hart of Greece, 15
Five hundreth foot him fro.

Gods blessing on thy heart, said Robin Hood,
That hath such a shot for me;
I would ride my horse a hundred miles,
To find one could match thee. 20

That caused Will Scadlocke to laugh,
He laught full heartily:
"There lives a curtall fryer in Fountaines Abby
Will beate both him and thee.

The curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey 25
Well can a strong bow draw,
He will beat you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row."

Robin Hood he tooke a solemne oath,
It was by Mary free, 30
That he would neither eate nor drinke,
Till the fryer he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harnesse good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side, 35
And they became him weele [g].

He tooke his bow into his hand,
It was made of a trusty tree,
With a sheafe of arrowes at his belt,
And to Fountaine Dale went he. 40

And comming unto Fountaine Dale,
No farther he would ride;
There he was aware of the curtall fryer,
Walking by the water side.

The fryer had on a harnesse good, 45
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weele.

Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
And tyed him to a thorne: 50
"Carry me over the water, thou curtall fryer,
Or else thy life's forlorne."

The fryer tooke Robin Hood on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad, 55
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt Robin offe the fryers backe;
The fryer said to him againe,
Carry me over this water, [thou] fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thy paine. 60

Robin Hood took the fryer on his backe,
Deepe water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

---

[e] Sic orig.

[f] This means, perhaps, no more than a fat hart, for the sake of a quibble between Grecce and *grease*.

[g] Well.

Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hoods backe, 65
Robin Hood said to him againe,
Carry me over this water, thou curtall fryer,
Or it shall breede thy pain.

The fryer tooke Robin on's backe againe,
And stept in to the knee. 70
'Till he came at the middle streame,
Neither good nor bad spake he,

And comming to the middle streame,
There he threw Robin in:
"And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow. 75
Whether thou wilt sink or swim."

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broome,
The fryer to a wigger[h] wand;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
And took his bow in his hand. 80

One of his best arrowes under his belt
To the fryer he let fly;
The curtall fryer with his steel buckler
Did put that arrow by.

"Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow, 85
Shoot as thou hast begun,
If thou shoot here a summers day,
Thy marke I will not shun."

Robin Hood shot passing well,
'Till his arrows all were gane; 90
They tooke their swords and steele bucklers,
They fought with might and maine,

From ten o'th' clock that [very] day,
Till four i' th' afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came to his knees, 95
Of the fryer to beg a boone.

"A boone, a boone, thou curtall fryer,
I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to set my horne to my mouth,
And to blow blasts three." 100

That I will do, said the curtall fryer,
Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
I hope thoult blow so passing well,
'Till both thy eyes fall out.

Robin Hood set his horne to his mouth, 105
He blew out blasts three;
Halfe a hundreth yeomen, with bowes bent,
Came raking over the lee.

Whose men are these, said the fryer,
That come so hastily? 110
Those are mine, said Robin Hood;
Fryer, what is that to thee?

A boone, a boone, said the curtall fryer,
The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth, 115
And to whute[l] whues three.

That will I doe, said Robin Hood,
Or else I were to blame;
Three whues in a fryers fist
Would make me glad and faine. 120

The fryer set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted whues three:
Half a hundred good band-dogs[k]
Came running over the lee.

"Here's for every man a dog, 125
And I myselfe for thee."
Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,
Fryer, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did goe,
The one behind, the other before, 130
Robin Hoods mantle of Lincolne greene
Off from his backe they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north our south,
The curtall dogs, so taught they were, 135
They kept 'the' arrows in their mouth.

Take up thy dogs, said Little John,
Fryer, at my bidding be.
Whose man art thou, said the curtall fryer,
Comes here to prate with me? 140

"I am Little John, Robin Hoods man,
Fryer, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy dogs soone,
I'le take up them and thee."

Little John had a bow in his hand, 145
He shot with might and main;
Soon halfe a score of the fryers dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the curtal fryer,
Thy master and I will agree; 150
And we will have new orders taken,
With all the hast may be.

"If thou wilt forsake fair Fountaines dale,
And Fountaines Abbey free,
Every sunday throwout the yeere, 155
A noble shall be thy fee:

And every holiday through the yeere,
Changed shall thy garment be,
If thou wilt goe to faire Nottingham,
And there remaine with me." 160

This curtal fryer had kept Fountaines dale
Seven long yeeres and more,
There was neither knight, lord, nor earle,
Could make him yeeld before.

[h] Wicker. [l] Whistle.

[k] *Band-dogs*, mastives; so called from their being usually tyed or chained up at night. [Supposed to be so called, because, bound or chained, (canis catenarius,) should, perhaps, be written Ban-dogs, so called from their loud bark.—*Richardsons dic.*]

XI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE STRANGER.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. The title now given to this ballad is that which it seems to have originally born; having been foolishly altered to "Robin Hood newly revived." The circumstances attending the second part will be explained in a note.

COME listen awhile, you gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
That are this bower within,
For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood,
I purpose now to begin. 5

What time of day? quod Robin Hood then.
Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime.
"Why then we will to the green wood gang,
For we have no vittles to dine."

As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along, 10
It was in the mid of the day,
There he was met of a deft[l] young man,
As ever walkt on the way.

His doublet was of silk, ''tis' said,
His stockings like scarlet shone: 15
And he walked on along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face:
"Now the best of you ile have to my dinner, 20
And that in a little space."

Now the stranger he made no mickle adoe,
But he bends and a right good bow,
And the best of all the herd he slew,
Forty good yards him froe. 25

Well shot, well shot, quod Robin Hood then,
That shot it was shot in time;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

Go play the chiven,[m] the stranger said, 30
Make haste and quickly go,
Or with my fist, besure of this,
Ile give thee buffets sto'.[n]

Thou had'st not best buffet me, quod Robin Hood,
For though I seem forlorn, 35
Yet I have those will take my part,
If I but blow my horn.

Thou wast not best wind thy horn, the stranger [said,
Beest thou never so much in haste,
For I can draw out a good broad sword, 40
And quickly cut the blast.

Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
To shoot, and that he would fain;
The stranger he bent a very good bow,
To shoot at bold Robin again. 45

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quod Robin Hood,
To shoot it would be in vain;
For if we should shoot the one at the other,
The one of us may be slain.

But let's take our swords and our broad bucklers,
And gang under yonder tree. 50
As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger he said,
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow,
'Most scar'd him out of his wit: 55
Thou never felt blow, the stranger he said,
That shall be better quit.

The stranger he drew out a good broad sword,
And hit Robin on the crown,
That from every haire of bold Robins head 60
The blood ran trickling down.

God a mercy,[o] good fellow! quod Robin Hood then,
And for this that thou hast done,
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,
Tell me where thou doest won.[p] 65

The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood.
Ile tell thee where I do dwell;
In Maxwell town I was bred and born,
My name is young Gamwell.

For killing of my own fathers steward, 70
I am forc'd to this English wood,
And for to seek an uncle of mine,
Some call him Robin Hood.

"But 'art thou' a cousin of Robin Hood then?
The sooner we should have done." 75
As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger then said,
I am his own sisters son.

But, lord! what kissing and courting was there,
When these two cousins did greet!
And they went all that summers day, 80
And Little John did [not] meet.

But when they met with Little John,
He 'unto them' did say,
O master, pray where have you been,
You have tarried so long away? 85

I met with a stranger, quod Robin Hood,
Full sore he hath beaten me.
Then I'le have a bout with him, quod Little John,
And try if he can beat me.

Oh [no], oh no, quoth Robin Hood then, 90
Little John, it may [not] be so;
For he is my own dear sisters son,
And cousins I have no mo.

But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next to thee; 95
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And 'Scadlock' he shall be.

And weel be three of the bravest outlaws
That live in the north country.
If 'you will' hear more of bold Robin Hood, 100
In 'the' second part it will be.

VARIOUS READING.—*V.* 25. full free.

[l] Well-looking, neatly drest.

[m] Mr. Ritson queries this word without remark. We can only offer a bare conjecture as to its meaning. Shiver was anciently written *chiver*, of which there are examples in Chaucer and Gower, and it is possible that *chiven* is a derivative, signifying *coward* or *trembler*, but we can produce no authority in support of this interpretation.—ED.

[n] Store.

[o] Gramercy, thanks. *Grand merci*, Fr.

[p] Dwell. [q] More.

[PART THE SECOND.*]

Now Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John,
Are walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck, which Will Scadlock,
With his strong bow had slain.

Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood, 5
The day it runs full fast;
For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,
I have not yet broke my fast.

Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
I think it wondrous good, 10
Where my nephew by my bold yeomen
Shall be welcom'd unto the green-wood.

With that he took 'his' bugle-horn,
Full well he could it blow;
Straight from the woods came marching down 15
One hundred tall fellows and mo.

Stand, stand to your arms, says Will Scadlock,
Lo! the enemies are within ken.
With that Robin Hood he laugh'd aloud,
Crying, They are my bold yeomen. 20

Who, when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,
Cry'd, Master, what is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
Your horn did sound so shrill.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood, 25
The danger is past and gone;
I would have you welcome my nephew here,
That has paid me two for one.

In feasting and sporting they passed the day,
Till Phœbus sunk into the deep; 30
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
His guard there for to keep.

Long had they not walked within the green-wood
But Robin he soon espy'd,
A beautiful damsel all alone, 35
That on a black palfrey did ride.

Her riding-suit was of a sable hew black,
Cypress over her face,
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush,
All with a comely grace. 40

Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin, and tell me aright,
From whence thou comest, and whither thou goest,
All in this mournful plight?

From London I came, the damsel reply'd, 45
From London upon the Thames,
Which circled is, O grief to tell!
Besieg'd with foreign arms,

By the proud prince of Arragon,
Who swears by his martial hand 50
To have the princess to his spouse,
Or else to waste this land,

Except such champions can be found,
That dare fight three to three,
Against the prince, and giants twain, 55
Most horrid for to see;

Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
Strike terrour where they come,
With serpents hissing on their helms,
Instead of feathered plume. 60

The princess shall be the victor's prize,
The king hath vow'd and said,
And he that shall the conquest win,
Shall have her to his bride.

Now we are four damsels sent abroad, 65
To the east, west, north, and south,
To try whose fortune is so good
To find these champions 'out.'

But all in vain we have sought about,
For none so bold there are 70
That dare adventure life and blood,
To free a lady fair.

When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me this and no more.
On Midsummer next, the dam'sel said, 75
Which is June the twenty-four.

With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
And silent was her tongue;
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
Away her palfrey sprung. 80

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* This (from an old black letter copy in major Pearson's collection) is evidently the genuine second part of the present ballad; although constantly printed as an independent article, under the title of "Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John: Or, a narrative of their victories obtained against the prince of Aragon and the two giants, and how Will Scadlock married the princess. Tune of Robin Hood or Hey down, down, a down:" Instead of which, in all former editions, are given the following incoherent stanzas, which have all the appearance of being the fragment of a different ballad:

Then bold Robin Hood to the north he would go,
With valour and mickle might,
With sword by his side, which oft had been tri'd,
To fight and recover his right

The first that he met was a bonny bold Scot, 5
His servant he said he would be.
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove false unto me,

Thou hast not been true to sire nor cuz.
Nay, marry, the Scot he said, 10
As true as your heart, Ile never part,
Gude master, be not afraid.

Then Robin turned his face to the east,
Fight on, my merry men stout,
Our cause is good, quod brave Robin Hood, 15
And we shall not be beaten out.

The battel grows hot on every side,
The Scotchman made great moan:
Quoth Jockey, Gude faith, they fight on each side
Would I were with my wife Joan! 20

The enemy compast brave Robin about,
'Tis long ere the battel ends;
Ther's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
For both are supplied with friends

This song it was made in Robin Hoods dayes: 25
Let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,
And war may give place unto love.

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 35. Of a. V. 68. forth.

The news struck Robin to the heart,
He fell down on the grass,
His actions and his troubled mind
Shew'd he perplexed was.

Where lies your grief? quoth Will 'Scadlòck,' 85
O master, tell to me:
If the damsels eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
She doth not cause my smart; 90
But 'tis the poor distressed princess,
That wounds me to the heart:

I'll go fight the [prince and] giants all,
To set the lady free.
The devil take my soul, quoth Little John, 95
If I part with thy company.

Must I stay behind? quoth Will Scadlòck,
No, no, that must not be;
I'le make the third man in the fight,
So we shall be three to three. 100

These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
Joy shone within his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
And kindly did imbrace.

Quoth he, We'll put on mothley grey, 105
And long staves in our hands,
A scrip and bottle by our sides,
As come from the holy land.

So may we pass along the high-way,
None will ask us from whence we came, 110
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or else some holy men.

Now they are on their journey gone,
As fast as they may speed,
Yet for all their haste, ere they arriv'd, 115
The princess forth was led,

To be deliver'd to the prince,
Who in the list did stand,
Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
His lady by the hand. 120

With that he walk'd about the lists,
With giants by his side:
Bring forth, said he, your champions,
Or bring me forth my bride.

This is the four and twentieth day, 125
The day prefixt upon:
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I swear by 'Alcaron [s].'

Then cries the king, and queen likewise,
Both weeping as they 'spake,' 130
Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
Whom we are forc'd to forsake.

With that stept out bold Robin Hood,
Crys, My liege, it must not be so:
Such beauty as the fair princèss 135
Is not for a tyrants mow [t].

The prince he then began to storm,
Cries, Fool, fanatick, baboon [u]!
How dare thou stop my valour's prize?
I'll kill thee with a frown. 140

Thou tyrant Turk, thou infidel,
Thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I scorn; lo! here's my gage,
And thus I thee defie.

And for those two Goliahs there, 145
That stand on either side,
Here are two little Davids by,
That soon can tame their pride.

Then the king did for armour send,
For lances, swords, and shields; 150
And thus all three in armour bright,
Came marching to the field.

The trumpets began to sound a charge,
Each singled out his man;
Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd, 155
Blood sprang from every vain.

The prince he reacht Robin Hood a blow,
He struck with might and main,
Which forc'd him to reel about the field,
As though he had been slain. 160

God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow!
The quarrel shall soon be try'd;
This stroke shall shew a full divorce
Betwixt thee and thy bride.

So from his shoulders he's cut his head, 165
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbling sore at Robin Hood,
To be so dealt withal.

The giants then began to rage
To see their prince lie dead: 170
Thou's be the next, quoth Little John,
Unless thou well guard thy head.

---

[s] Acaron. This termagant prince seems intended for a sort of Mahometan Pagan; but Arragon, at least the *county* of Arragon, was never in the hands of the Moors, and there has been a succession of *Christian Kings* from the year 1034. *Alcaron* is a deity formed by metathesis from *Alcoran*, a book. This conversion is much more ancient than the present ballad. Thus, in the old metrical romance of *The sowdon of Babyloyne*, a MS. in the possession of Dr. Farmer:

"Whan Laban herde of this myschief,
A sory man was he,
He trumped his men to relefe,
For to cease that tyme mente he,
Mersadage kinge of Barbarye
He did carye to his tente,
And beryed him by right of Sarsenye,
With brennynge fire and rich oynement;
And songe the *dirige* of ALKARON,
That bibill is of here lafe;
And wayled his deth everychon,
Seven nyghtis and seven dayes."

Here *Alkaron* is expressly the name of a BOOK (i.e. the *Koran* or *Alcoran*); in the following passage it is that of a GOD:

"Now shall ye here of Laban:
Whan tidynges to him were comen,
Tho was he a fulle sory man,
Whan he herde howe his vitaile were nomen,
And howe his men were slayne,
And Gye was go safe hem froo;
He defyed *Mahounde*, and *Apolyne*,
Jubiter, *Astarot*, and *Alcaron* also."

One might, however, read *Acheron*.

[t] Mouth

[u] For *fanatick, baboon!* we should probably read '*frantick*' baboon!

With that his faulchion he wherl'd about,
It was both keen and sharp ;
He clave the giant to the belt, 175
And cut in twain his heart.

Will Scadlock well had play'd his part,
The giant he had brought to his knee ;
Quoth Will, The devil cannot break his fast,
Unless he have you all three. 180

So with his faulchion he run him through,
A deep and 'ghastly' wound ;
Who dam'd and fam'd, curst and blasphem'd,
And then fell to the ground.

Now all the lists with shouts were fill'd, 185
The skies they did resound
Which brought the princess to herself,
Who had fal'n in a swound.

The king and queen, and princess fair,
Came walking to the place, 190
And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them further grace.

Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
That thus disguised came,
Whose valour speaks that noble blood 195
Doth run through every vain.

A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
On my knees I beg and crave.
By my crown, quoth the king, I grant,
Ask what, and thou shalt have. 200

Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
Which are in the green-wood,
For Little John, and Will Scadlock,
And for me, bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood ? quoth the king : 205
For the valour thou hast shewn,
Your pardons I do freely grant,
And welcome every one,

The princess I promise the victor's prize,
She cannot have you all three. 210
She shall chuse, quoth Robin. Said Little John,
Then little share falls to me.

Then did the princess view all three,
With a comely lovely grace,
And took Will Scadlock by the hand, 215
Saying, Here I make my choice.

With that a noble lord stept forth,
Of Maxfield earl was he,
Who look'd Will Scadlock in the face,
And wept most bitterly. 220

Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
Whom I lov'd wondrous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
His name it is young Gamwell.

Then did Will Scadlock fall on his knees, 225
Cries, Father ! father ! here,
Here kneels your son, your young Gamwell,
You said you lov'd so dear.

But, lord ! what imbracing and kissing was there,
When all these friends were met ! 230
They are gone to the wedding, and so to [the]
And so I bid you good night. [bedding :

XII.

ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN KATHERINE.

From an old black letter copy in a private collection, compared with another in that of Anthony à Wood. The full title is: "Renowned Robin Hood; Or, His famous archery truly related in the worthy exploits he acted before queen Katherine, he being an outlaw man; and how he obtained his own and his fellows pardon. To a new tune."

It is scarcely worth observing that there was no queen consort named KATHERINE before Henry the fifths time; but as Henry the eighth had no less than three wives so called, the name would be sufficiently familiar to our ballad maker.

GOLD tane from the kings harbengers,
Downe, a downe, a downe,
As seldome hath beene seene,
Downe, a downe, a downe,
And carried by bold Robin Hood 5
For a present to the queene,
Downe, a downe, a downe.

If that I live a yeare to an end,
Thus can[v] queene Katherine say,
Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend, 10
And all thy yeomen gay.

The queene is to her chamber gone,
As fast as she can wen[x] ;
She calls unto her lovely page,
His name was Richard Patrington. 15

"Come thou hither to mee, thou lovely page,
Come thou hither to mee ;
For thou must post to Nottingham,
As fast as thou can dree[y] ;

And as thou goest to Nottingham, 20
Search all the English wood[z],
Enquire of one good yeoman or another,
That can tell thee of Robin Hood.

Sometimes hee went, sometimes hee ran,
As fast as hee could win ; 25
And when hee came to Nottingham,
There hee tooke up his inne.

And when he came to Nottingham,
And had tooke up his inne,
He cals for a pottle of Rhenish wine, 30
And dranke a health to his queene.

There sate a yeoman by his side,
Tell mee, sweet page, said hee,
What is thy businesse and the cause,
So far in the north countrey ? 35

This is my businesse and the cause,
Sir, I'le tell it you for good,
To enquire of one good yeoman or another,
To tell mee of Robin Hood.

"Ile get my horse betimes in the morne, 40
By it be break of day,
And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay."

[v] Did. [x] Wend, go, hye. [y] Hasten. (See p. 77.)

[z] If *Inglewood forest* is here meant, the queen is a little out in her geography : she probably means *Sherwood*, but neither was that in the page's way to Nottingham, and *Barnsdale* was still farther north. See "Ancient popular poetry," 1791, p. 3.

When that he came at Robin Hoods place,
  Hee fell down on his knee : 45
" Queen Katherine she doth greet you well,
  She greets you well by mee ;

She bids you post to fair London court,
  Not fearing any thing ;
For there shall be a little sport, 50
  And she hath sent you her ring."

Robin Hood tooke his mantle from his back,
  It was of the Lincolne greene,
And sent it by this lovely page,
  For a present unto the queene. 55

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
  It's a seemely sight to see,
How Robin Hood himselfe had drest,
  And all his yeomandry [b].

He clothed his men in Lincolne greene, 60
  And himselfe in scarlet red ;
Blacke hats, white feathers, all alike,
  Now bold Robin Hood is rid :

And when hee came at Londons court,
  Hee fell downe on his knee. 65
Thou art welcome, Locksly, said the queen,
  And all thy good 'yeomandree.'

The king is into Finsbury field [c]
  Marching in battle ray [d],
And after follows bold Robin Hood, 70
  And all his yeomen gay.

Come hither, Tepus, said the king,
  Bow-bearer after mee ;
Come measure me out with this line,
  How long our mark must be. 75

[b] Yeomanry, followers.

[c] Ground near Moorfields, London, famous in old times for the archery practised there. "In the year 1498," says Stow, "all the gardens which had continued time out of minde, without Mooregate, to wit, about and beyond the lordship of Fensberry, were destroyed. And of them was made a plaine field for archers to shoote in." Survay of London, 1598, p. 351. See also p. 77, where it is observed that "about the feast of S. Bartlemew . . . the officers of the city . . . were challengers of all men in the suburbes, . . . before the lord maior, aldermen, and sheriffes, in FENSBERY FIELDS, to shoote the standarde, broade arrow, and flight, for games." There is a tract intitled, "Ayme for Finsburie archers, or an alphabetical table of the names of every marke within the same fields, with the true distances, both by the map, and dimensuration with the line. Published for the ease of the skilfull, and behoofe of the yoonge beginners in the famous exercise of archerie, by J. J. and E. B. To be sold at the signe of the Swan in Grub street, by F. Sergeant. 1594. 16mo. Republished by R. F. 1604; and again by James Partridge, 1628. 12mo.

The practice of shooting here is alluded to by Cotton, in his *Virgile travestie*; (*b.* iv.) 1667 :

" And arrows loos'd from Grub-street bow,
" In FINSBURY, to him are slow ;"

and is said to have continued till within the memory of persons now living. These famous archers are also mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *Every man in his humour* (act 1. scene 1): "Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but *the archers of Finsbury*."

[d] *Battle ray*, Battle array. The same expression occurs in "The tragicall history of Didaco and Violenta," 1567 :

"To traverse forth his grounde, to place
His troupes *in batayle ray*."

What is the wager? said the queene,
  That must I now know here.
" Three hundred tun of Rhenish wine,
  Three hundred tun of beere ;

Three hundred of the fattest harts 80
  That run on Dallom lee [e]."
That's a princely wager, said the king,
  That needs must I tell thee.

With that bespake one Clifton then,
  Full quickly and full soone, 85
Measure no markes for us, most soveraigne liege,
  Wee'l shoot at sun and moone.

" Full fifteene score your marke shall be,
  Full fifteene score shall stand."
Ile lay my bow, said Clifton then, 90
  Ile cleave the willow wand.

With that the kings archers led about,
  While it was three, and none ;
With that the ladies began to shout,
  " Madam, your game is gone." 95

A boone, a boone, queene Katherine cries,
  I crave it on my bare knee ;
Is there any knight of your privy counsel
  Of queen Katherines part will be?

Come hither to mee, sir Richard Lee, 100
  Thou art a knight full good ;
For I do knowe by thy pedigree
  Thou sprung'st from Gowers blood.

Come hither to me, thou bishop of Herefordshire;
  For a noble priest was hee. 105
By my silver miter, said the bishop then,
  Ile not bet one peny.

The king hath archers of his own,
  Full ready and full light,
And these be strangers every one, 110
  No man knowes what they hight [f].

What wilt thou bet? said Robin Hood,
  Thou seest our game the worse.
By my silver miter, then said the bishop,
  All the money within my purse. 115

What is in thy purse? said Robin Hood,
  Throw it downe on the ground.
Fifteen score nobles, said the bishop ;
  It's neere an hundred pound [g].

Robin Hood took his bagge from his side, 120
  And threw it downe on the greene ;
William Scadlocke then went smiling away,
  " I know who this money must win."

With that the king's archers led about,
  While it was three and three ; 125
With that the ladies gave a shout,
  " Woodcock, beware thy knee!"

[e] The situation of this chase cannot be ascertained. *Dalham-tower* is in Westmoreland.

[f] *What they hight*, what they are called.

[g] Either the bishop was a very bad reckoner, or here is some mistake in the copy: three hundred nobles are exactly a hundred pounds. The common editions read *ninety-nine angels*, which would be no more than £49. 10. 0

It is three and three, now, said the king,
The next three pays for all.
Robin Hood went and whisper'd the queen, 130
The kings part shall be but small.

Robin Hood hee led about,
Hee shot it under hand;
And Clifton with a bearing arrow[b],
Hee clave the willow wand. 135

And little Midge, the millers son,
Hee shot not much the worse;
He shot within a finger of the prick:
"Now, bishop, beware thy purse!"

A boone, a boone, queen Katherine cries, 140
I crave 'it' on my bare knee,
That you will angry be with none
That are of my partie.

"They shall have forty daies to come,
And forty daies to goe, 145
And three times forty to sport and play;
Then welcome friend or foe."

Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, said the queene,
And so is Little John,
And so is Midge, the millers son; 150
Thrice welcome every one.

Is this Robin Hood? now said the king,
For it was told to me
That he was slain in the palace gates,
So far in the north country. 155

Is this Robin Hood? quoth the bishop then,
As 'it seems' well to be:
Had I knowne 'it' had been that bold outlaw,
I would not [have] bet one peny.

Hee tooke me late one Saturday at night, 160
And bound mee fast to a tree,
And made mee sing a masse, God wot,
To him and his 'yeomandree.'

What, an if I did, saies Robin Hood,
Of that masse I was faine; 165
For recompence of that, he saies,
Here's halfe thy gold againe.

Now nay, now nay, saies Little John,
Master, that shall not be;
We must give gifts to the kings officers; 170
That gold will serve thee and mee.

XIII.

ROBIN HOODS CHASE:

"Or, a merry progress between Robin Hood and King Henry. Shewing how Robin Hood led the king his chase from London to London; and when he had taken his leave of the queen, he returned to merry Sherwood. To the tune of Robin Hood and the beggar."

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

Come, you gallants all, to you I do call,
With hey down, down, an a down,
That now 'are' in this place;
For a song I will sing of Henry the king,
How he did Robin Hood chase. 5

Queen Katherin she a match did make,
As plainly doth appear,
For three hundred tun of good red wine,
And three [hundred] tun of beere.

But yet her archers she had to seek, 10
With their bows and arrows so good;
But her mind it was bent with a good intent,
To send for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin he came there,
Queen Katherin she did say, 15
Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the queen,
And all thy yeomen gay.

For a match of shooting I have made,
And thou on my part must be.
"If I miss the mark, be it light or dark, 20
Then hanged I will be."

But when the game came to be played,
Bold Robin he then drew nigh,
With his mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He let his arrows fly 25

And when the game it ended was,
Bold Robin wan it with a grace;
But after the king was angry with him,
And vowed he would him chace.

What though his pardon granted was, 30
While he with him did stay;
But yet the king was vexed at him,
When as he was gone his way.

Soon after the king from the court did hye,
In a furious angry mood, 35
And often enquired both far and near
After bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came,
Bold Robin was in the wood:
O, come now, said he, and let me see 40
Who can find me bold Robin Hood.

But when that bold Robin he did hear
The king had him in chase,
Then said Little John, 'Tis time to be gone,
And go to some other place. 45

And away they went from merry Sherwood,
And into Yorkshire he did hye;
And the king did follow, with a hoop and a hallow,
But could not come him nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he passed along, 50
'And went strait' to Newcastle town;
And there 'he' stayed hours two or three,
And 'then' to Barwick 'is' gone.

When the king did see how Robin did flee,
He was vexed wondrous sore; 55
With a hoop and a hallow he vowed to follow,
And take him, or never give ore.

Come now let's away, then crys Little John,
Let any man follow that dare;
To Carlisle we'l hye, with our company, 60
And so then to Lancaster.

From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
And so did king Henry;
But Robin [went] away, for he durst not stay,
For fear of some treachery. 65

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 157. I see.

[b] Qy.

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 5. 'an did. V. 53. he . . . was.

Says Robin, Come let us for London goe,
To see our noble queens face,
It may be she wants our company,
Which makes the king so us chase.

When Robin he came queene Katherin before, 70
He fell low upon his knee:
"If it please your grace, I am come to this place
For to speak with king Henry."

Queen Katherine answered bold Robin Hood again,
The king is gone to merry Sherwood; 75
And when he went away to me he did say,
He would go and seek Robin Hood.

"Then fare you well, my gracious queen,
For to Sherwood I will hye apace;
For fain would I see what he would with me, 80
If I could but meet with his grace."

But when king Henry he came home,
Full weary, and vexed in mind,
And that he did hear Robin had been there,
He blamed dame Fortune unkind. 85

You're welcome home, 'queen' Katherin cryed,
Henry, my soveraign liege;
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
Your person hath been to seek.

But when king Henry he did 'hear,' 90
That Robin had been there him to seeke,
This answer he gave, He's a cunning knave,
For I have sought him this whole three weeks.

A boon! a boon! 'queen' Katherin cry'd,
I beg it here 'of' your grace, 95
To pardon his life, and seek not strife:
And so endeth Robin Hoods chase.

XIV.

ROBIN HOODS GOLDEN PRIZE.

"He met two priests upon the way,
And forced them with him to pray;
For gold they prayed, and gold they had,
Enough to make bold Robin glad;
His share came to four hundred pound,
That then was told upon the ground.
Now mark, and you shall hear the jest,
You never heard the like exprest.

Tune is, Robin Hood was a tall young man, &c."

This ballad (given from an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood) was entered (amongst others) in the stationers book, by Francis Coule, 13th June, 1631; and by Francis Grove, 2d June, 1656.

I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood,
Derry, derry down,
And of brave Little John,
Of fryer Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
Loxley, and maid Mariòn. 5

But such a tale as this before
I think was never knone;
For Robin Hood disguised himself,
And 'from' the wood is gone.

Like to a fryer bold Robin Hood 10
Was accoutered in his array;
With hood, gown, beeds, and crucifix,
He past upon the way.

He had not gone miles two or three,
But it was his chance to spy 15
Two lusty priests, clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.

Benedicite, then said Robin Hood,
Some pitty on me take;
Cross you my hand with a silver groat, 20
For our dear ladies sake.

For I have been wandring all this day,
And nothing could I get;
Not so much as one poor cup of drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat. 25

Now, by our holy dame[1], the priests repli'd,
We never a peny have;
For we this morning have been rob'd,
And could no money save.

I am much afraid, said bold Robin Hood, 30
That you both do tell a lie;
And now before you do go hence,
I am resolv'd to try.

When as the priests heard him say so,
Then they rode away amain; 35
But Robin Hood betook to his heels,
And soon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
And pull'd them down from their horse:
O spare us, fryer! the priests cry'd out, 40
On us have some remorse!

You said you had no mony, quoth he,
Wherefore, without delay,
We three will fall down on our knees,
And for mony we will pray. 45

The priests they could not him gainsay,
But down they kneeled with speed:
Send us, O send us, then quoth they,
Some mony to serve our need.

The priests did pray with a mournful chear, 50
Sometimes their hands did wring;
Sometimes they wept, and cried aloud,
Whilst Robin did merrily sing.

When they had been praying an hours space,
The priests did still lament; 55
Then quoth bold Robin, Now let's see
What mony heaven hath us sent.

We will be sharers all alike
Of [the] mony that we have;
And there is never a one of us 60
That his fellow shall deceive.

The priests their hands in their pockets put,
But mony would find none:
We'l search ourselves, said Robin Hood,
Each other, one by one. 65

VARIOUS READING.—V. 9. to

[1] *Our holy dame.* The virgin Mary (so called); unless, for "*our holy dame,*" we should read *our halidome*, which may mean our holyness, honesty, chastity: *haligdome*, *sanctimonia*, Lye's Saxon dictionary.

Then Robin took pains to search them both,
And he found good store of gold,
Five hundred peeces presently
Upon the grass was told.

Here is a brave show, said Robin Hood, 70
Such store of gold to see,
And you shall each one have a part,
Cause you prayed so heartily.

He gave them fifty pounds a-peece,
And the rest for himself did keep: 75
The priests [they] durst not speak one word,
But they sighed wondrous deep

With that the priests rose up from their knees,
Thinking to have parted so:
Nay, nay, says Robin Hood, one thing more 80
I have to say ere you go.

You shall be sworn, said bold Robin Hood,
Upon this holy grass,
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way soever you pass. 85

The second oath that you here must take,
That all the days of your lives,
You shall never tempt maids to sin,
Nor lye with other mens wives.

The last oath you shall take, it is this, 90
Be charitable to the poor;
Say, you have met with a holy fryar,
And I desire no more.

He set them on their horses again,
And away then they did ride; 95
And he return'd to the merry green-wood,
With great joy, mirth, and pride.

XV.

ROBIN HOODS RESCUING WILL STUTLY.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood. The full title is: "Robin Hood his rescuing Will Stutly from the sheriff and his men who had taken him prisoner, and was going to hang him To the tune of Robin Hood and queen Katherine."

When Robin Hood in the green wood liv'd,
Derry, derry down,
Under the green wood tree,
Tidings there came to him with speed,
Tidings for certainty. 5
Hey down, derry, derry, down,

That Will Stutly surprized was,
And eke in prison lay;
Three varlets that the sheriff had hired,
Did likely him betray, 10

"I[k], and to-morrow hanged must be,
To-morrow as soon as it is day;
Before they could this victory get,
Two of them did Stutly slay."

When Robin Hood he heard this news, 15
Lord! he was grieved sore;
And to his merry men he did say,
(Who altogether swore)

That Will Stutly should rescued be,
And be brought 'back' again; 20
Or else should many a gallant wight
For his sake there be slain.

He cloathed himself in scarlet 'red,'
His men were all in green;
A finer shew, throughout the world, 25
In no place could be seen.

Good lord! it was a gallant sight
To see them all on a row;
With every man a good broad sword,
And eke a good yew bow. 30

Forth of the green wood are they gone,
Yea all couragiously,
Resolving to bring Stutly home,
Or every man to die.

And when they came the castle neer, 35
Whereas Will Stutly lay,
I hold it good, saith Robin Hood,
Wee here in ambush stay,

And send one forth some news to hear,
To yonder palmer[1] fair, 40
That stands under the castle wall,
Some news he may declare.

With that steps forth a brave young man,
Which was of courage bold,
Thus did hee speak to the old man, 45
I pray thee, palmer old,

Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,
When must Will Stutly die,
Who is one of bold Robin's men,
And here doth prisoner lie? 50

Alack! alass! the palmer said,
And for ever wo is me!
Will Stutly hanged must be this day,
On yonder gallows tree.

O had his noble master known, 55
He would some succour send;
A few of his bold yeomandree[m]
Full soon would fetch him hence.

I[n], that is true, the young man said;
I, that is true, said he; 60
Or, if they were neer to this place,
They soon would set him free.

But fare 'thee' well, thou good old man,
Farewell, and thanks to thee;
If Stutly hanged be this day, 65
Reveng'd his death will be

VARIOUS READINGS.—V 66. Robin Hood

[j] See before, p. 86. [k] Aye.

[1] A *palmer* was, properly, a pilgrim who had visited the Holy Land, from the palm-branch or cross which he bore as a sign of such visitation: but it is probable that the distinction between *palmers* and other *pilgrims* was never much attended to in this country. (See p. 85, l. 105, &c.) The palmer in the text seems to be no more than a common begger.

[m] Yeomanry, fellows. [n] Aye.

Hee was no sooner from the palmer gone,
But the gates 'were' open'd wide,
And out of the castle Will Stutly came,
Guarded on every side. 70

When hee was forth of the castle come,
And saw no help was nigh,
Thus he did say to the sheriff,
Thus he said gallantly:

Now seeing that I needs must die, 75
Grant me one boon, said he,
For my noble master nere had a man,
That yet was hang'd on the tree.

Give me a sword all in my hand,
And let mee be unbound, 80
And with thee and thy men Ile fight,
'Till I lie dead on the ground.

But his desire he would not grant,
His wishes were in vain;
For the sheriff had sworn he hanged should be, 85
And not by the sword be slain.

Do but unbind my hands, he saies,
I will no weapons crave,
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have. 90

O no, o no, the sheriff said,
Thou shalt on the gallows die,
I[o], and so shall thy master too,
If ever in me it lie.

O, dastard coward! Stutly cries, 95
Thou faint heart pesant slave!
If ever my master do thee meet,
Thou shalt thy paiment have.

My noble master 'doth thee' scorn,
And all thy 'coward' crew; 100
Such silly imps unable are
Bold Robin to subdue.

But when he was to the gallows come,
And ready to bid adiew,
Out of a bush leaps Little John, 105
And comes Will Stutly 'to:'

"I pray thee, Will, before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave;
I needs must borrow[p] him for a while,
How say you, master 'shrieve'?" 110

Now, as I live, the sheriff he said,
That varlet will I know;
Some sturdy rebell is that same,
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little John most hastily, 115
Away cut Stutly's bands,
And from one of the 'sheriffs' men,
A sword twicht[q] from his hands.

"Here, Will, here, take thou this same,
Thou canst it better sway; 120
And here defend thyself awhile,
For aid will come straightway."

[o] Aye. [p] Pledge, bail.
[q] Snatched, wrested sharply.

And there they turnd them back to back,
In the middle of them that day,
'Till Robin Hood approached near, 125
With many an archer gay.

With that an arrow by them flew,
I wist[r] from Robin Hood;
Make haste, make haste, the sheriff he said,
Make haste, for it is good. 130

The sheriff is gon, his 'doughty' men
Thought it no boot to stay,
But as their master had them taught,
'They' run full fast away.

O stay, O stay, Will Stutly said, 135
Take leave ere you depart;
You neere will catch bold Robin Hood,
Unless you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, quoth Robin Hood,
That you so soon are gone; 140
My sword may in the scabbord rest,
For here our work is done.

I little thought, 'Will Stutly said,'
When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John, 145
Or seen my masters face.

Thus Stutly was at liberty set,
And safe brought from his foe:
"O thanks, O thanks to my master,
Since here it was not so. 150

And once again, my fellows [all],
We shall in the green woods meet,
Where we [will] make our bow-strings twang,
Musick for us most sweet."

XVI.

THE NOBLE FISHER-MAN;

OR,

ROBIN HOODS PREFERMENT:

"Showing how he won a prize on the sea, and how he gave the one halfe to his dame, and the other to the building of almes-houses. The tune is, In summer time, &c."

From three old black letter copies; one in the collection of Anthony à Wood, another in the British Museum, and the third in a private collection.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
When they doe grow both green and long,—
Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,
It is of him I sing this song,—

When the lilly leafe, and the elephant[s], 5
Doth bud and spring with a merry cheere,
This outlaw was weary of the wood side,
And chasing of the fallow deere.

Various Readings.—*V.* 131. doubtless. *V.* 143. when I came here.

[r] Wis, trow, believe.

[s] *Elephant.* This word is evidently a corruption. Mr. Ritson does not attempt to restore it, contenting himself with a query. It seems pretty evident that we should read *plant* for the second syllable, but we can offer no conjecture as to the prefix.—Ed.

"The fisher-men brave more mony have
Than any merchants two or three; 10
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a fisherman brave may be."

This outlaw called his merry men all,
As they sate under the green-wood tree:
"If any of you have gold to spend, 15
I pray you heartily spend it with me."

Now, quoth Robin Hood, Ile to Scarborough go,
It seems to be a very faire day.
'He' took up his inne at a widdow womans house,
Hard by upon the water gray: 20

Who asked of him, Where wert thou borne?
Or tell to me where dost thou fare[t]?
I am a poor fisherman, said he then,
This day intrapped all in care.

"What is thy name, thou fine fellòw, 25
I pray thee heartily tell it to mee?"
"In my own country, where I was borne,
Men call me Simon over the Lee."

Simon, Simon, said the good wife,
I wish thou mayest well brook[u] thy name. 30
The out-law was ware[x] of her courtesie,
And rejoyced he had got such a dame.

"Simon, wilt thou be my man?
And good round wages Ile give thee;
I have as good a ship of my own, 35
As any sails upon the sea.

Anchors and planks thou shalt not want,
Masts and ropes that are so long."
And if you thus do furnish me,
Said Simon, nothing shall goe wrong. 40

They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,
More of a day then two or three;
When others cast in their baited hooks,
The bare lines into the sea cast he.

It will be long, said the master then, 45
Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea;
I'le assure you he shall have no part of our fish,
For in truth he is no part worthy.

O woe is me! said Simon then,
This day that ever I came here! 50
I wish I were in Plompton parke,
In chasing of the fallow deere.

For every clowne laughs me to scorne,
And they by me set nought at all;
If I had them in Plompton park, 55
I would set as little by them all.

They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,
More of a day then two or three:
But Simon espyed a ship of warre,
That sayled towards them most valorously. 60

O woe is me! said the master then,
This day that ever I was borne!
For all our fish we have got to-day,
Is every bit lost and forlorne[y].

For your French robbers on the sea, 65
They will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the coast of France,
And ligge[z] us in the prison strong.

But Simon said, Doe not feare them,
Neither, master, take you no care; 70
Give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

"Hold thy peace, thou long lubbèr,
For thou art nought but brags and boast;
If I should cast thee over-board, 75
There's but a simple lubber lost."

Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he,
That he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ship-hatch goe doth he. 80

Master, tye me to the mast, saith he,
That at my mark I may stand fair
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

He drew his arrow to the very head, 85
And drew it with all might and maine,
And straightway, in the twinkling of an eye,
'To' the Frenchmans heart the 'arrow's gane.'

The Frenchman fell down on the ship hatch,
And under the hatches 'there' below; 90
Another Frenchman, that him espy'd,
The dead corpse into the sea doth throw.

O master, loose me from the mast, he said,
And for them all take you no care;
For give me my bent bow in my hand, 95
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

Then streight [they] boarded the French ship,
They lyeing all dead in their sight;
They found within 'that' ship of warre,
Twelve thousand pound of mony bright. 100

The one halfe of the ship, said Simon then,
Ile give to my dame and [her] children small;
The other halfe of the ship Ile bestow
On you that are my fellowes all.

But now bespake the master then, 105
For so, Simon, it shall not be,
For you have won it with your own hand,
And the owner of it you shall bee.

"It shall be so, as I have said;
And, with this gold, for the opprest 110
An habitation I will build,
Where they shall live in peace and rest."

[t] Live. [u] Enjoy.
[x] Aware, sensible.

VARIOUS READING.—V 88. Doth ... arrow gain.

[y] Utterly ruined. [z] Lay.

XVII.

ROBIN HOODS DELIGHT:

"Or, a merry combat fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will. Scarelock, and three stout Keepers in Sheerwood Forrest.

"Robin was valiant and stout,
So was Scarelock and John in the field,
But these Keepers stout did give them rout,
And make them all for to yield.
But after the battel ended was,
Bold Robin did make them amends,
For claret and sack they did not lack,
So drank themselves good friends.

To the tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Katherine; or, Robin Hood and the Shepheard."

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

THERE'S some will talk of lords and knights,
Doun, a doun, a doun,
And some of yeomen good;
But I will tell you of Will Scarlock,
Little John, and Robin Hood. 5
Doun, a doun, a doun, a doun.

They were outlaws, 'tis well known,
And men of a noble blood;
And many a time was their valour shown
In the forest of merry Sheerwood.

Upon a time it chanced so, 10
As Robin would have it be,
They all three would a walking go,
The pastime for to see.

And as they walked the forest along,
Upon a Midsummer day, 15
There was they aware of three keepers,
Clad all in green aray.

With brave long faucheons by their sides,
And forrest bills in hand,
They call'd aloud to those bold outlaws, 20
And charged them to stand.

Why, who are you, cry'd bold Robin,
That 'speak' so boldly here?
"We three belong to King Henry,
And are keepers of his deer." 25

The devil 'you are!' sayes Robin Hood,
I am sure that it is not so;
We be the keepers of this forrest,
And that you soon shall know.

Come, your coats of green lay on the ground, 30
And so will we all three,
And take your swords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.

We be content, the keepers said,
We be three, and you no less, 35
Then why should we be of you afraid,
'As' we never did transgress?

"Why, if you be three keepers in this forrest,
Then we be three rangers good,
And will make you know before you do go, 40
You meet with bold Robin Hood."

VARIOUS READING.—V. 11. Robin Hood.

"We be content, thou bold outlaw,
Our valour here to try,
And will make you know, before we do go,
We will fight before we will fly. 45

Then, come draw your swords, you bold outlaws,
No longer stand to prate,
But let us try it out with blows,
For cowards we do hate.

Here is one of us for Will Scarlock, 50
And another for Little John,
And I myself for Robin Hood,
Because he is stout and strong."

So they fell to it hard and sore,
It was on a Midsummers day; 55
From eight of the clock 'till two and past,
They all shewed gallant play.

There Robin, and Will, and Little John,
They fought most manfully,
'Till all their winde was spent and gone, 60
Then Robin aloud did cry:

O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I see you be stout men;
Let me blow one blast on my bugle horn,
Then Ile fight with you again. 65

"That bargain's to make, bold Robin Hood,
Therefore we it deny;
Thy blast upon the bugle horn
Cannot make us fight or fly.

Therefore fall on, or else be gone, 70
And yield to us the day:
It never shall be said that we are afraid
Of thee, nor thy yeomen gay."

If that be so, cries bold Robin,
Let me but know your names, 75
And in the forrest of merry Sheerwood,
I shall extol your fames.

And with our names, one of them said,
What hast thou here to do?
Except that thou wilt fight it out, 80
Our names thou shalt not know.

We will fight no more, sayes bold Robin,
You be men of valour stout;
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we will fight it out. 85

With a but of sack we will bang it 'about,'
To see who wins the day;
And for the cost make you no doubt,
I have gold 'enough' to pay.

And ever hereafter so long as we live, 90
We all will brethren be;
For I love these men with heart and hand,
That will fight and never flee.

So, away they went to Nottingham,
With sack to make amends; 95
For three days they the wine did chase,
And drank themselves good friends.

XVIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR:

"Shewing how Robin Hood and the Beggar fought, and how he changed cloaths with the Beggar, and how he went a begging to Nottingham; and how he saved three brethren from being hang'd for stealing of deer. To the tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger."

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

COME and listen, you gentlemen all,
Hey down, down, an a down,
That mirth do love for to hear,
And a story true Ile tell unto you,
If that you will but draw near. 5

In elder times, when merriment was,
And archery was holden good,
There was an outlaw as many 'do' know,
Which men called Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced so. 10
Bold Robin was merry disposed,
His time for to spend he did intend,
Either with friends or foes.

Then he got upon a gallant brave steed,
The which was worth angels[a] ten, 15
With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He left all his merry men.

And riding towards Nottingham,
Some pastime for to 'spy,
There was he aware of a jolly beggar, 20
As ere he beheld with his eye.

An old pacht coat the beggar had on,
Which he daily did use to wear;
And many a bag about him did wag,
Which made Robin to him repair. 25

God speed, God speed, said Robin Hood,
What countryman? tell to me.
"I am Yorkshire, sir, but ere you go far,
Some charity give unto me."

Why, what wouldst thou have? said Robin Hood, 30
I pray thee tell unto me.
No lands nor livings, the beggar he said,
But a penny for charitie.

I have no money, said Robin Hood then,
But a ranger within the wood; 35
I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.

But yet I must tell the, bonny beggar,
That a bout with [thee] I must try;
Thy coat of gray, lay down I say, 40
And my mantle of green shall lye by.

Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
Thy part it will be the worse;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then have at thy purse. 45

So the beggar he had a mickle[b] long staffe,
And Robin a nut-brown sword;
So the beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
But gave him never a word.

Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then, 50
This game well pleaseth me.
For every blow that Robin gave,
The beggar gave buffets three.

And fighting there full hard and sore,
Not far from Nottingham town, 55
They never fled, 'till from Robin Hoods head
The blood came trickling down.

O, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,
And thou and I will agree.
If that be true, the beggar he said, 60
Thy mantle come give unto me.

Now a change, a change, cri'd Robin Hood,
Thy bags and coat give me;
And this mantle of mine Ile to thee resign,
My horse and my braverie. 65

When Robin had got the beggars clothes,
He looked round about;
Methinks, said he, I seem to be
A beggar brave and stout.

For now I have a bag for my bread, 70
So I have another for corn;
I have one for salt, and another for malt,
And one for my little horn.

And now I will a begging goe,
Some charitie for to find. 75
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
In 'the' second part 'tis behind.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
With his bag hanging down to his knee,
His staff, and his coat, scarce worth a groat, 80
Yet merrilie passed he.

As Robin he passed the streets along,
He heard a pittiful cry;
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to dye. 85

Then Robin he highed[c] to the sheriffs [house],
Some reliefe for to seek;
He skipt, and leapt, and capered full high,
As he went along the street.

But when to the sheriffs doore he came, 90
There a gentleman fine and brave,
Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me
What it is thou wouldest have.

No meat, nor drink, said Robin Hood then,
That I come here to crave; 95
But to get the lives of yeomen three,
And that I fain would have.

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. [illegible]. Robin Hood.

VARIOUS READINGS. V. 47. [illegible]. V. [illegible]. Robin Hood.

[a] Pieces of gold coin, value ten shillings.

[b] Great, very.

[c] Hyed, hastened.

That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
  Their fact it is so cleer;
I tell to thee, they hanged must be, 100
  For stealing of our king's deer.

But when to the gallows they did come,
  There was many a weeping eye:
O, hold your peace, said Robin Hood then,
  For certain 'they shall' not dye. 105

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
  And he blew out blastes three,
Till a hundred bold archers brave
  Came kneeling down to his knee.

What is your will, master? they said, 110
  We are at your command.
Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin Hood then,
  And see you spare no man.

Then they shot east, and they shot west,
  Their arrows were so keen; 115
The sheriffe he, and his companie,
  No longer 'could' be seen.

Then he stept to those brethren three,
  And away he has them tane;
The sheriffe was crost, and many a man lost, 120
  That dead lay on the plain.

And away they went into the merry green wood,
  And sung with a merry glee;
And Robin Hood took these brethren good
  To be of his yeomandrie[d]. 125

XIX.

LITTLE JOHN AND THE FOUR BEGGERS.

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood: the full title being, "A new merry song of Robin Hood and Little John, shewing how Little John went a begging, and how he fought with the four beggers, and what a prize he got of the four beggers. The tune is, Robin Hood and the Begger."

All you that delight to spend some time,
  With a hey down, down, a down, down,
  A merry song for to sing,
Unto me draw neer, and you shall hear
  How Little John went a begging. 5

As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
  And all his yeomandree[e],
Sayes Robin, Some of you must a begging go,
  And, Little John, it must be thee.

Sayes John, If I must a begging go, 10
  I will have a palmer's[f] weed,
With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sort,
  The better then I may speed.

Come, give me now a bag for my bread,
  And another for my cheese, 15
And one for a peny, when as I get any,
  That nothing I may leese.

Now Little John he is a begging gone,
  Seeking for some relief;
But of all the beggers he met on the way, 20
  Little John he was the chief.

But as he was walking himself alone,
  Four beggers he chanced to spy,
Some deaf, and some blind, and some came behind;
  Sayes John, Heres a brave company. 25

Good-morrow, said John, my brethren dear,
  Good fortune I had you to see;
Which way do you go? pray let me know,
  For I want some company.

O! what is here to do? then said Little John: 30
  Why ring all these bells? said he;
What dog is a hanging? Come, let us be ganging[g],
  That we the truth may see.

Here is no dog a hanging, then one of them said,
  Good fellow, we tell unto thee; 35
But here is one dead, that will give us cheese and [bread,
  And it may be one single penny.

We have brethren in London, another he said,
  So have we in Coventry,
In Barwick and Dover, and all the world over, 40
  But ne'er a crookt carril[h] like thee.

Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked carèl[h],
  And take that knock on the crown.
Nay, said Little John, Ile not yet be gone,
  For a bout will I have of you round. 45

Now have at you all, then said Little John,
  If you be so full of your blows;
Fight on all four, and nere give ore,
  Whether you be friends or foes.

John nipped the dumb, and made him to rore, 50
  And the blind 'he made to' see;
And he that a cripple had been seven years,
  He made run then faster than he.

And flinging them all against the wall,
  With many a sturdie bang, 55
It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,
  Which again the walls cryed twang.

Then he got out of the beggers cloak
  Three hundred pound in gold;
Good fortune had I, then said Little John, 60
  Such a good sight to behold.

But what found he in the beggar's bag
  But three hundred pound and three?
"If I drink water while this doth last,
  Then an ill death may I dye. 65

And my begging trade I will now give ore,
  My fortune hath bin so good;
Therefore Ile not stay, but I will away,
  To the forrest of merry Sherwood."

And when to the forrest of Sherwood he came, 70
  He quickly there did see
His master good, bold Robin Hood,
  And all his company.

d e Yeomanry, followers.
f See page 80.

Various Readings.—V. 31. that could not.

g Going. h Carl, old fellow. See page 80.

What news? What news? then said Robin Hood,
Come, Little John, tell unto me; 75
How hast thou sped with thy beggers trade?
For that I fain would see.

No news but good, said Little John,
With begging ful wel I have sped;
Six hundred and three I have here for thee, 80
In silver and gold so red.

'Then' Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,
And danced about the oak tree:
"If we drink water while this doth last,
Then an il death may we die." 85

So to conclude my merry new song,
All you that delight it to sing;
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

XX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER; OR, TRUE FRIENDSHIP AFTER A FIERCE FIGHT.

No ancient copy of this ballad having been met with, it is given from an edition of "Robin Hoods Garland," printed some years since at York. The tune is "Arthur a Bland."

When Phœbus had melted the 'sickles' of ice,
With a hey down, &c.
And likewise the mountains of snow,
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble away,
To frolick abroad with his bow. 5

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
Whilst through the green vallies he pass'd,
Where he did behold a forester bold,
Who cry'd out, Friend, whither so fast?

I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck, 10
For me and my merry men all;
Besides, ere I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or else it shall cost me a fall.

You'd best have a care, said the forester then,
For these are his majesty's deer; 15
Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,
For I am head forester here.

These thirteen long summers, quoth Robin, I'm sure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range; methinks it is strange 20
You should have more power than I.

This forest, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
And so are the nimble deer too;
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
I'll not be affronted by you. 25

The forester he had a long quarter staff,
Likewise a broad sword by his side;
Without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth should be try'd.

Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best, 30
Thus, ere he would take any wrong,
His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,
And thus they fell to it ding dong.

The very first blow that the forester gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang; 35
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a damnable bang!

But Robin he soon recovered himself,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next stroke their weapons they broke, 40
Yet never a man there was slain.

At quarter staff then they resolved to play,
Because they would have the other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out. 45

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other return'd them as fast;
At every stroke their jackets did smoke;
Three hours the combat did last.

At length in a rage the forester grew, 50
And cudgel'd bold Robin so sore,
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
He cry'd, Let us freely give o'er.

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess
I never knew any so good; 55
Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green wood.

I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou hast acted thy part;
That man that can fight, in him I delight, 60
And love him with all my whole heart.

Robin Hood set his bugle horn to his mouth,
A blast then he merrily blows:
His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear,
A hundred with trusty long bows. 65

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green;
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
A delicate sight to be seen!

Lo! these are my yeomen, said bold Robin Hood, 70
And thou shalt be one of the train;
A mantle and bow, and quiver also,
I give them whom I entertain.

The forester willingly enter'd the list,
They were such a beautiful sight; 75
Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
And made a rich supper that night.

What singing and dancing was in the green wood,
For joy of another new mate!
With might and delight they spent all the night, 80
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

The forester ne'er was so merry before,
As then he was with these brave souls,
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,
To take off their cherishing bowls. 85

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and curious long bow:
This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,
He marched them all on a row.

Quoth he, My brave yeomen, be true to your trust, 90
And then we may range the woods wide.
They all did declare, and solemnly swear,
They would conquer, or die by his side.

XXI.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN:

"Being an account of their first meeting, their fierce encounter, and conquest. To which is added, their friendly agreement; and how he came to be called Little John. Tune of, Arthur a Bland."

This ballad is named in a schedule of such things under an agreement between W. Thackeray and others in 1689, (Col. Pepys, vol. 5.) but is here given as corrected from a copy in the "Collection of Old Ballads," 1723.

When Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
With a hey down, down, and a down;
He happen'd to meet Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man. 5

Tho' he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,
And his stature was seven foot high;
Wherever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief, 10
If you would but listen awhile;
For this very jest, among all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
Pray tarry you here in this grove; 15
And see that you all observe well my call,
While thorough the forest I rove.

We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat, 20
My horn I will presently blow.

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good b' w'ye:
Then, as near the brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanc'd to espy. 25

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
I'll shew you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew, 30
A broad arrow with a goose-wing.
The stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the string.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou dost prate like an [ass,
For were I to bend but my bow, 35
I could send a dart, quite thro' thy proud heart,
Before thou could'st strike me one blow.

Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger reply'd;
Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest, 40
Have nought but a staff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
The truth of thy manhood to try. 45

Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,
And chose him a staff of ground oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough, 50
Now here on the bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The battle, and so we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the stranger reply'd,
I scorn in the least to give out; 55
This said, they fell to't without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

At first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring:
The stranger he said, This must be repaid, 60
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I am able to handle a staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn.
Then to it each goes, and follow'd their blows,
As if they'd been threshing of corn. 65

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him, 70
With a passionate fury and ire;
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look, 75
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbl'd him into the brook.

I prithee, good fellow, o where art thou now?
The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the flood, 80
And floating along with the tide.

I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
Our battel shall be at an end. 85

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pull'd himself out by a thorn;
Which done, at the last he blow'd a loud blast
Straitway on his fine bugle-horn:

The eccho of which through the vallies did fly, 90
At which his stout bowmen appear'd,
All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen,
So up to their master they steer'd.

O, what's the matter? quoth William Stutely,
Good master you are wet to the skin. 95
No matter, quoth he, the lad which you see
In fighting hath tumbl'd me in.

He shall not go scot-free, the others reply'd;
So strait they were seizing him there,
To duck him likewise: but Robin Hood cries, 100
He is a stout fellow; forbear.

There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not
These bowmen upon me do wait; [afraid;
There's threescore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou shalt have my livery strait, 105

And other accoutrements fit for a man:
Speak up jolly blade, never fear.
I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow deer.

O, here is my hand, the stranger reply'd 110
I'll serve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle:
Ne're doubt me, for I'll play my part.

His name shall be alter'd quoth William Stutely,
And I will his godfather be; 115
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least
For we will be merry, quoth he.

They presently fetch'd him a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise;
They lov'd what was good; so, in the green wood, 120
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
And, may be, an ell in the waste;
A sweet pretty lad: much feasting they had;
Bold Robin the christ'ning grac'd, 125

With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely came then, with seven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed:

This infant was called John Little, quoth he; 130
Which name shall be changed anon:
The words we'll transpose; so wherever he goes,
His name shall be call'd Little John.

They all with a shout made the elements ring;
So soon as the office was ore, 135
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
And tippl'd strong liquor gillore[1].

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And cloath'd him from top to the toe,
In garments of green, most gay to be seen, 140
And gave him a curious long bow.

"Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the green wood with us;
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have ought in their purse. 145

We live here like 'squires, or lords of renown,
Without ere a foot of free land;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale and beer,
And ev'ry thing at our command."

Then musick and dancing did finish the day; 150
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And so ever after, as long as he liv'd,
Altho' he was proper and tall, 155
Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call.

[1] Plenty.

XXII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

This excellent ballad, given from the common edition of Aldermary-church-yard, (compared with the York copy,) is supposed to be modern: the story, however, seems alluded to in the ballad of "Renowned Robin Hood." The full title is "The bishop of Herefords entertainment by Robin Hood and Little John, &c. in merry Barnsdale." The tune is added from an engraved sheet.

Some they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold;
But I'll tell you how he serv'd the bishop of Here-
When he robb'd him of his gold. [ford,

As it befel in merry Barnsdale, 5
'All' under the green-wood-tree,
The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

Come, kill [me] a ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,
Come, kill me a good fat deer, 10
The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.

We'll kill a fat ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,
And dress it by the highway side;
And we will watch the bishop narrowly, 15
Lest some other way he should ride.

Robin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's attire,
With six of his men also;
And, when the bishop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go. 20

O what is the matter? then said the bishop,
Or for whom do you make this a-do?
Or why do you kill the king's ven'son,
When your company is so few?

We are shepherds, said bold Robin Hood, 25
And we keep sheep all the year,
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.

You are brave fellows! said the bishop,
And the king of your doings shall know: 30
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.

O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
O pardon, I thee pray!
For it becomes not your lordships coat 35
To take so many lives away.

No pardon, no pardon, said the bishop,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go. 40

Then Robin set his back against a tree,
And his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherds coat
He pull'd out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth, 45
  And a loud blast did he blow,
'Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men
  Came running all on a row:

All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood;
  'Twas a comely sight for to see. 50
What is the matter, master, said Little John,
  That you blow so hastily?

"O here is the bishop of Hereford,
  And no pardon we shall have."
Cut off his head, master, said Little John, 55
  And throw him into his grave.

O pardon, O pardon, said the bishòp,
  O pardon I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
  I'd have gone some other way. 60

No pardon, no pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
  No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
  For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.
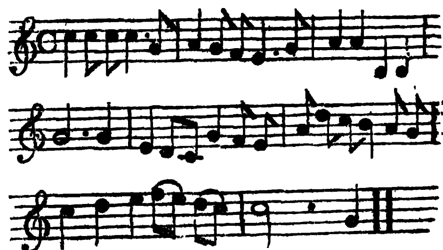
Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand, 65
  And led him to merry Barnsdale;
He made him to stay and sup with him that night,
  And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

Call in a reckoning, said the bishòp,
  For methinks it grows wond'rous high. 70
Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,
  And I'll tell you bye and bye.

Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
  And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantua 75
  He told three hundred pound.

Here's money enough, master, said Little John,
  And a comely sight 'tis to see;
It makes me in charity with the bishòp,
  Tho' he heartily loveth not me. 80

Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
  And he caused the music to play;
And he made the [old] bishop to dance in his boots,
  And glad he could so get away.



XXIII.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOWS THREE SONS FROM THE SHERIFF,

WHEN GOING TO BE EXECUTED.

This ballad, from the York edition of "Robin Hoods garland," is probably one of the oldest extant of which he is the subject. In the more common editions is a modernised copy, in which the "silly old woman" is converted in "a gay lady;" but even this is more ancient than many of the pieces here inserted, and is intitled by its merit to a place in the appendix.

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
  As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
  Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone, 5
  With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met a silly[k] old woman,
  Was weeping on the way.

"What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
  What news hast thou for me?" 10
Said she, There's three squires in Nottingham town,
  To-day 'are' condemned to die.

Oh, have they parishes burnt? he said,
  Or have they ministers slain,
Or have they robbed any virgin, 15
  Or with other men's wives have lain?

"They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
  Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
  Nor with other men's wives have lain." 20

Oh, what have they done? said Robin Hood,
  I pray thee tell to me.
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
  Bearing their long bows with thee."

Dost thou not mind, old woman, he said, 25
  Since thou made me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body, quoth bold Robin Hood,
  You could not tell it in better time.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
  With a link, a down, and a 'day,' 30
And there he met with a silly old palmer[l],
  Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou silly old man,
  What news, I do thee pray?"
Said he, Three squires in Nottingham town, 35
  Are condemn'd to die this day.

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
  Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silvér,
  Go drink it in beer or wine." 40

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 12. is. *V.* 30. down a.

[k] This word is here used in a good sense, and does not mean that the woman was foolish. Its true meaning may be best gathered from its application to holy men, who were by their nature unsuspicious; it indicates a combination of virtue and simplicity. See Skinner, Jamieson, and Richardson's Dic.—ED.

[l] See page 90.

Oh, thine apparel is good, he said,
  And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
  Laugh ne'er an old man to scorn

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
  Come change thy apparel with mine
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
  Go feast thy brethren with wine"

Then he put on the old man's hat,
  It stood full high on the crown 50
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
  It shall make thee come down"

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
  Was patch'd black, blew, and red,
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
  To wear the bags of bread

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
  Was patch'd from ballup to side
By the truth of my body, bold Robin can say,
  This man lov'd little pride 60

Then he put on the old man's hose,
  Were patch'd from knee to wrist
By the truth of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
  I'd laugh if I had any list

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
  Were patch'd both beneath and aboon,
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
  It's good habit that makes a man

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
  With a link a down and a down, 70
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
  Was walking along the town

Oh 'Christ you' save, oh, sheriff, he said,
  Oh 'Christ you save and see
And what will you give to a silly old man 75
  To day will your hangman be?

Some suits, some suits, the sheriff he said,
  Some suits I'll give to thee,
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
  To day's a hangman's fee 80

Then Robin he turns him round about,
  And jumps from stock to stone
By the truth of my body, the sheriff he said,
  That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man

I was ne'er a hangman in all my life, 85
  Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he, said bold Robin,
  That first a hangman was made

I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
  And a bag for barley and corn, 90
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
  And a bag for my little small horn

I have a horn in my pocket,
  I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth, 95
  For thee it blows little good

"Oh, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
  Of thee I have no doubt
I wish that thou give such a blast,
  Till both thy eyes fall out 100

The first loud blast that he did blow,
  He blew both loud and shrill
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
  Came riding over the hill

The next loud blast that he did give, 105
  He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
  Came shining over the plain

Oh, who are 'those,' the sheriff he said,
  Come tripping over the lee? 110
They're my attendants, brave Robin did say,
  They'll pay a visit to thee

They took the gallows from the slack,
  They set it in the glen,
They hang'd the proud sheriff on that 115
  Releas'd their own three men

VARIOUS READINGS.—VI 73 74

Oh save, oh save, oh sheriff he said
Oh save and you may see

m Flap

n This substitution of the wrist for the ancle is quite illegitimate, and is used solely for the rhyme. The wrist is that joint which wrests or twists i e the junction of the hand and arm, and the term is inapplicable to any other.—ED.

o Regard, protect.

XXIV

ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN

This ballad which has never been inserted in any of the publications entitled Robin Hood's Garland (and perhaps was not worth inserting there) is given from an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. Its full title is "A famous battle between Robin Hood and Maid Marian declaring their love, life and liberty Tune Robin Hood reviv'd."

A bonny fine maid of a noble degree,
  With a hey down, down, a down, down,
  Maid Marian call'd by name,
Did live in the North of excellent worth,
  For shee was a gallant dame

For favour and face, and beauty most rare, 5
  Queen Hellen shee did excell
For Marian then was prais'd of all men,
  That did in the country dwell

'Twas neither Rosamond nor Jane Shore,
  Whose beauty was clear and bright, 10
That could surpass this country lass,
  Beloved of lord and knight

VARIOUS READINGS [illegible]

p Low ground. q Valley

The earl of Huntington, nobly born,
  That came of noble blood,
To Marian went, with a good intent, 15
  By the name of Robin Hood.

With kisses sweet their red lips did meet,
  For she and the earl did agree;
In every place, they kindly embrace,
  With love and sweet unity. 20

But fortune bearing these lovers a spight,
  That soon they were forced to part:
To the merry green wood then went Robin Hood,
  With a sad and sorrowfull heart.

And Marian, poor soul, was troubled in mind, 25
  For the absence of her friend;
With finger in eye, shee often did cry,
  And his person did much comend.

Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind,
  Shee drest herself like a page, 30
And ranged the wood, to find Robin Hood,
  The bravest of men in that age.

With quiver and bow, sword, buckler, and all,
  Thus armed was Marian most bold,
Still wandering about, to find Robin out, 35
  Whose person was better then gold.

But Robin Hood, hee himself had disguis'd,
  And Marian was strangly attir'd,
That they prov'd foes, and so fell to blowes,
  Whose vallour bold Robin admir'd. 40

They drew out their swords, and to cutting they
  At least an hour or more, [went,
That the blood ran apace from bold Robins face,
  And Marian was wounded sore.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
  And thou shalt be one of my string, 46
To range in the wood, with bold Robin Hood,
  To hear the sweet nightingall sing.

When Marian did hear the voice of her love,
  Her self shee did quickly discover, 50
And with kisses sweet she did him greet,
  Like to a most loyall lover.

When bold Robin Hood his Marian did see,
  Good lord, what clipping was there!
With kind embraces, and jobbing [1] of faces, 55
  Providing of gallant cheer.

For Little John took his bow in his hand,
  And 'wandred' in the wood,
To kill the deer, and make good chear,
  For Marian and Robin Hood. 60

A stately banquet 'they' had full soon,
  All in a shaded bower,
Where venison sweet they had to eat,
  And were merry that present hour.

Great flaggons of wine were set on the board, 65
  And merrily they drunk round
Their boules of sack, to strengthen the back,
  Whilst their knees did touch the ground.

First Robin Hood began a health
  To Marian his onely dear; 70
And his yeomen all, both comly and tall,
  Did quickly bring up the rear:

For in a brave venie [a] they tost off the bouls,
  Whilst thus they did remain;
And every cup, as they drunk up, 75
  They filled with speed again.

At last they ended their merryment,
  And went to walk in the wood,
Where little John, and maid Marian,
  Attended on bold Robin Hood. 80

In sollid content together they liv'd,
  With all their yeomen gay;
They liv'd by 'their' hands, without any lands,
  And so they did many a day.

But now to conclude an end I will make, 85
  In time as I think it good;
For the people that dwell in the North can tell
  Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.

VARIOUS READING.—*V.* 58. wandring.

[1] *To job*, is literally to strike ("to pecke and *job* with their beaks."—*Holland*. "Pecking and jobbing at the fruit."—*North*,) a usage still common in vulgar speech.—*Richardson's Dic.* Here we may interpret it as "billing and cooing."—ED.

[a] *Brave venie*, merry vein, jovial humour.

XXV.

THE KING'S DISGUISE, AND FRIENDSHIP WITH ROBIN HOOD,

from the common collection of Aldermary-church-yard, seems to be taken from the old legend in part I. page 59; and to have been written by some miserable retainer to the press, merely to eke out the book; being, in fact, a most contemptible performance.

The two concluding lines (the same with those of the next ballad) refer to song XXVII. which they have once immediately preceded.

KING Richard hearing of the pranks
  Of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd, and more desired
  To see both him and them.

Then with a dozen of his lords, 5
  To Nottingham he rode;
When he came there, he made good cheer,
  And took up his abode.

He having staid there some time,
  But had no hopes to speed, 10
He and his lords, with one accord,
  All put on monk's weeds.

From Fountain-abbey they did ride,
  Down to Barnsdale;
Where Robin Hood prepared stood 15
  All company to assail.

The king was higher than the rest,
  And Robin thought he had
An abbot been whom he had seen,
  To rob him he was glad. 20

He took the king's horse by the head,
Abbot, says he, abide;
I am bound to rue such knaves as you,
That live in pomp and pride.

But we are messengers from the king, 25
The king himself did say;
Near to this place his royal grace
To speak with thee does stay.

God save the king, said Robin Hood,
And all that wish him well;
He that does deny his sovereignty,
I wish he was in hell.

Thyself thou cursedst, says the king,
For thou a traitor art.
"Nay, but that you are his messenger, 35
I swear you lie in heart.

For I never yet hurt any man
That honest is and true;
But those who give their minds to live
Upon other mens due. 40

I never hurt the 'husbandmen,'
That use to till the ground:
Nor spill their blood who range the wood,
To follow hawk or hound.

My chiefest spite to clergy is, 45
Who in those days bear great sway;
With fryars and monks, with their fine sprunks[1],
I make my chiefest prey."

But I am very glad, says Robin Hood,
That I have met you here; 50
Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,
Taste of our green-wood cheer.

The king he then did marvel much,
And so did all his men;
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer, 55
Robin would provide for them.

Robin took the king's horse by the head
And led him to his tent:
Thou wouldst not be so us'd, quoth he,
But that my king thee sent. 60

Nay, more than that, quoth Robin Hood,
For good king Richard's sake,
If you had as much gold as ever I told,
I would not one penny take.

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth, 65
And a loud blast he did blow,
'Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
Came marching all of a row

And when they came bold Robin before,
Each man did bend his knee: 70
O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
And a seemly sight to see.

Within himself the king did say,
These men of Robin Hood's
More humble be than mine to me; 75
So the court may learn of the woods.

[1] Qy.

So then they all to dinner went,
Upon a carpet green;
Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
Most curious to be seen. 80

Venison and fowls were plenty there,
With fish out of the river:
King Richard swore, on sea or shore,
He never was feasted better.

Then Robin takes a cann of ale: 85
"Come, let us now begin;
And every man shall have his cann:
Here's a health unto the king."

The king himself drank to the king,
So round about it went; 90
Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,
To pledge that health was spent.

And, after that, a bowl of wine
In his hand took Robin Hood;
Until I die, I'll drink wine, said he, 95
While I live in the green wood

Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,
And with the grey goose wing,
Such sport now show, as you would do
In the presence of the king. 100

They shewed such brave archery,
By cleaving sticks and wands,
That the king did say, such men as they
Live not in many lands.

Well, Robin Hood, then says the king, 105
If I could thy pardon get,
To serve the king in every thing
Would'st thou thy mind firm set?

Yes, 'with all' my heart, bold Robin said,
So they flung off their hoods, 110
To serve the king in every thing,
They swore they would spend their 'bloods.'

For a clergyman was first my bane,
Which makes me hate them all,
But if you will be so kind to me, 115
Love them again I shall.

The king no longer could forbear,
For he was mov'd with 'ruth[a]'
* * * * *
* * * * *

"I am the king, 'your' sovereign king,
That appears before you all." 120
When Robin saw that it was he,
Strait then he down did fall.

Stand up again, then said the king,
I'll thee thy pardon give;
Stand up my friend, who can contend, 125
When I give leave to live?

So they are all gone to Nottingham,
All shouting as they came:
But when the people them did see,
They thought the king was slain; 130

[a] Pity, compassion.

And for that cause the outlaws were come,
  To rule all as they list;
And for to shun, which 'way' to run,
  The people did not wist.

The plowman left the plow in the fields, 135
  The smith ran from his shop;
Old folks also, that scarce could go,
  Over their sticks did hop.

The king soon did let them understand
  He had been in the green-wood, 140
And from that day, for evermore,
  He'd forgiven Robin Hood.

Then [when] the people they did hear,
  And [that] the truth was known,
They all did sing, God save the king! 145
  Hang care, the town's our own!

What's that Robin Hood? then said the sheriff,
  That varlet I do hate;
Both me and mine he caused to dine,
  And serv'd us all with one plate. 150

Ho, ho, said Robin Hood, I know what you mean,
  Come, take your gold again;
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
  And so with every man.

Now, master sheriff, you are paid, 155
  And since you are beginner,
As well as you give me my due,
  For you ne'er paid for that dinner.

But if 'that it' should please the king,
  So much your house to grace, 160
To sup with you, for, to speak true,
  [I] know you ne'er was base.

The sheriff [this] could not gainsay,
  For a trick was put upon him;
A supper was drest, the king was a guest, 165
  But he thought 'twould have outdone [x] him.

They are all gone to London court,
  Robin Hood, with all his train;
He once was there a noble peer,
  And now he's there again. 170

Many such pranks brave Robin play'd,
  While he liv'd in the green wood:
Now, my friend, attend, and hear an end
  Of honest Robin Hood.

XXVI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW.

A composition of a similar nature with the preceding; and from the same authority.

When as the sheriff of Nottingham
  Was come with mickle grief,
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
  That strong and sturdy thief.
      Fal la dal de.

So unto London road he past, 5
  His losses to unfold
To king Richard, who did regard
  The tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the king, what shall I do?
  Art thou not sheriff for me? 10
The law is in force, to take thy course
  Of them that injure thee.

Go get thee gone, and by thyself
  Devise some tricking game,
For to enthral yon rebels all, 15
  Go take thy course with them.

So away the sheriff he return'd,
  And by the way he thought
Of th' words of the king, and how the thing
  To pass might well be brought. 20

For within his mind he imagined,
  That when such matches were,
Those outlaws stout, without all doubt,
  Would be the bowmen there.

So an arrow with a golden head, 25
  And shaft of silver-white,
Who on the day should bear away
  For his own proper right.

Tidings came to bold Robin Hood,
  Under the green-wood tree: 30
"Come prepare you then, my merry men,
  We'll go yon sport to see."

With that stept forth a brave young man,
  David of Doncastèr,
Master, said he, be rul'd by me, 34
  From the green wood we'll not stir.

To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd,
  Yon match it is a wile;
The sheriff, I wiss, devises this
  Us archers to beguile. 40

Thou smells of a coward, said Robin Hood,
  Thy words do not please me;
Come on't what will, I'll try my skill,
  At yon brave archery.

O then bespoke brave Little John, 45
  Come let us thither gang;
Come listen to me, how it shall be,
  That we need not be ken'd.

Our mantles all of Lincoln-green
  Behind us we will leave; 50
We'll dress us all so several,
  They shall not us perceive.

One shall wear white, another red,
  One yellow, another blue;
Thus in disguise, 'to' the exercise 55
  We'll gang, whate'er insue.

Forth from the green wood they are gone,
  With hearts all firm and stout,
Resolving [then] with the sheriff's men
  To have a hearty bout. 60

x Undone.

So themselves they mixed with the rest,
To prevent all suspicion;
For if they should together hold
They thought it no discretion.

So the sheriff looking round about, 65
Amongst eight hundred men,
But could not see the sight that he,
Had long suspected then.

Some said, if Robin Hood was here,
And all his men to boot, 70
Sure none of them could pass these men,
So bravely they do shoot.

Ay, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his head,
I thought he would have been here;
I thought he would, but tho' he's bold, 75
He durst not now appear.

O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart,
He vexed in his blood;
Ere long, thought he, thou shalt well see
That here was Robin Hood. 80

Some cried, Blue jacket! another cried, Brown!
And a third cried, Brave yellow!
But the fourth man said, Yon man in red
In this place has no fellow.

For that was Robin Hood himself, 85
For he was cloath'd in red;
At every shot the prize he got,
For he was both sure and dead.

So the arrow with the golden head,
And shaft of silver-white, 90
Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with him,
For his own proper right.

These outlaws there, that very day,
To shun all kinds of doubt,
By three or four, no less nor more, 95
As they went in came out.

Until they all assembled were
Under the green-wood shade,
Where they 'report,' in pleasant sport,
What brave pastime they made. 100

Says Robin Hood, all my care is,
How that yon sheriff may
Know certainly that it was I
That bore his arrow away.

Says Little John, My counsel good 105
Did take effect before,
So therefore now, if you'll allow,
I will advise once more.

Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood,
Thy wit's both quick and sound, 110
* * * * *
* * * * *

This I advise, said Little John,
That a letter shall be penn'd,
And when it is done, to Nottingham
You to the sheriff shall send.

That is well advised, said Robin Hood,
But how must it be sent?
"Pugh! when you please, 'tis done with ease;
Master, be you content.

I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
And shoot it into the town;
The mark must show where it must go,
Whenever it lights down."

The project it was well perform'd,
The sheriff that letter had,
Which when he read, he scratch'd his head,
And rav'd like one that's mad.

So we'll leave him chafing in 'his' grease,
Which will do him no good:
Now, my friends, attend, and hear the end
Of honest Robin Hood.

XXVII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE VALIANT KNIGHT.

"Together with an account of his death and burial, &c. Tune of Robin Hood and the fifteen foresters." From the common garland of Aldermary-church-yard; corrected by the York copy.

When Robin Hood, and his merry men all,
Derry down, down,
Had reigned many years,
The king was then told that they had been bold
To his bishops and noble peers.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

Therefore they called a council of state, 5
To know what was best to be done,
For to quell their pride, or else they reply'd
The land would be over-run.

Having consulted a whole summer's day,
At length it was agreed, 10
That one should be sent to try the event,
And fetch him away with speed.

Therefore a trusty and most worthy knight
The king was pleased to call,
Sir William by name; when to him he came, 15
He told him his pleasure all.

"Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,
And bid him, without more ado,
Surrender himself, or else the proud elf
Shall suffer with all his crew. 20

Take here a hundred bowmen brave,
All chosen men of great might,
Of excellent art to take thy part,
In glittering armour most bright."

Then said the knight, My sovereign liege, 25
By me they shall be led;
I'll venture my blood against bold Robin Hood
And bring him alive or dead.

One hundred men were chosen straight,
As proper as o'er men saw: 30
On Midsummer-day they marched away,
To conquer that brave outlaw.

With long yew bows, and shining spears,
They march'd with mickle pride,
And never delay'd, nor halted, nor stay'd 35
'Till they came to the green-wood side.

Said he to his archers, Tarry here,
Your bows make ready all,
That if need should be, you may follow me,
And see you observe my call. 40

I'll go first in person, he cry'd,
With the letters of my good king,
Well sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,
We need not to draw one string.

He wander'd about till at length he came 45
To the tent of Robin Hood;
The letter he shows; bold Robin arose,
And there on his guard he stood.

They'd have me surrender, quoth bold Robin Hood,
And lie at their mercy then; 50
But tell them from me, that never shall be,
While I have full seven score men.

Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
He offer'd to seize him there,
Which William Locksley by fortune did see, 55
And bid him that trick to forbear.

Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And blew a blast or twain,
And so did the knight, at which there in sight
The archers came all amain. 60

Sir William with care he drew up his men,
And plac'd them in battle array;
Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind:
Now this was a bloody fray.

The archers on both sides bent their bows, 65
And the clouds of arrows flew;
The very first flight that honour'd knight
Did there bid the world adieu.

Yet nevertheless their fight did last
From morning till almost noon; 70
Both parties were stout and loth to give out,
This was on the last day of June.

At length they left off: one party they went
To London with right good will;
And Robin Hood he to the green-wood tree, 75
And there he was taken ill.

He sent for a monk, to let him blood,
Who took his life away:
Now this being done, his archers they run,
It was not a time to stay. 80

Some got on board, and cross'd the seas,
To Flanders, France, and Spain,
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
But soon return'd again.

XXVIII.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL:

"Showing how he was taken ill, and how he went to his cousin at Kirkley-hall, who let him blood, which was the cause of his death. Tune of *Robin Hoods last farewel*, &c."

This very old and curious piece is preserved solely in the editions of "Robin Hood's garland," printed at York, where it is made to conclude with some foolish lines, (adopted from the London copy of the preceding ballad,) in order to introduce the epitaph. It is here given from a collation of two different copies, containing numerous variations, a few of which are retained in the margin.

When Robin Hood and Little John,
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
We have shot for many a pound:
Hey down, a down, a down.

But I am not able to shoot one shot more, 5
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please god, she will bleed me.

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win; 10
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself 15
For to let bold Robin in.

Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin, she said,
And drink some beer with me?
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee." 20

Well, I have a room, cousin Robin, she said,
Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.

She took him by the lilly-white hand, 25
And let him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room; 30
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Untill the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone,
He was so weak he could not leap, 35
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee,
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three. 40

Various Readings.—*V.* 20. Till I blood letted be.
V. 24. You blood shall letted be.
V. 34. get down.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
"I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone, 45
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three

Untill he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee; 50
A boon, a boon, cries Little John,
Master, I beg of thee.

What is that boon, quoth Robin Hood,
Little John, thou begs of me?
"It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall, 55
And all their nunnery."

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never 'hurt' woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company. 60

VARIOUS READING.—V 59 burnt. *This stanza is omitted in one edition*

I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up, 65
There shall my grave digg'd be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet; 70
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet

Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead, 75
Here lies bold Robin Hood.

These words they readily promis'd him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleys. 80

VARIOUS READINGS.—VV 67 61—
With verdant sods most neatly put,
Sweet as the green wood tree

APPENDIX.

I
THE PLAYE OF ROBYN HODE.

s printed by Copland at the end of his edition of the "mery geste," &c p 35 It seems to be composed, certainly with little improvement, partly from the ballad of "Robin Hood and the curtall frier," (see before, p 81) or rather, perhaps, some still older piece on the same subject, and partly from the ancient poem of "Robin Hood and the potter" (see p 54) The whole title runs—"Here beginnethe the playe of Robyn Hoode very proper to be played in Maye games" It has here received a few corrections from Whites edition, 1634

ROBYN HODE.

Now stand ye forth, my mery men all,
And harke what I shall say;
Of an adventure I shal you tell,
The which befell this other day.
As I went by the hygh way,
With a stout frere I met,
And a quarter-staffe in his hande,
Lyghtely to me he lept,
And styll he bade me stande;
There were strypes two or three, 10
But I cannot tell who had the worse,
But well I wote the horeson lept within me,
And fro me he toke my purse.
Is there any of my mery men all,
That to that frere wyll go, 15
And bryng him to me forth withall,
Whether he wyll or no?

LYTELL JOHN.

Yes, mayster, I make god avowe,
To that frere wyll I go,
And bring him to you, 20
Whether he wyl or no.

FRYER TUCKE.

Deus hic, deus hic, god be here!
Is not this a holy worde for a frere?
God save all this company!
But am not I a jolly fryer? 25
For I can shote both farre and nere,
And handle the sworde and buckler,
And this quarter-staffe also.
If I mete with a gentylman or yeman,
I am not afrayde to loke hym upon, 30
Nor boldly with him to carpe;
If he speake any wordes to me,
He shall have strypes two or thre,
That shal make his body smarte.
But, maisters, to shew you the matter, 35
Wherfore and why I am come hither,
In fayth I wyl not spare:
I am come to seke a good yeman,
In Bernisdale men sai is his habitacion,
His name is Robyn Hode. 40
And if that he be better man than I,
His servaunt wyll I be, and serve him truely;
But if that I be better man than he,
By my truth my knave shall he be,
And leade these dogges all three. 45

VARIOUS READING.—V. [illegible] maister. C.

ROBYN HODE.
Yelde the, fryer, in thy long cote.

FRYER TUCKE.
I beshrew thy hart, knave, thou hurtest my throt.

ROBYN HODE.
I trowe, fryer, thou beginnest to dote;
Who made the so malapert and so bolde,
To come into this forest here, 50
Amonge my falowe dere?

FRYER.
Go louse the, ragged knave,
If thou make mani wordes, I will geve the on the [care,
Though I be but a poore fryer.
To seke Robyn Hode I am com here, 55
And to him my hart to breke.

ROBYN HODE.
Thou lousy frer, what wouldest thou with hym?
He never loved fryer, nor none of freiers kyn.

FRYER.
Avaunt, ye ragged knave!
Or ye shall have on the skynne. 60

ROBYN HODE.
Of all the men in the morning thou art the worst,
To mete with the I have no lust;
For he that meteth a frere or a fox in the morning,
To spede ill that day he standeth in jeoperdy:
Therfore I had lever mete with the devil of hell, 65
Fryer, I tell the as I thinke,
Then mete with a fryer or a fox
In a mornyng, or I drynk.

FRYER.
Avaunt, thou ragged knave, this is but a mock,
If thou make mani words thou shal have a knock. 70

ROBYN HODE.
Harke, frere, what I say here,
Over this water thou shalt me bere,
The brydge is borne away.

FRYER.
To say naye I wyll not,
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie and sin, 75
But up on a fryers backe, and have even in.

ROBYN HODE.
Nay, have over.

FRYER.
Now am I, frere, within, and thou, Robin, without,
To lay the here I have no great doubt.
Now art thou, Robyn, without, and I, frere, within, 80
Lye ther, knave; chose whether thou wilte sinke or swym.

ROBYN HODE.
Why, thou lowsy frere, what hast thou done?

FRYER.
Mary, set a knave over the shone.

ROBYN HODE.
Therfore thou shalt abye.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 64. ell. *C.* *V.* 70. you. you. *C.* *V.* 82. donce. *C.*

FRYER.
Why, wylt thou fyght a plucke? 85

ROBYN HODE.
And god send me good lucke.

FRYER.
Than have a stroke for fryer Tucke.

ROBYN HODE.
Holde thy hande, frere, and here me speke.

FRYER.
Say on, ragged knave,
Me semeth ye begyn to swete. 90

ROBYN HODE.
In this forest I have a hounde,
I wyl not give him for an hundreth pound,
Geve me leve my horne to blowe,
That my hounde may knowe.

FRYER.
Blowe on, ragged knave, without any doubte, 95
Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out.
Here be a sorte of ragged knaves come in,
Clothed all in Kendale grene,
And to the they take their way nowe.

ROBYN HODE.
Peradventure they do so. 100

FRYER.
I gave the leve to blowe at thy wyll,
Now give me leve to whistell my fyll.

ROBYN HODE.
Whystell, frere, evyl mote thou fare,
Untyll bothe thyne eyes stare.

FRYER.
Now Cut and Bause! 105
Breng forth the clubbes and staves,
And downe with those ragged knaves!

ROBYN HODE.
How sayest thou, frere, wylt thou be my man,
To do me the best servyse thou can?
Thou shalt have both golde and fee, 110
And also here is a lady free,
I wyll geve her unto the,
And her chapplayn I the make,
To serve her for my sake.

FRYER.
Here is a huckle duckle, an inch above the buckle; 115
She is a trul of trust, to serve a frier at his lust,
A prycker, a prauncer, a terer of shetes,
A wagger of buttockes when other men slepes.
Go home, ye knaves, and lay crabbes in the fyre,
For my lady and I wil daunce in the myre, for veri pure joye. 120

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 104. starte. *C.*

V. 116. A trul of trust *was a common phrase. So in the ancient morality of* the iiii elements: *(Sig. E. iij. 6.)*

"For to satisfye your wanton lust
I shall apoynt you a trull of trust,
Not a feyrer in this towne."

V. 117. shefes. *C.* *V.* 118. ballockes. *C.*

ROBYN HODE.

Lysten to [me], my mery men all,
And harke what I shall say;
Of an adventure I shall you tell,
That befell this other daye.
With a proude potter I met, 125
And a rose garlande on his head[a],
The floures of it shone marvaylous freshe;
This seven yere and more he hath used this waye,
Yet was he never so curteyse a potter,
As one peny passage to paye. 130
Is there any of my mery men all
That dare be so bolde
To make the potter paie passage,
Either silver or golde?

LYTELL JOHN.

Not I, master, for twenty pound redy tolde, 135
For there is not among us al one
That dare medle with that potter man for man.
I felt his handes not long agone,
But I had lever have ben here by the,
Therfore I knowe what he is. 140
Mete him when ye wil, or mete him whan ye shal,
He is as propre a man as ever you medle withal.

ROBYN HODE.

I will lai with the, Litel John, twenti pound so read[b],
If I wyth that potter mete,
I wil make him pay passage, maugre his head. 145

LETTEL JOHN.

I consente therto, so eate I bread,
If he pay passage maugre his head,
Twenti pound shall ye have of me for your mede.

THE POTTERS BOYE JACKE.

Out alas, that ever I sawe this daye!
For I am clene out of my waye 150
From Notyngham towne;
If I hye me not the faster,
Or I come there the market wel be done.

ROBYN HODE.

Let me se, are thy pottes hole and sounde?

JACKE.

Yea, meister, but they will not breake the ground. 155

ROBYN HODE.

I wil them breke, for the cuckold thi maisters sake;
And if they will not breake the grounde,
Thou shalt have thre pence for a pound.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 153. maryet. *V.* 154 the C. *V.* 158. not *omitted* in W.

JACKE.

Out alas! what have ye done?
If my maister come, he will breke your crown. 160

THE POTTER.

Why, thou horeson, art thou here yet?
Thou shouldest have bene at markèt.

JACKE.

I met with Robin Hode, a good yeman,
He hath broken my pottes,
And called you kuckolde by your name. 165

THE POTTER.

Thou mayst be a gentylman, so god me save,
But thou semest a noughty knave.
Thou callest me cuckolde by my name,
And I swere by god and saynt John
Wyfe had I never none. 170
This cannot I denye,
But if thou be a good felowe,
I wil sel mi horse, mi harneis, pottes and paniers to,
Thou shalt have the one halfe and I will have the other;
If thou be not so content, 175
Thou shalt have stripes if thou were my brother.

ROBYN HODE.

Harke, potter, what I shall say:
This seven yere and more thou hast used this way,
Yet were thou never so curteous to me,
As one penny passage to paye. 180

THE POTTER.

Why should I paye passage to thee?

ROBYN HODE.

For I am Robyn Hode, chiefe governoure
Under the grene woode tree.

THE POTTER.

This seven yere have I used this way up and downe,
Yet payed I passage to no man, 185
Nor now I wyl not beginne, to do the worst thou can.

ROBYN HODE.

Passage shalt thou pai here under the grene-wode [tre,
Or els thou shalt leve a wedde[c] with me.

THE POTTER.

If thou be a good felowe, as men do the call,
Lay awaye thy bowe, 190
And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hande,
And se what shall befall.

ROBIN HODE

Lyttle John, where art thou?

LYTTEL [JOHN].

Here, mayster, I make god avowe.
I tolde you, mayster, so god me save, 195
That you shoulde fynde the potter a knave.
Holde your buckeler fast in your hande,
And I wyll styfly by you stande,
Ready for to fyghte;
Be the knave never so stoute, 200
I shall rappe him on the snoute,
And put hym to flyghte.

VARIOUS READINGS.—*V.* 186 to do. *C.* to *or* so *omitted* in W. *V.* 188 wedded. *C.* wed. *W.* *V.* 190. your. *C.*

[a] How a potter comes to be decked with so elegant and honorable a garland as one of roses, is not easyly to be accounted for. The poet Gower, as represented on his monument in the church of St Mary Overy, hath, as Stow tells us, "on his head a chaplet, like a coronet of four roses;" and it may be remembered that Copland, the printer of this identical May game, dwelled "at the signe of the rose garlande." In "The pleasant history of Reynard the fox," we find that the king, being cured by "master Reynard," the father, of a grievous sickness, "gave him (for an honour) a garland of roses, which he must ever wear upon his head."

[b] Red, alluding to the colour of the gold.

[c] A pledge.

II.

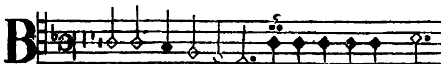
A FREEMANS SONG,

FOR THREE VOICES.

This strange and whimsical performance is taken from a very rare and curious publication, intitled "Deuteromelia: or the second part of musicks melodie, or melodius musicke. Of pleasant roundelaies; K. H. mirth, or freemens songs. And such delightfull catches. London: printed for Thomas Adams dwelling in Paules church-yard at the signe of the white lion. 1609." 4to. *Freemens songs* is supposed to be a corruption of *Three mens songs*, from their being generally for three voices. *K. H.* is *King Henrys*. See "Ancient songs," 1790. p. lvii. 159, &c.

In the collection of old printed ballads made by Anthony à Wood is an inaccurate copy of this ancient and singular production, in his own hand writing: "This song," says he, "was esteemed an old song before the rebellion broke out in 1641." It thereby appears that the first line of every stanza was "to be sung thrice." Beside the music here given, there are three parts of "Another way," which it was not thought necessary to insert.

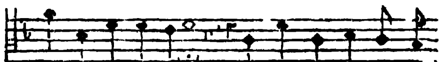
TREBLE.



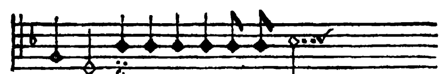
Y Lands-dale hey ho, by mery Lands-dale



there dwelt a jolly miller, And a very good old man



was hee, was he, hey ho He had, he had and a



sonne a. He had, he had and a sonne.
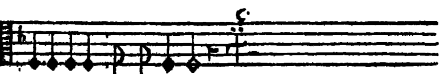
TENOR.
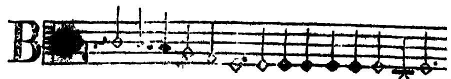


Y Lands-dale hey ho, by mery Lands-dale hey ho



was he hey ho. He had, he had and a sonne a
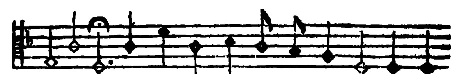


BASSUS.



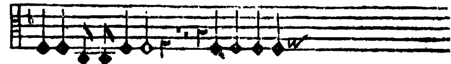
Y Landsdale hey ho, by mery Landsdale, hey ho



There dwelt a jolly miller, and a very good old man was



he, hey ho, He had, he had and a sonne a, he had



he had, he had

He had, he had and a sonne a,
Men called him Renold,
And mickle of his might
Was he, was he, hey ho.

And from his father a wode a,
His fortune for to seeke,
From mery Landsdale
Wode he, wode he, hey ho.

His father would him seeke a,
And found him fast asleepe.
Among the leaves greene
Was he, was he, hey ho.

He tooke, he tooke him up a,
All by the lilly-white hand,
And set him on his feet,
And bad him stand, hey ho.

He gave to him a benbow,
Made all of a trusty tree,
And arrowes in his hand,
And bad him let them flee.

And shoote was that that a did a,
Some say he shot a mile,
But halfe a mile and more
Was it, was it, hey ho.

And at the halfe miles end [a],
There stood an armed man;
The childe he shot him through,
And through, and through, hey ho.

His beard was all on a white a,
As white as whaleis bone,
His eyes they were as cleare
As christall stone, hey ho.
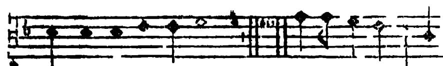
And there of him they made [a],
Good yeoman Robin Hood,
Scarlet, and Little John,
And Little John, hey ho.

III.

A ROUND,

from "Pammelia. Musicks miscellanie. Or mixed varietie of pleasant roundelayes, and delightful catches, of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. parts in one. None so ordinarie as musicall, none so musical as not to all very pleasing and acceptable. London Printed by William Barley, for R. B. and H. W. and are to be sold at the Spread Eagle at the great north dore of Paules 1609." 4to. a work equally scarce and curious with that before cited. This, however, is only the tenor part; but the words of the other parts are very trifling, and relate to different subjects. It is called "A round of three country dances in one."







IV.

HEY JOLLY ROBIN.

These stanzas are supplyed by "A musicall dreame, or the fourth booke of ayres, &c. Composed by Robert Jones London, Imprinted by the assignees of William Barley, and are to be solde in Powles church yeard, at the signe of the Crowne. 1609." fo. The music, a composition of little merit or curiosity for the present age, was not transcribed.

In Sherwood livde stout Robin Hood,
  An archer great, none greater;
His bow and shafts were sure and good,
  Yet Cupids were much beter.
Robin could shoot at many a hart and misse,
Cupid at first could hit a hart of his.
    Hey jolly Robin, hoe jolly Robin, hey jolly
      Robin Hood,
    Love finds out me, as well as thee, to follow
      mee, to follow me to the green wood.

A noble thiefe was Robin Hoode,
  Wise was he could deceive him,
Yet Marrian, in his bravest mood,
  Could of his heart bereave him.
No greater thief lies hidden under skies
Then beauty closely lodgde in womens eyes.
    Hey jolly Robin.

An out-law was this Robin Hood,
  His life free and unruly,
Yet to faire Marrian bound he stood,
  And loves debt payed her duely.
Whom curbe of strictest law could not hold in
Love with obeyednes and a winke could winne.
    Hey jolly Robin.

Now wend we home, stout Robin Hood,
  Leave we the woods behind us;
Love-passions must not be withstood,
  Love every where will find us.
I livde in fielde and towne, and so did he,
I got me to the woods, Love followed me.
    Hey Jolly Robin.

V.

A MERRY WEDDING;

OR,

O BRAVE ARTHUR OF BRADLEY.

This old ballad, referred to in p 71, is given from a black letter copy in a private collection, compared with and very much corrected by "An antidote against melancholy: made up in pills, compounded of witty ballads, jovial songs, and merry catches. 1661." The running title of the volume is "Pills to purge melancholy;" which was afterward borrowed by Durfey.

There is a different, but probably much more modern, ballad upon this popular subject, in the same measure, intitled, "Arthur o' Bradley," and beginning,

"All in the merry month of May."

Saw you not Pierce the piper,
His cheeks as big as a miter,
A piping among the swains,
That dance on yonder plains?
Where Tib and Tom do trip it, 5
And youths to the hornpipe nip it,
With every one his carriage,
To go to yonder marriage;
Not one would stay behind,
But go with Arthur of Bradley, 10
  Oh fine Arthur of Bradley,
  Oh fine Arthur of Bradley,
  Oh fine Arthur of Bradley oh, &c.

Arthur had got him a lass,
A bonnier never was; 15
The chief youths of the parish
Came dancing of the morris;
With country lasses trounsing,
And lusty lads bounsing,
Jumping with mickle pride, 20
And each his wench by his side;
They all were fine and gay,
  For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
  Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

And when that Arthur was married, 25
And his bride home had carried,
The youngsters they did wait
To help to carry up meat;
Francis carried the furmety,
Michael carried the mince-pye, 30
Bartholomew the beef and the mustard,
And Christopher carried the custard;
Thus every one in his array,
  For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
  Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c. 35

And when that dinner was ended,
The maidens they were befriended,
For out steps Dick the draper,
And he bid, Strike up, se aper

It's best to be dancing a little, 40
And then to the tavern to tipple:
He call'd for a hornpipe,
That went fine on the bagpipe;
Then forward, piper, and play,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley, 45
Oh fine, &c.

Richard he did lead it,
And Margery did tread it,
Francis followed them,
And after courteous Jane; 50
Thus every one after another,
As if they had been sister and brother;
That 'twas great joy to see
How well they did agree;
And then they all did say, 55
Hay for Arthur of Bradley!
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

Then Miles in his motley breeches,
And he the piper beseeches
To play him *Haw-thorn buds*, 60
That he and his wench might trudge:
But Lawrence liked not that,
No more did lusty Kate;
For she cry'd, Can'st thou not hit it,
To see how fine Thomas can trip it, 65
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley, &c.

When all the swains did see
This mirth and merry glee,
There was never a man did flinch,
But each one kist his wench; 70
But Giles was greedy of gain,
For he would needs kiss twain:
Her lover seeing that,
Did rap him over the pate,
That he had nought to say, 75
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

The piper lookt aside,
And there he spied the bride,
He thought it was a hard chance, 80
That none would lead her a dance;
But there was none durst touch her,
Save only Bat the Butcher;
He took her by the hand,
And danced while he could stand: 85
The bride was fine and gay,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine Arthur of Bradley, oh, &c.

Then out stept Will the weaver,
And he swore he'd not leave her, 90
He hopp'd it all on one leg,
For the honour of his Peg:
But Kister in cambrick ruffe,
He took that all in snuffe;
For he against that day 95
Had made himself fine and gay,
His ruffe was whipt with blew,
And he cried, A new dance, a new!
Then strike up a round-delay,
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley, 100
Oh fine, &c.

Then gan the sun decline,
And every one thought it time
To go unto his home,
And leave the bridegroom alone. 105
Tut, tut, says lusty Ned,
Ile see them both in bed
For i'le gib at a joynt,
But i'le have his codpiss-point:
Then forward piper and play, 110
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine, &c.

And thus the day was spent,
And no man homeward went,
There was such a crowding and thrusting, 115
That some were in danger of bursting,
To see them go to bed;
For all the skill they had,
He was got to his bride,
And lay close to her side: 120
Then got they his points and his garters,
And cut them in pieces like martyrs;
And then they all did play
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley,
Oh fine, &c. 125

Then Will and his sweetheart
Did call for *Loth to depart*;
And then they did foot it, and toss it,
'Till the cook brought in the sack-posset.
The bride-pye was brought forth, 130
A thing of mickle worth:
And so all at the beds side
Took leave of Arthur and his bride,
And so went all away
From the wedding of Arthur of Bradley, 135
Oh fine, &c.

VI.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE THREE SQUIRES

FROM NOTTINGHAM GALLOWS.

This song, and its tune, as the editor is informed by his ingenious friend Edward Williams, the Welsh bard, are well known in South Wales, by the name of *Marchog glas, i. e.* Green knight. Though apparently ancient, it is not known to exist in black letter, nor has any better authority been met with than the common collection of Aldermary-church-yard. See before, p. 99.

Bold Robin Hood ranging the forrest all round,
The forrest all round ranged he;
O there did he meet with a gay lady,
She came weeping along the highway.

Why weep you, why weep you? bold Robin he said
What weep you for gold or fee?
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
That is taken from your body?

I weep not for gold, the lady reply'd,
Neither do I weep for fee;
Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,
That is taken from my body.

What weep you for then? said jolly Robin
I prithee come tell unto me.
"Oh! I do weep for my three sons, 15
For they are all condemned to die."

What church have they robbed? said jolly Robin,
  Or parish-priest have they slain?
What maids have they forced against their will?
  Or with other mens wives have lain? 20

No church have they robbed, this lady reply'd,
  Nor parish-priest have they slain;
No maids have they forced against their will,
  Nor with other mens wives have lain.

What have they done then? said jolly Robin, 25
  Come tell me most speedily.
"Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
  'That' they are all condemned to die."

Get you home, get you home, said jolly Robin,
  Get you home most speedily, 30
And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
  For the sake of the 'squires all three.

Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
  For Nottingham town goes he,
O there did he meet with a poor beggar-man, 35
  He came creeping along the highway.

"What news, what news, thou old beggar-man?
  What news, come tell unto me." [town],
"O there's weeping and wailing in Nottingham
  For the death of the 'squires all three." 40

This beggar man had a coat on his back,
  'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
Bold Robin Hood thought 'twas no disgrace
  To be in the beggar man's stead.

"Come, pull off thy coat, thou old beggar-man, 45
  And thou shalt put on mine;
And forty good shillings I'll give thee to boot,
  Besides brandy, good beer, ale and wine."

Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,
  Unto Nottingham town came he; 50
O there did he meet with great master sheriff,
  And likewise the 'squires all three.

One boon, one boon, says jolly Robin,
  One boon I beg on my knee;
That, as for the death of these three 'squires, 55
  Their hangman I may be.

Soon granted, soon granted, says master sheriff,
  Soon granted unto thee;
And 'thou shalt' have all their gay cloathing,
  Aye, and all their white money. 60

VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 28 And. V. 59 you shall.

"Oh I will have none of their gay cloathing,
  Nor none of their white money,
But I'll have three blasts on my bugle-horn,
  That their souls to heaven may flee."

'Then' Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high, 65
  Where he blew loud and shrill,
'Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
  Came marching down the green hill.

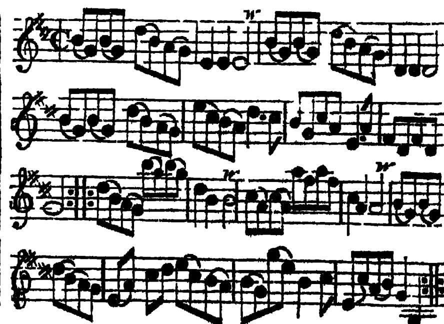
Whose men are these? says master sheriff,
  Whose men are they? tell unto me. 70
"O they are mine, but none of thine,
  And are come for the 'squires all three."

O take them, o take them, says great master sheriff,
  O take them along with thee;
For there's never a man in fair Nottingham 75
  Can do the like of thee.

VII.

ROBIN HOODS DELIGHT.

Dr Pepusch, among other very curious articles of ancient English music was possessed of a MS folio, (supposed to be still extant,) which, at p 15 contained a tune intitled '*Robin Hood*.' See Wards "Lives of the professors of Gresham college, 1740, (an interleaved copy corrected and augmented by the author in the British museum) *Rob ne Hude* is likewise the name of a dance in Wedderburns Complainte of Scotland, printed in 1549. The following tune is preserved by Oswald, in his "Caledonian pocket companion."



VARIOUS READINGS.—V. 65 When. V. 70 come tell.

THE END.

THE

CANTERBURY TALES

OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.



A New Text, with Illustrative Notes,

BY

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INTRODUCTION.



For about two centuries after the Norman conquest, Anglo-Norman was almost exclusively the language of literature in this country. The few exceptions belong to the last expiring remains of an older and totally different Anglo-Saxon style, or to the first attempts of a new English one, formed upon a Norman model. Of the two grand monuments of the poetry of this period, Layamon belongs to the former of these classes, and the singular poem entitled the *Ormulum* to the latter. After the middle of the thirteenth century, the attempts at poetical composition in English became more frequent and more successful, and previous to the age of Chaucer we have several poems of a very remarkable character, and some good imitations of the harmony and spirit of the French versification of the time.

During this latter period there had been a great movement in intelligence and art throughout Europe, which was shewing itself sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, and which was giving great promises of a splendid future. By the end of the thirteenth century it broke out in Italy in Dante, and a little later in Petrarch. In France it shewed itself in a multitude of poetical compositions, remarkable for their spirit and harmony of versification. In England it became magnificently embodied in Chaucer, almost to rise and die with him; for two centuries passed away before another poet was produced who could lay any claim to rivalry with his great predecessor.

According to the best information that can be collected, Geoffrey Chaucer was born somewhere near the year 1328,* his family being apparently citizens of London. The accounts of his earlier years and of his education are vague and unsatisfactory; but he was certainly a man of extensive learning, and he had the education of a gentleman: he is generally believed to have been bred to the law. We learn from Chaucer's own testimony, given at a later period, in the case of the Grosvenor peerage, that in the autumn of 1359 he was in the army with which Edward III. invaded France, which was his first military service, and that he was made prisoner by the French during the expedition which terminated with the peace of Chartres in May 1360.

We know nothing further of Chaucer's history until 1367, when a pension of twenty marks yearly for life was granted by the king to the poet, as one of the valets of the king's chamber, in consideration of his services. About the same time he married Philippa, one of the ladies in attendance on the queen, who is said to have been the eldest daughter of Sir Payne Roet, king-of-arms of Guienne, and sister of Katherine, widow of Sir Hugh Swynford, and subsequently wife of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster. In 1370, as we find from the records, Chaucer was employed in the king's service abroad. Two years after this, on the 12th of November, 1372, the poet was sent on a mission to Genoa, to treat on the choice of a port in England where the Genoese might form a commercial establishment; he appears to have remained in Italy nearly a year, as we do not trace him in England until the latter part of November 1373, and we then find, by the allowance of his expenses, that he had been on the king's service to Florence as well as to Genoa. We are,

* The following notice of the personal history of the poet is chiefly an abridgment of the *Life of Chaucer* by Sir Harris Nicolas, who gathered together a mass of curious facts from the public records, many of them not known before.

unfortunately, in perfect ignorance of Chaucer's movements in Italy; and the statement of the old biographers that he visited Petrarch at Padua, is founded on mere suppositions totally unsupported by any known evidence. It can hardly be believed, however, that Chaucer did not profit by the opportunity thus afforded him of improving his acquaintance with the poetry, if not with the poets, of the country he thus visited, whose influence was now being felt on the literature of most countries of Western Europe. He was evidently well acquainted with the writings of Dante, and probably with those of Petrarch, if not with those of Boccaccio. He distinctly quotes the former poet more than once; thus, in the *Wife of Bath's Tale*:—

> "Wel can the wyse poet of Florence,
> That hatte Daunt, speke of this sentence."

The "sentence," as Chaucer gives it, is almost a literal translation from the *Purgatorio*. It may be observed also, that the inference from this and other circumstances is strongly in favour of the belief that Chaucer was well acquainted with the Italian language, which Sir Harris Nicolas doubts, I think without sufficient reason.

That Chaucer acquitted himself well as an ambassador, and that the king was satisfied with his services, we can have no doubt; for on the 23d of April following the monarch made him a grant for life of a pitcher of wine daily, an appropriate gift for a poet, but which nevertheless seems to have been soon commuted for the payment of its value in money. About six weeks after this, on the 8th of June 1374, Chaucer was appointed comptroller of the customs and subsidy of wools, skins, and tanned hides in the port of London; and it was stipulated that he should write the rolls of his office with his own hand, and perform his duties personally and not by deputy. This might be supposed to shew that Chaucer's poetical talents were not very generously appreciated; but it appears in reality that it was a mere formula of the grant of the office. From this time to the end of the reign of Edward III., the poet continued to enjoy the royal favour; and he not only received several marks of his sovereign's generosity, but he was employed frequently in public service of importance. During the last year of Edward's reign, A.D. 1377, he was sent successively to Flanders and to France, being in the first mission associated with Sir Thomas Percy (afterwards Earl of Worcester), and in the second attached to an embassy to treat of peace with Charles V.

It is probable that Chaucer was re-appointed one of the king's esquires on the accession of Richard II., and he certainly did not decline in court favour. In the middle of January 1378, he was again sent to France, attached to an embassy, the object of which was to negotiate King Richard's marriage with a daughter of the French monarch. His stay in France was not long, for in the May of the same year he was employed on a new mission, being sent with Sir Edward Berkely to Lombardy, to treat with Bernardo Visconti, Lord of Milan, and the celebrated Sir John Hawkwood, apparently to persuade them to assist in some warlike expedition contemplated by the English government; and from this mission Chaucer appears not to have returned until the end of the year. It was on this occasion that Chaucer nominated as one of his representatives, in case of any legal proceedings during his absence (to which people in those days were liable), John Gower, a circumstance that establishes the fact of the intimate friendship between the two poets. We know that Chaucer dedicated his *Troilus and Creseide*, written in the sixteenth year of the reign of Richard II. (1392-3), to Gower; and the latter poet, in the *Confessio Amantis*, makes Venus say of Chaucer:

> "And grete wel Chaucer, when ye mete,
> As my disciple and my poete;
> For in the floures of his youthe,
> In sondry wyse, as he wel couthe,
> Of dytees and of songes glade,
> The whiche he for my sake made,
> The lande fulfylled is over alle;
> Whereof to him in specyalle,

Above all other, I am most holde.
Forthy nowe in his dayes olde
Thou shalle him telle this message,
That he uppon his latter age,
To sette an end of al his werke,
As he whiche is myn owne clerke,
Do make his Testament of Love,
As thou hast done thy shrift above,
So that my courte yt may recorde."

It has been supposed, on very slight grounds, that Chaucer's friendship for Gower met with some interruption towards the end of his life.*

Soon after his return from Italy, Chaucer appears to have been again employed on foreign service, for the records shew that he was absent from May to December 1379. In 1382 he received the appointment of comptroller of the petty customs of the port of London, in addition to his previous office of comptroller of the customs and subsidies; and in February 1385 he obtained the still greater favour of being allowed to nominate a permanent deputy, by which the poet must have been partially released from duties which can never have been agreeable to his tastes.

Several circumstances shew that Chaucer had some intimate connection with the county of Kent, where he probably held property; and he was elected a knight of the shire for that county in the parliament which met at Westminster on the 1st of October, 1386, and which closed its session on the 1st of November following; shortly after which (before the 4th of December, 1386), Chaucer was dismissed from his employments, but for what reason we have not the slightest intimation, though it was doubtless connected with some of the petty intrigues of this intriguing reign. Probably, as Sir Harris Nicolas supposes, he had become obnoxious to the Duke of Gloucester and the other ministers who had succeeded his patron, the Duke of Lancaster, in the government; and it is well known that the proceedings of the parliament just alluded to were directed against the Duke of Lancaster's party.

We know nothing further of Chaucer's history until the year 1388, except that he continued regularly to receive his two pensions of twenty marks each; but on the 1st of May in the latter year, the grants of these pensions were at his request cancelled, and the annuities assigned to John Scalby, which has been considered as a proof that the poet was at that time in distress, and obliged to sell his pensions. Exactly a year after this, in May 1389, on the young king's assumption of the reins of government, the Duke of Lancaster's party were restored to power, and Chaucer again appeared at court. On the 12th of July, the poet was appointed to the valuable office of clerk of the king's works at the palace of Westminster, the Tower of London, the castle of Berkhamstead, and the royal manors of Kennington, Eltham, Clarendon, Sheen, Byfleet, Childern Langley, and Feckenham, at the royal lodge of Hathenburgh in the New Forest, at the lodges in the parks of Clarendon, Childern Langley, and Feckenham; and at the mews for the king's falcons at Charing Cross. He was expressly permitted to perform his duties by deputy, and his salary was fixed at two shillings a day. Chaucer held this office, however, only two years, having been dismissed from it before the 16th of September 1391, but the cause of his removal is unknown.

During the latter years of Richard's reign Chaucer was evidently suffering from poverty; for instead of receiving, as formerly, his pension in half-yearly payments when due, we find him constantly taking sums in advance; and as these were not always paid into his own hands, we are led to suppose that he was labouring under sickness as well as want. He was now aged as well as poor and needy; but the accession of Henry IV. came suddenly to cast a gleam of brightness on his declining days. Within four days after he came to the throne, Henry granted him, on the 3d of October, 1399, a yearly pension of forty marks, in addition to the annuity of twenty pounds which had been given him by

* See a note on the Man of Law's Tale, l. 4498, and Sir H. Nicolas's *Life of Chaucer*, p. 39.

King Richard. On Christmas eve, 1399, the poet obtained the lease of a house near Westminster Abbey, where it is probable that he closed his days. His name appears in the issue rolls, as continuing to receive his pension, until the 1st of March, 1400, when it was received for him by Henry Somere, the clerk of the receipt of the exchequer, who is supposed to have been a relation of the "frere John Somere," whose calendar is mentioned in Chaucer's treatise on the Astrolabe. Chaucer is stated, and with probable correctness, in an epitaph placed in 1550 near his grave in Westminster Abbey by Nicholas Brigham (a poet of that time), to have died on the 25th of October, 1400, at which time, according to the supposed date of his birth, he would have reached the age of seventy-two.

The above are all the circumstances of importance connected with the life of Chaucer that are known to be true. Although, in the documents in which they are found, he is looked upon only as an actor in the eventful politics of the day, we have other evidence that his poetical talents were highly appreciated by his contemporaries, as well as in the age which followed his death. By the English poets of his time, Gower and Occleve, he is spoken of in the warmest terms of praise; and that his reputation was high on the continent, we have a remarkable proof in a ballad addressed to him by the French poet Eustace Deschamps, which has been printed in Sir Harris Nicolas's *Life* and in my *Anecdota Literaria*. This latter document shews us also that Chaucer was on terms of friendship at least with the French poets of his day. Occleve not only paid a tribute of affection to his "maister" in his poetry, but he painted his portrait in the margin of the manuscript; and this portrait, evidently a good one, was copied at different times and in different forms, and was no doubt the original of all the portraits of Chaucer we now have. The best copy appears to be that in the Harleian Ms. No. 4866.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

Chaucer's capital work is doubtless the *Canterbury Tales*. The idea of thus joining together a number of stories by means of a connecting narrative, or frame, appears to have originated in the East; but long before the time of Chaucer it had been made popular in Europe by the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Peter Alfonsi and its translations, and by the still more widely-spread romance of the *Seven Sages*. It is probable that the latter, of which an edition has been published by the Percy Society, gave Chaucer the hint of his plot, rather than the *Decameron*, with which I think it doubtful if Chaucer were acquainted. But Chaucer's plan was far superior to that of any of the similar collections which had preceded it, not only for the opportunity it afforded for diversity of style in the stories, but for the variety of character it admitted in the personages to be introduced. The general introduction to the *Canterbury Tales* is one of the most perfect compositions in the English language.

The *Canterbury Tales* appear to have been the compilation of Chaucer's latter years; for they contain allusions to events so late as the year 1386, and if (as there appears little room for doubt) there are allusions in the *Man of Lawes Tale* to the *Confessio Amantis* of Gower, this part of the work must have been composed at a still later period, as that poem is stated by its author to have been written in the sixteenth year of the reign of Richard II. i.e. 1392-3. I have used the word compilation, because it appears to me not only evident that Chaucer composed the *Canterbury Tales* not continuously, but in different portions which were afterwards to be joined together; but it is more than probable that he worked up into it tales which had originally been written, and perhaps published, as separate poems. Chaucer tells us, in the *Legend of Good Women*, that he had thus published the *Knightes Tale*,—

> "Al the love of Palamon and Arcite,
> Of Thebes, though the storie is knowen lite;"

as well as the life of St. Cecilia, or the *Second Nonnes Tale*,—

> "And made the lif also of Saint Cecile."



It is quite clear that we possess the *Canterbury Tales* in an unfinished form. Tyrwhitt makes the following general observations on this subject:—

"The general plan of the *Canterbury Tales* may be learned in a great measure from the prologue which Chaucer himself has prefixed to them. He supposes there that a company of pilgrims going to Canterbury assemble at an inn in Southwark, and agree that, for their common amusement on the road, each of them shall tell at least one tale in going to Canterbury, and another in coming back from thence; and that he who shall tell the best tales shall be treated by the rest with a supper upon their return to the same inn. This is, shortly, the *fable*. The *characters* of the pilgrims are as various as, at that time, could be found in the several departments of *middle* life; that is, in fact, as various as could, with any probability, be brought together, so as to form one company; the highest and the lowest ranks of society being necessarily excluded. It appears further, that the design of Chaucer was not barely to recite the tales told by the pilgrims, but also to describe their journey, *And all the remnant of* their *pilgrimage* [ver. 726]; including, probably, their adventures at Canterbury as well as upon the road. If we add, that the tales, besides being nicely adapted to the characters of their respective relators, were intended to be connected together by suitable introductions, and interspersed with diverting episodes, and that the greatest part of them was to have been executed in verse, we shall have a tolerable idea of the extent and difficulty of the whole undertaking; and admiring, as we must, the vigour of that genius which in an advanced age could begin so vast a work, we shall rather lament than be surprised that it has been left imperfect. In truth, if we compare those parts of the *Canterbury Tales* of which we are in possession, with the sketch which has been just given of the intended whole, it will be found that more than one-half is wanting. The prologue we have, perhaps, nearly complete, and the greatest part of the journey to Canterbury; but not a word of the transactions at Canterbury, or of the journey homeward, or of the epilogue, which, we may suppose, was to have concluded the work, with an account of the prize supper and the separation of the company. Even in that part which we have of the journey to Canterbury, it will be necessary to take notice of certain defects and inconsistencies, which can only be accounted for upon the supposition that the work was never finished by the author."

After a careful consideration of this question, I am inclined to believe that Chaucer not only left his grand poem in an unfinished state, but that he left it in detached portions only partially arranged, and that it was reduced to its present form after his death. This would explain satisfactorily the great variations of the manuscripts in the order of the tales, and the evident want of the connecting prologue in more than one instance. All the manuscripts agree in the order of the tales of the knight, miller, reve, and cook, and in placing them immediately after the general prologue, and it is therefore probable that they were left in that state by Chaucer. The *Cookes Tale* was evidently left unfinished by the author, and it was probably the person who reduced the whole to its present form that first introduced the tale of Gamelyn, to fill up what he supposed a *lacuna*, but whence he obtained this tale it is difficult to conjecture. Tyrwhitt is so entirely wrong in saying that this tale is not found in any manuscript of the first authority, that it occurs in the Harleian Ms. from which the present text is taken, and which I have no hesitation in stating to be the best and oldest manuscript of Chaucer I have yet met with. The style of Gamelyn would lead us to judge that it is not Chaucer's, but we can only reconcile this judgment with its being found so universally in the manuscripts, by means of the supposition of the posthumous arrangement of the *Canterbury Tales*, and its insertion by the arranger. I have printed the tale of Gamelyn from the same Harleian Ms. which has been the base of my text of the remainder of the poem; but I have distinguished it from the rest by printing it in smaller type, both on account of the apparently well-founded doubts of its being a genuine work of Chaucer, and in order not to interfere with the numbering of the lines in Tyrwhitt's edition, which I have thought it advisable to preserve.

After the *Cookes Tale*, the order of the tales differs very much in different manuscripts, until we arrive at the tale of the Manciple, with which, and the *Parson's Tale*, they all conclude. In the present text, I have strictly followed the Harleian manuscript, which agrees nearly with the order adopted by Tyrwhitt. The *Man of Lawes Tale* is not connected by its prologue with the tale which precedes it; and the *Wyf of Bathes Tale* evidently wants a few introductory lines, which Chaucer would have added had he lived to complete the poem. It is not improbable that in the state in which he left it, the Wife of Bath's prologue was the beginning of a portion of manuscript which contained the tales of the Wife of Bath, the Friar, and the Sompnour; and perhaps those of the Clerk, the Merchant, and the Squier, formed another portion. This latter portion appears to have been left unfinished, for the *Squieres Tale* breaks off abruptly in the middle, which is the more to be regretted, as it is one of Chaucer's best stories, and it is a story not found elsewhere. It appears by its prologue, that the *Frankeleynes Tale* was intended to follow the *Squieres Tale*. The *Second Nonnes Tale*, or the life of St. Cecilia, has no prologue, and appears to be in the same form in which it was originally written for separate publication. The prologue to the *Chanones Yemannes Tale* shews that this latter was intended to follow the Life of St. Cecilia. These two tales are placed, in Tyrwhitt's edition, after the tale of the Nuns Priest. Of the tales of the Doctour and the Pardoner we can only say that they were clearly intended to come together, though they are differently placed in manuscripts with respect to those which precede and follow. The tales of the Shipman, the Prioress, Chaucer's two tales of Sir Thopas and Melibeus, the Monk's tale, and the tale of the Nun's Priest, are all connected together by their prologues, and appear to have occupied another portion of Chaucer's manuscript, which also was apparently defective at the end, the prologue which was to have connected it with the next tale being unfinished. The prologue to the tale of the Manciple contains no reference to a preceding tale; but from the way in which the Cook is introduced in it, it would seem to have been composed at a time when Chaucer did not intend to introduce the Cook's tale after that of the Reve. The Parson's tale is connected by its prologue with that of the Manciple, and follows it in all the manuscripts. The old printed editions after 1542, inserted between these a poem, which was evidently misplaced, under the title of the *Plowman's Tale*, but on what authority it was placed there we are totally ignorant. The "retractation" at the end of the *Parson's Tale* was perhaps introduced by the person who arranged the text after Chaucer's death.

With the tale, or rather discourse, of the Parson, Chaucer brings his pilgrims to Canterbury; but his original plan evidently included the journey back to London. Some writer, within a few years after Chaucer's death, undertook to continue the work, and produced a ludicrous account of the proceedings of the pilgrims at Canterbury, and the story of Beryn, which was to be the first of the stories told on their return. These are printed by Urry from a manuscript of which I have not been able to trace the subsequent history, and, if it should not previously be found, I shall reprint them from Urry's edition, correcting the more apparent errors, for Urry's faithlessness to his manuscript is quite extraordinary.

The immense popularity of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* is proved by the number of manuscript copies still remaining. It was one of the first books printed in England, and went through a considerable number of editions before the seventeenth century. For the information of those who are interested in the biographical portion of a subject like this, I give Tyrwhitt's history of the printed editions of the *Canterbury Tales*, omitting some of the notes.

"The art of printing had been invented and exercised for a considerable time, in most countries of Europe, before the art of criticism was called in to superintend and direct its operations. It is, therefore, much more to the honour of our meritorious countryman, William Caxton, that he chose to make the *Canterbury Tales* one of the earliest productions of his press, than it can be to his discredit that he printed them very incorrectly. He probably took the first Ms. that he could procure to print from, and it happened,

unluckily, to be one of the worst in all respects that he could possibly have met with. The very few copies of this edition which are now remaining* have no date, but Mr. Ames supposes it to have been printed in 1475 or 6.

"It is still more to the honour of Caxton, that when he was informed of the imperfections of his edition, he very readily undertook a second, 'for to satisfy the author' (as he says himself), 'whereas tofore by ignorance *he* had erred in hurting and diffaming his book.' His whole account of this matter, in the preface to this second edition, is so clear and ingenuous, that I shall insert it below in his own words.† This edition is also without date, except that the preface informs us that it was printed six years after the first.

"Ames mentions an edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 'Collected by William Caxton, and printed by Wynken de Worde at Westmestre, in 1495. Folio.' He does not appear to have seen it himself, nor have I ever met with any other authority for its existence; which however I do not mean to dispute. If there was such an edition, we may be tolerably sure that it was only a copy of Caxton's.

"This was certainly the case of both Pynson's editions. He has prefixed to both the introductory part of Caxton's Prohemye to his second edition, without the least alteration. In what follows, he says that he purposes to imprint his book [in the first edition] *by a copy of the said Master Caxton* and [in the second] *by a copy of William Caxton's imprinting.*‡ That the copy, mentioned in both these passages, by which Pynson purposed to imprint, was really Caxton's second edition, is evident from the slightest comparison of the three books: Pynson's first edition has no date, but is supposed (upon good grounds, I think) to have been printed not long after 1491, the year of Caxton's death. His second edition§

* "The late Mr. West was so obliging as to lend me a complete copy of this edition, which is now, as I have heard, in the King's Library. There is another complete copy in the library of Merton College, which is illuminated, and has a ruled line under every printed one, to give it the appearance, I suppose, of a Ms. Neither of those books, though seemingly complete, has any preface or advertisement."

† "Preface to Caxton's second edition from a copy in the Library of St. John's College, Oxford. Ames, p. 55.—Whiche book I have dylygently oversen, and duly examyned to the ende that it be made acordyng unto his owen makyng; for I fynde many of the sayd bookes, whiche wryters have abrydgyd it, and many thynges left out, and in some places have sette certayn versys that he never made ne sette in hys booke, of whyche bookes so incorrecte was one broughte to me vi. yere passyd, whiche I supposed had ben veray true and correcte, and accordyng to the same I dyde do empryute a certayn nomber of them, whyche anon were solde to many and dyverse gentylmen, of whom one gentylman cam to me, and sayd that this book was not according in many places unto the book that Gefferey Chaucer had made. To whom I answered, that I had made it accordyng to my copye, and by me was nothyng added ne mynusshyd. Thenne he sayd, he knewe a book whyche hys fader had much lovyd, that was very trewe, and accordyng unto his owen first book by hym made; and sayd more, yf I wold empryute it agayn, he wold gete me the same book for a copye. How be it he wyst well that hys fader wold not gladly departe fro it. To whom I said, in caas that he coude gete me suche a booke, trewe and correcte, yet I wold ones endevoyre me to emprynte it agayn, for to satisfy the auctour, where as tofore by ygnoraunce I erryd in hurtyng and dyffamyng his book in dyverce places, in setting in somme thynges that he never sayd ne made, and leving out many thynges that he made, whyche ben requysite to be sette in it. And thus we fyll at accord, and he full gentylly gate of hys fader the said book, and delyvered it to me, by whiche I have corrected my book, as heere after alle alonge by the ayde of almighty God shal folowe, whom I humbly beseche, &c.

"Mr. Lewis, in his *Life of Caxton*, p. 104, has published a minute account of the contents of this edition from a copy in the Library of Magdalen College, Cambridge, but without deciding whether it is the first or the second edition.

"It is undoubtedly the second; but the preface is lost. There is an imperfect copy of this edition in the Museum, and another in the library of the Royal Society. Both together would not make a complete one."

‡ "See the *Prohemies* to Pynson's first and second editions in the preface to Urry's Chaucer. There is a complete copy of Pynson's first edition in the library of the Royal Society."

§ "I venture to call this Pynson's second edition, though Ames (from some notes of Bagford) speaks of editions in 1520 and 1522. He does not appear to have seen them himself. Mr. West had a copy of the edition of 1526, in which the name of the printer and the date of the impression are regularly set down at the end of the *Canterbury Tales*. After that follow '*Troilus and Creseide*' and '*the Boke of Fame*,' at the end of which last is a note, copied from Caxton's edition of the same book, with this addition, *And here foloweth another of his workes.*

is dated in 1526, and was the first in which a collection of some other pieces of Chaucer was added to the *Canterbury Tales*.

"The next edition which I have been able to meet with was printed by Thomas Godfray in 1532. If this be not the very edition which Leland speaks of as printed by Berthelette, with the assistance of Mr. William Thynne, (as I rather suspect it is,) we may be assured that it was copied from that. Mr. Thynne's dedication to Henry VIII. stands at the head of it; and the great number of Chaucer's works never before published which appear in it, fully entitles it to the commendations which have always been given to Mr. Thynne's edition on that account. Accordingly it was several times reprinted as the standard edition of Chaucer's works, without any material alteration, except the insertion of the Plowman's tale in 1542.

"As my business here is solely with the *Canterbury Tales*, I shall take no notice of the several miscellaneous pieces, by Chaucer and others, which were added to them by Mr. Thynne in his edition, and afterwards by Stowe and Speght in the editions of 1561, 1597, and 1602. With respect to the *Canterbury Tales* I am under a necessity of observing, that upon the whole they received no advantage from the edition of 1532. Its material variations from Caxton's *second* edition are all, I think, for the worse. It confounds the order of the *Squier's* and the *Frankelein's* tales, which Caxton, in his *second* edition, had set right. It gives the *Frankelein's* prologue to the *Merchant*, in addition to his own proper prologue. It produces for the first time two prologues, the one to the *Doctour's*, and the other to the *Shipman's* tale, which are both evidently spurious; and it brings back the lines of ribaldry in the *Merchant's* tale, which Caxton, in his *second* edition, had rejected upon the authority of his good Ms.

"However, this edition of 1532, with all its imperfections, had the luck, as I have said, to be considered as the standard edition, and to be copied, not only by the booksellers, in their several editions* of 1542, 1546, 1555, and 1561, but also by Mr. Speght, (the first editor in form, after Mr. Thynne, who set his name to his work,) in 1597 and 1602. In the dedication to Sir Robert Cecil, prefixed to this last edition, he speaks indeed of having 'reformed the whole work, both by old written copies and by Ma. William Thynnes praiseworthy labours;' but I cannot find that he has departed in any material point from those editions, which I have supposed to be derived from Mr. Thynne's. In the very material points above mentioned, in which those editions vary from Caxton's second, he has followed *them*. Nor have I observed any such verbal varieties as would induce one to believe that he had consulted any good Ms. They who have read his preface will probably not regret that he did not do more towards correcting the text of Chaucer.

"In this state the *Canterbury Tales* remained† till the edition undertaken by Mr. Urry, which was published, some years after his death, in 1721. I shall say but little of that

But in Mr. West's copy nothing followed. The writer of the preface to Ed. Urr. seems to have had the use of a copy of this edition in 1526, which contained some other pieces of Chaucer's, and several by other hands. See the preface to Ed. Urr."

* "There are some other editions mentioned by Ames, without date; but it is probable that, upon inspection, they would appear to be one or other of the editions whose dates are here given. It seems to have been usual to print books in partnership, and for each partner to print his own name to his share of the impression. See Ames, p. 252. A Bible is said to be printed in 1551, by Nicholas Hill—'at the cost and charges of certayne honest menne of the occupacyon, *whose names be upon their bokes*.'"

† "It may be proper just to take notice, that Mr. Speght's edition was reprinted in 1687, with an advertisement at the end, in which the editor pretended to publish from a Ms. *the conclusion of* the Coke's Tale, *and also of* the Squires Tale, *which in the printed books are said to be lost or never finished by the author.* These conclusions may be seen in the Preface to Ed. Urr. Whoever the editor was, I must do him the justice to say, that they are both really to be found in Ms. The first is to be found in Ms. B. *a.* and the other in Ms. B. *δ.* from which Hearne has also printed it, as a choice discovery, in his letter to Bagford. App. to R. G. p. 601. If I thought the reader had any relish for such supplements to Chaucer, I could treat him from Ms. B. *a.* with at least thirty more lines, which have been inserted in different parts of the *Cook's Tale*, by the same hand that wrote this Conclusion."

edition, as a very fair and full account of it is to be seen in the modest and sensible preface prefixed to it by Mr. Timothy Thomas, upon whom the charge of publishing Chaucer devolved, or rather was imposed, after Mr. Urry's death. The strange license in which Mr. Urry appears to have indulged himself, of lengthening and shortening Chaucer's words according to his own fancy, and of even adding words of his own, without giving his readers the least notice, has made the text of Chaucer in his edition by far the worst that was ever published."

PLAN OF THE PRESENT EDITION.

During the latter half of the twelfth century and the earlier part of the thirteenth, the language spoken by our Saxon forefathers was rapidly breaking up, and losing its original grammatical inflections, and much of its characteristic phraseology. Books or songs written in English during this period were intended for the edification of the lower classes, or for the *bourgeoisie*, which still retained its Saxon habits. Great changes in language are generally coeval with political movements and convulsions, and the character of our language was completely changed by the baronial wars of the thirteenth century, which brought into prominence the Anglo-Saxon portion of the population, and made its language fashionable in high society. The consequence was, that it went through further changes in form, and became largely mixed with words having a French (or Anglo-Norman) origin. About the end of the reign of Edward I. the English language took a definite shape, which continued during the fourteenth century with very little alteration in its grammatical forms, and the only alterations in other respects arising from words becoming obsolete, and from the facility with which French or Anglo-Norman words were adopted or received at the will of the author, and according to the class of society in which he moved and for which he wrote. This arose from the circumstance that English and the form of French spoken here were co-existent in our island as the languages of common life. This form of the English language was that of the author of *Piers Ploughman* and of Geoffrey Chaucer; the former representing the popular feelings and containing fewest French words, while Chaucer, as the poet of the higher society, uses French words in much greater abundance. In our language of the present day we have lost as much of the English of *Piers Ploughman* as we have of the French of the *Canterbury Tales*.

The general character and the grammatical constructions of the English of the fourteenth century were preserved during the opening years of the fifteenth; but they soon began to break up more rapidly even than in the thirteenth century, until, at the time of the Reformation, our language took nearly its modern form, the orthography excepted.

The language in which any man wrote could only be preserved correctly in manuscripts written in his own time, or very near it; for we find by experience that copyists invariably altered what they copied to the form of the language at the time in which they wrote, and, which is still more embarrassing, to the local dialect of the county in which they lived. It is evident, therefore, that the plan of forming the text of any work of the periods of which we are speaking, from a number of different manuscripts, written at different times and different places, is the most absurd plan which it is possible to conceive. Yet this was the method professedly followed by Tyrwhitt, in forming a text of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer. He even did worse: for he seems to have taken for his foundation merely one of the old editions, printed at a time when all the grammatical forms were lost, changing words or lines for others which pleased him better from any manuscript which happened to contain them. It is true that he has given a list of manuscripts, in which he points out those which he considers the best, and which he followed in preference to others; but Tyrwhitt was so entirely unacquainted with the palæographical and philological knowledge necessary for the appreciation of them, that he places among his manuscripts of "highest authority," copies on paper of the latter part of the fifteenth century, while excellent manuscripts of an earlier date are looked upon with indifference. The more caution is necessary in this respect with the text of Chaucer, because the greater

number of the manuscripts are of the latter part or middle of the fifteenth century, when the language was very much changed from that of Chaucer's time.

Tyrwhitt's entire ignorance of the grammar of the language of Chaucer is exhibited in almost every line, few of which could possibly have been written by the poet as he has printed them. It need only be stated, as an instance of this, that in the preterites of what the modern Teutonic philologists term the strong verbs (which our common grammarians distinguish by the unfortunate title of *irregular* verbs), Tyrwhitt has invariably placed a verb in the plural with a noun in the singular. This is explained by the circumstance that, in our modern form of the language, the ancient plural of the preterite has been adopted for singular as well as plural. Examples of this (in the verbs *to bear*, of which the correct forms were, sing. bar, pl. bare; *to come*, s. cam, pl. come; *to swear*, s. swor, pl. swore; *to give*, s. gaf, pl. gave; *to speak*, s. spak, pl. spake; *to rise*, s. ros, roos, pl. rose; *to take*, s. took, pl. toke; &c.) occur almost in every sentence. In the verb *to sit*, of which the pret. s. and pl. was sette, Tyrwhitt has substituted set, a form which did not exist; and in the same manner, in the verb *to creep*, he has given pret. s. crept, when the forms were s. creep, crope, pl. crope. In the same manner, Tyrwhitt has in most instances substituted the plural of adjectives for the singular, and the inflected cases of nouns for the nominative, besides an infinity of errors in the orthographical forms of the language.

Under these circumstances it is clear that, to form a satisfactory text of Chaucer, we must give up the printed editions, and fall back upon the manuscripts; and that, instead of bundling them all together, we must pick out one best manuscript which also is one of those nearest to Chaucer's time. The latter circumstance is absolutely necessary, if we would reproduce the language and versification of the author. At the same time, it cannot but be acknowledged, that the earliest manuscript might possibly be very incorrect and incomplete, from the ignorance or negligence of the scribe who copied it. This, however, is fortunately not the case with regard to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

The Harleian manuscript, No. 7334, is by far the best manuscript of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* that I have yet examined, in regard both to antiquity and correctness. The handwriting is one which would at first sight be taken by an experienced scholar for that of the latter part of the fourteenth century, and it must have been written within a few years after 1400, and therefore soon after Chaucer's death and the publication of the *Canterbury Tales*. Its language has very little, if any, appearance of local dialect; and the text is in general extremely good, the variations from Tyrwhitt being usually for the better. Tyrwhitt appears not to have made much use of this manuscript, and he has not even classed it among those to which most credit is due.

This manuscript I have adopted as the text of the present edition; the alterations I have ventured to make in it being comparatively few, and only such as appeared absolutely necessary. I hardly need inform those who are in the habit of consulting medieval manuscripts in whatever language they may be written, that none of them are clerically accurate. Some of them are literally filled with errors, which it requires very little knowledge to perceive and correct. Many errors of this kind are found in the Harleian manuscript of the *Canterbury Tales* of which I am speaking, and I have not felt the least hesitation in correcting them by comparison with another manuscript. As an example of the kind of error to which I allude, it may be stated that ll. 3779, 3780 stand thus in the Ms.:—

> "Of storial thing that toucheth gentilesse,
> And eek *more ryalté*, and holynesse."

I have without hesitation followed another Ms. in correcting the two words in italics to *moralité*; and in cases like this I have not thought it necessary to load the book with notes pointing out the alterations. In other instances, where a reading in the Harl. Ms., although affording a tolerable meaning, has appeared to me a decided bad one, I have

changed it for a better, always (when there is room for the least doubt) giving the original reading of the manuscript in a foot-note. For this purpose, I have collated the text throughout with the Lansdowne Ms. No. 851, which appears to be, of those in the British Museum, next in antiquity and value to the Ms. Harl.; and I have also collated it, as far as the *Wyf of Bathes Tale*, with two manuscripts in the public library of the University of Cambridge, bearing the shelf-marks Mm. 2. 5. (which I have quoted as C. 1), and Ii. 3, 26 (C. 2); but I found so little real use from these latter manuscripts, that I thought it unnecessary to collate them further. In general, I have reaped little advantage from collating a number of manuscripts.

Tyrwhitt's want of philological knowledge has rendered his text unharmonious as well as ungrammatical. The final *e*, most distinctly pronounced, and which was most necessary to the metrical completeness of the line, was the one which marked grammatical inflections and adverbial forms; and this he has constantly dropped, and he has therefore printed an imperfect line, or given it supposed perfection by adding a word or placing a final *e* to a word which ought not to have it. I may observe, that it was a constant rule to elide the final *e* in pronunciation, when it preceded a word beginning with a vowel or with the letter *h*, and that this was the source of frequent errors of the scribes, who, pronouncing the lines as they copied them, omitted sometimes to write the letter which they did not pronounce, and thus made a grammatical error, which, however, every reader at the time could see and correct. Instances of this kind of error are not of unfrequent occurrence in the Harl. Ms. of the *Canterbury Tales;* but I have resisted the temptation to correct them, because it appeared to me dangerous, in our present knowledge of medieval English, to presume too far on our acquaintance with every nicety of the grammar of the fourteenth century. In many cases, however, these are certainly errors. Thus, in l. 5911:—

"Have thou ynough, what thar the *recch* or care."

We ought to read *recche*, which is the infinitive of the verb. For the same reason, in l. 6128,—

"And for to *walk* in March, Averil, and May,"

we should read *walke*. In both these instances the final *e* has been lost before a word beginning with a vowel. The older termination of the infinitive was in *en*, but the *n* was subsequently dropped, and during the fourteenth century, and earlier part of the fifteenth, the two terminations of the infinitive in *en* and *e* were used indiscriminately, at the will or caprice of the writer. In poetry before a word beginning with a consonant, it was immaterial which form was used, but before a word beginning with a vowel, or with *h*, the *n* might be dropt or retained accordingly as the final syllable of the word was required or not for the metre. In these cases the scribe has not unfrequently omitted the *n* when it ought to have been retained; but probably the thing was so well understood, that it mattered little how it was written, the reader using the *n* or not as the verse required it, whether he saw it in the manuscript or not.

With the exception of the cases above mentioned, I have reproduced the text of the Harleian Ms. with literal accuracy. My object has been to give Chaucer, as far as can be done, in his own language, which certainly has not yet been done in print. I doubt much if the different attempts at half or wholly modernising his language, which have been made in latter years, will ever render him popular; and *his* poetry is entirely lost in translations. Surely, when we remember the oft-repeated saying, that the trouble of learning Spanish is well repaid by the simple pleasure of reading *Don Quixote* in the original, we may well be allowed to wonder that any Englishman of taste should refuse the comparatively trifling labour of making himself acquainted with his own language of little more than four centuries ago, for the satisfaction of reading and understanding the poetry of his glorious countryman Geoffrey Chaucer. Changing and mutilating is not, in my opinion, the right way to make any thing popular; and in the present work my object

is not the mere production of a correct (or, at least, as correct as under all he circumstances can be expected) edition of the father of our poetry; I would try the experiment of making his writings popular by the very fact of their being correctly printed, and by the addition of popular (and not scholastic) notes—notes, the aim of which is to explain and illustrate, in a simple and unpretending manner, allusions and expressions which may not be generally known to those who are not in the habit of studying the documents and the antiquities of Chaucer's age. For this purpose, I avail myself of every thing within my reach. Although I have felt it necessary to speak unreservedly of the defects of Tyrwhitt's text—for which we must of course make some allowance in consideration of the low state of philological science, as far as it regarded the middle ages, in his time—yet it must be confessed to his credit that he entered upon his labours, in editing Chaucer, with zeal, and executed them with no small share of industry and research. His notes on the *Canterbury Tales* contain much that is useful and valuable, and this I have unscrupulously transferred to my own edition, either in his own words or in an abridged form.



THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.
From an illuminated MS in the Brit Mus, Reg 18, D II.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE.

WHAN that Aprille with his schowres swoote 1
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathud every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour :—
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Enspirud hath in every holte and heeth 6
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open yhe,
So priketh hem nature in here corages :—
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, kouthe in sondry londes ; 14
And specially, from every schires ende
Of Engelond, to Canturbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seeke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.
Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabbard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canturbury with ful devout corage, 22
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle
In felaschipe, and pilgryms were thei alle,
That toward Canturbury wolden ryde.
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esud atte beste. 29
And schortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,
That I was of here felawschipe anon,
And made forward erly to aryse,
To take oure weye ther as I yow devyse.
But natheles, whiles I have tyme and space,
Or that I ferthere in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordant to resoun,
To telle yow alle the condicioun 38
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,

8. *the Ram.* Tyrwhirt thinks that Chaucer has made a mistake, and that it ought to be the Bull, because, the showers of April having pierced the drouth of March to the root, the sun must have passed through the sign of the Ram and entered that of the Bull.

14. *ferne.* Nearly all the mss. I have examined, and certainly the best, agree in this reading. Tyrwhitt has adopted the reading *serve*, which probably originated in mistaking "ferne" for "ferue,"—*ferne halwes* means *distant saints.*

And which they weren, and of what degré,
And eek in what array that they were inne
And at a knight than wol I first bygynne
A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme that he ferst bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie 46
Ful worthi was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he riden, no man ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse,
And evere honoured for his worthinesse
At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bygonne 52
Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce
In Lettowe hadde reysed and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre
In Gernade atte siege hadde he be
Of Algesir, and riden in Belmarie
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne, and in the Greete see
At many a noble arive hadde he be
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene 61
And foughten for our feith at Tramassene
In lystes thries, and ay slayn his foo
This ilke worthi knight hadde ben also
Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,
Ageyn another hethene in Turky
And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys
And though that he was worthy he was wys, 68
And of his port as meke as is a mayde
He never yit no vilonye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight
He was a verray perfight gentil knight
But for to tellen you of his array,
His hors was good, but he ne was nought gay
Of fustyan he wered a gypoun 75
Al bysmoterud with his habergeoun,
For he was late comen from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage
With him ther was his sone, a yong SQUYER,
A lovyer and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle as they were layde in presse
Of twenty yeer he was of age I gesse
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe, 83
And wonderly delyver, and greet of strengthe
And he hadde ben somtyme in chivachie,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and in Picardie
And born him wel, as in so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrowdid was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.
Syngynge he was, or flowtynge, al the day, 91
He was as fressh as is the moneth of May
Schort was his goune, with sleeves long and wyde.
Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He cowde songes wel make and endite,
Justne and eek daunce, and wel purtray and write.
So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
He sleep nomore than doth a nightyngale.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable, 99
And carf byforn his fadur at the table
A YEMAN hadde he, and servantes nomoo
At that tyme, for him lust ryde soo,
And he was clad in cote and hood of grene
A shef of pocok arwes bright and kene
Under his belte he bar full thriftily
Wel cowde he dresse his takel yomanly,
His arwes drowpud nought with fetheres lowe,
And in his hond he bar a mighty bowe 108
A not heed hadde he, with a broun visage
Of woode-craft cowde he wel al the usage
Upon his arme he bar a gay bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gay daggere,
Harneysed wel and scharp as poynt of spere,
A Cristofre on his brest of silver schene
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene, 116
A forster was he sothely as I gesse
Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy,
Hire grettest ooth nas but by seynt Loy,
And sche was cleped madame Eglentyne
Ful wel sche sang the servise devyne, 122
Entuned in hire nose ful semyly
And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe
At mete wel i-taught was sche withalle,
Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fyngres in hire sauce deepe
Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe 130
That no drope fil uppon hire brest
In curteisie was set ful moche hire lest

41 *Al ... H* It was a common thing in this age for knights to seek employment in foreign countries which were at war Tyrwhitt cites from Leland the epitaph of a knight of this period Matthew de Gournay wh... *en sa vie fu a la bataille de Benamarin ... a ... siege d'Algezire sur les Sarazins, a ... batailles de ... d ... Durrey, de ... Nazare ... et à plusieurs autres batailles et asseges*

51 *Alisaundre* Alexandria in Egypt was taken by Pierre de Lusignan, king of Cyprus in 1365, but immediately afterwards abandoned

53 *Pruce* The knights of the Teutonic order in Prussia were engaged in continual warfare with their Pagan neighbours in Lithuania (*Lettowe*) Russia &c

56 *Gernade* The city of Algezir was taken from the Moorish king of Grenada in 1344 Belmarie appears to have been one of the Moorish States in Africa Layas (*Leyes*), in Armenia, was taken from the Turks by Pierre de Lusignan, about 1367 Satalie was taken by the same prince soon after 1352 Tramessen was one of the Moorish states in Africa Palathia in Anatolia, was one of the lordships held by Christian knights after the Turkish conquests

85 *chivachie* Every reader of the contemporary historians of Edward III's wars in France knows the pride which the knights took in shewing their courage in the continual chevachies, or little excursions, into the enemy's country

94 *...* I have substituted this reading from other MSS in place of ... given by the Harl Ms, which appears to be a mere ... and ...

104 *...* Arrows fledged with peacock's feathers ... appear to have been larger than the common arrows ... in the ... of the Bishop of Winchester, in 1161 (cited by Warton Hist E P ... 211) we have ... *... Fl ... sagittis magnis ... pavonum*

115 *A Cristofre* A figure of St Christopher used as a brooch On the ... of these brooches ... designs see an interesting paper by Mr C Roach Smith in the Journal of the British Archæological Association ... p 200 The figure of St Christopher was looked upon with particular reverence among the middle and lower classes and was supposed to possess the power of shielding the person who looked on it from hidden dangers

120 *St Loy* Probably a corruption of St Eloy, or St Eligius It is the reading of all the MSS, and Tyrwhitt ought not to have changed it The same oath occurs in the Freres Tale, l 7148

124 *Frensch* The French taught in England was the debased form of the old Anglo-Norman, somewhat similar to that used at a later period in the courts of law, and it was this at which Chaucer, and some of his contemporaries, sneered The writer of the Visions of Piers Ploughman speaks of Frensch of Norfolk, l 2949

127 *At mete* These remarks agree, almost literally, with the directions contained in the different mediæval tracts written for the purpose of teaching manners at table.

Hire overlippe wypud sche so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grees, whan sche dronken hadde hire draught
Ful semely aftur hire mete sche raught
And sikurly sche was of gret disport,
And ful plesant, and amyable of port, 138
And peyned hire to counterfete cheere
Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence
But for to speken of hire conscience,
Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous 144
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde
Of smale houndes hadde sche, that sche fedde
With rostud flessh and mylk and wastel breed
But sore wepte sche if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smot it with a yerde smerte
And al was conscience and tendre herte
Ful semely hire wymple i-pynched was,
Hire nose streight, hire eyen grey as glas, 152
Hire mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed,
But sikurly sche hadde a fair forheed
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe,
For hardily sche was not undurgrowe
Ful fetys was hire cloke, as I was waar
Of smal coral aboute hire arme sche baar
A peire of bedes gaudid al with grene,
And theron heng a broch of gold ful schene, 160
On which was first i-writen a crowned A
And after that, *Amor vincit omnia*
Anothur Nonne also with hire hadde sche,
That was hire chapelleyn, and Prestes thre
A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrie,
An out-rydere, that lovede venerye,
A manly man, to ben an abbot able
Ful many a deynte hors hadde he in stable
And whan he rood, men mighte his bridel heere 169
Gyngle in a whistlyng wynd so cleere
And eek as lowde as doth the chapel belle,
Ther as the lord was keper of the selle

149 *men smot* The word *men* is used in this phrase ap[illegible] as here construed with a singular verb as though it had been *man* (or [illegible]) So again [illegible] *mighte* So in a poem in my Political Songs p 330 'When [illegible] find

152 [illegible] This appears to have been the favourite colour of ladies eyes in the time of Chaucer The young girl in the Reves Tale is described—

With camoys nose and eyghen gray as glas

160 *a broch* In 1845 a brooch of the form of an A was found in a field in Dorsetshire It appeared to be of the fourteenth century and affords a curious illustration of this passage of Chaucer The inscription on one side seems to be —

IO FAS AMFE E DOZ DF AMER

166 *loved venerye* The monks of the middle ages were extremely attached to hunting and field sports and this was a frequent subject of complaint with the more austere ecclesiastics and of satire with the laity

170 *gyngle* It was a universal practice among riders who wished to be thought fashionable to have their horses bridles hung with bells The Templars were blamed for this vanity in the thirteenth century In the romance of Richard Cuer de Lion the Sultan of Damas has a trusty mare of which we are told

Hys crouper heeng al ful of belles,
And his peytrel and his arsoun
Three myle myghte men hear the sown

Wycliffe, in his Triloge, inveighs against the priests of his time for their "fair hors and joly and gay sadeles and bridles ringing by the way At a much later period, Spenser describes a lady's steed,—

Her wanton palfrey all was overspread
With tinsel trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave

The reule of seynt Maure or of seint Beneyt,
Bycause that it was old and somdel streyt,
This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace, 175
And helde aftur the newe world the space.
He gaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
That seith, that hunters been noon holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is cloysterles,
Is likned to a fissche that is waterles,
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
But thilke text hild he not worth an oystre.
And I seide his opinioun was good. [wood,
What schulde he studie, and make himselven
Uppon a book in cloystre alway to powre, 185
Or swynke with his handes, and laboure,
As Austyn byt? How schal the world be served?
Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved
Therfore he was a prikasour aright,
Greyhoundes he hadde as swifte as fowel in flight;
Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare 192
I saugh his sleves purfiled atte hond
With grys, and that the fynest of a lond
And for to festne his hood undur his chyn
He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pyn
A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was
His heed was ballid, and schon as eny glas,
And eek his face as he hadde be anoynt
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt, 200
His eyen steepe, and rollyng in his heed,
That stemed as a forneys of a leed,
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat.
Now certeinly he was a fair prelat,
He was not pale as a for-pyned goost
A fat swan loved he best of eny roost
His palfray was as broun as eny berye
A Frere ther was, a wantoun and a merye,
A lymytour, a ful solempne man 209
In alle the ordres foure is noon that can
So moche of daliaunce and fair langage
He hadde i-made many a fair mariage
Of yonge wymmen at his owne cost
Unto his ordre he was a noble post
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns over al in his contré,
And eek with worthi wommen of the toun 217
For he hadde power of confessioun,
As seyde himself, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licenciat
Ful sweetly herde he confessioun,
And plesaunt was his absolucioun,
He was an esy man to geve penaunce
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitaunce,
For unto a povre ordre for to geve 225
Is signe that a man is wel i-schreve
For if he gaf, he dorste make avaunt,

173 *The reule* The rules of St Maure and St Benet were the oldest forms of monastic discipline in the Romish church

175 *Ilke thinges* This is the reading of most of the MSS and I have adopted it instead of that of the Ms Harl *forby him* which appears to give no clear sense

179 *cloysterles* This is also the reading of a Cambridge MS The passage is a literal translation of one from the Decretal of Gratian as cited by Tyrwhitt — "*Sicut piscis sine aqua caret vita ita sine monasterio monachus*" The other readings, *recheles, reccheles* &c, found in most of the MSS, present considerable difficulties and Tyrwhitt's explanation seems hardly admissible

203 *souple* "This is part of the description of a smart abbot, by an anonymous writer of the thirteenth century; —'*Ocreas habet in cruribus, quasi innatae essent, sine plica porrectas*'—Ms Bodl., James, n 6 p 121 —Tyrwhitt."

He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe though him sore smerte.
Therfore in stede of wepyng and prayeres,
Men mooten given silver to the pore freres.
His typet was ay farsud ful of knyfes
And pynnes, for to give faire wyfes. 234
And certayn he hadde a mery noote.
Wel couthe he synge and pleye on a rote.
Of yeddynges he bar utturly the prys.
His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys.
Therto he strong was as a champioun.
He knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
And every ostiller or gay tapstere,
Bet than a lazer, or a beggere, 242
For unto such a worthi man as he
Acorded not, as by his faculté,
To have with sike lazars aqueyntaunce.
It is not honest, it may not avaunce,
For to delen with such poraile,
But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
And over al, ther eny profyt schulde arise,
Curteys he was, and lowe of servyse.
Ther was no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste begger in al his hous, 252
For though a widewe hadde but oo schoo,
So plesaunt was his *In principio*,
Yet wolde he have a ferthing or he wente.
His purchace was bettur than his rente
And rage he couthe and pleye as a whelpe,
In love-dayes ther couthe he mochil helpe.
For ther was he not like a cloysterer, 261
With a thredbare cope, as a pore scoler,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worstede was his semy-cope,
That rounded was as a belle out of presse.
Somwhat he lipsede, for wantounesse,
To make his Englissch swete upon his tunge;
And in his harpyng, whan that he hadde sunge,
His eyghen twynkeled in his heed aright, 269
As don the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthi lymytour was called Huberd.
A Marchaunt was ther with a forked berd,
In motteleye, and high on horse he sat, 273
Uppon his heed a Flaundrisch bever hat;
His botus clapsud faire and fetously.
His resons he spak ful solempnely,
Sownynge alway the encres of his wynnyng.
He wolde the see were kepud for eny thinge
Betwixe Middulburgh and Orewelle.
Wel couthe he in eschaunge scheeldes selle.
This worthi man ful wel his witte bisette; 281
Ther wiste no man that he was in dette,
So estately was he of governaunce,
With his bargayns, and with his chevysaunce.
For sothe he was a worthi man withalle,
But soth to say, I not what men him calle.
A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe i-go.
Al so lene was his hors as is a rake, 289
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But lokede holwe, and therto soburly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde nought geten him yit a benefice,
Ne was not worthy to haven an office.
For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clothed in blak and reed,
Of Aristotil, and of his philosophie, 297
Then robus riche, or fithul, or sawtrie.
But al though he were a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litul gold in cofre;
But al that he might of his frendes hente,
On bookes and his lernyng he it spente, 302
And busily gan for the soules pray
Of hem that gaf him wherwith to scolay.
Of studie tooke he most cure and heede.
Not oo word spak he more than was neede;
Al that he spak it was of heye prudence,
And schort and quyk, and ful of gret sentence.
Sownynge in moral manere was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche. 310
A Sergeant of Lawe, war and wys,
That often hadde ben atte parvys,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discret he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed such, his wordes were so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patent, and by pleyn commissioun;
For his science, and for his heih renoun, 318
Of fees and robes had he many oon
So gret a purchasour was ther nowher noon.
Al was fee symple to him in effecte, [pecte.
His purchasyng might nought ben to him sus-
Nowher so besy a man as he ther nas, 323
And yit he semed besier than he was.
In termes hadde caas and domes alle,
That fro the tyme of kyng Will were falle.
Therto he couthe endite, and make a thing,
Ther couthe no man pynche at his writyng.
And every statute couthe he pleyn by roote.
He rood but hoomly in a medled coote,
Gird with a seynt of silk, with barres smale; 331
Of his array telle I no lenger tale.
A Frankeleyn ther was in his companye;
Whit was his berde, as the dayesye.
Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
Wel loved he in the morn a sop of wyn.
To lyve in delite was al his wone,
For he was Epicurius owne sone,
That heeld opynyoun that pleyn delyt 339
Was verraily felicite perfyt.
An househaldere, and that a gret, was he;
Seynt Julian he was in his countré.

237. *yeddynges.* Ms. C. 2, reads *weddynges.*

252. After this line, the two following are added in Tyrwhitt:—

And gave a certaine ferme for the grant,
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt

They are wanting in all the MSS. I have consulted; a circumstance of which Tyrwhitt takes no notice, though they are an evident interpolation. He seems to have taken them from the old printed editions.

256. *purchace.* This sentiment, or proverb, is taken literally from a line in the Romance of the Rose:—

Mieux vault mon pourchas que ma rente.

272. *forked berd.* In Shottesbrooke church, Berks, there is a brass of a Franklin of the time of Edward III., in which he is represented with such a forked beard, which seems to have been the fashionable mode of dressing the beard among the bourgeoisie. The Anglo-Saxons wore forked beards.

301 *might of his frendes hente.* This is the reading of most of the MSS., and appears to be the right one. The Ms. Harl reads, *might gete and his frendes sende.*

304 *gaf him.* An allusion to the common practice, at this period, of poor scholars in the Universities, who wandered about the country, begging, to raise money to support them in their studies See Piers Ploughman, l.4525, and note.

312. *parvys.* This is generally explained as a portico before a church The *parvis* at London, supposed to be that of St Paul's, was anciently frequented by sergeants-at-law, as we learn from Fortescue, de Laud. leg. Angl. c. 51—"*Post meridiem curiae non tenentur; sed placitantes tunc se divertunt ad pervisum et alibi, consulentes cum servientibus ad legem et aliis consiliariis suis.*" See also Warton's Hist of Eng Poetry, edit of 1840, vol. ii. p. 212.

342. St. Julian was the patron of hospitality.

His breed, his ale, was alway after oon;
A bettre envyned man was nowher noon.
Withoute bake mete was never his hous,
Of fleissch and flssch, and that so plentyvous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drynk,
Of alle deyntees that men cowde thynke.
Aftur the sondry sesouns of the yeer,
He chaunged hem at mete and at soper. 350
Ful many a fat partrich had he in mewe,
And many a brem and many a luce in stewe.
Woo was his cook, but if his sauce were
Poynant and scharp, and redy al his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the schire.
An anlas and a gipser al of silk
Heng at his gerdul, whit as morne mylk. 360
A schirreve hadde he ben, and a counter;
Was nowher such a worthi vavaser.
An Haburdassher and a Carpenter,
A Webbe, a Deyer, and a Tapicer,
Weren with us eeke, clothed in oo lyveré,
Of a solempne and gret fraternité.
Ful freissh and newe here gere piked was;
Here knyfes were i-chapud nat with bras,
But al with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Here gurdles and here pouches every del. 370
Wel semed eche of hem a fair burgeys,
To sitten in a geldehalle on the deys.
Every man for the wisdom that he can,
Was schaply for to ben an aldurman.
For catel hadde they inough and rente,
And eek here wyfes wolde it wel assente;
And elles certeyn hadde thei ben to blame.
It is right fair for to be clept *madame*,
And for to go to vigilies al byfore,
And han a mantel rially i-bore. 380
A Cook thei hadde with hem for the nones,
To boyle chiknes and the mary bones,
And poudre marchant, tart, and galyngale.
Wel cowde he knowe a draught of Londone ale.
He cowde roste, sethe, broille, and frie,
Make mortreux, and wel bake a pye.
But gret harm was it, as it semede me,
That on his schyne a mormal hadde he;
For blankmanger he made with the beste. 389
A Schipman was ther, wonyng fer by weste:
For ought I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood upon a rouncy, as he couthe,
In a gowne of faldyng to the kne.
A dagger hangyng on a laas hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hoote somer had maad his hew al broun;
And certeinly he was a good felawe.
Ful many a draught of wyn had he drawe
From Burdeux-ward, whil that the chapman [sleep.
Of nyce conscience took he no keep. 400
If that he faughte, and hadde the heigher hand,
By water he sente hem hoom to every land.
But of his craft to rikne wel the tydes,
His stremes and his dangers him bisides,
His herbergh and his mone, his lodemenage,
Ther was non such from Hulle to Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
With many a tempest hadde his berd ben schake.
He knew wel alle the havenes, as thei were,
From Scotlond to the cape of Fynestere, 410
And every cryk in Bretayne and in Spayne;
His barge y-clepud was the Magdelayne.
Ther was also a Doctour of Phisik,
In al this world ne was ther non him lyk
To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
For he was groundud in astronomye.
He kepte his pacient a ful gret del
In houres by his magik naturel.
Wel cowde he fortune the ascendent
Of his ymages for his pacient. 420
He knew the cause of every maladye,
Were it of cold, or hete, or moyst, or drye,
And where thei engendrid, and of what humour;
He was a verrey parfight practisour.
The cause i-knowe, and of his harm the roote,
Anon he gaf the syke man his boote.
Ful redy hadde he his apotecaries,
To sende him dragges, and his letuaries,
For eche of hem made othur for to wynne;
Here friendschipe nas not newe to begynne. 430
Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,
And Deiscorides, and eeke Rufus;
Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
Serapyon, Razis, and Avycen;
Averrois, Damascen, and Constantyn;
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertyn.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluité,
But of gret norisching and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible. 440
In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
Lyned with taffata and with sendal.
And yit he was but esy in dispence;
He kepte that he wan in pestilence.

352. *in stewe;* i.e. in a fish-pond. The great consumption of fish under the Romish régime rendered a fish-pond a necessary accessory to every gentleman's house.

355. *table dormant.* Probably the fixed table at the end of the hall.

384. *Londone ale.* Tyrwhitt has cited a passage of an old writer, which shews that London ale was prized above that of other parts of the country.

396 *the hoote somer.* Perhaps this is a reference to the summer of the year 1351, which was long remembered as the dry and hot summer. Other allusions in this general prologue seem to shew that Chaucer intended to lay the plot of his Canterbury pilgrimage soon after this date.

410 *Scotlond.* Most of the MSS. have *Gotland*, the reading adopted by Tyrwhitt, and possibly the correct one.

416. *Astronomye.* A great portion of the medical science of the middle ages depended on astrological and other superstitious observances.

417. *a ful gret del.* This is the reading of most of the MSS.; the MS. Harl. has *wondurly wel.*

431. *Wel knew he.* The authors mentioned here were the chief medical text-books of the middle ages Rufus was a Greek physician of Ephesus, of the age of Trajan; Haly, Serapion, and Avicen, were Arabian physicians and astronomers of the eleventh century; Rhasis was a Spanish Arab, of the tenth century; and Averroes was a Moorish scholar, who flourished in Morocco in the twelfth century; Johannes Damascenus was also an Arabian physician, but of a much earlier date; Constantius Afer, a native of Carthage, and afterwards a monk of Monte Cassino, was one of the founders of the school of Salerno—he lived at the end of the eleventh century; Bernardus Gordonius, professor of medicine at Montpellier, appears to have been Chaucer's contemporary; John Gatisden was a distinguished physician of Oxford, in the earlier half of the fourteenth century; Gilbertyn is supposed by Warton to be the celebrated Gilbertus Anglicus. The other names mentioned here are too well known to need further observation. The names of Hippocrates and Galen were, in the middle ages, always (or nearly always) spelt *Ypocras* and *Galienus.*

444. *pestilence.* An allusion, probably, to the great pestilences which devastated Europe in the middle of the fourteenth century, and to which we owe the two cele-

For gold in phisik is a cordial;
Therfore he lovede gold in special.
A good Wif was ther of byside Bathe,
But sche was somdel deef, and that was skathe.
Of cloth-makyng sche hadde such an haunt.
Sche passed hem of Ypris and of Gaunt. 450
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offryng byforn hire schulde goon,
And if ther dide, certeyn so wroth was sche,
That sche was thanne out of alle charité.
Hire keverchefs weren ful fyne of grounde;
I durste swere they weyghede ten pounde
That on the Sonday were upon hire heed.
Hire hosen were of fyn scarlett reed, [newe.
Ful streyte y-teyed, and schoos ful moyste and
Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe. 460
Sche was a worthy womman al hire lyfe,
Housbondes atte chirche dore hadde sche fyfe,
Withouten othur companye in youthe;
But therof nedeth nought to speke as nouthe.
And thries hadde sche ben at Jerusalem;
Sche hadde passud many a straunge streem;
At Rome sche hadde ben, and at Boloyne,
In Galice at seynt Jame, and at Coloyne.
Sche cowde moche of wandryng by the weye.
Gattothud was sche, sothly for to seye. 470
Uppon an amblere esely sche sat,
Wymplid ful wel, and on hire heed an hat
As brood as is a bocler or a targe;
A foot-mantel aboute hire hupes large,
And on hire feet a paire of spores scharpe.
In felawschipe wel cowde lawghe and carpe.
Of remedyes of love sche knew parchaunce,
For of that art sche knew the olde daunce.
A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a pore Persoun of a toun; 480
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk
That Cristes gospel truly wolde preche;
His parischens devoutly wold he teche.
Benigne he was, and wondur diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.
Ful loth were him to curse for his tythes;
But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
Unto his pore parisschens aboute, 490
Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
He cowde in litel thing han suffisance.
Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asondur,
But he ne lafte not for reyn ne thondur,
In siknesse ne in meschief to visite
The ferrest in his parissche, moche and lite,
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample unto his scheep he gaf,
That ferst he wroughte, and after that he taughte,
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte, 500
And this figure he addid yit therto,
That if gold ruste, what schulde yren doo?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wondur is a lewid man to ruste;
And schame it is, if that a prest take kepe,
A schiten schepperd and a clene schepe;
Wel oughte a prest ensample for to give,
By his clennesse, how that his scheep schulde
lyve.
He sette not his benefice to huyre,
And lefte his scheep encombred in the myre, 510
And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a brethurhede be withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it not myscarye.
He was a schepperde and no mercenarie;
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to senful man nought dispitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discret and benigne. 520
To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse,
By good ensample, was his busynesse:
But it were eny persone obstinat,
What so he were of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbe scharply for the nones.
A bettre preest I trowe ther nowher non is.
He waytud after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him a spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, and ferst he folwed it himselve. 530
With him ther was a Ploughman, his brothur,
That hadde i-lad of dong ful many a fothur.
A trewe swynker and a good was hee,
Lyvynge in pees and parfight charitee.
God loved he best with al his trewe herte
At alle tymes, though him gained or smerte,
And thanne his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde threisshe, and therto dyke and delve,
For Cristes sake, with every pore wight,
Withouten huyre, if it laye in his might. 540
His tythes payede he ful faire and wel,
Bathe of his owne swynk and his catel.
In a tabbard he rood upon a mere.
Ther was also a reeve and a mellere,
A sompnour and a pardoner also,
A maunciple, and my self, ther was no mo.
The Mellere was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful big he was of braun, and eek of boones;
That prevede wel, for over al ther he cam,
At wrastlynge he wolde bere awey the ram. 550
He was schort schuldred, broode, a thikke knarre,

brated works, the Decameron of Boccaccio, and the Visions of Piers Ploughman.

449. *cloth makyng.* The west of England, and especially the neighbourhood of Bath, from which the "good wif" came, was celebrated, till a comparatively recent period, as the district of cloth-making. Ipres and Ghent were the great clothing marts on the Continent.

456. *ten pounde.* This is the reading of all the best MSS. I have consulted. Tyrwhitt has *a pound.* It is a satire on the fashionable head-dresses of the ladies at this time, which appear in the illuminations to be composed of large quantities of heavy wadding; and the satirist takes the liberty of exaggerating a little.

459. *moyste.* One of the Cambridge MSS. reads *softe*, which was, perhaps, originally a gloss to *moyste*.

462 *atte chirche dore.* The priest formerly joined the hands of the couple, and performed a great part of the marriage-service in the church porch. See Warton's History of English Poetry, ii. 201 (ed. of 1840).

468. *Coloyne.* At Cologne the bones of the three Kings of the East were believed to be preserved.

477. *remedyes.* An allusion to the title and subject of Ovid's book, *De Remedio Amoris*.

480. Chaucer, in his beautiful character of the parson, sets up the industrious secular clergy against the lazy wicked monks.

483. *truly.* I have substituted this word, which is found in most of the other MSS., for *gladly*, the reading of the Ms. Harl.

521. *fairnesse.* This is the reading of most of the MSS. The Ms. Harl. has *clennesse*, which seems not to give so good a sense.

550. *the ram.* "This was the usual prize at wrestling-matches. See below, ver. 13671; and Gamelyn, ver. 343 and 555. M. Paris mentions a wrestling-match at Westminster, in the year 1222, at which a ram was the prize." —*Tyrwhitt.*

Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
Or breke it with a rennyng with his heed.
His berd as ony sowe or fox was reed,
And therto brood, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A werte, and theron stood a tuft of heres,
Reede as the berstles of a souwes eeres.
His nose-thurles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and a bocler baar he by his side. 560
His mouth as wyde was as a gret forneys.
He was a jangler, and a golyardeys,
And that was most of synne and harlotries.
Wel cowde he stele corn, and tollen thries;
And yet he hadde a thombe of gold pardé.
A whight cote and blewe hood wered he.
A baggepipe cowde he blowe and sowne,
And therwithal he brought us out of towne.
A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take exemple 570
For to be wys in beyyng of vitaille.
For whethur that he payde, or took by taille,
Algate he wayted so in his acate,
That he was ay biforn and in good state.
Now is not that of God a ful fair grace,
That such a lewed mannes wit schal pace
The wisdom of an heep of lernede men?
Of maystres hadde moo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious;
Of which ther were a doseyn in an hous, 580
Worthi to be stiwardes of rente and lond
Of any lord that is in Engelond,
To make him lyve by his propre good,
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
Or lyve as scarsly as he can desire;
And able for to helpen al a schire
In many caas that mighte falle or happe;
And yit this maunciple sette here aller cappe.
The REEVE was a sklendre colerik man,
His berd was schave as neigh as ever he can. 590
His heer was by his eres rounde i-schorn.
His top was dockud lyk a preest biforn.
Ful longe wern his leggus, and ful lene,
Al like a staff, ther was no calf y-sene.
Wel cowde he kepe a gerner and a bynne;
Ther was non auditour cowde on him wynne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the reyn,
The yeeldyng of his seed, and of his greyn.
His lordes scheep, his meet, and his dayerie,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor, and his pultrie, 600
Was holly in this reeves governynge,
And by his covenaunt gaf the rekenynge,
Syn that his lord was twenti yeer of age;
Ther couthe noman bringe him in arrerage.
Ther nas ballif, ne herde, ne other hyne,
That they ne knewe his sleight and his covyne;
They were adrad of him, as of the deth.
His wonyng was ful fair upon an heth,
With grene trees i-schadewed was his place.
He cowde bettre than his lord purchace. 610
Ful riche he was i-stored prively,
His lord wel couthe he plese subtilly,
To geve and lene him of his owne good,
And have a thank, a cote, and eek an hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mester;
He was a wel good wright, a carpenter.
This reeve sat upon a wel good stot,
That was a pomely gray, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of pers uppon he hadde,
And by his side he bar a rusty bladde. 620
Of Northfolk was this reeve of which I telle,
Byside a toun men callen Baldeswelle.
Tukkud he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rood the hynderest of the route.
A SOMPNOUR was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubynes face,
For sawceflem he was, with eyghen narwe.
As hoot he was, and lecherous, as a sparwe,
With skalled browes blak, and piled berd;
Of his visage children weren sore aferd. 630
Ther nas quyksilver, litarge, ne brimstone,
Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon,
Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,
That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes sittyng on his cheekes.
Wel loved he garleek, oynouns, and ek leekes,
And for to drinke strong wyn reed as blood.
Thanne wolde he speke, and crye as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn. 640
A fewe termes hadde he, tuo or thre,
That he hadde lerned out of som decree;
No wondur is, he herde it al the day,
And eek ye knowe wel, how that a jay
Can clepe Watte, as wel as can the pope.
But who so wolde in othur thing him grope,
Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophie,
Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crye.
He was a gentil harlot and a kynde;
A bettre felaw schulde men nowher fynde. 650
He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn
A good felawe to han his concubyn
A twelve moneth, and excuse him atte fulle.
And prively a fynch eek cowde he pulle.
And if he fond owher a good felawe,

552. *harre*. This is the reading of all the oldest and best MSS; *barre*, a later reading, adopted by Tyrwhitt, appears to have originated with some one who did not know the meaning of the other word.

564 *stele corn* During the middle ages millers enjoyed, above all other tradesmen, the reputation of being thieves; and their depredations were the more generally felt, as people in all classes of society carried their own corn to the mill to be ground, often in small quantities.

565 *a thombe of gold*. "If the allusion be, as is most probable, to the old proverb—*every honest miller has a thumb of gold*, this passage may mean, that our miller, notwithstanding his thefts, was *an honest miller*,—i. e. as honest as his brethren."—*Tyrwhitt*.

567. *a baggepipe* The bagpipe was a very popular instrument of music in the middle ages, and figures in the illuminated manuscripts of various countries. In modern times its use has been restricted to Scotland (probably because minstrelsy was longer preserved there) until it was looked upon as the national music of that country.

588. *sette here aller cappe*; i.e. outwitted them all. This phrase occurs again in the Miller's Prologue.

591. *rounde*. The Ms. Harl. has *neighe*; but all the other MSS. I have consulted agree in the reading I have adopted in the text.

619. *pers*. The Ms. Harl. alone reads *blew*; *perse* was a sky-blue colour.

622 *Baldeswelle*. A parish in Eynford hundred, Norfolk.

626. *cherubynes face*. H. Stephens, Apol. Herod. i. 30, quotes the same thought from a French epigram,—

Nos grands docteurs *du cherubin visage*.

648 *Questio quid juris*. "This kind of question occurs frequently in Ralph de Hengham. After having stated a case, he adds, *quid juris?* and then proceeds to give the answer to it. See Heng. Mag., c. xi. Esto autem quod reus nullo modo venerit ad hunc diem, *quid juris?* &c. See also c. xii."—*Tyrwhitt*.

649 *harlot*. Chaucer gives us here an excellent picture of the class of society to which this name was applied in the middle ages. See the Glossary.

He wolde teche him to have non awe
In such a caas of the archedeknes curs;
But if a mannes soule were in his purs;
For in his purs he scholde punysschcd be.
"Purs is the ercedeknes helle," quod he. 660
But wel I woot he lyeth right in dede;
Of cursyng oweth ech gulty man to drede;
For curs wol slee right as assoillyng saveth;
And also ware him of a *significavit*.
In daunger he hadde at his owne assise
The yonge gurles of the diocise,
And knew here counseil, and was al here red.
A garland had he set upon his heed,
As gret as it were for an ale-stake;
A bokeler had he maad him of a cake. 670
With him ther rood a gentil PARDONER
Of Rouncival, his frend and his comper,
That streyt was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful lowde he sang, Come hider, love, to me.
This sompnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
Was nevere trompe of half so gret a soun.
This pardoner hadde heer as yelwe as wex,
But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex;
By unces hynge his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his schuldres overspradde. 680
Ful thenne it lay, by culpons on and oon,
But hood, for jolitee, ne wered he noon,
For it was trussud up in his walet.
Him thought he rood al of the newe get,
Dischevele, sauf his cappe, he rood al bare.
Suche glaryng eyghen hadde he as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sowed on his cappe.
His walet lay byforn him in his lappe,
Bret ful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot.
A voys he hadde as smale as eny goot. 690
No berd ne hadde he, ne never scholde have,
As smothe it was as it ware late i-schave;
I trowe he were a geldyng or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwyk unto Ware,
Ne was ther such another pardoner.
For in his male he hadde a pilwebeer,
Which, that he saide, was oure lady veyl:
He seide, he hadde a gobet of the seyl
That seynt Petur hadde, whan that he wente
Uppon the see, till Jhesu Crist him hente. 700
He hadde a cros of latoun ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with thise reliques, whanne that he fand
A pore persoun dwellyng uppon land,
Upon a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the persoun gat in monthes tweye.
And thus with feyned flaterie and japes,
He made the persoun and the people his apes.
But trewely to tellen atte laste,
He was in churche a noble ecclesiaste. 710
Wel cowde he rede a lessoun or a storye,
But altherbest he sang an offertorie;
For wel wyst he, whan that song was songe,
He moste preche, and wel affyle his tunge,
To wynne silver, as he right wel cowde;
Therfore he sang ful meriely and lowde.
Now have I told you schortly in a clause
Thestat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assembled was this companye
In Southwerk at this gentil ostelrie, 720
That highte the Tabbard, faste by the Belle.
But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we bare us in that ilke night,
Whan we were in that ostelrie alight;
And aftur wol I telle of oure viage,
And al the remenaunt of oure pilgrimage.
But ferst I pray you of your curtesie,
That ye ne rette it nat my vilanye,
Though that I speke al pleyn in this matere,
To telle you here wordes and here cheere; 730
Ne though I speke here wordes propurly.
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so schal telle a tale aftur a man,
He moste reherce, as neigh as ever he can,
Every word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudely ne large;
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thing, or fynde wordes newe.
He may not spare, though he were his brothur;
He moste as wel sey oo word as anothur. 740
Crist spak himself ful broode in holy writ,
And wel ye woot no vilanye is it.
Eke Plato seith, who so that can him rede,
The wordes mot be cosyn to the dede.
Also I pray you to forgeve it me,
Al have I folk nat set in here degré
Here in this tale, as that thei schulde stonde;
My witt is schorte, ye may wel undurstonde.
Greet cheere made oure ost us everichon,
And to the souper sette he us anon; 750
And served us with vitaille atte beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drynke us leste.
A semely man oure ooste was withalle
For to han been a marchal in an halle;
A large man was he with eyghen stepe,
A fairere burgeys is ther noon in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wys and well i-taught,
And of manhede lakkede he right naught.
Eke therto he was right a mery man,
And after soper playen he bygan, 760
And spak of myrthe among othur thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad oure rekenynges;
And sayde thus: "Lo, lordynges, trewely
Ye ben to me right welcome hertily:
For by my trouthe, if that I schal not lye,
I ne saugh this yeer so mery a companye
At oones in this herbergh as is now.
Fayn wold I do yow merthe, wiste I how.
And of a merthe I am right now bythought,

664. *significavit*. "The writ *de excommunicato capiendo*, commonly called a *significavit*, from the beginning of the writ, which is as follows: *Rex vicecomiti L. salutem.* Significavit *nobis venerabilis pater H. L., episcopus*, &c. Cod. Jur. Ecc., p. 1054."—*Tyrwhitt*.

665. *in daunger*. The old meaning of the word *danger* was jurisdiction, or dominion whereby persons were liable to fine for certain offences to him in whose *danger* they were. Most of the MSS. have *gise* instead of *assise*.

674. *Come hider, love, to me*. Probably the burden of a popular song.

675. *bar . . . a stif burdoun*. "Sang the bass. See ver. 4163, and Ducange in v. *Burdo*."—*Tyrwhitt*.

684. *newe get*. New fashion. Tyrwhitt has illustrated this phrase by a passage from Occleve's poem, *De regimine principis*:—

> Also ther is another *newe gette*,
> Al foule waste of cloth and excessif.

721. *the Belle*. Stowe mentions an inn named the *Bull* as being near the Tabard; but I have found no mention of the Bell.

743. *Plato*. Tyrwhitt thinks that Chaucer took this saying of Plato from Boethius, iii. pr. 12.

748. *schorte*. This is the reading in which the MSS. generally agree, and it seems the best; the Ms. Harl. reads *thynne*.

756. *Chepe*. Cheapside was, in the middle ages, occupied by the wealthiest and most substantial citizens of London.

To doon you ese, and it schal coste nought. 770
Ye goon to Caunturbury; God you speede,
The blisful martir quyte you youre meede!
And wel I woot, as ye gon by the weye,
Ye schapen yow to talken and to pleye;
For trewely comfort ne merthe is noon,
To ryde by the weye domb as a stoon;
And therfore wol I make you disport,
As I seyde erst, and do you som confort.
And if yow liketh alle by oon assent
Now for to standen at my juggement; 780
And for to werken as I schal you seye,
To morwe, whan ye riden by the weye,
Now by my fadres soule that is deed,
But ye be merye, smyteth of myn heed.
Hold up youre hond withoute more speche."
Oure counseil was not longe for to seche;
Us thoughte it nas nat worth to make it wys,
And graunted him withoute more avys,
And bad him seie his verdite, as him leste. 779
"Lordynges," quoth he, "now herkeneth for the
But taketh not, I pray you, in disdayn; [beste;
This is the poynt, to speken schort and playn,
That ech of yow to schorte with youre weie,
In this viage, schal telle tales tweye,
To Caunturburi-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he schal tellen othur tuo,
Of aventures that ther han bifalle.
And which of yow that bereth him best of alle,
That is to seye, that telleth in this caas
Tales of best sentence and of solas, 800
Schal han a soper at youre alther cost
Here in this place sittynge by this post,
Whan that we comen ageyn from Caunturbery.
And for to make you the more mery,
I wol myselven gladly with you ryde,
Right at myn owen cost, and be youre gyde.
And who so wole my juggement withseie
Schal paye for al we spenden by the weye.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anoon, withouten wordes moo, 810
And I wole erely schappe me therfore."
This thing was graunted, and oure othus swore
With ful glad herte, and prayden him also
That he wolde vouchesauf for to doon so,
And that he wolde ben oure governour,
And of oure tales jugge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certeyn prys;
And we wolde rewled be at his devys,
In heygh and lowe; and thus by oon assent
We been acorded to his juggement. 820
And therupon the wyn was fet anoon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echoon,
Withouten eny lengere taryinge.
A morwe whan that the day bigan to sprynge,
Up roos oure ost, and was oure althur cok,
And gaderud us togider alle in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than paas,
Unto the wateryinge of seint Thomas:
And there oure ost bigan his hors areste,
And seyde; "Lordus, herkeneth if yow leste. 830
Ye woot youre forward, and I it you recorde.
If eve-song and morwe-song acorde,
Let se now who schal telle ferst a tale.
As evere I moote drinke wyn or ale,
Who so be rebel to my juggement
Schal paye for al that by the weye is spent.
Now draweth cut, er that we forther twynne;
Which that hath the schortest schal bygynne."
"Sire knight," quoth he, "maister and my lord,
Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord. 840
Cometh ner, quoth he, my lady prioresse;
And ye, sir clerk, lat be your schamfastnesse,
Ne studieth nat; ley hand to, every man."
Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And schortly for to tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The soth is this, the cut fil to the knight,
Of which ful glad and blithe was every wight;
And telle he moste his tale as was resoun,
By forward and by composicioun, 850
As ye han herd; what needeth wordes moo?
And whan this goode man seigh that it was so,
As he that wys was and obedient
To kepe his forward by his fre assent,
He seyde; "Syn I schal bygynne the game,
What, welcome be thou cut, a Goddus name!
Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I seye."
And with that word we riden forth oure weye;
And he bigan with right a merie chere
His tale, and seide right in this manere. 860

THE KNIGHTES TALE.

Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus;
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his tyme swich a conquerour,
That gretter was ther non under the sonne.
Ful many a riche contré hadde he wonne;
That with his wisdam and his chivalrie
He conquered al the regne of Femynye,
That whilom was i-cleped Cithea;
And weddede the queen Ipolita, 870
And brought hire hoom with him in his contré
With moche glorie and gret solempnité,
And eek hire yonge suster Emelye.
And thus with victorie and with melodye
Lete I this noble duk to Athenes ryde,
And al his ost, in armes him biside.
And certes, if it nere to long to heere,
I wolde han told yow fully the manere,
How wonnen was the regne of Femenye
By Theseus, and by his chivalrye; 880
And of the grete bataille for the nones
Bytwix Athenes and the Amazones;
And how asegid was Ypolita
The faire hardy quyen of Cithea;
And of the feste that was at hire weddynge,
And of the tempest at hire hoom comynge,

828. *wateryinge of seint Thomas.* The watering of St. Thomas was at the second mile-stone on the old Canterbury road. It is mentioned not unfrequently in the early dramatists.

837. *draweth cut.* Froissart terms this method of drawing lots *tirer à la longue paille.*

860. *right in this manere.* Tyrwhitt reads *as ye shul here*, and inserts *anon* after *tale*.

The Knightes Tale. This story is taken from the Theseida of Boccaccio, which was translated also into French verse; but whether Chaucer used the Italian or the French is not certain, as I have not been able to compare Chaucer with the French The English story differs in some parts considerably, and is very much abbreviated, from the poem of Boccaccio. The extracts given in the following notes are repeated from Tyrwhitt. See Tyrwhitt's Introd. and Warton's Hist of Eng. Poet.

868. *Femynye.* A medieval name for the kingdom of the Amazons. Gower (Conf. Amant) terms Penthesilea *queen of Feminee. Cithea* is, of course, a corruption of *Scythia.*

886. *tempest.* Tyrwhitt has *temple*, but I think his rea-

But al that thing I most as now forbere.
I have, God wot, a large feeld to ere;
And wayke ben the oxen in my plough.
The remenaunt of the tale is long inough, 890
I wol not lette eek non of al this rowte.
Lat every felawe telle his tale aboute,
And lat see now who schal the soper wynne.
And ther I lafte, I wolde agayn begynne.
This duk, of whom I make mencioun,
Whan he was comen almost unto the toun,
In al his wele and in his moste pryde,
He was war, as he cast his eyghe aside,
Wher that ther kneled in the hye weye
A companye of ladies, tweye and tweye, 900
Ech after other, clad in clothes blake;
But such a cry and such a woo they make,
That in this world nys creature lyvynge,
That herde such another waymentynge.
And of that cry ne wolde they never stenten,
Til they the reynes of his bridel henten.
"What folk be ye that at myn hom comynge
Pertourben so my feste with cryenge?"
Quod Theseus, "have ye so gret envye
Of myn honour, that thus compleyne and crie? 910
Or who hath yow misboden, or offendid?
And telleth me if it may ben amendid;
And why that ye ben clad thus al in blak?"
The oldest lady of hem alle spak,
Whan sche had swowned with a dedly chere,
That it was routhe for to seen or heere;
And seyde; "Lord, to whom fortune hath geven
Victorie, and as a conquerour lyven,
Nought greveth us youre glorie and honour;
But we beseken mercy and socour. 920
Have mercy on oure woo and oure distresse.
Som drope of pitee, thurgh youre gentilnesse,
Uppon us wrecchede wommen lat thou falle.
For certus, lord, ther nys noon of us alle,
That sche nath ben a duchesse or a queene;
Now be we caytifs, as it is well seene:
Thanked be fortune, and hire false wheel,
That noon estat assureth to ben weel.
And certus, lord, to abiden youre presence
Here in the temple of the goddesse Clemence 930
We han ben waytynge al this fourtenight;
Now helpe us, lord, syn it is in thy might.
I wrecche, which that wepe and waylle thus,
Was whilom wyf to kyng Capaneus,
That starf at Thebes, cursed be that day;
And alle we that ben in this array,
And maken alle this lamentacioun,
We leften alle oure housbondes at the toun,
Whil that the sege ther aboute lay.
And yet the olde Creon, welaway! 940
That lord is now of Thebes the citee,
Fulfilde of ire and of iniquité,
He for despyt, and for his tyrannye,
To do the deede bodyes vilonye,
Of alle oure lordes, which that ben i-slawe,
Hath alle the bodies on an heep y-drawe,
And wol not suffren hem by noon assent
Nother to ben y-buried nor i-brent,
But maketh houndes ete hem in despite."
And with that word, withoute more respite, 950
They fillen gruf, and criden pitously,
"Have on us wrecched wommen som mercy,
And lat oure sorwe synken in thyn herte."
This gentil duke doun from his courser sterte
With herte pitous, whan he herde hem speke.
Him thoughte that his herte wolde breke,
Whan he seyh hem so piteous and so maat,
That whilom weren of so gret estat.
And in his armes he hem alle up hente,
And hem conforteth in ful good entente; 960
And swor his oth, as he was trewe knight,
He wolde do so ferforthly his might
Upon the tyraunt Creon hem to wreke,
That all the people of Grece scholde speke
How Creon was of Theseus y-served,
As he that hath his deth right wel deserved.
And right anoon, withoute eny abood
His baner he desplayeth, and forth rood
To Thebes-ward, and al his oost bysyde;
No ner Athenes wolde he go ne ryde, 970
Ne take his ese fully half a day,
But onward on his way that nyght he lay;
And sente anoon Ypolita the queene,
And Emelye hir yonge suster schene,
Unto the toun of Athenes to dwelle;
And forth he ryt; ther is no more to telle.
The reede statue of Mars with spere and targe
So schyneth in his white baner large,
That alle the feeldes gliteren up and doun;
And by his baner was born his penoun 980
Of gold ful riche, in which ther was i-bete
The Minatour which that he slough in Crete.
Thus ryt this duk, thus ryt this conquerour,
And in his oost of chevalrie the flour,
Til that he cam to Thebes, and alighte
Fayre in a feeld wher as he thoughte to fighte.
But schortly for to speken of this thing,
With Creon, which that was of Thebes kyng,
He faught, and slough him manly as a knight
In pleyn bataille, and putte his folk to flight; 990
And by assaut he wan the cite aftur,
And rente doun bothe wal, and sparre, and raftur;
And to the ladies he restored agayn
The bones of here housbondes that were slayn,
To do exequies, as was tho the gyse.
But it were al to long for to devyse
The grete clamour and the waymentynge
Which that the ladies made at the brennynge
Of the bodyes, and the grete honour
That Theseus the noble conquerour 1000
Doth to the ladyes, whan they from him wente;
But schortly for to telle is myn entente.
Whan that this worthy duk, this Theseus,
Hath Creon slayn, and Thebes wonne thus,
Stille in the feelde he took al night his reste,
And dide with al the contré as him leste.
To ransake in the cas of bodyes dede
Hem for to streepe of herneys and of wede,
The pilours diden businesse and cure,
After the bataile and discomfiture. 1010
And so byfil, that in the cas thei founde,
Thurgh girt with many a grevous blody wounde,
Two yonge knightes liggyng by and by,
Bothe in oon armes clad ful richely;
Of whiche two, Arcite hight that oon,
And that othur knight hight Palamon.
Nat fully quyk, ne fully deed they were,
But by here coote armure, and by here gere,
Heraudes knewe hem wel in special,

sons for this reading are not sufficiently weighty to authorise a departure from the text of the Ms. Harl., supported, as it is, by most of the good MSS.

1007. *cas*. So the other best MSS. Tyrwhitt has substituted *tas*, a heap.

As they that weren of the blood real 1020
Of Thebes, and of sistren tuo i-born.
Out of the chaas the pilours han hem torn,
And han hem caried softe unto the tente
Of Theseus, and ful sone he hem sente
Tathenes, for to dwellen in prisoun
Perpetuelly, he wolde no raunceoun.
And this duk whan he hadde thus i-doon,
He took his host, and hom he ryt anoon
With laurer crowned as a conquerour;
And there he lyveth in joye and in honour 1030
Terme of his lyf; what wolle ye wordes moo?
And in a tour, in angwische and in woo,
This Palamon, and his felawe Arcite,
For evermo, ther may no gold hem quyte.
This passeth yeer by yeer, and day by day,
Till it fel oones in a morwe of May
That Emelie, that fairer was to seene
Than is the lilie on hire stalkes grene,
And fresscher than the May with floures newe—
For with the rose colour strof hire hewe, 1040
I not which was the fyner of hem two—
Er it was day, as sche was wont to do,
Sche was arisen, and al redy dight.
For May wole have no sloggardye a night;
The sesoun priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his sleepe sterte,
And seith, "Arys, and do thin observance."
This maked Emelye han remembrance
To do honour to May, and for to ryse.
I-clothed was sche fressh for to devyse. 1050
Hire yolwe heer was browdid in a tresse,
Byhynde hire bak, a yerde long I gesse.
And in the gardyn at the sonne upriste
Sche walketh up and doun wher as hire liste.
Sche gadereth floures, partye whyte and reede,
To make a certeyn gerland for hire heede,
And as an aungel hevenly sche song.
The grete tour, that was so thikke and strong,
Which of the castel was the cheef dongeoun,
(Ther as this knightes weren in prisoun, 1060
Of which I tolde yow, and telle schal)
Was evene joynyng to the gardeyn wal,
Ther as this Emely hadde hire pleyyng.
Bright was the sonne, and cleer that morwenynge,
And Palamon, this woful prisoner,
As was his wone, by leve of his gayler
Was risen, and romed in a chambre on heigh,
In which he al the noble cité seigh,
And eek the gardeyn, ful of braunches grene,
Ther as the fresshe Emelye the scheene 1070
Was in hire walk, and romed up and doun.
This sorweful prisoner, this Palamon,
Gooth in the chambre romyng to and fro,
And to himself compleynyng of his woo;
That he was born, ful ofte he seyd, alas!
And so byfel, by aventure or cas,
That thurgh a wyndow thikke and many a barre
Of iren greet and squar as eny sparre,
He cast his eyen upon Emelya,
And therwithal he bleynte and cryed, a! 1080
As that he stongen were unto the herte.
And with that crye Arcite anon up sterte,
And seyde, "Cosyn myn, what eyleth the,
That art so pale and deedly for to see?
Why crydestow? who hath the doon offence?
For Goddes love, tak al in pacience
Oure prisoun, for it may non othir be;
Fortune hath geven us this adversité.
Som wikke aspect or disposicioun
Of Saturne, by sum constellacioun, 1090
Hath geven us this, although we hadde it sworn;
So stood the heven whan that we were born;
We moste endure it: this is the schort and pleyn."
This Palamon answered, and seyde ageyn,
"Cosyn, for sothe of this opynyoun
Thou hast a veyn ymaginacioun.
This prisoun caused me not for to crye.
But I was hurt right now thurgh myn yhe
Into myn herte, that wol my bane be.
The fairnesse of the lady that I see 1100
Yonde in the gardyn rome to and fro,
Is cause of my cryying and my wo.
I not whethur sche be womman or goddesse;
But Venus is it, sothly as I gesse."
And therwithal on knees adoun he fil,
And seyde: "Venus, if it be youre wil
Yow in this gardyn thus to transfigure,
Biforn me sorwful wrecched creature,
Out of this prisoun help that we may scape.
And if so be oure destiné be schape 1110
By eterne word to deyen in prisoun,
Of oure lynage haveth sum compassioun,
That is so lowe y-brought by tyrannye."
And with that word Arcite gan espye
Wher as this lady romed to and fro.
And with that sight hire beauté hurt him so,
That if that Palamon was wounded sore,
Arcite is hurt as moche as he, or more.
And with a sigh he seyde pitously:
"The freissche beauté sleeth me sodeynly 1120
Of hir that rometh yonder in the place;
And but I have hir mercy and hir grace,
That I may see hir atte leste weye,
I nam but deed; ther nys no more to seye."
This Palamon, whan he tho wordes herde,
Dispitously he loked, and answerde:
"Whether seistow in ernest or in pley?"
"Nay," quoth Arcite, "in ernest, in good fey.
God helpe me so, me lust ful evele pleye."
This Palamon gan knytte his browes tweye: 1130
"It nere," quod he, "to the no gret honour,
For to be fals, ne for to be traytour
To me, that am thy cosyn and thy brother
I-swore ful deepe, and ech of us to other,
That never for to deyen in the payne,

1049. *to do honour to May.* The early English poets are full of allusions to the popular reverence paid to the month of May, derived from the Pagan ages of our forefathers. Traces of these superstitions still remain in the custom in different parts of the country of going a-maying on the morning of the first day of the month. Such customs are repeatedly alluded to in Chaucer.

1059. *dongeoun.* The dongeon was the grand tower of the earlier castles; and beneath it, under ground, was the prison. As the castles were enlarged, the dongeon, or keep-tower, being the strongest part of the fortress, was frequently made the residence of prisoners of higher rank, who were not thrown into the subterranean vaults. Hence the modern use of the word *dungeon.*

1090 *Saturne.* According to the old astrological system, this was a very unpropitious star to be born under. It may be observed, that in the present story there is a constant allusion to medieval astrology, which could not be fully illustrated without long notes.

1134. *I-swore.* It was a common practice in the middle ages for persons to take formal oaths of fraternity and friendship, and a breach of the oath was considered something worse than perjury. This incident enters into the plots of some of the medieval romances. A curious example will be found in the Romance of Athelston, Reliq. Antiq. ii. p. 85.

1135. *deyen in the payne.* This appears to have been a proverbial expression, taken from the French. In Frois-

Til that deeth departe schal us twayne,
Neyther of us in love to hynder other,
Ne in non other cas, my leeve brother;
But that thou schuldest trewly forther me
In every caas, and I schal forther the. 1140
This was thyn othe, and myn eek certayn;
I wot right wel, thou darst it nat withsayn.
Thus art thou of my counseil out of doute.
And now thou woldest falsly ben aboute
To love my lady, whom I love and serve,
And evere schal, unto myn herte sterve.
Now certes, fals Arcite, thou schal not so.
I loved hir first, and tolde the my woo
As to my counseil, and to brother sworn
To forther me, as I have told biforn. 1150
For which thou art i-bounden as a knight
To helpe me, if it lay in thi might,
Or elles art thou fals, I dar wel sayn."
This Arcite ful proudly spak agayn.
"Thou schalt," quoth he, "be rather fals than I.
But thou art fals, I telle the uttirly.
For *par amour* I loved hir first then thow.
What wolt thou sayn? thou wost not yit now
Whether sche be a womman or goddesse.
Thyn is affeccioun of holynesse, 1160
And myn is love, as of a creature;
For which I tolde the myn aventure
As to my cosyn, and my brother sworn.
I pose, that thou lovedest hire biforn;
Wost thou nat wel the olde clerkes sawe,
That who schal geve a lover eny lawe,
Love is a grettere lawe, by my pan,
Then may be geve to eny erthly man?
Therfore posityf lawe, and such decré,
Is broke alway for love in ech degree. 1170
A man moot needes love maugré his heed.
He may nought fle it, though he schulde be deed,
Al be sche mayde, or be sche widewe or wyf.
And that it is nat likly al thy lyf
To stonden in hire grace, no more sch[illegible] I;
For wel thou wost thyselven verrily,
That thou and I been dampned to prisoun
Perpetuelly, us gayneth no raunsoun.
We stryve, as doth the houndes for the boon,
They foughte al day, and yit here part was noon;
Ther com a kyte, whil that they were wrothe,
And bar awey the boon bitwixe hem bothe.
And therfore at the kynges court, my brother,
Eche man for himself, ther is non other.
Love if the list; for I love and ay schal;
And sothly, leeve brother, this is al.
Eke in this prisoun moote we endure,
And every of us take his aventure."
Gret was the stryf and long bytwixe hem tweye,
If that I hadde leysir for to seye; 1190
But to the effect, it happed on a day,
(To telle it yow as schortly as I may)
A worthy duk that highte Perotheus,
That felaw was to the duk Theseus
Syn thilke day that they were children lyte,
Was come to Athenes, his felawe to visite,
And for to pley, as he was wont to do,
For in this world he loved noman so:
And he loved him as tendurly agayn.
So wel they loved, as olde bookes sayn, 1200
That whan that oon was deed, sothly to telle,
His felawe wente and sought him doun in helle;
But of that story lyst me nought to write.
Duk Perotheus loved wel Arcite,
And hadde him knowe at Thebes yeer by yeer;
And fynally at requeste and prayer
Of Perotheus, withoute any raunsoun
Duk Theseus him leet out of prisoun,
Frely to go, wher him lust over al,
In such a gyse, as I you telle schal. 1210
This was the forward, playnly to endite,
Betwixe Theseus and him Arcite:
That if so were, that Arcite were founde
Evere in his lyf, by daye or night, o stound
In eny contré of this Theseus,
And he were caught, it was acorded thus,
That with a swerd he scholde lese his heed;
Ther nas noon other remedy ne reed,
But took his leeve, and homward he him spedde;
Let him be war, his nekke lith to wedde. 1220
How gret a sorwe suffreth now Arcite!
The deth he feleth thorugh his herte smyte;
He weepeth, weyleth, cryeth pitously;
To slen himself he wayteth pryvyly.
He seyde, "Allas the day that I was born!
Now is my prisoun werse than was biforne;
Now is me schape eternelly to dwelle
Nought in purgatorie, but in helle.
Allas! that ever knewe I Perotheus!
For elles had I dweld with Theseus 1230
I-fetered in his prisoun for evere moo.
Than had I ben in blis, and nat in woo.
Oonly the sight of hir, whom that I serve,
Though that I hir grace may nat deserve,
Wold han sufficed right ynough for me.
O dere cosyn Palamon," quod he,
"Thyn is the victoire of this aventure,
Ful blisfully in prisoun to endure;
In prisoun? nay, certes but in paradys!
Wel hath fortune y-torned the the dys, 1240
That hath the sight of hir, and I the absence.
For possible is, syn thou hast hir presence,
And art a knight, a worthi and an able,
That by som cas, syn fortune is chaungable,
Thou maist to thy desir somtyme atteyne.
But I that am exiled, and bareyne
Of alle grace, and in so gret despeir,
That ther nys water, erthe, fyr, ne eyr,
Ne creature, that of hem maked is,
That may me helpe ne comfort in this. 1250
Wel ought I sterve in wanhope and distresse;
Farwel my lyf and al my jolynesse.
Allas, why playnen folk so in comune
Of purveance of God, or of fortune,
That geveth hem ful ofte in many a gyse
Wel better than thei can hemself devyse?
Som man desireth for to have richesse,
That cause is of his morthre or gret seeknesse.
And som man wolde out of his prisoun fayn,
That in his hous is of his mayné slayn. 1260
Infinite harmes ben in this mateere;
We wote nevere what thing we prayen heere.

sart, as cited by Tyrwhitt, Edward III. is made to declare that he would bring the war to a successful issue, or *il mourroit en la peine.*

1157. *love.* The Harl. Ms. has *lande.*

1165. *the old clerkes sawe.* Boethius, who says, in his treatise *De Consolat. Philos.* lib. iii. met. 12,—

Quis legem det amantibus?
Major lex amor est sibi.

1179. *houndes.* This is a medieval fable which I have not met with elsewhere, though it may probably be found in some of the inedited collections.

1202. *in helle.* An allusion to the classic story of Theseus and Pirithous.

We faren as he that dronke is as a mows.
A dronke man wot wel he hath an hous,
But he not nat which the righte wey is thider,
And to a dronke man the wey is slider,
And certes in this world so faren we.
We seeken faste after felicité,
But we gon wrong ful ofte trewely.
Thus may we seyen alle, namely I, 1270
That wende have had a gret opinioun,
That gif I mighte skape fro prisoun,
Than had I be in joye and parfyt hele,
Ther now I am exiled fro my wele.
Syn that I may not se yow, Emelye,
I nam but deed; ther nys no remedye."
Uppon that other syde Palamon,
Whan he wiste that Arcite was agoon,
Such sorwe maketh, that the grete tour
Resowneth of his yollyng and clamour. 1280
The pure feteres of his schynes grete
Weren of his bitter salte teres wete.
"Allas!" quod he, "Arcita, cosyn myn,
Of al oure strif, God woot, the fruyt is thin.
Thow walkest now in Thebes at thi large,
And of my woo thou gevest litel charge.
Thou maiste, syn thou hast wysdom and manhede,
Assemble al the folk of oure kynrede,
And make a werre so scharpe in this cité,
That by som aventure, or by som treté, 1290
Thou mayst hire wynne to lady and to wyf,
For whom that I most needes leese my lyf.
For as by wey of possibilité,
Syn thou art at thi large of prisoun free,
And art a lord, gret is thin avantage,
More than is myn, that sterve here in a kage.
For I moot weepe and weyle, whil I lyve,
With al the woo that prisoun may me gyve,
And eek with peyne that love me geveth also,
That doubleth al my torment and my wo." 1300
Therwith the fayr of jelousye upsterte
Withinne his brest, and hent him by the herte
So wodly, that lik was he to byholde
The box-tree, or the asschen deed and colde.
Tho seyde he; "O goddes cruel, that governe
This world with byndyng of youre word eterne,
And writen in the table of athamaunte
Youre parlement and youre eterne graunte,
What is mankynde more to yow holde
Than is a scheep, that rouketh in the folde? 1310
For slayn is man right as another beste,
And dwelleth eek in prisoun and arreste,
And hath seknesse, and greet adversité,
And ofte tymes gilteles, pardé.
What governaunce is in youre prescience,
That gilteles tormenteth innocence?
And yet encreceth this al my penaunce,
That man is bounden to his observaunce
For Goddes sake to letten of his wille,
Ther as a beste may al his lust fulfille. 1320
And whan a beste is deed, he ne hath no peyne;
But man after his deth moot wepe and pleyne,
Though in this world he have care and woo:
Withouten doute it may stonde so.
The answer of this I lete to divinis,
But wel I woot, that in this world gret pyne is.
Allas! I se a serpent or a theef,
That many a trewe man hath doon mescheef,
Gon at his large, and wher him lust may turne.
But I moste be in prisoun thurgh Saturne, 1330
And eek thorugh Juno, jalous and eke wood,
That hath destruyed wel neyh al the blood
Of Thebes, with his waste walles wyde.
And Venus sleeth me on that other syde
For jelousye, and fere of him Arcyte."
Now wol I stynte of Palamon a lite,
And lete him stille in his prisoun dwelle,
And of Arcita forth than wol I telle.
The somer passeth, and the nightes longe
Encresceen double wise the peynes stronge 1340
Bothe of the lover and the prisoner.
I noot which hath the wofullere cheer.
For schortly for to sey, this Palamon
Perpetuelly is dampned to prisoun,
In cheynes and in feteres to be deed;
And Arcite is exiled upon his heed
For evere mo as out of that contré,
Ne nevere mo he schal his lady see.
Now lovyeres axe I this questioun,
Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon? 1350
That on may se his lady day by day,
But in prisoun he moot dwelle alway.
That other may wher him lust ryde or go,
But seen his lady schal he never mo.
Now deemeth as you luste, ye that can,
For I wol telle forth as I bigan.
Whan that Arcite to Thebes come was,
Ful ofte a day he swelde and seyde alas,
For seen his lady schal he never mo.
And schortly to concluden al his wo, 1360
So moche sorwe had never creature,
That is or schal whil that the world wol dure.
His sleep, his mete, his drynk is him byraft,
That lene he wexe, and drye as eny schaft.
His eyen holwe, grisly to biholde;
His hewe falwe, and pale as asschen colde,
And solitary he was, and ever alone,
And dwellyng all the night, making his moone.
And if he herde song or instrument, 1369
Then wolde he wepe, he mighte nought be stent.
So feble were his spirites, and so lowe,
And chaunged so, that no man couthe knowe
His speche nother his vois, though men it herde.
And in his gir, for all the world he ferde
Nought oonly lyke the lovers maladye
Of Hereos, but rather lik manye,
Engendrud of humour malencolyk,
Byforne in his selle fantastyk.
And schortly turned was al up-so-doun

1264. *a dronke man.* From Boethius *De Consol.* lib iii. pr. 2. "sed velut ebrius, domum quo tramite revertatur ignorat."

1349. *this question.* An implied allusion to the medieval courts of love, in which questions of this kind were seriously discussed.

1378. *in his selle fantastyk.* Tyrwhitt reads, *Beforne his hed in his celle fantastike.* The division of the brain into cells, according to the different sensitive faculties, is very ancient, and is found depicted in medieval manuscripts. It was a rude forerunner of the science of phrenology. The 'fantastic cell' (*fantasia*) was in front of the head. In Ms Harl. No. 4025, is a treatise entitled *Liber Thesauri Occulti*, in which (fol. 5 v°), we are informed: "Et est in cerebro rationativa, in corde irascibilis vel inspirativa, in epate voluntaria vel concupiscibilis . . . . Verumptamen certum est in prora cerebri esse fantasiam, in medio rationem discretionis, in puppi memoriam; quarum si aliqua naturali infirmitate vel percussione desipuerit et maxime memoria, prorsus et sompnia perempta sunt, si ratio vel fantasia vero destructa, sompnia quoquo modo ex memoria remanserunt. Si itaque homo multa per sompnium sæpe viderit et oblitus fuerit ea quæ vidit, scito memorialem partem cerebri ejus tenebrositate et obscuritate detentam esse. Similiter de ratione vel judicio et fantasia præiudicandum est, et infirmitati futuræ præcavendum."

Bothe abyt and eek disposicioun 1380
Of him, this woful lovere daun Arcite.
What schulde I alway of his wo endite?
Whan he endured hadde a yeer or tuoo
This cruel torment, and this peyne and woo,
At Thebes, in his contré, as I seyde,
Upon a night in sleep as he him leyde,
Him thought that how the wenged god Mercurie
Byforn him stood, and bad him to be murye.
His slepy yerd in hond he bar upright;
An hat he wered upon his heres bright. 1390
Arrayed was this god (as he took keepe)
As he was whan that Argous took his sleep;
And seyde him thus: "To Athenes schalt thou wende;
Ther is the schapen of thy wo an ende."
And with that word Arcite wook and sterte.
"Now trewely how sore that me smerte,"
Quod he, "to Athenes right now wol I fare;
Ne for the drede of deth schal I not spare
To see my lady, that I love and serve;
In hire presence I recche nat to sterve." 1400
And with that word he caught a gret myrour,
And saugh that chaunged was al his colour,
And saugh his visage was in another kynde.
And right anoon it ran him into mynde,
That siththen his face was so disfigured
Of maladie the which he hath endured,
He mighte wel, if that he bar him lowe,
Lyve in Athenes evere more unknowe,
And see his lady wel neih day by day.
And right anon he chaunged his aray, 1410
And clothed him as a pore laborer.
And al alone, save oonly a squyer,
That knew his pryvyté and al his cas,
Which was disgysed povrely as he was,
To Athenes is he go the nexte way.
And to the court he went upon a day,
And at the gate he profred his servyse,
To drugge and drawe, what so men wolde devyse.
And schortly of this matier for to seyn,
He fel in office with a chambirleyn, 1420
The which that dwellyng was with Emelye.
For he was wys, and couthe sone aspye
Of every servaunt, which that served here.
Wel couthe he hewe woode, and water bere,
For he was yonge and mighty for the nones,
And therto he was strong and bygge of bones
To doon that eny wight can him devyse.
A yeer or two he was in this servise,
Page of the chambre of Emelye the bright;
And Philostrate he seide that he hight. 1430
But half so wel beloved a man as he,
Ne was ther never in court of his degree.
He was so gentil of his condicioun,
That thorughout al the court was his renoun.
They seyde that it were a charité
That Theseus wolde enhaunsen his degree,
And putten him in worschipful servyse,
Ther as he might his vertu excersise.
And thus within a while his name sprongе
Bothe of his dedes, and of goode tonge, 1440
That Theseus hath taken him so neer
That of his chambre he made him squyer,
And gaf him gold to mayntene his degree;
And eek men brought him out of his countré

1384. I retain Tyrwhitt's reading of this line, which in the Harl. Ms. runs, *In this cruel torment, peyne, and woo.*
1439 *within.* The Ms. Harl reads incorrectly *withinne*, which is the adverbial form of the preposition.

Fro yeer to yer ful pryvyly his rente,
But honestly and sleighly he it spente,
That no man wondred how that he it hadde.
And thre yeer in this wise his lyf he ladde,
And bar him so in pees and eek in werre,
Ther nas no man that Theseus hath so derre.
And in this blisse lete I now Arcite, 1451
And speke I wole of Palamon a lyte.
In derknes and orrible and strong prisoun
This seven yeer hath seten Palamon,
Forpyned, what for woo and for destresse.
Who feleth double sorwe and hevynesse
But Palamon? that love destreyneth so,
That wood out of his witt he goth for wo,
And eek therto he is a prisoner
Perpetuelly, nat oonly for a yeer. 1460
Who couthe ryme in Englissch propurly
His martirdam? for sothe it am nat I;
Therfore I passe as lightly as I may.
It fel that in the seventhe yeer in May
The thridde night, (as olde bookes seyn,
That al this storie tellen more pleyn)
Were it by aventure or destené,
(As, whan a thing is schapen, it schal be,)
That soone aftur the mydnyght, Palamon
By helpyng of a freend brak his prisoun, 1470
And fleeth the cité fast as he may goo,
For he had give drinke his gayler soo
Of a clarré, maad of a certayn wyn,
With nercotykes and opye of Thebes fyn,
That al that night though that men wolde him schake,
The gayler sleep, he mighte nought awake.
And thus he fleeth as fast as ever he may.
The night was schort, and faste by the day,
That needes cost he moste himselven hyde.
And til a grove ther faste besyde 1480
With dredful foot than stalketh Palamon.
For schortly this was his opynyoun,
That in that grove he wolde him hyde al day,
And in the night then wolde he take his way
To Thebes-ward, his frendes for to preye
On Theseus to helpe him to werreye.
And schortelich, or he wolde lese his lyf,
Or wynnen Emelye unto his wyf.
This is theffect of his entente playn.
Now wol I torne unto Arcite agayn, 1490
That litel wiste how nyh that was his care,
Til that fortune hath brought him in the snare.
The busy larke, messager of daye,
Salueth in hire song the morwe gray;
And fyry Phebus ryseth up so bright,
That al the orient laugheth of the light,
And with his stremes dryeth in the greves
The silver dropes, hongyng on the leeves.
And Arcite, that is in the court ryal
With Theseus, his squyer principal, 1500
Is risen, and loketh on the mery day.
And for to doon his observance to May,
Remembryng of the poynt of his desire,
He on his courser, stertyng as the fire,
Is riden into feeldes him to pleye,
Out of the court, were it a myle or tweye.
And to the grove, of which that I yow tolde,
By aventure his wey he gan to holde,
To make him a garland of the greves,
Were it of woodewynde or hawthorn leves, 1510

1493. *messager of day.* The Harl. Ms. reads *of May.* Three lines below, Tyrwhitt reads *sight* for *light*, very unpoetically.

And lowde he song agens the sonne scheene:
"May, with all thyn floures and thy greene,
Welcome be thou, wel faire freissche May,
I hope that I som grene gete may."
And fro his courser, with a lusty herte,
Into the grove ful lustily he sterte,
And in a pathe he romed up and doun,
Ther by aventure this Palamoun
Was in a busche, that no man might him see,
Ful sore afered of his deth was he. 1520
Nothing ne knew he that it was Arcite.
God wot he wolde have trowed it ful lite.
For soth is seyde, goon ful many yeres,
That feld hath eyen, and the woode hath eeres.
It is ful fair a man to bere him evene,
For al day meteth men atte unset stevene.
Ful litel woot Arcite of his felawe,
That was so neih to herken of his sawe,
For in the busche he stynteth now ful stille.
Whan that Arcite had romed al his fille, 1530
And songen al the roundel lustily,
Into a studie he fel sodeynly,
As doth thes lovers in here queynte geeres,
Now in the croppe, now doun in the breres,
Now up, now doun, as boket in a welle.
Right as the Friday, sothly for to telle,
Now it schyneth, now it reyneth faste,
Right so gan gery Venus overcaste
The hertes of hire folk, right as hir day
Is grisful, right so chaungeth hire aray. 1540
Selde is the Fryday al the wyke i-like.
Whan that Arcite hadde songe, he gan to sike,
And sette him doun withouten eny more:
"Alas!" quod he, "that day that I was bore!
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy crucelté
Wiltow werreyen Thebes the citee?
Allas! i-brought is to confusioun
The blood royal of Cadme and Amphioun;
Of Cadynus, the which was the furst man
That Thebes bulde, or first the toun bygan, 1550
And of that cité first was crowned kyng,
Of his lynage am I, and his ofspring
By verray lyne, and of his stok ryal:
And now I am so caytyf and so thral,
That he that is my mortal enemy,
I serve him as his squyer povrely.
And yet doth Juno me wel more schame,
For I dar nought byknowe myn owne name,
But ther as I was wont to hote Arcite, 1559
Now hoote I Philostrate, nought worth a myte.
Allas! thou felle Mars, allas! Juno,
Thus hath youre ire owre lynage fordo,
Save oonly me, and wrecchid Palamon,
That Theseus martyreth in prisoun.
And over all this, to slee me utterly,
Love hath his fyry dart so brennyngly
I-stykid thorugh my trewe careful herte,
That schapen was my deth erst than my scherte.
Ye slen me with youre eyhen, Emelye;
Ye ben the cause wherfore that I dye. 1570
Of al the remenant of al myn other care
Ne sette I nought the mountaunce of a tare,
So that I couthe do ought to youre plesaunce."
And with that word he fel doun in a traunce
A longe tyme; and aftirward upsterte
This Palamon, that thoughte thurgh his herte
He felt a cold swerd sodeynliche glyde;
For ire he quook, he nolde no lenger abyde.
And whan that he hath herd Arcites tale,
As he were wood, with face deed and pale, 1580
He sterte him up out of the busches thikke,
And seyd: "Areyte, false traitour wikke,
Now art thou hent, that lovest my lady so,
For whom that I have al this peyne and wo,
And art my blood, and to my counseil sworn,
As I ful ofte have told the heere byforn,
And hast byjaped here the duke Theseus,
And falsly chaunged hast thy name thus;
I wol be deed, or elles thou schalt dye.
Thou schalt not love my lady Emelye, 1590
But I wil love hire oonly and no mo;
For I am Palamon thy mortal fo.
And though that I no wepen have in this place,
But out of prisoun am y-stert by grace,
I drede not that other thou schalt dye,
Or thou ne schalt not love Emelye.
Chese which thou wilt, for thou schalt not asterte."
This Arcite, with ful despitous herte,
Whan he him knew, and had his tale herde,
As fers as a lyoun pulleth out a swerde, 1600
And seide thus: "By God that sitteth above,
Nere it that thou art sike and wood for love,
And eek that thou no wepne hast in this place,
Thou schuldest never out of this grove pace,
That thou ne schuldest deyen of myn hond.
For I defye the seurté and the bond
Which that thou seyst I have maad to the.
For, verray fool, thenk that love is fre;
And I wol love hire mawgré al thy might.
But, for thou art a gentil perfight knight, 1610
And wenest to dereyne hire by batayle,
Have heere my trouthe, to morwe I nyl not fayle,
Withouten wityng of eny other wight,
That heer I wol be founden as a knight,
And bryngen harneys right inough for the;
And ches the best, and lef the worst for me.
And mete and drynke this night wil I bryng
Inough for the, and cloth for thy beddyng.
And if so be that thou my lady wynne,
And sle me in this wood that I am inne, 1620
Thou maist wel have thy lady as for me."
This Palamon answereth, "I graunt it the."
And thus they ben departed til a-morwe,
Whan ech of hem had leyd his feith to borwe.
O Cupide, out of al charité!
O regne, that wolt no felaw have with the!

1524. *feld hath eyen.* This was a very popular old proverb. See my Essays on subjects connected with the Literature, &c. of the Middle Ages, i. p. 168. A Latin rhymer has given the following version of it, not uncommon in MSS.

Campus habet lumen, et habet nemus auris acumen.

1537. *now it schyneth.* Tyrwhitt reads *now schineth it*, and proposes on bad MS. authority *now itte shineth*; but he was wrong in supposing that "*itte* may have been a dissyllable formerly, as well as *citte*."

1540. *grisful.* The two Cambridge MSS. have *gerful* and *geryful*, which is perhaps right.

1568. *than my scherte.* This appears to have been a proverbial phrase, and is explained by two passages from other poems of Chaucer. In the Legende of good women, l. 2618:—

> Sens first that day, that shapen was my sherte,
> Or by the fatal suster had my dome.

and in the third book of Troilus and Creseide, l. 734,—

> O fatal sustren, whiche, or any clothe
> Me shapen was, my destinee me sponne.

1604. The Ms. Harl. reads, *But out of prisoun art y-stert by grace*, which probably arose from a mistake of the scribe, who seeing that line 1603 was a repetition of 1593, thought that the next line (1594) was to be repeated also.

Ful soth is seyde, that love ne lordschipe
Wol not, his thonkes, have no felaschipe.
Wel fynden that Arcite and Palamoun.
Arcite is riden anon to the toun, 1630
And on the morwe, or it were day light,
Ful prively two harneys hath he dight,
Bothe sufficaunt and mete to darreyne
The batayl in the feeld betwix hem tweyne.
And on his hors, alone as he was born,
He caryed al this harneys him byforn;
And in the grove, at tyme and place i-sette,
This Arcite and this Palamon ben mette.
Tho chaungen gan here colour in here face.
Right as the honter in the regne of Trace 1640
That stondeth in the gappe with a spere,
Whan honted is the lyoun or the bere,
And hereth him come russhyng in the greves,
And breketh bothe the bowes and the leves,
And thenketh, "Here cometh my mortel enemy,
Withoute faile, he mot be deed or I;
For eyther I mot slen him at the gappe,
Or he moot slee me, if it me myshappe:"
So ferden they, in chaungyng of here hew,
As fer as eyther of hem other knewe. 1650
Ther nas no good day, ne no saluyng;
But streyt withouten wordes rehersyng,
Every of hem helpeth to armen other,
As frendly as he were his owen brother;
And thanne with here scharpe speres stronge
They foyneden ech at other wonder longe.
Tho it semed that this Palamon
In his fightyng were as a wood lyoun,
And as a cruel tygre was Arcite:
As wilde boores gonne they togeder smyte, 1660
That frothen white as fome for ire wood.
Up to the ancle they faught in here blood.
And in this wise I lete hem fightyng welle;
And forthere I wol of Theseus telle.
 The destiné, mynistre general,
That executeth in the world over al
The purveans, that God hath seye byforn;
So strong it is, that they the world had sworn
The contrary of a thing by ye or nay,
Yet som tyme it schal falle upon a day 1670
That falleth nought eft in a thousend yeere.
For certeynly oure appetites heere,
Be it of werre, of pees, other hate, or love,
Al is it reuled by the sight above.
This mene I now by mighty Theseus,
That for to honte is so desirous,
And namely the grete hert in May,
That in his bed ther daweth him no day,
That he nys clad, and redy for to ryde
With hont and horn, and houndes him byside. 1680
For in his hontyng hath he such delyt,
That is his joye and his appetyt
To been himself the grete herts bane,
For after Mars he serveth now Diane.
 Cleer was the day, as I have told or this,
And Theseus, with alle joye and blys,
With his Ypolita, the fayre queene,
And Emelye, clothed al in greene,
On honting be thay riden ryally.
And to the grove, that stood ther faste by, 1690
In which ther was an hert as men him tolde,
Duk Theseus the streyte wey hath holde.
And to the launde he rydeth him ful right,
There was the hert y-wont to have his flight,
And over a brook, and so forth in his weye.
This duk wol have of him a cours or tweye
With houndes, which as him lust to comaunde.
And whan this duk was come into the launde,
Under the sonne he loketh, right anon
He was war of Arcite and Palamon, 1700
That foughten breeme, as it were boores tuo;
The brighte swerdes wente to and fro
So hidously, that with the leste strook
It semeth as it wolde felle an ook;
But what they were, nothing yit he woot.
This duk with spores his courser he smoot,
And at a stert he was betwix hem tuoo,
And pullid out a swerd and cride, "Hoo!
Nomore, up peyne of leesyng of your heed.
By mighty Mars, anon he schal be deed, 1710
That smyteth eny strook, that I may seen!
But telleth me what mestir men ye been,
That ben so hardy for to fighten heere
Withoute jugge or other officere,
As it were in a lyste really."
This Palamon answerde hastily,
And seyde: "Sire, what nedeth wordes mo?
We han the deth deserved bothe tuo.
Tuo woful wrecches been we, and kaytyves,
That ben encombred of oure owne lyves; 1720
And as thou art a rightful lord and juge,
Ne geve us neyther mercy no refuge,
And sle me first, for seynte charité;
But sle my felaw eek as wel as me.
Or sle him first; for, though thou knowe him lyte,
This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite,
That fro thy lond is banyscht on his heed,
For which he hath i-served to be deed.
For this is he that come to thi gate
And seyde, that he highte Philostrate. 1730
Thus hath he japed the many a yer,
And thou hast maad of him thy cheef squyer.
And this is he that loveth Emelye.
For sith the day is come that I schal dye,
I make pleynly my confessioun,
That I am the woful Palamoun,
That hath thy prisoun broke wikkedly.
I am thy mortal foo, and it am I
That loveth so hoote Emely the bright,
That I wol dye present in hire sight. 1740
Therfore I aske deeth and my juwyse;
But slee my felaw in the same wyse,
For bothe we have served to be slayn."
 This worthy duk answerde anon agayn,
And seide, "This is a schort conclusioun:
Your owne mouth, by your owne confessioun,
Hath dampned you bothe, and I wil it recorde.
It nedeth nought to pyne yow with the corde.
Ye schul be deed by mighty Mars the reede!"
The queen anon for verray wommanhede 1750
Gan for to wepe, and so dede Emelye,
And alle the ladies in the companye.

1666. *executeth.* The Ms. Harl. reads, *excused.*

1670. The sentiment expressed in this and the following line is taken direct from the Teseide,—

> Ma come nui vegian venir in hora
> Cossa che in mille anni non avieae.

1701. *boores tuo.* Tyrwhitt, with most of the MSS., reads *bolles* (bulls).

1749. *Mars the reede.* Tyrwhitt has quoted Boccaccio for the same epithet, used at the opening of his Teseide—"O rubicondo Marte"—it refers, of course, to the colour of the planet. The medieval writers constantly mixed up their astrological notions of the planets in their manner of looking at the poetical deities of the ancients.

Gret pité was it, as it thought hem alle,
That evere such a chaunce schulde falle;
For gentil men thi were and of gret estate,
And nothing but for love was this debate.
And saw here bloody woundes wyde and sore;
And alle they cryde lesse and the more,
"Have mercy, Lord, upon us wommen alle!"
And on here bare knees anoon they falle, 1760
And wolde have kissed his feet right as he stood,
Til atte laste aslaked was his mood;
For pité renneth sone in gentil herte.
And though he first for ire quok and sterte,
He hath it al considered in a clause,
The trespas of hem bothe, and here cause:
And although his ire here gylt accused,
Yet in his resoun he hem bothe excused;
And thus he thought that every maner man
Wol help himself in love if that he can, 1770
And eek delyver himself out of prisoun.
And eek in his hert had compassioun
Of wommen, for they wepen ever in oon;
And in his gentil hert he thought anoon,
And sothly he to himself seyde: "Fy
Upon a lord that wol have no mercy,
But be a lyoun bothe in word and dede,
To hem that ben in repentaunce and drede,
As wel as to a proud dispitious man,
That wol maynteyne that he first bigan. 1780
That lord hath litel of discrecioun,
That in such caas can no divisioun;
But wayeth pride and humblenesse after oon.
And schortly, whan his ire is over gon,
He gan to loke on hem with eyen light,
And spak these same wordes al in hight.
"The god of love, a! *benedicite*,
How mighty and how gret a lord is he!
Agayne his might ther gayneth non obstacle,
He may be cleped a god of his miracle; 1790
For he can maken at his owen gyse
Of ever herte, as him lust devyse.
Lo her is Arcite and Palamon,
That quytely were out of my prisoun,
And might have lyved in Thebes ryally,
And witen I am here mortal enemy,
And that here deth lith in my might also,
And yet hath love, maugré here eyghen tuo,
I-brought hem hider bothe for to dye.
Now loketh, is nat that an heih folye? 1800
Who may not be a fole, if that he love?
Byholde for Goddes sake that sitteth above,
Se how they blede! be they nought wel arrayed?
Thus hath here lord, the god of love, hem payed
Here wages and here fees for here servise.
And yet wenen they to ben ful wise,
That serven love, for ought that may bifalle.
But this is yette the beste game of alle,
That sche, for whom they have this jelousye,
Can hem therfore as moche thank as me. 1810
Sche woot no more of al this hoote fare,
By God, than wot a cuckow or an hare.
But all moot ben assayed hoot or colde;
A man moot ben a fool other yong or olde;
I woot it by myself ful yore agon:
For in my tyme a servant was I on.
And sythen that I knewe of loves peyne,
And wot how sore it can a man destreyne,
As he that hath often ben caught in his lace,
I you forgeve holly this trespace, 1820
At the request of the queen that kneleth heere,
And eek of Emely, my suster deere.
And ye schullen bothe anon unto me swere,
That never ye schullen my corowne dere,
Ne make werre on me night ne day,
But be my freendes in alle that ye may.
I you forgeve this trespas every dele."
And they him swore his axyng fayre and wele,
And him of lordschip and of mercy prayde,
And he hem graunted mercy, and thus he sayde:
"To speke of real lynage and riches, 1831
Though that sche were a queen or a prynces,
Ilk of yow bothe is worthy douteles
To wedde when tyme is, but natheles
I speke as for my suster Emelye,
For whom ye have this stryf and jelousye,
Ye woot youreself sche may not wedde two
At oones, though ye faughten ever mo:
That oon of yow, or be him loth or leef,
He may go pypen in an ivy leef; 1840
This is to say, sche may nought have bothe,
Al be ye never so jelous, ne so lothe.
For-thy I put you bothe in this degré,
That ilk of you schal have his destyné,
As him is schape, and herken in what wyse;
Lo here your ende of that I schal devyse.
My wil is this, for playn conclusioun,
Withouten eny repplicacioun;
If that you liketh, tak it for the best,
That every of you schal go wher him lest 1850
Frely withouten raunsoun or daungeer;
And this day fyfty wykes, fer ne neer,
Everich of you schal bryng an hundred knightes,
Armed for lystes up at alle rightes
Al redy to derayne hir by batayle.
And thus byhote I you withouten fayle
Upon my trouthe, and as I am a knight,
That whethir of yow bothe that hath might,
This is to seyn, that whethir he or thou
May with his hundred, as I spak of now, 1860
Sle his contrary, or out of lystes dryve,
Him schal I geve Emelye to wyve,
To whom that fortune geveth so fair a grace.
The lyste schal I make in this place,
And God so wisly on my sowle rewe,
As I schal even juge ben and trewe.
Ye schul non othir ende with me make,
That oon of yow schal be deed or take.
And if you thinketh this is wel i-sayde,
Say youre avys, and holdeth yow apayde. 1870
This is youre ende and youre conclusioun."
Who loketh lightly now but Palamoun?
Who spryngeth up for joye but Arcite?
Who couthe telle, or who couthe endite,
The joye that is made in this place
Whan Theseus hath don so fair a grace?
But down on knees wente every wight,
And thanked him with al here hertes might,

1761. The Ms. Harl. reads *bare feet*, which makes the line too long.

1785. *eyen light*. The Harl. Ms. has *black and light*, which makes the line too long, and the epithet *black* is evidently redundant.

1817. *And sythen that*. Taken literally from the Teseide,—

Ma pero che gia inamorato fui,
E per amor sovente folegiai,
M'e caro molto il perdonare altrui.

1828. *fayre and wele*. The Ms. Harl. reads *every dele*, evidently a mere blundering repetition by the scribe of the conclusion of the preceding line.

And namely the Thebanes ofte sithe.
And thus with good hope and herte blithe 1880
They taken here leve, and hom-ward they ryde
To Thebes-ward, with olde walles wyde.
I trow men wolde it deme necligence,
If I forgete to telle the dispence
Of Theseus, that goth so busily
To maken up the lystes rially.
And such a noble theatre as it was,
I dar wel say that in this world ther nas.
The circuite ther was a myle aboute,
Walled of stoon, and dyched al withoute. 1890
Round was the schap, in maner of compaas,
Ful of degré, the height of sixty paas,
That whan a man was set in o degré
He letted nought his felaw for to se.
Est-ward ther stood a gate of marbul whit,
West-ward such another in opposit.
And schortly to conclude, such a place
Was non in erthe in so litel space.
In al the lond ther nas no craftys man,
That geometry or arsmetrike can, 1900
Ne portreyour, ne kerver of ymages,
That Theseus ne gaf hem mete and wages
The theatre for to maken and devyse.
And for to don his right and sacrifise,
He est-ward hath upon the gate above,
In worschip of Venus, goddes of love,
Don make an auter and an oratory;
And west-ward in the mynde and in memory
Of Mars, he hath i-maked such another,
That coste largely of gold a fother. 1910
And north-ward, in a toret on the walle,
Of alabaster whit and reed coralle
An oratory riche for to see,
In worschip of Dyane, goddes of chastité,
Hath Theseus i-wrought in noble wise.
But yit had I forgeten to devyse
The nobil kervyng, and the purtreltures,
The schap, the contynaunce of the figures,
That weren in these oratories thre. 1919
Furst in the temple of Venus thou may se
Wrought in the wal, ful pitous to byholde,
The broken slepes, and the sykes colde;
The sacred teres, and the waymentyng;
The fuyry strokes of the desiryng,
That loves servauntz in thy lyf enduren;
The othes, that by her covenantz assuren.
Plesance and hope, desyr, fool-hardynesse,
Beauté and youthe, baudery and richesse,
Charmes and sorcery, lesynges and flatery,
Dispense, busynes, and jelousy, 1930
That werud of yolo guldes a gerland,
And a cukkow sittyng on hire hand;
Festes, instrumentz, carols, and daunces,
Lust and array, and al the circumstaunces
Of love, which I rekned and reken schal.
Ech by other were peynted on the wal,
And mo than I can make of mencioun.

For sothly al the mount of Setheroun,
Ther Venus hath hir principal dwellyng,
Was schewed on the wal here portrayng, 1940
With alle the gardyn, and al the lustynes.
Nought was forgete; the porter Ydelnes,
Ne Narcisus the fayr of yore agon,
Ne yet the foly of kyng Salamon,
Ne eek the grete strengthe of Hercules,
Thenchauntementz of Medea and Cerces,
Ne of Turnus the hard fuyry corage,
The riche Cresus cavtif in servage.
Thus may we see, that wisdom and riches,
Beauté ne sleight, strengthe ne hardynes, 1950
Ne may with Venus holde champartye,
For as sche luste the world than may sche gye.
Lo, all this folk i-caught were in hire trace,
Til thay for wo ful often sayde allas.
Sufficeth this ensample oon or tuo,
And though I couthe reken a thousend mo.
The statu of Venus, glorious for to see,
Was naked fletyng in the large see,
And fro the navel doun all covered was
With wawes grene, and bright as eny glas. 1960
A citole in hire right hond hadde sche,
And on hir heed, ful semely on to see,
A rose garland ful swete and wel smellyng,
And aboven hire heed dowves fleyng.
Biforn hir stood hir sone Cupido,
Upon his schuldres were wynges two;
And blynd he was, as it is often seene;
A bowe he bar and arwes fair and greene.
Why schuld I nought as wel telle you alle
The portraiture, that was upon the walle 1970
Within the temple of mighty Mars the reede?
Al peynted was the wal in length and breede
Like to the estres of the grisly place,
That hight the gret tempul of Mars in Trace,
In that colde and frosty regioun,
Ther as Mars hath his sovereyn mancioun.
First on the wal was peynted a foreste,
In which ther dwelled neyther man ne beste,
With knotty knarry barreyn trees olde
Of stubbes scharpe and hidous to byholde; 1980
In which ther ran a swymbul in a swough,
As it were a storme schuld berst every bough:
And downward on an hil under a bent,
Ther stood the tempul of Marz armypotent,
Wrought al of burned steel, of which the entre
Was long and streyt, and gastly for to see.
And therout cam a rage and suche a prise,
That it maad al the gates for to rise.
The northen light in at the dore schon,
For wyndow on the walle ne was ther noon, 1990
Thorugh the which men might no light discerne.
The dores wer alle ademauntz eterne,
I-clenched overthwart and endelong
With iren tough; and, for to make it strong,
Every piler the tempul to susteene

1882. I have added *word* (which has evidently been omitted by the scribe of the Ms. Harl.) from one of the Cambridge MSS.

1903. In all this description of the arena, there is a singular modification of the idea of an ancient amphitheatre, by clothing it in the description of a medieval tournament scene.

1929. *sorcery*. This reading, supported by several MSS., is certainly superior to Tyrwhitt's *force*, which perhaps only arose from misreading the abbreviation, forc. Sorcery was considered one of the most effective modes of procuring love.

1938. *Setheroun*. Cithæron.

1968. *greene*. So the Harl. MS. Others read *schene* and *kene*, the latter of which is perhaps the best.

1977. "I shall throw together a few lines of the Teseide, which Chaucer has plainly copied in this description" (*Tyrwhitt*)—

Ne v'era bestia ancora ne pastore . .
Cerri . . nodosi, scabri, rigidi, e vetusti . .
E le porte eran d'eterno adamante
Ferrato d'ogni parte tutte quante

1981. *a swymbul*. The reading of Ms. Harl. is supported by other MSS. Tyrwhitt, with some MSS., has *a rumble and a swough*.

Was tonne greet, of iren bright and schene.
Ther saugh I furst the derk ymaginyng
Of felony, and al the compassyng;
The cruel ire, as reed as eny gleede;
The pikepurs, and eek the pale drede; 2000
The smyler with the knyf under his cloke;
The schipne brennyng with the blake smoke;
The tresoun of the mortheryng in the bed;
The open werres, with woundes al bi-bled;
Contek with bloody knyf, and scharp manace.
Al ful of chirkyng was that sory place.
The sleer of himself yet saugh I there,
His herte-blood hath bathed al his here;
The nayl y-dryve in the schode a-nyght;
The colde deth, with mouth gapyng upright. 2010
Amyddes of the tempul set mischaunce,
With sory comfort and evel contynaunce.
I saugh woodnes laughyng in his rage;
The hunt strangled with wilde bores corage;
[The caroigne in the busshe, with throte y-corve;
A thousand slaine, and not of qualme y-storve;
The tiraunte, with the preye by force y-raft;
The toun destroied, ther was no thynge laft.
Yet sawgh I brente the schippes hoppesteres;
The hunte strangled with the wilde beres:] 2020
The sowe freten the child right in the cradel;
The cook i-skalded, for al his longe ladel.
Nought beth forgeten the infortune of Mart;
The carter over-ryden with his cart,
Under the whel ful lowe he lay adoun.
Ther were also of Martz divisioun,
The barbour, and the bowcher, and the smyth,
That forgeth scharpe swerdes on his stith.
And al above depeynted in a tour
Saw I conquest sittyng in gret honour, 2030
With the scharpe swerd over his heed
Hangynge by a sotil twyne threed.
Depeynted was ther the slaught of Julius,
Of grete Nero, and of Anthonius;
Al be that ilke tyme they were unborn,
Yet was here deth depeynted ther byforn,
By manasyng of Martz, right by figure,
So was it schewed right in the purtreture
As is depeynted in sterres above,
Who schal be slayn or elles deed for love. 2040
Sufficeth oon ensample in stories olde,
I may not reken hem alle, though I wolde.
The statue of Mars upon a carte stood,
Armed, and loked grym as he were wood;
And over his heed ther schyneth two figures
Of sterres, that been cleped in scriptures,
That oon Puella, that other Rubius.
This god of armes was arayed thus.
A wolf ther stood byforn him at his feet
With eyen reed, and of a man he eet; 2050
With sotyl pencel depeynted was this storie,
In redoutyng of Mars and of his glorie.
Now to the temple of Dyane the chaste
As schortly as I can I wol me haste,
To telle you al the descripcioun.
Depeynted ben the walles up and doun,
Of huntyng and of schamefast chastité.
Ther saugh I how woful Calystopé,
Whan that Dyane was agreved with here,
Was turned from a womman to a bere, 2060
And after was sche maad the loode-sterre;
Thus was it peynted, I can say no ferre;
Hire son is eek a sterre, as men may see.
Ther sawgh I Dyane turned intil a tree,
I mene nought the goddes Dyane,
But Peneus doughter, the whiche hight Dane.
Ther saugh I Atheon an hert i-maked,
For vengance that he saugh Dyane al naked;
I saugh how that his houndes han him caught,
And freten him, for that they knew him naught.
Yit i-peynted was a litel forthermore, 2071
How Atthalaunce huntyd the wilde bore,
And Melyagre, and many another mo,
For which Dyane wrought hem care and woo.
Ther saugh I eek many another story,
The which me list not drawe to memory.
This goddes on an hert ful hye seet,
With smale houndes al aboute hire feet,
And undernethe hir feet sche had the moone,
Wexyng it was, and schulde wane soone. 2080
In gaude greene hire statue clothed was,
With bowe in hande, and arwes in a cas.
Hir eyghen caste sche ful lowe adoun,
Ther Pluto hath his derke regioun.
A womman travailyng was hire biforn,
But for hire child so longe was unborn
Ful pitously Lucyna gan sche calle,
And seyde, "Help, for thou mayst best of alle."
Wel couthe he peynte lyfly that it wrought,
With many a floren he the hewes bought. 2090

2000. *pikepurs*. The *pikepurses* were, I believe, the plunderers who followed the army, and their introduction here is not so inappropriate as Tyrwhitt seemed to think

2005. *contek*. I have kept Tyrwhitt's reading, supported by most of the MSS. The Harl. Ms. reads *kuttud*, evidently by error.

2013. Tyrwhitt, with most of the MSS., has *Yet saw I woodnesse laughing in his rage*, which is perhaps the correct reading. The Ms. Harl. reads *woundes* for *woodnes*, and *here rage*

2015-2020 These lines, given here from Tyrwhitt, are omitted in Ms. Harl., and in some of the other MSS. I have corrected Tyrwhitt's orthography by the best of the two Cambridge MSS.

2023. *infortune of Mart*. Tyrwhitt thinks that Chaucer might intend to be satirical in these lines; but the introduction of such apparently undignified incidents arose from the confusion already mentioned of the god of war with the planet to which his name was given, and the influence of which was supposed to produce all the disasters here mentioned. The following extract from the "Compost of Ptholomeus," already quoted, gives some of the supposed effects of Mars. "Under Mars is borne theves and robbers that kepe hye wayes, and do hurte to true men, and nyght walkers, and quarell pykers, bosters, mockers, and skoffers, and these men of Mars causeth warre and murther, and batayle, they wyll be gladly *smythes* or workers of yron, lyght fyngred, and lyers, gret swerers of othes in vengeable wyse, and a great surmyler and crafty. He is red and angry, with blacke heer, and lytell iyen; he shall be a great walker, and a maker of swordes and knyves, and a sheder of mannes blode, and a fornycatour, and a speker of rybawdry . . . . and good to be a *barboure* and a blode letter, and to drawe tethe, and is peryllous of his handes." The following extract is from an old astrological book of the sixteenth century:—"Mars denoteth men with red faces and the skinne redde, the face round, the eyes yellow, horrible to behold, furious men, cruell, desperate, proude, sedicious, souldiers, captaines, *smythes*, colliers, bakers, alcumistes, armourers, furnishers, *butchers*, chirurgions, *barbers*, sargiants, and hangmen, according as they shal be well or evill disposed."

2027. Tyrwhitt has altered this line to *Th'armerer, and the bowyer, and the smith*. The barber and butcher, as well as the smith, were under the influence of Mars. See the extracts in the last note.

2039. *in sterres*. It was supposed by astrologers that every man's fortunes were depicted in the stars from the beginning of the world. Other MSS., with Tyrwhitt, read *cercles*

2042. This line is left blank in Ms. Harl.

2063. *a sterre*. The Harl. Ms. reads, by an evident mistake, *is eek aftir as men may see.*

Now been thise listes maad, and Theseus
That at his grete cost arayed thus
The temples and the theatres every del,
Whan it was don, it liked him right wel.
But stynt I wil of Theseus a lite,
And speke of Palamon and of Arcite.
The day approcheth of her attournyng,
That every schuld an hundred knightes bryng,
The batail to derreyne, as I you tolde;
And til Athenes, her covenant to holde, 2100
Hath every of hem brought an hundred knightes,
Wel armed for the werre at alle rightes.
And sikerly ther trowed many a man
That never, sithchen that this world bigan
For to speke of knighthod of her hond,
As fer as God has maked see or lond,
Nas, of so fewe, so good a company.
For every wight that loveth chyvalry,
And wold, his thankes, have a passant name,
Hath preyed that he might be of that game, 2110
And wel was him, that therto chosen was.
For if ther felle to morwe such a caas,
I knowe wel, that every lusty knight,
That loveth paramours, and hath his might,
Were it in Engelond, or elleswhere,
They wold, here thankes, wilne to be there.
To fighte for a lady; *benedicite!*
It were a lusty sighte for to see.
And right so ferden they with Palamon.
With him ther wente knyghtes many oon; 2120
Some wol ben armed in an haburgoun,
In a bright brest plat and a gypoun;
And som wold have a peyre plates large;
And som wold have a Pruce scheld, or a targe;
Som wol been armed on here legges weel,
And have an ax, and eek a mace of steel.
Ther nys no newe gyse, that it nas old.
Armed were they, as I have you told,
Everich after his owen opinioun.
Ther maistow se comyng with Palamoun 2130
Ligurge himself, the grete kyng of Trace;
Blak was his berd, and manly was his face.
The cercles of his eyen in his heed
They gloweden bytwixe yolw and reed,
And lik a griffoun loked he aboute,
With kempe heres on his browes stowte;
His lymes greet, his brawnes hard and stronge,
His schuldres brood, his armes rounde and longe.
And as the gyse was in his contré,
Ful heye upon a chare of gold stood he, 2140
With foure white boles in a trays.
In stede of cote armour in his harnays,
With nayles yolwe, and bright as eny gold,
He had a bere skyn, colc-blak for old.
His lange heer y-kempt byhynd his bak,
As eny raven fether it schon for blak.
A wrethe of gold arm-gret, and huge of wight,
Upon his heed, set ful of stoones bright,
Of fyne rubeus and of fyn dyamauntz.
Aboute his chare wente white alauntz, 2150
Twenty and mo, as grete as eny stere,
To hunte at the lyoun or at the bere,
And folwed him, with mosel fast i-bounde,
Colord with golde, and torettes fyled rounde.
An hundred lordes had he in his route
Armed ful wel, with hertes stern and stoute.
With Arcita, in stories as men fynde,
The gret Emetreus, the kyng of Ynde,
Uppon a steede bay, trapped in steel,
Covered with cloth and of gold dyapred wel, 2160
Cam rydyng lyk the god of armes Mars.
His coote armour was of a cloth of Tars,
Cowched of perlys whyte, round and grete.
His sadil was of brend gold newe bete;
A mantelet upon his schuldre hangyng
Bret-ful of rubies reed, as fir sparclyng.
His crispe her lik rynges was i-ronne,
And that was yalwe, and gliteryng as the sonne.
His nose was heigh, his eyen were cytryne,
His lippes rounde, his colour was sangwyn, 2170
A fewe freknes in his face y-spreynd,
Betwixe yolwe and somdel blak y-meynd,
And as a lyoun he his lokyng caste.
Of fyve and twenty yeer his age I caste.
His berd was wel bygonne for to sprynge;
His voys was as a trumpe thunderynge.
Upon his heed he wered of laurer grene
A garlond freisch and lusty for to sene.
Upon his hond he bar for his delyt
An egle tame, as eny lylie whyt. 2180
An hundred lordes had he with him ther,
Al armed sauf here hedes in here ger,
Ful richely in alle maner thinges.
For trusteth wel, that dukes, erles, kynges
Were gadred in this noble companye,
For love, and for encres of chivalrye.
Aboute the kyng ther ran on every part
Ful many a tame lyoun and lepart.
And in this wise thes lordes alle and some
Been on the Sonday to the cité come 2190
Aboute prime, and in the toun alight.
This Theseus, this duk, this worthy knight,
Whan he had brought hem into his cité,
And ynned hem, everich at his degré
He festeth hem, and doth so gret labour
To esen hem, and do hem al honour,
That yit men wene that no mannes wyt
Of non estat that cowde amenden it.
The mynstralcye, the servyce at the feste,
The grete giftes to the most and leste, 2200
The riche aray of Theseus paleys,
Ne who sat first ne last upon the deys,
What ladies fayrest ben or best daunsyng,
Or which of hem can daunce best or sing,
Ne who most felyngly speketh of love;
What haukes sitten on the perche above,
What houndes lyen in the floor adoun:
Of al this make I now no mencioun;
But of theffect; that thinketh me the beste; 2209
Now comth the poynt, and herkneth if you leste.
The Sonday night, or day bigan to springe,
When Palamon the larke herde synge,
Although it were nought day by houres tuo,
Yit sang the larke, and Palamon also
With holy herte, and with an heih corage
He roos, to wenden on his pilgrymage
Unto the blisful Cithera benigne,
I mene Venus, honorable and digne.
And in hire hour he walketh forth a paas

2124. *Pruce.* This is the reading of most of the MSS. The MS. Harl. has *prys.*

2162. *cloth of Tars.* A kind of silk, said to be the same as in other places is called *Tartarine (tartarinum)*, but the exact derivation of which appears to be somewhat uncertain.

2201 *Theseus paleys.* The MS. Harl. reads *of Thebes his paleys.*

2219. *And in hire hour.* "I cannot better illustrate Chaucer's astrology than by a quotation from the old

Unto the lystes, ther hir temple was, 2220
And doun he kneleth, and, with humble cheer
And herte sore, he seide as ye schal heer.
"Fairest of faire, o lady myn Venus,
Doughter of Jove, and spouse to Vulcanus,
Thou glader of the mount of Citheroun,
For thilke love thou haddest to Adeoun
Have pité on my bitter teeres smerte,
And tak myn humble prayer to thin herte.
Allas! I ne have no language for to telle
Theffectes ne the tormentz of myn helle; 2230
Myn herte may myn harmes nat bewreye;
I am so confus, that I may not seye.
But mercy, lady bright, that knowest wel
My thought, and felest what harm that I fel,
Consider al this, and rew upon my sore,
As wisly as I schal for evermore
Enforce my might thi trewe servant to be,
And holde werre alday with chastité;
That make I myn avow, so ye me helpe.
I kepe nat of armes for to yelpe. 2240
Ne nat I aske to morn to have victorie,
Ne renoun in this caas, ne veyne glorie
Of pris of armes, blowyng up and doun,
But I wolde have ful possessioun
Of Emelye, and dye in thi servise;
Fynd thou the maner how, and in what wyse.
I recche nat, but it may better be,
To have victorie of him, or he of me,
So that I have my lady in myn armes.
For though so be that Mars be god of armes,
And ye be Venus, the goddes of love, 2251
Youre vertu is so gret in heven above,
Thy temple wol I worschipe evermo,
And on thin auter, wher I ryde or go,
I wol do sacrifice, and fyres beete.
And if ye wol nat so, my lady sweete,
Than pray I the, to morwe with a spere
That Arcita me thurgh the herte bere.
Thanne rekke I nat, whan I have lost my lyf,
Though that Arcite have hir to his wyf. 2260
This is theffect and ende of my prayere;
Gif me my love, thou blisful lady deere."
Whan thorisoun was doon of Palamon,
His sacrifice he dede, and that anoon
Ful pitously, with alle circumstances,
Al telle I nat as now his observances.
But at the last the statu of Venus schook,
And made a signe, wherby that he took
That his prayer accepted was that day.
For though the signe schewed a delay, 2270
Yet wist he wel that graunted was his boone;
And with glad herte he went him hom ful soone.
The thrid hour inequal that Palamon
Bigan to Venus temple for to goon,
Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye,
And to the temple of Dian gan sche hye.
Hir maydens, that sche with hir thider ladde,
Ful redily with hem the fyr they hadde,
Thencens, the clothes, and the remenant al
That to the sacrifice longen schal; 2280
The hornes ful of meth, as is the gyse;
Ther lakketh nought to do here sacrifise.
Smokyng the temple, ful of clothes faire,
This Emelye with herte debonaire
Hir body wessch with watir of a welle;
But how sche dide I ne dar nat telle,
But it be eny thing in general;
And yet it were a game to here it al;
To him that meneth wel it were no charge:
But it is good a man be at his large. 2290
Hir brighte her was kempt, untressed al;
A corone of a grene ok cerial
Upon hir heed was set ful fair and meete.
Tuo fyres on the auter gan sche beete,
And did hir thinges, as men may biholde
In Stace of Thebes and the bokes olde.
Whan kyndled was the fyre, with pitous cheere
Unto Dyan sche spak, as ye may heere.
"O chaste goddes of the woodes greene,
To whom bothe heven and erthe and see is seene,
Queen of the regne of Pluto derk and lowe, 2301
Goddes of maydenes, that myn hert has knowe
Ful many a yeer, ye woot what I desire,
As keep me fro the vengans of thilk yre,
That Atheon aboughte trewely:
Chaste goddesse, wel wost thou that I
Desire to ben a mayden al my lyf,
Ne never wol I be no love ne wyf.
I am, thou wost, yit of thi company,
A mayden, and love huntyng and venery, 2310
And for to walken in the woodes wylde,
And nought to ben a wyf, and be with chylde.
Nought wol I knowe the company of man.
Now helpe me, lady, sythnes ye may and kun,
For the thre formes that thou hast in the.
And Palamon, that hath such love to me,

Kalendrier de Bergiers, edit. 1500, sign. K. ii. b. Qui veult savoir comme bergiers scevent quel planete regne chascune heure du jour et de la nuit, doit savoir la planete du jour qui veult s'enquerir; et la premiere heure temporelle du soleil levant ce jour est pour celluy planete, la seconde heure est pour la planete ensuivant, et la tierce pour l'autre, &c. in the following order, viz. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus Mercury, Luna. To apply this doctrine to the present case. The first hour of the Sunday, reckoning from sun-rise, belonged to the Sun, the planet of the day; the second to Venus, the third to Mercury, &c.; and continuing this method of allotment, we shall find that the twenty-second hour also belonged to the Sun, and the twenty-third to Venus; so that the hour of Venus really was, as Chaucer says, two hours before sun-rise of the following day. Accordingly we are told in ver. 2273, that the third hour after Palamon set out for the temple of Venus, the Sun rose, and Emelie began to go to the temple of Diane. It is not said that this was the hour of Diane, or the Moon, but it really was; for, as we have just seen, the twenty-third hour of Sunday belonging to Venus, the twenty fourth must be given to Mercury, and the first hour of Monday falls in course to the Moon, the presiding planet of that day. After this Arcite is described as walking to the temple of Mars, ver. 2309, in *the nexte houre of Mars*, that is, the *fourth* hour of the day. It is necessary to take these words together, for *the nexte houre*, singly, would signify the *second* hour of the day; but that, according to the rule of rotation mentioned above, belonged to Saturn, as the *third* did to Jupiter. The *fourth* was *the nexte houre of Mars*, that occurred after the hour last named."—*Tyrwhitt.*

2223. *Fairest of faire.* The Ms. Harl. reads *fairest, O fairest.*

2273. *The thrid hour inequal.* "In the astrological system, the day, from sun-rise to sun-set, and the night, from sun-set to sun-rise, being each divided into XII. hours, it is plain that the hours of the day and night were never equal, except just at the equinoxes. The hours attributed to the planets were of this *unequal* sort. See Kalendrier de Berg. loc. cit. and our author's treatise on the Astrolabe."—*Tyrwhitt.*

2291. *brighte her.* So in the Teseide, Emily is described as—

Dicho che i suo crin parevan d'oro,
Non con trezza restretti, ma soluti
E petinati.

2292. *a corone.* Corona di querzia cereale.—*Teseide.*

2296. *In Stace of Thebes.* In the Thebaid of Statius.

2315 *thre formes.* The Ms. Harl., probably by a mistake of the scribe, omits the word *thre.*

D

And eek Arcite, that loveth me so sore,
This grace I praye the withouten more,
As sende love and pees betwix hem two;
And fro me torne awey here hertes so, 2320
That al here hoote love, and here desire,
Al here besy torment, and al here fyre
Be queynt, or turned in another place.
And if so be thou wol do me no grace,
Or if my destyné be schapid so,
That I schal needes have on of hem two,
So send me him that most desireth me.
Biholde, goddes of clene chastité,
The bitter teeres that on my cheekes falle.
Syn thou art mayde, and keper of us alle, 2330
My maydenhode thou kepe and wel conserve,
And whil I lyve a mayde I wil the serve."
The fyres bren upon the auter cleer,
Whil Emelye was in hire preyer;
But sodeinly sche saugh a sighte queynt,
For right anon on of the fyres queynt,
And quyked agayn, and after that anon
That other fyr was queynt, and al agon;
And as it queynt, it made a whistelyng,
As doth a wete brond in his brennyng. 2340
And at the brondes end out ran anoon
As it were bloody dropes many oon;
For which so sore agast was Emelye,
That sche was wel neih mad, and gan to crie,
For sche ne wiste what it signifyed;
But oonely for feere thus sche cryed,
And wepte, that it was pité to heere.
And therwithal Dyane gan appeere,
With bow in hond, right as a hunteresse,
And seyd; "A! doughter, stynt thyn hevynesse.
Among the goddes hye it is affermed, 2351
And by eterne word write and confermed,
Thou schalt be wedded unto oon of tho,
That have for the so moche care and wo;
But unto which of hem may I nat telle.
Farwel, for I may her no lenger dwelle.
The fyres which that on myn auter bren
Schuln the declare, or that thou go hen,
Thyn adventure of love, and in this caas."
And with that word, the arwes in the caas 2360
Of the goddesse clatren faste and rynge,
And forth sche went, and made a vanysschynge,
For which this Emelye astoneyd was,
And seide, "What amounteth this, allas!
I put me under thy proteccioun,
Dyane, and in thi disposicioun."
And hoom sche goth anon the nexte way.
This is theffect, ther nys no mor to say.
The nexte hour of Mars folwynge this,
Arcite to the temple walkyd is, 2370
To fyry Mars to doon his sacrifise,
With al the rightes of his payen wise.
With pitous herte and heih devocioun,
Right thus to Mars he sayd his orisoun:
"O stronge god, that in the reynes cold
Of Trace honoured and lord art y-hold,
And hast in every regne and every land
Of armes al the bridel in thy hand,
And hem fortunest as the lust devyse,
Accept of me my pitous sacrifise. 2380
If so be that my youthe may deserve,
And that my might be worthi for to serve
Thy godhed, that I may ben on of thine,

2375. The greater part of this prayer is taken almost literally from the *Teseide*.

Then pray I the to rewe on my pyne,
For thilke peyne, and that hoote fuyre,
In which whilom thou brendest for desyre,
Whan that thou usedest the gret bewté
Of faire freissche Venus, that is so free,
And haddest hir in armes at thy wille;
And though the ones on a tyme mysfille, 2390
When Vulcanus had caught the in his laas,
And fand the liggyng by his wyf, allaas!
For thilke sorwe that was in thin herte,
Have reuthe as wel upon my peynes smerte.
I am yong and unkonnyng, as thou wost,
And, as I trowe, with love offendid most,
That ever was eny lyves creature;
For sche, that doth me al this wo endure,
Ne rekketh never whether I synke or flete.
And wel I woot, or sche me mercy heete, 2400
I moot with strengthe wyn hir in the place;
And wel I wot, withouten help or grace
Of the, ne may my strengthe nought avayle.
Then help me, lord, to morn in my batayle,
For thilke fyr that whilom brende the,
As wel as this fire now brenneth me;
And do to morn that I have the victorie.
Myn be the travail, al thin be the glorie.
Thy soverein tempul wol I most honouren
Of any place, and alway most labouren 2410
In thy plesaunce and in thy craftes strong.
And in thy tempul I wol my baner hong,
And alle the armes of my companye,
And ever more, unto that day I dye,
Eterne fyr I wol bifore the fynde.
And eek to this avow I wol me bynde:
My berd, myn heer that hangeth longe adoun,
That never yit ne felt offensioun
Of rasour ne of schere, I wol thee give,
And be thy trewe servaunt whiles I lyve. 2420
Lord, have rowthe uppon my sorwes sore,
Gif me the victorie, I aske no more."
The preyer stynt of Arcita the strange,
The rynges on the tempul dore that hange,
And eek the dores, clatereden ful fast,
Of which Arcita somwhat was agast.
The fyres brenden on the auter bright,
That it gan al the tempul for to light;
A swote smel anon the ground upgaf,
And Arcita anon his hand up haf, 2430
And more encens into the fyr yet cast,
With othir rightes, and than atte last
The statu of Mars bigan his hauberk ryng.
And with that soun he herd a murmuryng
Ful lowe and dym, and sayde this, "Victorie."
For which he gaf to Mars honour and glorie.
And thus with joye, and hope wel to fare,
Arcite anoon unto his inne is fare,
As fayn as foul is of the brighte sonne.
And right anon such stryf is bygonne 2440
For that grauntyng, in the heven above,
Bitwix Venus the goddes of love,
And Martz the sterne god armypotent,
That Jupiter was busy it to stent;
Til that the pale Saturnes the colde,
That knew so many of aventures olde,
Fond in his olde experiens an art,
That he ful sone hath plesyd every part.
As soth is sayd, eelde hath gret avantage,
In eelde is bothe wisdom and usage; 2450
Men may the eelde at-ren, but nat at-rede.
Saturne anon, to stynte stryf and drede,

Al be it that it be agayns his kynde,
Of al this stryf he can a remedy fynde.
"My deere doughter Venus," quod Satourne,
"My cours, that hath so wyde for to tourne,
Hath more power than woot eny man.
Myn is the drenchyng in the see so wan;
Myn is the prisoun in the derke cote;
Myn is the stranglyng and hangyng by the throte;
The murmur, and the cherles rebellyng; 2461
The groynyng, and the pryvé enpoysonyng.
I do vengance and pleyn correctioun,
Whiles I dwelle in the signe of the lyoun.
Myn is the ruen of the hihe halles,
The fallyng of the toures and the walles
Upon the mynour or the carpenter.
I slowh Sampsoun in schakyng the piler.
And myne ben the maladies colde,
The derke tresoun, and the castes olde; 2470
Myn lokyng is the fadir of pestilens.
Now wepe nomore, I schal do my diligence,
That Palamon, that is myn owen knight,
Schal have his lady, as thou him bihight.
Thow Martz schal kepe his knight, yet nevertheles
Bitwixe you ther moot som tyme be pees;
Al be ye nought of oo complexioun,
That ilke day causeth such divisioun.
I am thi ayel, redy at thy wille;
Wepe thou nomore, I wol thi lust fulfille." 2480
Now wol I stynt of the goddes above,
Of Mars, and of Venus goddes of love,
And telle you, as pleinly as I can,
The grete effecte for that I bigan.
Gret was the fest in Athenus that day,
And eek that lusty sesoun of that May
Made every wight to ben in such plesaunce,
That al the Monday jousten they and daunce,
And spende it in Venus heigh servise.
But by the cause that they schuln arise 2490
Erly a-morwe for to see that fight,
Unto their rest wente they at nyght.
And on the morwe whan the day gan spryng,
Of hors and hernoys noyse and clateryng
Ther was in the oostes al aboute;
And to the paleys rood ther many a route
Of lordes, upon steede and palfreys.
Ther mayst thou see devysyng of herneys
So uncowth and so riche wrought and wel
Of goldsmithry, of browdyng, and of steel; 2500
The scheldes bright, testers, and trappures;
Gold-beten helmes, hauberks, and cote armures;
Lordes in paramentes on her coursers,
Knightes of retenu, and eek squyers;
Rayhyng the speres, and helmes bokelyng,
Girdyng of scheeldes, with layneres lasyng;
Ther as need is, they were nothing ydel;
Ther fomen steedes, on the golden bridel
Gnawyng, and faste armurers also
With fyle and hamer prikyng to and fro; 2510
Yemen on foote, and knaves many oon
With schorte staves, as thikke as they may goon;
Pypes, trompes, nakers, and clariounes,
That in the batail blewe bloody sownes;
The paleys ful of pepul up and doun,
Heer thre, ther ten, haldyng her questioun,
Dyvynyng of this Thebans knightes two.
Som seyden thus, som seyd it schal be so;
Som heelde with him with the blake berd,
Som with the ballyd, som with thikke hered; 2520
Som sayd he loked grym as he wold fight;
He hath a sparth of twenti pound of wight.
Thus was the halle ful of devynyng,
Lang after that the sonne gan to spring.
The gret Theseus that of his sleep is awaked
With menstralcy and noyse that was maked,
Held yit the chambre of his paleys riche,
Til that the Thebanes knyghtes bothe i-liche
Honoured weren, and into paleys fet.
Duk Theseus was at a wyndow set. 2530
Arayed right as he were god in trone.
The pepul preseth thider-ward ful sone
Him for to seen, and doon him reverence,
And eek herken his hest and his sentence.
An herowd on a skaffold made a hoo,
Til al the noyse of the pepul was i-doo;
And whan he sawh the pepul of noyse al stille,
Thus schewed he the mighty dukes wille.
"The lord hath of his heih discrecioun
Considered, that it were destruccioun 2540
To gentil blood, to fighten in this wise
Of mortal batail now in this emprise;
Wherfore to schapen that they schuld not dye,
He wol his firste purpos modifye.
No man therfore, up peyne of los of lyf,
No maner schot, ne pollax, ne schort knyf
Into the lystes sende, or thider bryng;
Ne schorte swerd for to stoke the point bytyng
No man ne draw, ne bere by his side.
Ne noman schal unto his felawe ryde 2550
But oon cours, with a scharpe spere;
Feyne if him lust on foote, himself to were.
And he that is at meschief, schal be take,
And nat slayn, but be brought to the stake,
That schal be ordeyned on eyther syde;
But thider he schal by force, and ther abyde.
And if so falle, a cheventen be take
On eyther side, or elles sle his make,
No lenger schal the turneynge laste. 2559
God spede you; goth forth and ley on faste.
With long swerd and with mace fight your fille.
Goth now your way; this is the lordes wille."
The voice of the poepul touchith heven,
So lowde cried thei with mery steven:
"God save such a lord that is so good,
He wilneth no destruccioun of blood!"
Up goth the trompes and the melodye,
And to the lystes ryde the companye
By ordynaunce, thurgh the cité large,
Hangyng with cloth of gold, and not with sarge.
Ful lik a lord this nobul duk can ryde,

2453. *agayns his kynde.* According to the "Compost of Ptholomeus," Saturn was influential in producing strife: "And the children of the sayd Saturne shall be great jangeleres and chyders. . . . and they will never forgyve tyll they be revenged of theyr quarell."

2456. *My cours.* The course of the planet Saturn. See the next note.

2457. *more power.* The "Compost of Ptholomeus," quoted above, says of Saturn, "he is mighty of hymself. . It is more than xxx yere or he may ronne his course. . . . Whan he doth reygne, there is moche debate."

2516. *heer thre.* So in the Teseide,—
Qui tre, la quatro, e qui sei adunati,
Tra lor mostrando diverse ragione.

2527. *held yit the chambre.* So the Teseide,—
Anchor le riche camere tenea
Del suo palazio.

2563. *The voice of the poepul.* So the Teseide,—
Di nobili e dei populo il romore
Tocho le stelle, se fu alto e forte,
Li dei, dicendo, servi tal signore
Che de gli amici suoi fugie la morte.

2564. *mery.* The Ms. Harl. reads *mylde.*

Those tuo Thebans on eyther sido; 2572
And after rood the queen, and Emelye,
And after hem another companye
Of one and other, after here degré.
And thus they passeden thurgh that cité,
And to the lystes come thei by tyme;
It nas not of the day yet fully pryme.
Whan sette was Theseus riche and hye,
Ypolita the queen and Emelye, 2580
And other ladyes in here degrees aboute,
Unto the settes passeth al the route.
And west-ward, thorugh the gates of Mart,
Arcite, and eek the hundred of his part,
With baners red ys entred right anoon;
And in that selve moment Palamon
Is, under Venus, est-ward in that place,
With baner whyt, and hardy cheer of face.
In al the world, to seeke up and doun,
So even withoute variacioun 2590
Ther nere suche companyes tweye.
For ther nas noon so wys that cowthe seye,
That any had of other avauntage
Of worthines, ne staat, ne of visage,
So evene were they chosen for to gesse.
And in two renges faire they hem dresse.
And whan here names i-rad were everychon,
That in here nombre gile were ther noon,
Tho were the gates schitt, and cried lowde:
"Doth now your devoir, yonge knightes proude!"
The heraldz laften here prikyng up and doun;
Now ryngede the tromp and clarioun;
Ther is nomore to say, but est and west
In goth the speres into the rest;
Ther seen men who can juste, and who can ryde;
In goth the scharpe spere into the side.
Ther schyveren schaftes upon schuldres thikke;
He feeleth thurgh the herte-spon the prikke.
Up sprengen speres on twenty foot on hight;
Out goon the swerdes as the silver bright. 2610
The helmes there to-hewen and to-schrede;
Out brast the blood, with stoute stremes reede.
With mighty maces the bones thay to-breste.
He thurgh the thikkest of the throng gan threste.
Ther stomblen steedes strong, and doun can falle.
He rolleth under foot as doth a balle.
He feyneth on his foot with a tronchoun,
And him hurteleth with his hors adoun.
He thurgh the body hurt is, and siththen take
Maugré his heed, and brought unto the stake, 2620
As forward was, right ther he most abyde.
Another lad is on that other syde.
And som tyme doth Theseus hem to rest,
Hem to refreissche, and drinke if hem lest.
Ful ofte a-day have this Thebans twoo
Togider y-met, and wrought his felaw woo;
Unhorsed hath ech other of hem tweye
Ther nas no tygyr in the vale of Galgopleye,
Whan that hir whelp is stole, whan it is lite,
So cruel on the hunt, as is Arcite 2630
For jelous hert upon this Palamon:

2574. *And after hem.* The Ms. Harl. reads these two lines thus,—

And after hem of ladyes another companye,
And after hem of comune after here degré.

Of ladyes in the first line seems redundant, and the second line appears to have been blundered by a careless or ignorant scribe.

2617. *on his foot.* Conf. l. 2552.

2628. *Galgopleys.* Tyrwhitt reads *Galaphey*, and conjectures that Chaucer meant Galapha in Mauritania Tingitana. Belmarie has been noticed before, l. 57.

Ne in Belmary ther is no fel lyoun,
That hunted is, or is for hunger wood,
Ne of his prey desireth so the blood,
As Palamon to sle his foo Arcite.
The jelous strokes on here helmes byte;
Out renneth blood on bothe here sides reede.
Som tyme an ende ther is on every dede;
For er the sonne unto the reste went,
The strange kyng Emetreus gan hent 2640
This Palamon, as he faught with Arcite,
And his swerd in his fleissch he did byte;
And by the force of twenti he is take
Unyolden, and i-drawe unto the stake.
And in the rescous of this Palamon
The stronge kyng Ligurgius is born adoun;
And kyng Emetreus for al his strengthe
Is born out of his sadel his swerdes lengthe,
So hit him Palamon er he were take; 2649
But al for nought, he was brought to the stake.
His hardy herte might him helpe nought;
He most abyde whan that he was caught,
By force, and eek by composicioun.
Who sorweth now but woful Palamoun,
That moot nomore gon agayn to fight?
And whan that Theseus had seen that sight,
He cryed, "Hoo! nomore, for it is doon!
Ne noon schal lenger unto his felaw goon.
I wol be trewe juge, and nought partye.
Arcyte of Thebes schal have Emelye, 2660
That hath by his fortune hire i-wonne."
Anoon ther is noyse bygonne
For joye of this, so lowde and hey withalle,
It semed that the listes wolde falle.
What can now fayre Venus doon above?
What seith sche now? what doth this queen of [love?
But wepeth so, for wantyng of hir wille,
Til that hire teeres in the lystes fille;
Sche seyde: "I am aschamed doutelees."
Satournus seyde: "Doughter, hold thy pees. 2670
Mars hath his wille, his knight hath his boone,
And by myn heed thou schalt be esed soone."
The trompes with the lowde mynstralcy,
The herawdes, that ful lowde yolle and cry,
Been in here joye for daun Arcyte.
But herkneth me, and stynteth but a lite,
Which a miracle bifel anoon.
This Arcyte fersly hath don his helm adoun,
And on his courser for to schewe his face
He priked endlange in the large place, 2680
Lokyng upward upon this Emelye;
And sche agayn him cast a frendly yghe,
(For wommen, as for to speke in comune,
Thay folwe alle the favour of fortune)
And was alle his in cheer, and in his hert.
Out of the ground a fyr infernal stert,
From Pluto send, at the request of Saturne,
For which his hors for feere gan to turne,
And leep asyde, and foundred as he leep;
And or that Arcyte may take keep, 2690
He pight him on the pomel of his heed,
That in that place he lay as he were deed,
His brest to-broken with his sadil bowe.
As blak he lay as eny col or crowe,
So was the blood y-ronne in his face.
Anon he was y-born out of the place
With herte sore, to Theseus paleys.
Tho was he corven out of his harneys,
And in a bed y-brought ful faire and blyve,
For yit he was in memorie and on lyve, 2700

And alway cryeng after Emelye.
Duk Theseus, and al his companye,
Is comen hom to Athenes his cité,
With alle blys and gret solempnité.
Al be it that this aventure was falle,
He nolde nought discomforten hem alle.
Men seyde eek, that Arcita schuld nought dye,
He schal be helyd of his maladye.
And of another thing they were as fayn,
That of hem alle ther was noon y-slayn, 2710
Al were they sore hurt, and namely oon,
That with a spere was thirled his brest boon.
To other woundes, and to broken armes,
Some hadde salve, and some hadde charmes,
Fermacyes of herbes, and eek save
They dronken, for they wolde here lyves have.
For which this noble duk, as he wel can,
Comforteth and honoureth every man,
And made revel al the lange night,
Unto the straunge lordes, as was right. 2720
Ne ther was holden no discomfytyng,
But as a justes or as a turneying;
For sothly ther was no discomfiture,
For fallynge is but an adventure.
Ne to be lad with fors unto the stake
Unyolden, and with twenty knightes take,
A person allone, withouten moo,
And rent forth by arme, foot, and too,
And eke his steede dryven forth with staves,
With footemen, bothe yemen and eke knaves, 2730
It was aretted him no vylonye,
Ne no maner man helde it no cowardye.
For which Theseus lowd anon leet crie,
To stynten al rancour and al envye,
The gree as wel on o syde as on other,
And every side lik, as otheres brother;
And gaf hem giftes after here degré,
And fully heeld a feste dayes thre;
And conveyed the knightes worthily
Out of his toun a journee largely. 2740
And hom went every man the righte way,
Ther was no more, but "Farwel, have good day!"
Of this batayl I wol no more endite,
But speke of Palamon and of Arcyte.
Swelleth the brest of Arcyte, and the sore
Encresceth at his herte more and more.
The clothred blood, for eny leche-craft,
Corrumpith, and is in his bouk i-laft,
That nother veyne blood, ne ventusyng,
Ne drynk of herbes may ben his helpyng. 2750
The vertu expulsif, or animal,
Fro thilke vertu cleped natural,
Ne may the venym voyde, ne expelle.
The pypes of his lounges gan to swelle,
And every lacerte in his brest adoun
Is schent with venym and corrupcioun.
Him gayneth nother, for to get his lyf,
Vomyt up-ward, ne doun-ward laxatif;
Al is to-broken thilke regioun;
Nature hath now no dominacioun. 2760
And certeynly wher nature wil not wirche,
Farwel phisik; go bere the man to chirche.
This al and som, that Arcyte moste dye.
For which he sendeth after Emelye,
And Palamon, that was his cosyn deere.
Than seyd he thus, as ye schul after heere.
"Naught may the woful spirit in myn herte
Declare a poynt of my sorwes smerte
To you, my lady, that I love most;
But I byquethe the service of my gost 2770
To you aboven every creature,
Syn that my lyf may no lenger dure.
Allas, the woo! allas, the peynes stronge,
That I for you have suffred, and so longe!
Allas, the deth! allas, myn Emelye!
Allas, departyng of our companye!
Allas, myn hertes queen! allas, my wyf!
Myn hertes lady, ender of my lyf!
What is this world? what asken men to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave 2780
Allone withouten eny companye.
Farwel, my swete! farwel, myn Emelye!
And softe take me in your armes tweye,
For love of God, and herkneth what I seye.
I have heer with my cosyn Palamon
Had stryf and rancour many a day i-gon,
For love of yow, and eek for jelousie.
And Jupiter so wis my sowle gye,
To speken of a servaunt proprely,
With alle circumstaunces trewely, 2790
That is to seyn, trouthe, honour, and knighthede,
Wysdom, humblesse, astaat, and hy kynrede,
Fredam, and al that longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne know I non
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and wol do al his lyf.
And if that ye schul ever be a wyf,
Forget not Palamon, that gentil man."
And with that word his speche faile gan; 2800
For fro his herte up to his brest was come
The cold of deth, that him had overcome.
And yet moreover in his armes twoo
The vital strength is lost, and al agoo.
Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwelled in his herte sik and sore,
Gan fayle, whan the herte felte deth;
Duskyng his eyghen two, and fayled breth.
But on his lady yit he cast his ye;
His laste word was, "Mercy, Emelye!" 2810
His spiryt chaunged was, and wente ther,
As I cam never, I can nat tellen wher.
Therfore I stynte, I nam no dyvynistre;
Of soules fynde I not in this registre,
Ne me list nat thopynyouns to telle
Of hem, though that thei wyten wher they dwelle.
Arcyte is cold, ther Mars his soule gye;
Now wol I speke forth of Emelye.
Shright Emely, and howled Palamon,
And Theseus his sustir took anon 2820
Swownyng, and bar hir fro the corps away.
What helpeth it to tarye forth the day,
To telle how sche weep bothe eve and morwe?

2714, 2715. *charmes—save.* It may be observed that the salves, charms, and pharmacies of herbs, were the principal remedies of the physician in the age of Chaucer. *Save* (*salvia*, the herb sage) was considered one of the most universally efficient of the medieval remedies.

2738. *dayes thre.* Three days were the usual duration of a feast among our early forefathers. As far back as the seventh century, when Wilfred consecrated his church at Ripon, he held—magnum convivium trium dierum et noctium reges cum omni populo lætificantes. Eddius, Vit. S. Wilf. c. 17. I am told that in Scotland these feasts of three days and three nights have been preserved traditionally to a comparatively recent period.

2813. *Therfore I stynte.* Up to this point, the description of Arcite's dying moments is taken literally from the Teseide. "This," Tyrwhitt observes, "is apparently a fling at Boccace's pompous description of the passage of Arcite's soul to heaven."

For in swich caas wommen can have such sorwe,
Whan that here housbonds ben from hem ago,
That for the more part they sorwen so,
Or elles fallen in such maladye,
That atte laste certeynly they dye.
Infynyt been the sorwes and the teeres
Of olde folk, and folk of tendre yeeres; 2830
So gret a wepyng was ther noon certayn,
Whan Ector was i-brought, al freissh i-slayn,
As that ther was for deth of this Theban;
For sorwe of him ther weepeth bothe child and
At Troye, allas! the pité that was there, [man
Cracchyng of cheekes, rendyng eek of here.
"Why woldist thou be deed," this wommen crye,
"And haddest gold ynowgh, and Emelye?"
No man mighte glade Theseus,
Savyng his olde fader Egeus, 2840
That knew this worldes transmutacioun,
As he hadde seen it torne up and doun,
Joye after woo, and woo aftir gladnesse;
And schewed him ensample and likenesse.
"Right as ther deyde never man," quod he,
"That he ne lyved in erthe in som degree,
Yit ther ne lyvede never man," he seyde,
"In al this world, that som tyme he ne deyde.
This world nys but a thurghfare ful of woo,
And we ben pilgryms, passyng to and froo; 2350
Deth is an ende of every worldly sore."
And over al this yit seide he mochil more
To this effect, ful wysly to enhorte
The peple, that they schulde him recomforte.
Duk Theseus, with al his busy cure,
Cast busyly wher that the sepulture
Of good Arcyte may best y-maked be,
And eek most honurable in his degré.
And atte last he took conclusioun,
That ther as first Arcite and Palamon 2860
Hadden for love the batail hem bytwene,
That in the selve grove, soote and greene,
Ther as he hadde his amorous desires,
His compleynt, and for love his hoote fyres,
He wolde make a fyr, in which thoffice
Of funeral he might al accomplice;
And leet comaunde anon to hakke and hewe
The okes old, and lay hem on a rewe
In culpouns well arrayed for to brenne.
His officers with swifte foot they renne, 2870
And ryde anon at his comaundement.
And after this, Theseus hath i-sent
After a beer, and it al overspradde
With cloth of golde, the richest that he hadde.
And of the same sute he clad Arcyte;
Upon his hondes were his gloves white;
Eke on his heed a croune of laurer grene;
And in his hond a swerd ful bright and kene.
He leyde him bare the visage on the beere,
Therwith he weep that pité was to heere. 2880
And for the poeple schulde see him alle,
Whan it was day he brought hem to the halle,
That roreth of the cry and of the soun.
Tho cam this woful Theban Palamoun,
With flotery berd, and ruggy asshy heeres,
In clothis blak, y-dropped al with teeres,
And, passyng other, of wepyng Emelye,
The rewfullest of al the companye.
And in as moche as the service schulde be
The more nobul and riche in his degré, 2890
Duk Theseus leet forth thre steedes bryng,
That trapped were in steel al gliteryng,
And covered with armes of dan Arcyte.
Upon the steedes, that weren grete and white,
Ther seeten folk, of which oon bar his scheeld,
Another his spere up in his hondes heeld;
The thridde bar with him his bowe Turkeys,
Of brend gold was the caas and eek the herneys;
And riden forth a paas with sorwful chere
Toward the grove, as ye schul after heere. 2900
The nobles of the Grekes that ther were
Upon here schuldres carieden the beere,
With slak paas, and eyhen reed and wete,
Thurghout the cité, by the maister streete,
That sprad was al with blak, and wonder hye
Right of the same is al the stret i-wrye.
Upon the right hond went olde Egeus,
And on that other syde duk Theseus,
With vessels in here hand of gold wel fyn,
As ful of hony, mylk, and blood, and wyn; 2910
Eke Palamon, with a gret companye;
And after that com woful Emelye,
With fyr in hond, as was at that tyme the gyse,
To do thoffice of funeral servise.
Heygh labour, and ful gret apparailyng
Was at the service and at the fyr makyng,
That with his grene top the heven raughte,
And twenty fadme of brede tharme straughte;
This is to seyn, the boowes were so brode.
Of stree first was ther leyd ful many a lode. 2920
But how the fyr was makyd up on highte,
And eek the names how the trees highte,
As ook, fyr, birch, asp, aldir, holm, popler,
Wilw, elm, plane, assch, box, chesteyn, lynde,
Mapul, thorn, beech, hasil, ew, whippyltre, [laurer,
How they weren felde, schal nought be told for me;
Ne how the goddes ronnen up and doun,
Disheryt of here habitacioun,
In which they whilom woned in rest and pees,
Nymphes, Faunes, and Amadryes; 2930
Ne how the beestes and the briddes alle
Fledden for feere, whan the woode was falle;
Ne how the ground agast was of the light,
That was nought wont to see no sonne bright;
Ne how the fyr was couchid first with stree,
And thanne with drye stykkes cloven in three,
And thanne with grene woode and spicerie,
And thanne with cloth of gold and with perrye,
And gerlandes hangyng with ful many a flour,
The myrre, thensens with al so gret odour; 2940
Ne how Arcyte lay among al this,
Ne what richesse aboute his body is;
Ne how that Emely, as was the gyse,
Putt in the fyr of funeral servise;
Ne how sche swowned whan sche made the fyre,
Ne what sche spak, ne what was hire desire;

2830. *folk, and folk.* The Ms. Harl. reads *olde folk that ben of tendre.* The lines which follow are read by Tyrwhitt, on the authority of some of the MSS. (perhaps correctly), thus,—

In all the toun for deth of this Theban:
For him ther wepeth bothe childe and man.
So gret a waping was ther non certain,
Whan Hector was y-brought all fresh y-slain
To Troy, &c.

2897. *his bowe Turkeys.* In the Roman de la Rose, l. 913, Love is described as bearing *deux arcs Turquois.*

2921. *But how the fyr.* The description of the funeral, and several other parts of this poem, are taken originally from the Thebaid of Statius, to which Chaucer has already made a direct reference, l. 2296.

2930. *Amadryes.* This is the reading of all the MSS. I have consulted. It is, of course, a corruption of Hamadryades.

Ne what jewels men in the fyr tho cast,
Whan that the fyr was gret and brente fast,
Ne how sum caste her scheeld, and summe her spere
And of here vestimentz, which that they were, 2950
And cuppes ful of wyn, and mylk, and blood,
Unto the fyr, that brent as it were wood,
Ne how the Grekes with an huge route
Thre tymes ryden al the fyr aboute
Upon the left hond, with an heih schoutyng,
And thries with here speres clateryng,
And thries how the ladyes gan to crye,
Ne how that lad was homeward Emelye,
Ne how Arcyte is brent to aschen colde
Ne how the liche wake was y-holde 2960
Al thilke night, ne how the Grekes pleye
The wake-pleyes, kepe I nat to seye,
Who wrastleth best naked, with oyle enoynt,
Ne who that bar him best in no disjoynt
I wol not telle eek how they ben goon
Hoom til Athenes whan the pley is doon
But schortly to the poynt now wol I wende,
And maken of my longe tale an ende
By proces and by lengthe of certeyn yeres
Al styntyd is the mornyng and the teres 2970
Of Grekys by oon general assent
Than semed me ther was a parlement
At Athenes on a certeyn poynt and cas
Among the whiche poyntes spoken was
To han with certeyn contrees alliaunce,
And have fully of Thebans obeissance
For which this noble Theseus anon
Let senden after gentil Palamon
Unwist of him what was the cause and why
But in his blake clothes sorwfully 2980
He cam at his comaundement on hye
Tho sente Theseus for Emelye
Whan they were sette and hussht was al the place
And Theseus abyden hadde a space
Or eny word cam fro his wyse brest,
His eyen sette he ther as was his lest
And with a sad visage he syked stille,
And after that right thus he seide his wille
"The firste moevere of the cause above,
Whan he first made the fayre cheyne of love 2990
Gret was theffect, and heigh was his entente
Wel wist he why, and what therof he mente
For with that faire cheyne of love he bond
The fyr, the water, the eyr, and eek the lond
In certeyn boundes, that they may not flee
That same prynce and moevere eek, quod he,
Hath stabled, in this wrecched world adoun,
Certeyn dayes and duracioun
To alle that er engendrid in this place,
Over the which day they may nat pace, 3000
Al mowe they yit wel here dayes abregge,
Ther needeth non auctorité tallegge,
For it is preved by experience,
But that me lust declare my sentence.
Than may men wel by this ordre discerne,
That thilke moevere stabul is and eterne
Wel may men knowe, but it be a fool,
That every partye dyryveth from his hool.
For nature hath nat take his bygynnyng
Of no partye ne cantel of a thing, 3010
But of a thing that parfyt is and stable,
Descendyng so, til it be corrumpable
And therfore of his wyse purveaunce
He hath so wel biset his ordenaunce,
That spices of thinges and progressiouns
Schullen enduren by successiouns,
And nat eterne be withoute lye
This maistow understand and se at ye
Lo the ook, that hath so long norisschyng
Fro tyme that it gynneth first to spring, 3020
And hath so long a lyf, as we may see,
Yet atte laste wasted is the tree
'Considereth eek, how that the harde stoon
Under oure foot, on which we trede and goon,
Yit wasteth it, as it lith by the weye
The brode ryver som tyme wexeth dreye
The grete townes see we wane and wende
Than may I see that al thing hath an ende
'Of man and womman se we wel also,
That wendeth in oon of this termes two, 3030
That is to seyn, in youthe or elles in age,
He moot ben deed, the kyng as schal a page,
Sum in his bed, som in the deepe see,
Som in the large feeld, as men may se
Ther helpeth naught al goth thilke weye
Thanne may I see wel that al thing schal deye.
What maketh this but Jubiter the kyng?
The which is prynce and cause of alle thing,
Convertyng al unto his propre wille,
From which he is deryved soth to telle 3040
And here agayn no creature on lyve
Of no degre avayleth for to stryve
Than is it wisdom, as thenketh me,
To maken vertu of necessite,
And take it wel, that we may nat eschewe,
And namely that that to us alle is dewe
And who so gruccheth aught, he doth folye,
And rebel is to him that al may gye
And certeynly a man hath most honour
To deyen in his excellence and flour, 3050
Whan he is siker of his goode name
Than hath he doon his freend, ne him, no schame.
And gladder ought his freend ben of his deth,
Whan with honour is yolden up the breth,
Thanne whan his name appalled is for age,
For al forgeten is his vasselage
Thanne is it best, as for a worthi fame,'
To dye whan a man is best of name
The contrary of al this is wilfulnesse
Why grucchen we? why have we hevynesse, 3060
That good Arcyte, of chyvalry the flour,
Departed is, with worschip and honour
Out of this foule prisoun of this lyf?

2953 *Grekes* The scribe of the Ms Harl has by an accident (as it is only in this instance) substituted the more legitimate old English form of the word *Grekes*. Chaucer following the Italian and acquainted with the classic writers uses the form *Grekes* throughout the Knightes Tale

2960 This line is omitted in Ms Harl, by an oversight of the scribe

2964 The description of the funeral like that of the tournament, presents a curious mixture of classic and medieval ideas, such as is found in other works of the same age

2993 *cheyne of love* This sentiment is taken from Boethius, De Consolat Phil lib ii met 8 –

> Hanc rerum seriem ligat
> Terras ac pelagus regens
> Et cœlo imperitans, amor

What follows is taken from the same writer lib iv pr 6

3019 *Lo the ook* From the Teseide,—

> Li querci che anno si lungo nutrimento
> E tanta vita quanto noi vedemo,
> Anno pur alcun tempo finimento
> Le dure pietre ancor, etc.

Why grucheth heer his cosyn and his wyf
Of his welfare, that loven him so wel?
Can he hem thank? nay, God woot, never a del,
That bothe his soule and eek hemself offende,
And yet they may here lustes nat amende.
"What may I conclude of this longe serye,
But aftir wo I rede us to be merye, 3070
And thanke Jubiter of al his grace?
And or that we departe fro this place,
I rede that we make, of sorwes two,
O parfyt joye lastyng ever mo:
And loketh now wher most sorwe is her-inne,
Ther wol we first amenden and bygynne.
"Sustyr," quod he, "this is my ful assent,
With all th'avys heer of my parlement,
That gentil Palamon, your owne knight, 3079
That serveth yow with herte, will, and might,
And ever hath doun, syn fyrst tyme ye him knewe,
That ye schul of your grace upon him rewe,
And take him for your housbond and for lord.
Lene me youre hand, for this is oure acord.
Let see now of your wommanly pite.
He is a kynges brothir sone, pardee;
And though he were a pore bachiller,
Syn he hath served you so many a yeer,
And had for you so gret adversité,
It moste be considered, trusteth me. 3090
For gentil mercy aughte passe right."
Than seyde he thus to Palamon ful right,
"I trowe ther needeth litel sermonyng
To make you assente to this thing.
Com neer, and tak your lady by the hond."
Bitwix hem was i-maad anon the bond,
That highte matrimoyn or mariage,
By alle the counseil of the baronage
And thus with blys and eek with melodye
Hath Palamon i-wedded Emelye. 3100
And God, that al this wyde world hath wrought,
Send him his love, that hath it deere i-bought
For now is Palamon in al his wele,
Lyvynge in blisse, richesse, and in hele,
And Emelye him loveth so tendirly,
And he hir serveth al so gentilly,
That never was ther wordes hem bitweene
Of jelousy, ne of non othir tene.
Thus endeth Palamon and Emelye;
And God save al this fayre companye! 3110

THE PROLOGE OF THE MYLLER.

Whan that the Knight had thus his tale i-told,
In al the route nas ther yong ne old,
That he ne seyde it was a noble story,
And worthi to be drawen to memory;
And namely the gentils everichoon.
Our Host tho lowh and swoor, "So moot I goon,
This goth right wel; unbokeled is the male,
Let se now who schal telle another tale,
For trewely this game is wel bygonne.
Now telleth ye, sir Monk, if that ye konne 3120
Somwhat, to quyte with the knightes tale."
The Myller that for-drunken was al pale,
So that unnethe upon his hors he sat,
He wold avale nowther hood ne hat,
Ne abyde no man for his curtesye,
But in Pilates voys he gan to crye,

And swor by armes and by blood and bones,
"I can a noble tale for the nones,
With which I wol now quyte the knightes tale."
Oure Hoost saugh wel how dronke he was of ale,
And seyde, "Robyn, abyde, my leve brother, 3131
Som bettre man schal telle first another;
Abyd, and let us worken thriftyly."
"By Goddes soule!" quod he, "that wol nat I,
For I wol speke, or elles go my way."
Oure Host answerd, "Tel on, a devel way!
Thou art a fool; thy witt is overcome."
"Now herkneth," quod this Myller, "al and some;
But first I make a protestacioun,
That I am dronke, I knowe wel by my soun;
And therfore if that I mys-speke or seye, 3141
Wyte it the ale of Southwerk, I you preye;
For I wol telle a legende and a lyf
Bothe of a carpenter and of his wyf,
How that the clerk hath set the wrightes cappe."
The Reve answered and seyde, "Stynt thi clappe.
Let be thy lewed drunken harlotrye.
It is a synne, and eek a greet folye
To apeyren eny man, or him defame,
And eek to brynge wyves in ylle name. 3150
Thou mayst ynowgh of other thinges seyn."
This dronken Miller spak ful sone ageyn,
And seyde, "Leeve brother Osewold,
Who hath no wyf, he is no cokewold
But I seye not therfore that thou art oon,
Ther been ful goode wyves many oon
And ever a thousand goode ageyns oon badde;
That knowest thou wel thyself, but if thou madde.
Why art thou angry with my tale now?
I have a wyf, pardé! as wel as thow,
Yet nolde I, for the oxen in my plough
Take upon me more than ynough; 3160
Though that thou deme thiself that thou be oon,
I wol bileeve wel that I am noon.
An housbond schal not be inquisityf
Of Goddes pryveté, ne of his wyf.
So that he may fynde Goddes foysoun there,
Of the remenaunt needeth nought enquere."
What schulde I seye, but that this proud Myllere
He nolde his wordes for no man forbere,
But tolde his cherlisch tale in his manere,
Me athinketh, that I schal reherce it heere. 3170
And therfor every gentil wight I preye,
For Goddes love, as deme nat that I seye,
Of yvel entent, but for I moot reherse
Here wordes alle, al be they better or werse,
Or elles falsen som of my mateere
And therfor who so list it nat to heere,
Turne over the leef, and chese another tale;
For he schal fynde ynowe bothe gret and smale,
Of storial thing that toucheth gentilesse,
And eek moralite, and holynesse. 3180
Blameth nat me, if that ye chese amys.
The Miller is a cherl, ye know wel this;
So was the Reeve, and othir many mo,
And harlotry they tolden bothe two.
Avyseth you, and put me out of blame;
And men schulde nat make ernest of game.

THE MILLERES TALE.

Whilom ther was dwellyng at Oxenford
A riche gnof, that gestes heeld to boorde,
And of his craft he was a carpenter.

3126. Pilates voys. Pilate was probably represented in the popular Mysteries speaking in a gruff loud voice, as one in power and authority.

3156. The next two lines are omitted in Tyrwhitt's text.

With him ther was dwellyng a pore scoler, 3190
Had lerned art, but al his fantasye
Was torned for to lerne astrologye,
And cowde a certeyn of conclusiouns
To deme by interrogaciouns,
If that men axed him in certeyn houres,
Whan that men schuld han drought or ellys schoures;
Or if men axed him what schulde bifalle
Of every thing, I may nought reken hem alle.
This clerk was cleped heende Nicholas;
Of derne love he cowde and of solas; 3200
And therwith he was sleigh and ful privé,
And lik a mayden meke for to se.
A chambir had he in that hostillerye
Alone, withouten eny compaignye,
Ful fetisly i-dight with herbes soote,
And he himself as swete as is the roote
Of lokorys, or eny cetewale.
His almagest, and bookes gret and smale,
His astrylabe, longyng for his art,
His augrym stoones, leyen faire apart 3210
On schelves couched at his beddes heed,
His presse i-covered with a faldyng reed.
And al above ther lay a gay sawtrye,
On which he made a-nightes melodye,
So swetely, that al the chambur rang;
And *Angelus ad virginem* he sang.
And after that he sang the kynges note;
Ful often blissed was his mery throte.
And thus this sweete clerk his tyme spente,
After his frendes fyndyng and his rente. 3220
This carpenter had weddid newe a wyf,
Which that he loved more than his lyf;
Of eyghteteene yeer sche was of age.
Gelous he was, and heeld hir narwe in cage,
For sche was wild and yong, and he was old,
And demed himself belik a cokewold,
He knew nat Catoun, for his wit was rude,
That bad man schulde wedde his similitude.
Men schulde wedde aftir here astaat,
For elde and youthe ben often at debaat. 3230
But syn that he was brought into the snare,
He moste endure, as othere doon, his care.
Fair was the yonge wyf, and therwithal
As eny wesil hir body gent and smal.
A seynt sche wered, barred al of silk;
A barm-cloth eek as whit as morne mylk
Upon hir lendes, ful of many a gore.
Whit was hir smok, and browdid al byfore
And eek byhynde on hir coler aboute,
Of cole-blak silk, withinne and eek withoute.
The tapes of hir white voluper 3241
Weren of the same sute of hire coler;
Hir filet brood of silk y-set ful heye.
And certeynly sche hadd a licorous eyghe;
Ful smal y-pulled weren hir browes two,
And tho were bent, as blak as a slo.
Sche was wel more blisful on to see
Than is the newe perjonette tree;
And softer than the wol is of a wethir.
And by hir gurdil hyng a purs of lethir, 3250
Tassid with silk, and perled with latoun.
In al this world to seken up and doun
Ther nys no man so wys, that couthe thenche
So gay a popillot, or such a wenche.
For brighter was the schynyng of hir hewe,
Than in the Tour the noble i-forged newe.
But of hir song, it was as lowde and yerne
As eny swalwe chiteryng on a berne.
Therto sche cowde skippe, and make game,
As eny kyde or calf folwyng his dame. 3260
Hir mouth was sweete as bragat is or meth,
Or hoord of apples, layd in hay or heth.
Wynsyng sche was, as is a joly colt;
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.
A broch sche bar upon hir lowe coleer,
As brod as is the bos of a bocleer.
Hir schos were laced on hir legges heyghe;
Sche was a primerole, a piggesneyghe,
For eny lord have liggyng in his bedde,
Or yet for eny good yeman to wedde. 3270
Now sir, and eft sir, so bifel the cas,
That on a day this heende Nicholas
Fil with this yonge wyf to rage and pleye,
Whil that hir housbond was at Oseneye,
As clerkes ben ful sotil and ful queynte.
And pryvely he caught hir by the queynte,
And seyde, "I-wis, but if I have my wille,
For derne love of the, lemman, I spille."
And heeld hir harde by the haunche boones,
And seyde, "Lemman, love me al at ones, 3280
Or I wol dye, as wisly God me save."
And sche sprang out as doth a colt in trave:
And with hir heed sche wried fast awey,
And seyde, "I wol nat kisse the, by my fey!
Why let be," quod sche, "lat be thou, Nicholas,
Or I wol crye out harrow and allas!
Do wey your handes for your curtesye!"
This Nicholas gan mercy for to crye,
And spak so faire, and profred him so faste,
That sche hir love him graunted atte laste, 3290
And swor hir oth by seynt Thomas of Kent,
That sche wol be at his comaundement,
Whan that sche may hir leysir wel aspye.
"Myn housbond is so ful of jelousie,
That but ye wayten wel, and be pryvé,
I woot right wel I am but deed," quod sche:
"Ye mosten be ful derne as in this caas."

The Milleres Tale. I have not met with this story elsewhere than in Chaucer, though it is more than probable that he took it from an older French fabliau, which is now lost, or only preserved in some inedited and little-known ms.

3203. *that.* The Ms Harl. reads *in his hostillerye.* It may be observed, that it was usual in the University for two or more students to have one room.

3208. *almagest.* This book, the work of Ptolemy, derived through the Arabs, was the canon of astrological science among our forefathers in the middle ages.

3209. *astrylabe.* The astrolabe was the chief instrument for making astronomical calculations

3210 *augrym stoones.* Augrim signifies arithmetic: it is not very certain what *augrim stones* were; but they were probably counters marked with numerals, and used for calculating on a sort of abacus. Counters for reckoning with are mentioned in Shakespeare.

3216. *Angelus ad virginem.* One of the hymns of the Church service. It is more difficult to say what was the *kynges note* in the next line.

3227. *Catoun.* Chaucer alludes to the treatise of Cato *de Moribus;* but the sentiment is not taken from that book, but from a medieval poem of a similar character entitled *Facetus,* which contains the following lines:

Duc tibi prole parem sponsam moresque venustam,
Si cum pace velis vitam deducere justam.

3255. *schynyng.* The Ms. Harl. reads *smylyng,* contrary to the other mss. that I have examined.

3256. *noble.* The gold noble of this period was a very beautiful coin: specimens are engraved in Ruding's Annals of the Coinage. It was coined in the Tower of London, the place of the principal London mint

3274 *Oseneye.* The somewhat celebrated abbey of Oseney stood in the suburbs of Oxford.

"Therof ne care the nought," quod Nicholas:
"A clerk hath litherly byset his while,
But if he cowde a carpenter bygyle." 3300
And thus they ben acorded and i-sworn
To wayte a tyme, as I have told biforn.
Whan Nicholas had doon thus every del,
And thakked hire aboute the lendys wel,
He kist hir sweet, and taketh his sawtrye,
And pleyeth fast, and maketh melodye.
Than fyl it thus, that to the parisch chirche
Cristes owen werkes for to wirche,
This goode wyf went on an haly day;
Hir forheed schon as bright as eny day, 3310
So was it waisschen, whan sche leet hir werk.
Now ther was of that chirche a parisch clerk,
The which that was i-cleped Absolon.
Crulle was his heer, and as the gold it schon,
And strowted as a fan right large and brood;
Ful streyt and evene lay his jolly schood.
His rode was reed, his eyghen gray as goos,
With Powles wyndowes corven on his schoos.
In hosen reed he went ful fetusly.
I-clad he was ful smal and propurly, 3320
Al in a kirtel of a fyn wachet;
Schapen with goores in the newe get.
And therupon he had a gay surplys,
As whyt as is the blosme upon the rys.
A mery child he was, so God me save;
Wel couthe he lete blood, and clippe and schave,
And make a chartre of lond and acquitaunce.
In twenty maners he coude skip and daunce,
After the scole of Oxenforde tho,
And with his legges casten to and fro; 3330
And pleyen songes on a small rubible;
Ther-to he sang som tyme a lowde quynyble.
And as wel coude he pleye on a giterne.
In al the toun nas brewhous ne taverne
That he ne visited with his solas,
Ther as that any gaylard tapster was.
But soth to say he was somdel squaymous
Of fartyng, and of speche daungerous.
This Absolon, that joly was and gay,
Goth with a senser on the haly day, 3340
Sensing the wyves of the parisch fast;
And many a lovely look on hem he cast,
And namely on this carpenteres wyf;
To loke on hire him thought a mery lyf;
Sche was so propre, sweete, and licorous.
I dar wel sayn, if sche had ben a mous,
And he a cat, he wold hir hent anoon.
This parisch clerk, this joly Absolon,
Hath in his herte such a love longyng,
That of no wyf ne took he noon offryng; 3350
For curtesy, he seyde, he wolde noon.
The moone at night ful cleer and brighte schoon,
And Absolon his giterne hath i-take,
For paramours he seyde he wold awake.
And forth he goth, jolyf and amerous,
Til he cam to the carpenteres hous,
A litel after the cok had y-crowe;
And dressed him up by a schot wyndowe
That was under the carpenteres wal.
He syngeth in his voys gentil and smal— 3360

"Now, deere lady, if thi wille be,
I praye yow that ye wol rewe on me,"

Ful wel acordyng to his gyternyng.
This carpenter awook, and herde him syng,
And spak unto his wyf, and sayde anoon,
"What, Alisoun, herestow not Absolon,
That chaunteth thus under oure boure smal?"
And sche answerd hir housbond therwithal,
"Yis, God woot, Johan, I heere it every del."
This passeth forth; what wil ye bet than wel?
Fro day to day this joly Absolon 3371
So woweth hire, that him is wo-bigon.
He waketh al the night and al the day,
To kembe his lokkes brode and made him gay.
He woweth hire by mene and by brocage,
And swor he wolde ben hir owne page.
He syngeth crowyng as a nightyngale;
And sent hire pyment, meth, and spiced ale,
And wafres pypyng hoot out of the gleede;
And for sche was of toune, he profred meede.
For som folk wol be wonne for richesse, 3381
And som for strokes, som for gentillesse.
Som tyme, to schewe his lightnes and maistrye,
He pleyeth Herod on a scaffold hye.
But what avayleth him as in this caas?
Sche so loveth this heende Nicholas,
That Absolon may blowe the bukkes horn;
He ne had for al his labour but a skorn.
And thus sche maketh Absolon hir ape,
And al his ernest torneth to a jape. 3390
Ful soth is this proverbe, it is no lye,
Men seyn right thus alway, the ney slye
Maketh the ferre leef to be loth.
For though that Absolon be wood or wroth,
Bycause that he fer was from here sight,
This Nicholas hath stonden in his light.

3318. *Powles wyndowes.* Three figures in the paintings formerly existing on the walls of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, represented shoes of Chaucer's time, which were cut in patterns not unlike the tracery of church-windows. Mr C. Roach Smith has in his interesting museum some beautiful samples of shoes cut in this manner, even more elaborately. It has been conjectured that the phrase *Powles wyndowes* refers more especially to the rose-window of old St. Paul's Cathedral, which resembled the ornament in one of them. Warton, Hist. E. P. ii. 194, says that *calcei fenestrati* occur in ancient injunctions to the clergy. Chaucer, in the Romaunt of the Rose, speaks of Mirth as

Shod, with grete maistrie,
With shone decopid and with lace.

It may be observed, however, that this is a literal translation from the French original, *decoupé.*

3322. Instead of this line, Tyrwhitt reads,—

Ful faire and thikke ben the pointes set.

3358. *schot wyndowe.* I am not satisfied with the explanations of this term hitherto given. It would seem rather to mean a window projecting from the wall, from which the inmates might shoot upon any one who attempted to force an entry into the house by the door, and from which, therefore, it would be easy for a person within to expose any part of his body in the manner expressed in the sequel of the story.

3361. Tyrwhitt observes that this and the following line, comprising Absolon's song, appear to consist of four short lines, all rhyming together.

3367. *smal.* Tyrwhitt, with some MSS., reads *boures wal.*

3377. *crowyng.* Some MSS., with Tyrwhitt, have *brokking.*

3378. *pyment.* Piment was a kind of spiced wine. Tyrwhitt's reading, *pinnes*, is certainly much inferior to the one in the text.

3384. *pleyeth Herod.* Herod was a favourite part in the religious plays, and was perhaps an object of competition among the performers, and a part in which the actor endeavoured to shew himself off with advantage. Every reader knows Shakespeare's phrase of *outheroding Herod.*

3387. *blowe the bukkes horn.* I presume this was a service that generally went unrewarded.

3391. *this proverbe.* The same proverb is found in Gower (Conf. Amant. lib. iii. f. 58)—

An olde sawe is: who that is slygh
In place wher he may be nyghe,
He maketh the ferre leef loth.

Now bere the wel, thou heende Nicholas,
For Absolon may wayle and synge allas.
 And so bifelle it on a Satyrday
This carpenter was gon to Osenay, 3400
And heende Nicholas and Alisoun
Acordid ben to this conclusioun,
That Nicholas schal schapen hem a wyle
This sely jelous housbond to begyle;
And if so were this game wente aright,
Sche schulde slepe in his arm al night,
For this was hire desir and his also.
And right anoon, withouten wordes mo,
This Nicholas no lenger wold he tarye,
But doth ful softe into his chambur carye 3410
Bothe mete and drynke for a day or tweye.
And to hir housbond bad hir for to seye,
If that he axed after Nicholas,
Sche schulde seye, sche wiste nat wher he was;
Of al that day sche saw him nat with eye;
Sche trowed he were falle in som maladye,
For no cry that hir mayden cowde him calle
He nolde answere, for nought that may bifalle.
 Thus passeth forth al that ilke Satyrday,
That Nicholas stille in his chambre lay, 3420
And eet, and drank, and dede what him leste
Til Soneday the sonne was gon to reste.
 This sely carpenter hath gret mervaile
Of Nicholas, or what thing may him ayle,
And seyde, "I am adrad, by seynt Thomas!
It stondeth nat aright with Nicholas;
God schilde that he deyde sodeinly.
This world is now ful tykel sikerly;
I saugh to-day a corps y-born to chirche.
That now on Monday last I saugh him wirche.
Go up," quod he unto his knave, "anoon; 3431
Clepe at his dore, or knokke with a stoon;
Loke how it is, and telle me boldely."
This knave goth him up ful sturdily,
And at the chambir dore whil he stood,
He cryed and knokked as that he were wood;
"What how? what do ye, mayster Nicholay?
How may ye slepen al this longe day?"
But al for nought, he herde nat o word.
An hole he fond right lowe upon the boord, 3440
Ther as the cat was wont in for to creepe,
And at that hole he loked in ful deepe,
And atte laste he hadde of him a sight.
This Nicholas sat ever gapyng upright,
As he had loked on the newe moone.
Adoun he goth, and tolde his mayster soone,
In what aray he sawh this ilke man.
This carpenter to blessen him bygan,
And seyde, "Now help us, seynte Frideswyde!
A man woot litel what him schal betyde. 3450
This man is falle with his astronomye
In som woodnesse, or in som agonye.
I thought ay wel how that it schulde be.
Men schulde nought knowe of Goddes pryvyté.
Ye, blessed be alwey a lewed man,
That nat but oonly his bileeve can.
So ferde another clerk with astronomye;
He walked in the feeldes for to prye
Upon the sterres, what ther schulde bifalle,
Til he was in a marle pit i-falle. 3460
He saugh nat that. But yet, by seint Thomas!
Me reweth sore for heende Nicholas;
He schal be ratyd of his studyyng,
If that I may, by Jhesu heven kyng!
Gete me a staf, that I may underspore,
Whil that thou, Robyn, hevest up the dore:
He schal out of his studyyng, as I gesse."
And to the chambir dore he gan him dresse.
His knave was a strong karl for the noones,
And by the hasp he haf it up at oones; 3470
And in the floor the dore fil doun anoon.
This Nicholas sat stille as eny stoon,
And ever he gapyd up-ward to the eyr.
This carpenter wende he were in despeir,
And hent him by the schuldres mightily,
And schook him harde, and cryed spitously,
"What, Nicholas? what how, man? loke adoun;
Awake, and thynk on Cristes passioun.
I crowche the from elves and from wightes.
Therwith the night-spel seyde he anon rightes,
On the foure halves of the hous aboute, 3481
And on the threisshfold of the dore withoute.
Lord Jhesu Crist, and seynte Benedight,
Blesse this hous from every wikkede wight,
Fro nyghtes verray, the white Pater-noster;
Wher wonestow now, seynte Petres soster?"
And atte laste, heende Nicholas
Gan for to syke sore, and seyde, "Allas!
Schal al the world be lost eftsones now?"
This carpenter answerde, "What seystow? 3490
What? thenk on God, as we doon, men that
 swinke."
This Nicholas answerde, "Fette me drynke;
And after wol I speke in pryvyté
Of certeyn thing that toucheth the and me;
I wol telle it non other man certayn."
This carpenter goth forth, and comth agayn,
And brought of mighty ale a large quart.
Whan ech of hem y-dronken had his part,
This Nicholas his dore gan to schitte,
And dede this carpenter doun by him sitte, 3500
And seide, "Johan, myn host ful leve and deere,
Thou schalt upon thy trouthe swere me heere,
That to no wight thou schalt this counsel wreye;
For it is Cristès counsel that I seye,
And if thou telle it man, thou art forlore;
For this vengaunce thou schalt han therfore,
That if thou wreye me, thou schalt be wood."
"Nay, Crist forbede it for his holy blood!"
Quod tho this sely man, "I am no labbe,
Though I it say, I am nought leef to gabbe. 3510
Say what thou wolt, I schal it never telle
To child ne wyf, by him that harwed helle!"
 "Now, Johan," quod Nicholas, "I wol not lye:
I have i-founde in myn astrologye,
As I have loked in the moone bright,
That now on Monday next, at quarter night,
Schal falle a reyn, and that so wilde and wood,
That half so gret was never Noes flood.
This world," he seyde, "more than an hour
Schal ben i-dreynt, so hidous is the schour: 3520
Thus schal mankynde drench, and leese his lyf."
This carpenter answered, "Allas, my wyf!

3449. *seynte Frideswyde.* This saint was appropriately invoked by the carpenter, as she was the patron of a rich monastic house at Oxford.

3460. *in a marle pit.* This tale, told of Thalès by Plato, was very popular in the middle ages, and is found under different forms in a variety of collections of stories.

3485. *verray.* This is the reading of the MSS. I have consulted. Tyrwhitt reads *mare*, which is perhaps right.

3512. *him that harwed helle.* Our Saviour. The harrowing of hell was a very popular legend among our forefathers, and found a place in most of the collections of mysteries, from which representations the lower orders obtained their notions of Scripture history and theology.

And schal sche drenche? allas, myn Alisoun!"
For sorwe of this he fel almost adoun,
And seyde, "Is ther no remedy in this caas?"
"Why yis, for Gode," quod heende Nicholas;
"If thou wolt werken aftir lore and reed;
Thou maist nought worke after thin owen heed.
For thus seith Salomon, that was ful trewe,
Werke by counseil, and thou schalt nat rewe.
And if thou werken wolt by good counsail, 3531
I undertake, withouten mast and sail,
Yet schal I saven hir, and the, and me.
Hastow nat herd how saved was Noe,
Whan that our Lord had warned him biforn,
That al the world with watir schulde be lorn?"
"Yis," quod this carpenter, "ful yore ago."
"Hastow nought herd," quod Nicholas, "also
The sorwe of Noe with his felaschipe,
That he hadde or he gat his wyf to schipe? 3540
Him hadde wel lever, I dar wel undertake,
At thilke tyme, than alle his wetheres blake,
That sche hadde had a schip hirself allone.
And therfore wostow what is best to doone?
This axeth hast, and of an hasty thing
Men may nought preche or make taryyng.
Anon go gete us fast into this in
A knedyng trowh or elles a kemelyn,
For ech of us; but loke that they be large,
In which that we may rowe as in a barge, 3550
And have therin vitaille suffisant
But for o day; fy on the remenant;
The water schal aslake and gon away
Aboute prime uppon the nexte day.
But Robyn may not wite of this, thy knave,
Ne ek thy mayde Gille I may not save;
Aske nought why; for though thou aske me,
I wol nat tellen Goddes pryveté.
Sufficeth the, but if that thy witt madde,
To have as gret a grace as Noe hadde. 3560
Thy wyf schal I wel saven out of doute.
Go now thy wey, and speed the heer aboute;
And whan thou hast for hir, and the, and me,
I-goten us this knedyng tubbes thre,
Than schalt thou hange hem in the roof ful hie,
That no man of oure purveaunce aspye;
And whan thou thus hast doon as I have seyd,
And hast oure vitaille faire in hem y-leyd,
And eek an ax to smyte the corde a-two
Whan that the water cometh, that we may goo,
And breke an hole an hye upon the gable 3571
Into the gardyn-ward over the stable,
That we may frely passen forth oure way,
Whan that the grete schour is gon away;
Than schaltow swymme as mery, I undertake,
As doth the white doke aftir hir drake:
Than wol I clepe, How Alisoun, how Jon,
Beoth merye, for the flood passeth anon.
And thou wolt seye, Heyl, maister Nicholay,
Good morn, I see the wel, for it is day. 3580
And than schul we be lordes al oure lyf
Of al the world, as Noe and his wyf.
But of oo thing I warne the ful right,
Be wel avysed of that ilke nyght,
That we ben entred into schippes boord,
That non of us ne speke not a word,
Ne clepe ne crye, but be in his preyere,
For it is Goddes owne heste deere.
Thy wyf and thou most hangen fer a-twynne,
For that bitwixe you schal be no synne, 3590
No more in lokyng than ther schal in dede.
This ordynaunce is seyd; so God me speede.
To morwe at night, whan men ben aslepe,
Into our knedyng tubbes wol we crepe,
And sitte ther, abydyng Goddes grace.
Go now thy way, I have no lenger space
To make of this no lenger sermonyng;
Men seyn thus, send the wyse, and sey no thing;
Thou art so wys, it needeth nat the teche.
Go, save oure lyf, and that I the byseche." 3600
This seely carpenter goth forth his way,
Ful ofte he seyd, "Allas, and weylaway!"
And to his wyf he told his pryveté,
And sche was war, and knew it bet than he,
What al this queinte cast was for to seye.
But natheles sche ferd as sche schuld deye,
And seyde, "Allas! go forth thy way anoon,
Help us to skape, or we be ded echon.
I am thy verray trewe wedded wyf;
Go, deere spouse, and help to save oure lyf." 3610
Lo, which a gret thing is affeccioun!
A man may dye for ymaginacioun,
So deepe may impressioun be take.
This seely carpenter bygynneth quake;
Him thenketh verravly that he may se
Noes flood come walkyng as the see
To drenchen Alisoun, his hony deere.
He wepeth, wayleth, maketh sory cheere;
He siketh, with ful many a sory swough,
And goth, and geteth him a knedyng trough, 3620
And after that a tubbe, and a kymelyn,
And prively he sent hem to his in,
And heng hem in the roof in pryveté.
His owne hond than made laddres thre,
To clymben by the ronges and the stalkes
Unto the tubbes hangyng in the balkes;
And hem vitayled, bothe trough and tubbe,
With breed and cheese, with good ale in a jubbe,
Suffisyng right ynough as for a day.
But or that he had maad al this array, 3630
He sent his knave and eek his wenche also
Upon his neede to Londone for to go.
And on the Monday, whan it drew to nyght,
He schette his dore, withouten candel light,
And dressed al this thing as it schuld be.
And schortly up they clumben alle thre.
They seten stille wel a forlong way:
"Now, *Pater noster*, clum," quod Nicholay,
And "clum," quod Jon, and "clum," quod Alisoun.
This carpenter seyd his devocioun, 3640
And stille he sitt, and byddeth his prayere,
Ay waytyng on the reyn, if he it heere.
The deede sleep, for verray busynesse,
Fil on this carpenter, right as I gesse,
Abowten courfew tyme, or litel more.
For travail of his goost he groneth sore,
And eft he routeth, for his heed myslay.
Doun of the laddir stalketh Nicholay,
And Alisoun ful softe adoun hir spedde.
Withouten wordes mo they gon to bedde; 3650
Ther as the carpenter was wont to lye,
Ther was the revel and the melodye.
And thus lith Alisoun and Nicholas,
In busynesse of myrthe and of solas,

35[illegible] *his wyf.* According to a medieval legend, Noah's wife [illegible] unwilling to go into the ark; and the quarrel between her and her husband makes a prominent part of the play of Noah's Flood, in the Chester and Towneley Mysteries.

3577. *Jon.* See, further on, the note on l. 4011.

Til that the belles of laudes gan to rynge,
And freres in the chauncel gan to synge.
This parissch clerk, this amerous Absolon,
That is for love so harde and woo bygon,
Upon the Monday was at Osenay
With company, him to desporte and play; 3660
And axed upon caas a cloysterer
Ful pryvely after the carpenter;
And he drough him apart out of the chirche,
And sayde, "Nay, I say him nat here wirche
Syn Satirday; I trow that he be went
For tymber, ther our abbot hath him sent.
For he is wont for tymber for to goo,
And dwellen at the Graunge a day or tuo.
Or elles he is at his hous certayn.
Wher that he be, I can nat sothly sayn." 3670
This Absolon ful joly was and light,
And thoughte, "Now is tyme wake al night,
For sikerly I sawh him nought styryng
Aboute his dore, syn day bigan to spryng.
So mote I thryve, I schal at cokkes crowe
Ful pryvely go knokke at his wyndowe,
That stant ful lowe upon his bowres wal;
To Alisoun than wol I tellen al
My love-longyng; for yet I schal not mysse
That atte leste wey I schal hir kisse. 3680
Som maner comfort schal I have, parfay!
My mouth hath icched al this longe day;
That is a signe of kissyng atte leste.
Al nyght I mette eek I was at a feste.
Therfore I wol go slepe an hour or tweye,
And al the night than wol I wake and pleye."
Whan that the firste cok hath crowe, anoon
Up ryst this jolyf lover Absolon,
And him arrayeth gay, at poynt devys.
But first he cheweth greyn and lycoris. 3690
To smellen swete, or he hadde kempt his heere.
Under his tunge a trewe love he beere,
For therby wende he to be gracious.
He rometh to the carpenteres hous,
And stille he stant under the schot wyndowe;
Unto his brest it raught, it was so lowe;
And softe he cowhith with a semysoun:
"What do ye, honycomb, swete Alisoun?
My fayre bryd, my swete cynamome,
Awake, lemman myn, and speketh to me. 3700
Ful litel thynke ye upon my wo,
That for youre love I swelte ther I go.
No wonder is if that I swelte and swete,
I morne as doth a lamb after the tete.
I-wis, lemman, I have such love-longyng,
That like a turtil trewe is my moornyng.
I may not ete more than a mayde."
"Go fro the wyndow, jakke fool," sche sayde;
"As help me God, it wol not be, compame.
I love another, and elles were I to blame, 3710
Wel bet than the, by Jhesu, Absolon.
Go forth thy wey, or I wol cast a stoon;
And lete me slepe, a twenty devel way!"

"Allas!" quod Absolon, "and weylaway!
That trewe love was ever so ylle bysett;
Thanne kisseth me, syn it may be no bett,
For Jesus love, and for the love of me."
"Wilt thou t[illegible]n go thy wey therwith?" quod sche.
"Ye, certes, lemman," quod this Absolon.
"Than mak the redy," quod sche, "I come anon."
This Absolon doun sette him on his knees, 3721
And seide, "I am a lord at alle degrees;
For after this I hope ther cometh more;
Lemman, thy grace, and, swete bryd, thyn ore."
The wyndow sche undyd, and that in hast;
"Have doon," quod sche, "com of, and speed the [fast,
Lest that our neygheboures the aspye."
This Absolon gan wipe his mouth ful drye.
Derk was the night as picche or as a cole,
Out atte wyndow putte sche hir hole; 3730
And Absolon him fel no bet ne wers,
But with his mouth he kist hir naked ers
Ful savorly. Whan he was war of this,
Abak he sterte, and thought it was amys,
For wel he wist a womman hath no berd.
He felt a thing al rough and long i-herd,
And seyde, "Fy, allas! what have I do?"
"Te-hee!" quod sche, and clapt the wyndow to;
And Absolon goth forth a sory paas.
"A berd, a berd!" quod heende Nicholas; 3740
"By Goddes corps, this game goth fair and wel."
This seely Absolon herd every del,
And on his lippe he gan for angir byte;
And to himself he seyde, "I schal the quyte."
Who rubbith now, who froteth now his lippes
With dust, with sand, with straw, with cloth, with [chippes,
But Absolon? that seith ful ofte, "Allas,
My soule bytake I unto Sathanas!
But me were lever than alle this toun," quod he,
"Of this dispit awroken for to be. 3750
Allas!" quod he, "allas! I nadde bleynt!"
His hoote love was cold, and al i-queint.
For fro that tyme that he had kist her ers,
Of paramours ne sette he nat a kers,
For he was helyd of his maledye;
Ful ofte paramours he gan deffye,
And wept as doth a child that is i-bete.
A softe paas went he over the strete
Unto a smyth, men clepith daun Gerveys,
That in his forge smythed plowh-harneys; 3760
He scharpeth schar and cultre bysily.
This Absolon knokketh al esily,
And seyde, "Undo, Gerveys, and that anoon."
"What, who art thou?" "It am I Absolon."
"What? Absolon, what? Cristes swete tree!
Why ryse ye so rathe? *benedicite*,
What eyleth you? some gay gurl, God it woot,
Hath brought you thus upon the verytrot;
By seinte Noet! ye wot wel what I mene."
This Absolon ne roughte nat a bene 3770
Of al his pleye, no word agayn he gaf;
For he hadde more tow on his distaf [deere,
Than Gerveys knew, and seyde,—"Freend so

3655. *belles of laudes.* The service of Laudes or Matins began at three o'clock in the morning. The bell was naturally rung a little before, and perhaps began at half-past two.

3668. *the Graunge.* The abbeys had generally large granges attached to their more considerable estates, erected with so much strength that many of them have outlived the monasteries themselves. The distance of some of the estates from the abbey would naturally oblige those who went on business to stay a day or two away.

3690. *greyn.* Grains of Paris, or Paradise; a favourite spice at this period.

3707. *gay gurl.* This appears to have been a common phrase for a young woman of light manners. In the time of Henry VIII. the lady Anne Berkeley, dissatisfied with the conduct of her daughter-in-law, lady Catherine Howard, is reported to have said of her: "By God's blessed sacrament, this *gay girle* will beggar my son Henry!"

3769. *seinte Noet.* St. Neot.

3772. *tow on his distaf.* This seems to have been a common proverb of the time. Tyrwhitt quotes from Froissart, "Il aura en bref temps autres estoupes en sa quenille."

That hote cultre in the chymney heere
As lene it me, I have therwith to doone;
I wol it bring agayn to the ful soone."
Gerveys answerde, "Certes, were it gold,
Or in a poke nobles al untold,
Ye schul him have, as I am trewe smyth.
Ey, Cristes fote! what wil ye do therwith?" 3780
"Therof," quod Absolon, "be as be may;
I schal wel telle it the to morwe day;"
And caughte the cultre by the colde stele.
Ful soft out at the dore he gan it stele,
And wente unto the carpenteres wal.
He cowheth first, and knokketh therwithal
Upon the wyndow, right as he dede er.
This Alisoun answerde, "Who is ther
That knokkest so? I warant it a theef." 3789
"Why nay," quod he, "God woot, my sweete leef,
I am thyn Absolon, o my derlyng.
Of gold," quod he, "I have the brought a ryng;
My mooder gaf it me, so God me save!
Ful fyn it is, and therto wel i-grave;
This wol I give the, if thou me kisse."
This Nicholas was rise for to pysse,
And thought he wold amenden al the jape,
He schulde kisse his ers or that he skape.
And up the wyndow dyde he hastily,
And out his ers putteth he pryvely 3800
Over the buttok, to the haunche bon.
And therwith spak this clerk, this Absolon,
"Spek, sweete bryd, I wot nat wher thou art."
This Nicholas anon let flee a fart,
As grete as it had ben a thundir dent,
And with that strook he was almost i-blent;
And he was redy with his yren hoot,
And Nicholas amid the ers he smoot.
Of goth the skyn an hande-brede aboute,
The hoote cultre brente so his toute; 3810
And for the smert he wende for to dye;
As he were wood, anon he gan to crye,
"Help, watir, watir, help, for Goddes herte!"
This carpenter out of his slumber sterte,
And herd on crye watir, as he wer wood,
And thought, "Allas, now cometh Noes flood!"
He sit him up withoute wordes mo,
And with his ax he smot the corde a-two;
And doun he goth; he fond nowthir to selle
No breed ne ale, til he com to the selle 3820
Upon the floor, and ther aswoun he lay.
Up styrt hir Alisoun, and Nicholay,
And cryden, "out and harrow!" in the strete.
The neyghebours bothe smal and grete
In ronnen, for to gauren on this man,
That yet aswowne lay, bothe pale and wan;
For with the fal he brosten had his arm.
But stond he muste to his owne harm,
For whan he spak, he was anon born doun
With heende Nicholas and Alisoun. 3830
They tolden every man that he was wood;
He was agast and feerd of Noes flood
Thurgh fantasie, that of his vanité
He hadde i-bought him knedyng tubbes thre,
And hadde hem hanged in the roof above;
And that he preyed hem for Goddes love
To sitten in the roof *par compaignye.*
The folk gan lawhen at his fantasye;
Into the roof they kyken, and they gape,
And torne al his harm into a jape. 3840
For whatsoever the carpenter answerde,
It was for nought, no man his resoun herde,
With othis greet he was so sworn adoun,
That he was holden wood in al the toun.
For every clerk anon right heeld with othir;
They seyde, "The man was wood, my leeve brother;"
And every man gan lawhen at his stryf.
Thus swyved was the carpenteres wyf
For al his kepyng and his gelousye;
And Absolon hath kist hir nether ye; 3850
And Nicholas is skaldid in his towte.
This tale is doon, and God save al the route.

THE PROLOGE OF THE REEVE.

Whan folk hadde lawhen of this nyce caas
Of Absolon and heende Nicholas,
Dyverse folk dyversely they seyde,
But for the moste part they lowh and pleyde;
Ne at this tale I sawh no man him greve,
But it were oonly Osewald the Reeve.
Bycause he was of carpentrye craft,
A litel ire in his herte is laft; 3860
He gan to grucche and blamed it a lite.
"So theek," quod he, "ful wel coude I the quyte
With bleryng of a prowd mylleres ye,
If that me luste speke of ribaudye.
But yk am old; me list not pley for age;
Gras tyme is doon, my foddir is now forage.
My whyte top writeth myn olde yeeres;
Myn hert is al so moulyd as myn heeres.
But yit I fare as doth an open-ers;
That ilke fruyt is ever lenger the wers, 3870
Til it be rote in mullok or in stree.
We olde men, I drede, so fare we,
Til we be roten, can we nat be rype:
We hoppen alway, whil the world wol pype;
For in oure wil ther stiketh ever a nayl,
To have an hoor heed and a greene tayl,
As hath a leek; for though oure might be doon,
Oure wil desireth folye ever in oon;
For whan we may nat do, than wol we speke,
Yet in oure aisshen old is fyr i-reke. 3880
Foure gledys have we, which I schal devyse,
Avanting, lyyng, angur, coveytise.
This foure sparkys longen unto elde.
Oure olde lymes mowen be unweelde,
But wil ne schal nat fayle us, that is soth.
And yet I have alwey a coltes toth,
As many a yeer as it is passed henne,
Syn that my tappe of lyf bygan to renne.
For sikirlik, whan I was born, anon
Deth drough the tappe of lyf, and leet it goon; 3890
And now so longe hath the tappe i-ronne,
Til that almost al empty is the tonne.
The streem of lyf now droppeth on the chymbe.
The sely tonge may wel rynge and chimbe
Of wrecchednes, that passed is ful yoore:
With olde folk, sauf dotage, is no more."
Whan that oure Host had herd this sermonyng,
He gan to speke as lordly as a kyng,
And seyde, "What amounteth al this wit?
What? schul we speke al day of holy wryt? 3900
The devyl made a reve for to preche,
Or of a sowter a schipman or a leche.

[illegible] So in the fabliau of Aloul, in Barbazan, [illegible]

Qu'ainc tant come il mist à descendre
Ne trova point de pain à vendre.

3902. *Ex sutore nauclerus* and *ex sutore medicus* were both popular proverbs, and are found in medieval Latin writers.

Sey forth thi tale, and tarye nat the tyme;
Lo heer is Depford, and it is passed prime;
Lo Grenewich, ther many a schrewe is inne:
It were al tyme thi tale to bygynne."
"Now, sires," quod this Osewold the Reeve,
"I pray yow alle, that noon of you him greeve,
Though I answere, and somwhat sette his howve,
For leeful is with force force to schowve. 3910
This dronken Myllere hath i-tolde us heer,
How that bygiled was a carpenter,
Peraventure in scorn, for I am oon;
And by your leve, I schal him quyte anoon.
Right in his cherles termes wol I speke;
I pray to God his nekke mot to-breke!
He can wel in myn eye see a stalke,
But in his owne he can nought seen a balke."

THE REEVES TALE.

At Trompyngtoun, nat fer fro Cantebrigge,
Ther goth a brook, and over that a brigge, 3920
Upon the whiche brook ther stant a melle:
And this is verray sothe that I you telle.
A meller was ther dwellyng many a day,
As eny pecok he was prowd and gay;
Pipen he coude, and fisshe, and nettys beete,
And turne cuppes, wrastle wel, and scheete.
Ay by his belt he bar a long panade,
And of a swerd ful trenchaunt was the blade.
A joly popper bar he in his pouche;
Ther was no man for perel durst him touche. 3930
A Scheffeld thwitel bar he in his hose.
Round was his face, and camois was his nose.
As pyled as an ape was his skulle.
He was a market-beter at the fulle.
Ther durste no wight hand upon him legge,
That he ne swor anon he schuld abegge.
A theef he was for soth of corn and mele,
And that a sleigh, and usyng for to stole.
His name was hoote deynous Symekyn.
A wyf he hadde, come of noble kyn; 3940
The persoun of the toun hir fader was.
With hire he gaf ful many a panne of bras,
For that Symkyn schuld in his blood allye.
Sche was i-fostryd in a nonnerye;
For Smykyn wolde no wyf, as he sayde,
But sche were wel i-norissched and a mayde,
To saven his estaat and yomanrye.
And sche was proud and pert as is a pye.
A ful fair sighte was ther on hem two;
On haly dayes bifore hir wolde he go 3950
With his typet y-bounde aboute his heed;
And sche cam aftir in a gyte of reed,
And Symkyn hadde hosen of the same.
Ther durste no wight clepe hir but *madame*;
Was noon so hardy walkyng by the weye.
That with hir dorste rage or elles pleye,
But if he wold be slayn of Symekyn
With panade, or with knyf, or boydekyn;
For gelous folk ben perilous everemo,
Algate they wolde here wyves wende so. 3960
And eek for sche was somdel smoterlich,
Sche was as deyne as water in a dich,
As ful of hokir, and of bissemare.
Hir thoughte ladyes oughten hir to spare,
What for hir kynreed and hir nortelrye,
That sche had lerned in the nonnerye.
O doughter hadden they betwix hem two,
Of twenti yeer, withouten eny mo,
Savyng a child that was of half yer age,
In cradil lay, and was a proper page. 3970
This wenche thikke and wel i-growen was,
With camoys nose, and eyghen gray as glas;
And buttokkes brode, and brestes round and hye,
But right fair was hir heer, I wol nat lye.
The persoun of the toun, for sche was feir,
In purpos was to maken hir his heir,
Bothe of his catel and his mesuage,
And straunge made it of hir mariage.
His purpos was to bystow hir hye
Into som worthy blood of ancetrye; 3980
For holy chirche good moot be despendid
On holy chirche blood that is descendid.
Therfore he wolde his joly blood honoure,
Though that he schulde holy chirche devoure.
Gret soken hath this meller, out of doute,
With whete and malt, of al the lond aboute;
And namely ther was a gret collegge,
Men clepe it the Soler-halle of Cantebregge,
Ther was here whete and eek here malt i-grounde.
And on a day it happed in a stounde, 3990
Syk lay the maunceple on a maledye,
Men wenden wisly that he schulde dye;
For which this meller stal bothe mele and corn
A thousend part more than byforn.
For ther biforn he stal but curteysly;
But now he is a theef outrageously.
For which the wardeyn chidde and made fare,
But therof sette the meller not a tare;
He crakked boost, and swor it was nat so.
Thanne weren there poore scoleres tuo, 4000
That dwelten in the halle of which I seye;
Testyf they were, and lusty for to pleye;
And, oonly for here mirthe and revelrye,
Uppon the wardeyn bysily they crye,
To geve hem leve but a litel stound

3904. *passed prime.* Tyrwhitt reads *half-way prime*, and observes, "In the discourse, &c. § xiv., I have supposed that this means *half* past *prime*, about half an hour after seven A.M., the *half way* between Prime and Terce. In the fictitious *Modus tenendi parliamentum*, a book not much older than Chaucer, *hora mediæ primæ* seems to be used in the same sense. C. *de diebus et horis parliamenti.* Ms. Cotton. Nero. D. vi. On common days *Parliamentum d bet inchoari* hora mediæ primæ—*in diebus festivis* hora prima *propter divinum servitium.* In a contemporary French translation of this treatise, Ms. Harl. 305, *hora mediæ primæ* is rendered *a la my heure le prime;* in an old English version, Ms. Harl 930, *the oure of myd pryme;* and in another, Ms. Harl. 1309, *middle prime time.* Our author uses *prime large*, ver. 10,674, to signify that prime was considerably past"

3909. *sette his howve.* The same as set his cap. See l. 588.

The Reeves Tale. This was a very popular story in the middle ages, and is found under several different forms. It occurs frequently in the jest and story books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Boccaccio has given it in the Decameron, evidently from a fabliau, which has been printed in Barbazan under the title of *De Gombert et des deux clers.* Chaucer took the story from another fabliau, which I have printed and first pointed out to notice in my *Anecdota Literaria*, p. 15.

3954. *madame.* In the description of the nun (l. 378), who also prided herself upon her gentility, Chaucer says—

It is right fair for to be clept *madame*,
And for to go to vigilies al byfore.

3988. *the Soler-halle.* There was a tradition in the University of Cambridge, at least as early as the time of Caius, and it may perhaps be correct, that the college alluded to by Chaucer was Clare Hall. See Caius Hist. Acad p. 57, and Fuller's Hist. of the Univ. of Camb. p. 86 (ed 1840). The name *Soler-halle*, of course, means the hall with the soler or upper story, which, as Warton observes, would be a sufficient mark of distinction in early times.

To go to melle and see here corn i-grounde;
And hardily they dursten ley here nekke,
The meller schuld nat stel hem half a pekke
Of corn by sleighte, ne by force hem reve.
And atte last the wardeyn gaf hem leve. 4010
Johan hight that oon, and Alayn hight that other;
Of o toun were they born that highte Strothir,
Fer in the North, I can nat telle where.
This Aleyn maketh redy al his gere,
And on an hors the sak he cast anoon:
Forth goth Aleyn the clerk, and also Jon,
With good swerd and with bocler by her side.
Johan knew the way, that hem needith no gyde;
And at the mylle the sak adoun he layth. 4019
Alayn spak first: "Al heil! Symond, in faith
How fares thy faire doughter and thy wyf?"
"Alayn, welcome," quod Symond, "by my lyf!
And Johan also; how now! what do ye here?"
"By God!" quod Johan, "Symond, neede has na peere.
Him falles serve himself that has na swayn,
Or elles he is a fon, as clerkes sayn.
Oure mancyple, as I hope, wil be deed,
Swa werkes ay the wanges in his heed:
And therfore I is come, and eek Alayn,
To grynde oure corn, and carie it ham ageyn.
I prey you speed us in al that ye may." 4031
"It schal be doon," quod Symkyn, "by my fay!
What wol ye do whil that it is in hande?"
"By God! right by the hoper wol I stande,"
Quod Johan, "and se how that the corn gas inne.
Yet sawh I never, by my fader kynne!
How that the hoper waggis to and fra."
Aleyn answerde, "Johan, and wiltow swa?
Than wol I be bynethe, by my croun!
And se how that the mele fallys doun 4040
Into the trough, that schal be my desport;
For, Jon, in faith, I may be of your sort,
I is as ille a meller as ere ye."
This mellere smyleth for here nyceté,
And thought, "Al this is doon but for a wyle;
They wenen that no man may hem bigile.
But, by my thrift, yet schal I blere here ye,
For al here sleight and al here philosophie;
The more queynte knakkes that they make,
The more wol I stele whan I take. 4050
In stede of mele, yet wol I geve hem bren.
The grettest clerks beth not the wisest men,
As whilom to the wolf thus spak the mare;
Of al her art ne counte I nat a tare."
Out at the dore he goth ful pryvyly,
Whan that he saugh his tyme sotyly;
He loketh up and doun, til he hath founde
The clerkes hors, ther as it stood i-bounde
Behynde the mylle, under a levesel;
And to the hors he goth him faire and wel. 4060
He strepeth of the bridel right anoon.
And whan the hors was loos, he gan to goon
Toward the fen there wilde mares renne,
Forth with "wi-he!" thurgh thikke and eek thurgh thenne.
This meller goth agayn, and no word seyde,
But doth his note, and with the clerkes pleyde,
Til that her corn was fair and wel i-grounde.
And whan the mele was sakked and i-bounde,
This Johan goth out, and fynt his hors away,
And gan to crye, "Harrow and weylaway! 4070
Oure hors is lost! Aleyn, for Goddes banes,
Step on thy feet, cum on, man, al at anes.
Allas! our wardeyn hath his palfray lorn!"
This Aleyn al forgeteth mele and corn,
Al was out of his mynd his housbondrye;
"What wikked way is he gan?" gan he crye.
The wyf cam lepyng in-ward with a ren,
Sche seyde, "Allas! your hors goth to the fen
With wylde mares, as fast as he may go; 4079
Unthank come on his heed that band him so,
And he that bettir schuld han knyt the reyne!"
"Allas!" quod Johan, "Aleyn, for Cristes peyne!
Leg doun thi swerd, and I sal myn alswa;
I is ful wight, God wat, as is a ra;
By Goddes hart! he sal nat scape us bathe.
Why nad thou put the capil in the lathe?
Il hail, Aleyn, by God! thou is a fon!"
This sely clerkes speeden hem anoon
Toward the fen, bothe Aleyn and eek Jon.
And whan the myller sawh that they were gon,
He half a busshel of the flour hath take, 4091
And bad his wyf go knede it in a cake.
He seyde, "I trowe the clerkes ben aferd!
Yet can a miller make a clerkes berd,
For al his art; ye, lat hem go here way!
Lo wher they goon! ye, lat the children play;
They get hym nat so lightly, by my croun!"
This seely clerkes rennen up and doun,
With "Keep! keep! stand! stand! jossa, warderere!
Ga wightly thou, and I sal keep him heere." 4100
But schortly, til that it was verray night,
They cowde nat, though they did al here might,
Here capil cacche, it ran away so fast,
Til in a diche they caught him atte last.
Wery and wete as bestys in the reyn,
Comth sely Johan, and with him comth Aleyn.
"Allas!" quod Johan, "that day that I was born!
Now are we dryve til hethyng and to scorn.
Oure corn is stole, men woln us foles calle,
Bathe the wardeyn and eek our felaws alle, 4110
And namely the myller, weyloway!"
Thus pleyneth Johan, as he goth by the way
Toward the mylle, and Bayard in his hand.
The myller sittyng by the fyr he fand,
For it was night, and forther might they nought,
But for the love of God they him bisought
Of herberwh and of ese, as for her peny.
The myller seyd agayn, "If ther be eny,
Swich as it is, yit schul ye have your part.

4011. *Johan.* This is the correct form of the name, the *a* being generally indicated by a dash on the upper limb of the *h*. In the manuscript from which our text is taken, the contraction is sometimes written Johen. *John*, as Tyrwhitt prints it, is a much more modern orthography. Where the name is required to be a monosyllable, it is here spelt *Jon*, probably an abbreviation of familiarity, as *Tom* and the like.

4012. *Strothir.* This was the valley of Langstroth, or Langstrothdale, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, as pointed out by Dr. Whitaker, Hist. of Craven, p. 493. I am informed that the dialect of this district may be recognised in the phraseology of Chaucer's "scoleres tuo."

4053. *the wolf.* The fable of the Wolf and the Mare is found in the Latin Esopean collections, and in the early French poem of Renard le Contrefait, from whence it appears to have been taken into the English Reynard the Fox. In Renard le Contrefait the wolf utters a similar sentiment (though differently expressed) to that in Chaucer,—

Or vol-ge bien tout en apert
Que clergie bien sa saison port;
Aucunes foiz vilain queaignent
Es leus où le clerc se mehaignent.
. . . .
Ge ne fis mie grant savoir,
Quant ge vouloie clers devenir.

4094. *make a clerkes berd.* A proverbial phrase taken from the French, *faire la barbe à quelqu'un.* It occurs again farther on, l. 5943.

Myn hous is streyt, but ye han lerned art; 4120
Ye conne by argumentes make a place
A myl brood of twenty foote of space.
Let se now if this place may suffyse,
Or make it rom with speche, as is your gyse."
"Now, Symond," seyde this Johan, "by seynt Cuthberd!
Ay is thou mery, and that is fair answerd.
I have herd say, men suld take of twa thinges,
Slik as he fynt, or tak slik as he bringes.
But specially I pray the, host ful deere,
Get us som mete and drynk, and mak us cheere,
And we wol paye trewly at the fulle; 4131
With empty hand men may na hawkes tulle.
Lo heer our silver redy for to spende."
This meller into toun his doughter sende
For ale and breed, and rosted hem a goos,
And band her hors, he schold no more go loos;
And in his owne chambir hem made a bed,
With schetys and with chalouns fair i-spred,
Nat from his owen bed ten foot or twelve.
His doughter had a bed al by hirselve, 4140
Right in the same chambre by and by;
It mighte be no bet, and cause why
Ther was no rommer herberw in the place.
They sowpen, and they spoken of solace,
And dronken ever strong ale atte beste.
Aboute mydnyght wente they to reste.
Wel hath the myller vernysshed his heed,
Ful pale he was, for-dronken, and nat reed;
He yoxeth, and he speketh thurgh the nose,
As he were on the quakke or on the pose. 4150
To bed he goth, and with him goth his wyf,
As eny jay sche light was and jolyf,
So was hir joly whistel wel y-wet;
The cradil at hire beddes feet is set,
To rokken, and to give the child to souke.
And whan that dronken was al in the crouke,
To bedde went the doughter right anon;
To bedde goth Aleyn, and also Jon,
Ther nas no more, him needeth no dwale.
This meller hath so wysly bibbed ale, 4160
That as an hors he snortith in his sleep,
Ne of his tayl bihynd took he no keep.
His wyf bar him a burdoun, a ful strong,
Men might her rowtyng heeren a forlong.
The wenche routeth eek *par companye.*
Aleyn the clerk, that herd this melodye,
He pokyd Johan, and seyde, "Slepistow?
Herdistow ever slik a sang er now?
Lo, slik a couplyng is betwix hem alle,
A wilde fyr upon thair bodyes falle! 4170
Wha herkned ever swilk a ferly thing?
Ye, thei sal have the flour of ille endyng!
This lange night ther tydes me na rest.
But yet na fors, al sal be for the best.
For, Johan," sayd he, "as ever mot I thryve,
If that I may, yone wenche sal I swyve.
Som esement hath lawe schapen us;
For Johan, ther is a lawe that says thus,
That if a man in a point be agreved,
That in another he sal be releeved. 4180
Oure corn is stoln, sothly, it is na nay,
And we have had an ylle fitt to day;
And syn I sal have nan amendement
Agayn my los, I wol have esement.
By Goddes sale! it sal nan other be."
This Johan answerd, "Aleyn, avyse the;
The miller is a perlous man," he sayde,
"And if that he out of his sleep abrayde,
He mighte do us bothe a vilonye."
Aleyn answerd, "I count it nat a flye!" 4190
And up he roos, and by the wenche he crepte.
This wenche lay upright and faste slepte,
Til he so neih was or sche might aspye
That it had ben to late for to crye.
And schortly for to seye, they weren at oon.
Now pley, Alein, for I wol speke of Jon.
This Johan lith stille a forlong whyle or two,
And to himself compleyned of his woo.
"Allas!" quod he, "this is a wikked jape;
Now may I say that I am but an ape. 4200
Yet hath my felaw somwhat for his harm;
He hath the myllers doughter in his arm;
He auntred him, and has his needes sped,
And I lye as a draf-sak in my bed;
And when this jape is tald another day,
I sal be hald a daf, a cokenay!
Unhardy is unsely, as men saith.
I wol arise, and auntre it, in good faith."
And up he ros, and softely he wente
Unto the cradil, and in his hand it hente, 4210
And bar it softe unto his beddis feet.
Soone after this the wyf hir routyng leet,
And gan awake, and went hir forth to pisse,
And cam agayn, and gan hir cradel mysse,
And groped heer and ther, but sche fond noon.
"Allas!" quod sche, "I had almost mysgoon;
I had almost goon to the clerkes bed,
Ey, *benedicite!* than had I foule i-sped!"
And forth sche goth, til sche the cradil fand.
Sche gropith alway forther with hir hand, 4220
And fand the bed, and thoughte nat but good,
Bycause that the cradil by it stood,
Nat knowyng wher sche was, for it was derk;
But faire and wel sche creep in to the clerk,
And lith ful stille, and wolde han caught a sleep.
Withinne a while Johan the clerk up leep,
And on this goode wyf leyth on ful sore;
So mery a fytt ne hadd sche nat ful yore.
He priketh harde and deepe, as he were mad.
This joly lyf han this twey clerkes had, 4230
Til that the thridde cok bygan to synge.
Aleyn wax wery in the dawenynge,
For he had swonken al the longe night,
And seyd, "Farwel, Malyn, my sweete wight!
The day is come, I may no lenger byde;
But evermo, wher so I go or ryde,
I am thin owen clerk, so have I sel!"
"Now, deere lemman," quod sche, "go, farwel!
But or thou go, o thing I wol the telle:
Whan that thou wendist hom-ward by the melle,
Right at the entré of the d re byhynde
Thou schalt a cake of half a busshel fynde,
That was i-maked of thyn owen mele,
Which that I hilp myn owen self to stele.
And, goode lemman, God the save and kepe!"
And with that word almost sche gan to weepe.
Aleyn uprist, and thought, "Er that it dawe
I wol go crepen in by my felawe;"
And fand the cradil with his hand anon.
"By God!" thought he, "al wrong I have i-goon;
My heed is toty of my swynk to nyght, 4251
That makes me that I ga nought aright.

4182. *with empty hand.* Conf. l. 5997, where the proverb is given somewhat differently.

4179. A marginal note in the MS. says,—Qui in uno gravatur, in alio debet relevari.

I wot wel by the cradel I have mysgo;
Heer lith the myller and his wyf also."
Forth he goth in twenty devel way
Unto the bed, ther as the miller lay.
He wende have crope by his felaw Jon,
And by the myller in he creep anon,
And caught him by the nekke, and soft he spak,
And seyde, "Jon, thou swyneshed, awak, 4260
For Cristes sowle! and here a noble game;
For, by that lord that cleped is seynt Jame,
As I have thries in this schorte night
Swyved the myllers doughter bolt upright,
Whiles thou hast as a coward ben agast."
"Ye, false harlot," quod this mellere, "hast?
A! false traitour, false clerk!" quod he,
"Thou schalt be deed, by Goddes dignité!
Who durste be so bold to disparage
My doughter, that is come of hih lynage?" 4270
And by the throte-bolle he caught Aleyn,
And he hent him dispitously ageyn,
And on the nose he smot him with his fest.
Doun ran the blody streem upon his brest;
And in the floor with nose and mouth to-broke
They walweden as pigges in a poke;
And up they goon, and doun they goon anon,
Til that the millner stumbled at a ston,
And doun he felle bakward on his wyf,
That wyste nothing of this nyce stryf; 4280
For sche was falle asleepe a litel wight
With Jon the clerk, that waked al the night,
And with the falle right out of slepe sche brayde.
"Help, holy croys of Bromholme!" sche sayde,
"*In manus tuas*, Lord, to the I calle!
Awake, Symond, the feend is in thin halle!
My hert is broken! help! I am but deed!
Ther lythe upon my wombe and on myn heed.
Help, Symkyn! for this false clerkes fight."
This Johan stert up as fast as ever he might,
And grasped by the walles to and fro, 4291
To fynde a staf; and sche sturt up also,
And knewe the estres bet than dede Jon,
And by the wal sche took a staf anon,
And sawh a litel glymeryng of a light;
For at an hool in schon the moone bright,
And by that light sche saugh hem bothe two;
But sikirly sche wiste nat who was who,
But as sche saugh a whit thing in hir ye. 4300
And whan sche gan this white thing aspye,
Sche wend the clerk had wered a volupeer;
And with a staf sche drough hir neer and neer,
And wend have hit this Aleyn atte fulle,
And smot this meller on the piled sculle,
That doun he goth, and cryeth, "Harrow! I dye!"
This clerkes beten him wel, and leet hym lye,
And greyth hem wel, and take her hors anon,
And eek here mele, and hoom anon they goon;
And at the millen dore they tok here cake
Of half a buisshel flour ful wel i-bake. 4310
Thus is the prowde miller wel i-bete,
And hath i-lost the gryndyng of the whete,
And payed for the soper every del
Of Aleyn and of Johan, that beten him wel;
His wyf is swyved, and his doughter als.
Lo! such it is a miller to be fals.
And therto this proverbe is seyd ful soth,
He thar nat weene wel that evyl doth.
A gylour schal himself bygiled be.
And God, that sitest in thy mageste, 4320
Save al this compaignie, gret and smale.
Thus have I quyt the miller in his tale.

THE COKES PROLOGE.

The Cook of Londone, whil the Reeve spak,
For joye he thought he clawed him on the bak;
"Ha, ha!" quod he, "for Cristes passioun,
This meller hath a scharp conclusioun
Upon his argument of herburgage.
Wel seyde Salomon in his langage,
Ne bryng nat every man into thyn hous,
For herburgage by night is perilous. 4330
Wel aught a man avised for to be
Whom that he brought into his pryvyté.
I pray to God so gyf my body care,
Gif ever, siththen I highte Hogge of Ware,
Herd I a better miller set a-werke;
He hadde a jape of malice in the derke.
But God forbede that we stynten heere,
And therfore if ye vouchesauf to heere
A tale of me that am a pover man,
I wol yow telle as wel as I kan 4340
A litel jape that fel in oure cité."
Oure Host answerde and seyde, "I graunt it the.
Now telle on, Roger, and loke it be good;
For many a pastey hastow lete blood,
And many a Jakk of Dover hastow sold,
That hath be twyes hoot and twyes cold
Of many a pylgrym hastow Cristes curs;
For thy persly they faren yet the wors,
That they have eten with the stubbil goos;
For in thy schoppe is many a flye loos. 4350
Now tell on, gentil Roger by thy name,
But yit I pray the be nought wroth for game;
A man may seye ful sothe in game and pley."
"Thow saist ful soth," quod Roger, "by my fey!
But soth play quad play, as the Flemyng saith;
And therfore, Herry Baillif, by thy faith,
Be thou nat wroth, or we departe her,
Though that my tale be of an hostyler.
But nathcles I wol not telle it yit,
But or we departe it schal be quyt." 4360
And therwithal he lowh and made chere,
And seyde his tale, as ye schal after heere.

THE COKES TALE.

A prentys dwelled whilom in oure citee,
And of a craft of vitaillers was he;
Gaylard he was, as goldfynch in the schawe,
Broun as a bery, and a propre felawe,
With lokkes blak, and kempt ful fetously.

4284. *holy croys of Bromholme*. Portions of the real cross were said to compose the cross of the priory of Bromholm, in Norfolk, brought into England with great ceremony in 1223, and thenceforth an extraordinarily popular object of pilgrimage. 'By the cross (or rood) of Bromholm!' seems to have been a very common formula of swearing, and is found in Piers Ploughman, and elsewhere.

4318 *he thar nat*. The literal meaning of this proverb seems to be, "He need not imagine, or suppose, well, who does evil."

4345 *Jakk of Dover*. Some article of cookery, which I have not found mentioned or alluded to elsewhere, and which it would therefore be vain to attempt to explain.

4353. This line, as well as l 4356, is omitted in Ms. Harl., which reads *by my faith* in l. 4354, to make it rhyme with 4355.

4355 *soth play*. Tyrwhitt, to make Flemish of the phrase, reads *soth play quade spel*, which, after all is but half Flemish, and is contrary to the general authority of the mss. He quotes from Sir John Harrington's *Apologie for Poetrie* a similar English proverb, *soth bourde is no bourde*.

Daunceu he cowde wel and prately,
That he was cleped Perkyn Revellour.
He was as ful of love and paramour 4370
As is the honycombe of hony swete;
Wel were the wenche that mighte him meete.
[At every bridale wold he synge and hoppe;
He loved bet the taverne than the schoppe.]
For whan ther eny rydyng was in Cheepe,
Out of the schoppe thider wolde he lepe,
And tyl he hadde al that sight i-seyn,
And daunced wel, he nold nat come ageyn;
And gadred him a meyné of his sort,
To hoppe and synge, and make such disport. 4380
And ther they setten stevene for to meete,
To pleyen atte dys in such a strete.
For in the toun ne was ther no prentys
That fairer cowde caste a peyre dys
Than Perkyn couthe, and therto he was free
Of his dispence, in place of pryvyté.
That fand his mayster wel in his chaffare,
For often tyme he fond his box ful bare.
For such a joly prentys revelour,
That haunteth dys, revel, or paramour, 4390
His maister schal it in his schoppe abye,
Al have he no part of the mynstralcye.
For thefte and ryot be convertyble,
Al can they pley on giterne or ribible.
Revel and trouthe, as in a lowe degré,
They ben ful wroth al day, as ye may see.
This joly prentys with his mayster bood,
Til he was oute neygh of his prentyshood,
Al were he snybbyd bothe erly and late,
And som tyme lad with revel into Newgate. 4400
But atte laste his mayster him bythought
Upon a day, whan he his papyr sought,
Of a proverbe, that saith this same word,
Wel bette is roten appul out of hord,
Than that it rote al the remenaunt.
So fareth it by a ryotous servaunt;
It is ful lasse harm to late him pace,
Than he schend al the servauntes in the place.
Therfore his mayster gaf him acquitaunce,
And bad him go, with sorwe and with meschaunce.
And thus the joly prentys had his leve. 4411
Now let hym ryot al the night or leve.
And for ther is no thef withowten a lowke,
That helpeth him to wasten and to sowke
Of that he bribe can, or borwe may,
Anon he sent his bedde and his aray
Unto a compere of his owen sort,
That loved dis, and revel, and disport;
And had a wyf, that held for contenaunce
A schoppe, and swyved for hire sustenaunce. 4420

[Fye theron, it is so foule, I wil nowe telle no
forther,
For schame of the harlotrie that seweth after;
A velany it were thare of more to spelle, [telle.]
Bot of a knyht and his sonnes my tale I wil forthe

THE COKES TALE OF GAMELYN.

Litheth, and lestneth, and herkneth aright,
And ye schul heere a talkyng of a doughty knight;
Sire Johan of Boundys was his right name,
He cowde of norture ynough and mochil of game.
Thre sones the knight had, that with his body he wan;
The eldest was a moche schrewe, and sone he bygan.
His bretheren loved wel here fader, and of him were
agast, [the last.
The eldest deserved his fadres curs, and had it at
The goode knight his fader lyvede so yore, [sore.
That deth was comen him to, and handled him ful
The goode knight cared sore, sik ther he lay, 11
How his children scholde lyven after his day
He hadde ben wyde wher, but non housbond he was,
Al the lond that he had, it was verrey purchas.
Fayn he wold it were dressed amonges hem alle,
That ech of hem had his part, as it mighte falle.
Tho sent he into contré after wise knightes,
To helpe delen his londes and dressen hem to rightes.
He sent hem word by lettres they schulden hye blyve,
Yf they wolde spoke with him whil he was on lyve. 20
Tho the knyghtes herden sik ther he lay,
Hadde they no reste nother night ne day,
Til they comen to him ther he lay stille
On his deth bedde, to abyde Goddes wille.
Than seyde the goode knight, syk ther he lay,
"Lordes, I you warne for soth, withoute nay,
I may no lengere lyven heer in this stounde;
For thurgh Goddes wille deth draweth me to
grounde."
Ther nas non of hem alle that herd him aright,
That they hadden reuthe of that ilke knight, 30
And seyde, "Sir, for Goddes love, ne dismay you
nought;
God may do bote of bale that is now i-wrought."
Than spak the goode knight, sik ther he lay,
"Boote of bale God may sende, I wot it is no nay;
But I byseke you, knightes, for the love of me,
Goth and dresseth my lond among my sones thre.
And, sires, for the love of God, deleth hem nat amys,
And forgetith nat Gamelyn, my yonge sone that is.
Taketh heed to that on, as wel as to that other;
Selde ye see ony eyr helpen his brother." 40
Tho lete they the knight lyen that was nought
in hele,
And wenten in to counseil his londes for to dele;
For to delen hem alle to oon, that was her thought,
And for Gamelyn was yongest, he schuld have
nought.
Al the lond that ther was they dalten it in two,
And leeten Gamelyn the yonge withoute lond go,
And ech of hem seyde to other ful lowde, [cowde.
His bretheren might geve him lond whan he good
Whan they hadde deled the lond at here wille,
They come agein to the knight ther he lay ful stille,
And tolden him anon right how they hadden
wrought; 51
And the knight there he lay liked it right nought.
Than seyde the knight, "I sware by seynt Martyn,
For al that ye have y-doon yit is the lond myn;

4373. This and the following line are omitted in Ms. Harl.

4375. *in Cheepe*. Cheapside was the grand scene of city festivals and processions.

4409. *acquitaunce*. The Ms. Harl. reads *acqueyntaunce*.

4413. The lines from 4413 to 4420 are omitted in Ms. Harl., but they are evidently genuine.

The Cokes Tale of Gamelyn. Tyrwhitt omits this tale, as being certainly not Chaucer's; in which judgment he is probably right. It is, however, found in the Ms. Harl. and all the MSS. I have collated. Tyrwhitt ends abruptly with l. 4420. In Ms. Harl. the tale of Gamelyn begins without any introduction; I have added the introductory lines from the Lansdowne Ms. Other MSS., instead of them, have only two,—

But herof I wille passe as nowe,
And of yonge Gamelyn I wille telle yowe.

The tale of Gamelyn belongs to the Robin Hood cycle, and is curious as a picture of the times. It will be at once recognised as the foundation of Shakespeare's *As you like it*, though the dramatist appears to have taken it through the intermediance of Lodge's *Euphues Golden Legacy*, which is clearly built on the poem of Gamelyn, even the name of Adam Spencer being retained. In some MSS. Gamelyn's father is called *Johan of Burdeux*, an additional link with Lodge's novel. See further remarks on this tale in the Introduction.

For Goddes love, neyhebours, stondeth alle stille,
And I wil dele my lond after my wille.
Jehan, myn eldeste sone, schal have plowes fyve,
That was my fadres heritage whil he was on lyve;
And my myddeleste sone fyf plowes of lond,
That I halp for to gete with my right hond; 60
And al myn other purchas of londes and leedes
That I byquethe Gamelyn, and alle my goode steedes.
And I byseke yow, goode men, that lawe conne of
For Gamelynes love, that my queste stonde." [londe,
Thus dalte the knight his lond by his day,
Right on his deth bed sik ther he lay;
And sone aftirward he lay stoon stille,
And deyde whan tyme com, as it was Cristes wille.
And anon as he was deed, and under gras i-grave,
Sone the elder brother gyled the yonge knave; 70
He took into his hond his lond and his leede,
And Gamelyn himselfe to clothen and to feede.
He clothed him and fed him yvel and eek wrothe,
And leet his londes for-fare and his houses bothe,
His parkes and his woodes, and dede nothing wel,
And seththen he it abought on his faire fel.
So longe was Gamelyn in his brotheres halle,
For the strengest of good wil they doutiden him alle;
Ther was non therinne nowther yong ne olde
That wolde wraththe Gamelyn, were he never so bolde. 80
Gamelyn stood on a day in his brotheres yerde,
And bygan with his hond to handlen his berde;
He thought on his londes that layen unsawe,
And his faire okes that doun were i-drawe;
His parkes were i-broken, and his deer byreeved;
Of alle his goode steedes noon was him byleved;
His howses were unhilid and ful yvel dight.
Tho thoughte Gamelyn it wente nought aright.
Afterward cam his brother walkynge thare,
And seyde to Gamelyn, "Is our mete yare?" 90
Tho wraththed him Gamelyn, and swor by Goddes book,
"Thou schalt go bake thiself, I wil nought be thy cook."
"How? brother Gamelyn, how answerest thou now?
Thou spake never such a word as thou dost now."
"By my faith," seyde Gamelyn, "now me thinketh neede,
Of alle the harmes that I have I tok never ar heede.
My parkes ben to-broken, and my deer byreved,
Of myn armure and my steedes nought is me bileved;
Al that my fader me byquath al goth to schame,
And therfor have thou Goddes curs, brother, by thy name." 100
Than byspak his brother, that rape was of rees,
"Stond stille, gadelyng, and hold right thy pees;
Thow schalt be fayn for to have thy mete and thy wede;
What spekest thou, Gamelyn, of lond other of leede?"
Thanne seyde Gamelyn, the child that was ying,
"Cristes curs mot he have that clepeth me gadelyng!
I am no worse gadelyng, ne no worse wight,
But born of a lady, and geten of a knight."
Ne durst he nat to Gamelyn ner a foote go,
But clepide to him his men, and seyde to hem tho, 110
"Goth and beteth this boy, and reveth him his wyt,
And lat him leren another tyme to answere me bet."
Thanne seyde the child, yonge Gamelyn,
"Cristes curs mot thou have, brother art thou myn;
And if I schal algate be beten anon,
Cristes curs mot thou have, but thou be that oon."
And anon his brother in that grete hete
Made his men to fette staves Gamelyn to bete.
Whan that everich of hem a staf had i-nome,
Gamelyn was war anon tho he seigh hem come; 120
Tho Gamelyn seyh hem come, he loked over al,
And was war of a pestel stood under a wal;
Gamelyn was light of foot and thider gan he lepe,
And drof alle his brotheres men right on an hepe.
He loked as a wilde lyoun, and leyde on good woon;
Tho his brother say that, he bigan to goon;
He fley up intil a loft, and schette the dore fast.
Thus Gamelyn with the pestel made hem alle agast.
Some for Gamelynes love and some for his eyghe,
Alle they drowe by halves, tho he gan to pleyghe. 130
"What! how now?" seyde Gamelyn, "evel mot ye thee!
Wil ye bygynne contek, and so sone flee?"
Gamelyn sought his brother, whider he was flowe,
And saugh wher he loked out at a wyndowe.
"Brother," sayde Gamelyn, "com a litel ner,
And I wil teche the a play atte bokeler."
His brother him answerde, and swor by seynt Rycher,
"Whil the pestel is in thin hond, I wil come no neer:
Brother, I wil make thy pees, I swere by Cristes ore;
Cast away the pestel, and wraththe the nomore." 140
"I mot neede," sayde Gamelyn, "wraththe me at oones,
For thou wolde make thy men to breke myne boones,
Ne had I hadde mayn and might in myn armes,
To have i-put hem fro me, he wolde have do me harmes."
"Gamelyn," sayde his brother, "be thou nought wroth,
For to seen the have harm it were me right loth;
I ne dide it nought, brother, but for a fondyng,
For to loken or thou were strong and art so ying."
"Com adoun than to me, and graunte me my bone,
Of thing I wil the aske, and we schul saught sone." 150
Doun than cam his brother, that fykil was and felle,
And was swithe sore agast of the pestelle.
He seyde, "Brother Gamelyn, aske me thy boone,
And loke thou me blame but I graunte sone."
Thanne seyde Gamelyn, "Brother, i-wys,
And we schulle ben at oon, thou most me graunte this,
Al that my fader me byquath whil he was on lyve,
Thou most do me it have, gif we schul nat stryve."
"That schalt thou have, Gamelyn, I swere by Cristes ore! 160
Al that thi fader the byquath, though thou woldest have more;
Thy lond, that lyth laye, ful wel it schal be sowe,
And thyn howses reysed up, that ben leyd so low."
Thus seyde the knight to Gamelyn with mowthe,
And thought eek of falsnes, as he wel couthe.
The knight thought on tresoun, and Gamelyn on noon,
And went and kist his brother, and than they were at oon.
Allas! yonge Gamelyn, nothing he ne wiste
With which a false tresoun his brother him kiste.
Litheth, and lestneth, and holdeth your tonge,
And ye schul heere talkyng of Gamelyn the yonge.
Ther was ther bysiden cryed a wrastlyng, 171
And therfor ther was sette up a ram and a ryng;
And Gamelyn was in good wil to wende therto,
For to preven his might what he cowthe do.
"Brother," seyde Gamelyn, "by seynt Richer,
Thou most lene me to nyght a litel courser
That is freisch to the spore, on for to ryde;
I most on an erande, a litel her byside."
"By God!" seyd his brother, "of steedes in my stalle
Go and chese the the best, and spare non of alle, 180
Of steedes or of coursers that stonden hem bisyde;
And tel me, goode brother, whider thou wolt ryde."
"Her byside, brother, is cryed a wrastlyng,
And therfor schal be set up a ram and a ryng;
Muche worschip it were, brother, to us alle,
Might I the ram and the ryng bryng home to this halle."
A steede ther was sadeled smertely and skeet;
Gamelyn did a paire spores fast on his feet,
He set his foot in the styrop, the steede he bystrood,

57. *plowes fyve.* A plough of land was as much as could be ploughed with one plough. It was in the middle ages a common mode of estimating landed property.

61. *and leedes.* i.e. and bondmen; the portion of the population which was bought and sold with the land.

172. *a ram.* See before, the general prologue, l. 550.

And toward the wrastelyng the yonge child rood. 190
Tho Gamelyn the yonge was ride out at the gate,
The fals knight his brother lokked it after thate,
And bysoughte Jhesu Crist that is heven kyng
He mighte breke his nekke in that wrastlyng.
As sone as Gamelyn com ther the place was,
He lighte doun of his steede, and stood on the gras,
And ther he herd a frankeleyn wayloway syng,
And bigan bitterly his hondes for to wryng.
"Goode man," seyde Gamelyn, "why makestow this fare? 199
Is ther no man that may you helpe out of this care?"
"Allas!" seyde this frankeleyn, "that ever was I bore!
For tweye stalworthe sones I wene that I have lore;
A champioun is in the place, that hath i-wrought me sorwe, [borwe.
For he hath slayn my two sones, but if God hem
I wold geve ten pound, by Jhesu Crist! and more,
With the nones I fand a man to handil him sore."
"Goode man," sayde Gamelyn, "wilt thou wel doon,
Hold myn hors, whil my man draweth of my schoon,
And help my man to kepe my clothes and my steede,
And I wil into place go, to loke if I may speede." 210
"By God!" sayde the frankeleyn, "anon it schal be doon;
I wil myself be thy man, to drawen of thy schoon,
And wende thou into the place, Jhesu Crist the speede! [steede."
And drede not of thy clothes, nor of thy goode
Barfoot and ungert Gamelyn in cam,
Alle that weren in the place heede of him they nam,
How he durst auntre him of him to doon his might
That was so doughty champioun in wrastlyng and
Up sterte the champioun raply and anoon, [in fight.
Toward yonge Gamelyn he bigan to goon, 220
And sayde, "Who is thy fader and who is thy sire?
For sothe thou art a gret fool, that thou come hire."
Gamelyn answerde the champioun tho,
"Thou knewe wel my fader whil he couthe go,
Whiles he was on lyve, by seint Martyn!
Sir Johan of Boundys was his name, and I Gamelyn."
"Felaw," seyde the champioun, "al so mot I thryve,
I knew wel thy fader, whil he was on lyve;
And thiself, Gamelyn, I wil that thou it heere,
Whil thou were a yong boy a moche schrewe thou were." 230
Than seyde Gamelyn, and swor by Cristes ore,
"Now I am older woxe, thou schalt me fynd a more." [thou be!
"Be God!" sayde the champioun, "welcome mote
Come thou ones in myn hond, schalt thou never the."
It was wel withinne the night, and the moone schon,
Whan Gamelyn and the champioun togider gon to goon. [prest,
The champioun caste tornes to Gamelyn that was
And Gamelyn stood stille, and bad him doon his best.
Thanne seyde Gamelyn to the champioun,
"Thou art fast aboute to brynge me adoun;
Now I have i-proved many tornes of thyne, 240
Thow most," he seyde, "proven on or tuo of myne."
Gamelyn to the champioun yede smartly anon,
Of alle the tornes that he cowthe he schewed him but oon, [brak,
And kast him on the left syde, that thre ribbes to-
And therto his oon arm, that gaf a gret crak.
Thanne seyde Gamelyn smertly anoon,
"Schal it be holde for a cast, or elles for noon?"
"By God," seyd the champioun, "whether that it bee, [thee!"
He that comes ones in thin hand schal he never
Than seyde the frankeleyn, that had his sones there, 250
"Blessed be thou, Gamelyn, that ever thou bore were!" [him noon eye,
The frankleyn seyd to the champioun, of him stood
"This is yonge Gamelyn that taughte the this pleye." [welle,
Agein answerd the champioun, that liked nothing
"He is a lither mayster, and his pley is right felle;
Sith I wrastled first, it is i-go ful yore,
But I was nevere my lyf handled so sore."
Gamelyn stood in the place allone withoute serk,
And seyd, "If ther be eny mo, lat hem come to werk;
The champioun that peyned him to werke so sore, 260
It semeth by his continaunce that he wil nomore."
Gamelyn in the place stood as stille as stoon,
For to abyde wrastelyng, but ther com noon;
Ther was noon with Gamelyn wolde wrastle more,
For he handled the champioun so wonderly sore.
Two gentilmen ther were yemede the place,
Comen to Gamelyn, God geve him goode grace!
And sayde to hem, "Do on thyn hosen and thy
For sothe at this tyme this feire is i-doon." [schoon,
And than seyde Gamelyn, "So mot I wel fare,
I have nought yet halvendel sold up my ware." 270
Tho seyde the champioun, "So brouk I my sweere,
He is a fool that therof beyeth, thou sellest it so deere."
Tho sayde the frankeleyn that was in moche care,
"Felaw," he seyde, "why lakkest thou his ware?
By seynt Jame in Galys, that many man hath sought,
Yet it is to good cheep that thou hast i-bought."
Tho that wardeynes were of that wrastlyng,
Come and broughte Gamelyn the ram and the ryng,
And seyden, "Have, Gamelyn, the ryng and the
For the best wrasteler that ever here cam." [ram,
Thus wan Gamelyn the ram and the ryng,
And wente with moche joye home in the mornyng.
His brother seih wher he cam with the grete rowte,
And bad schitte the gate, and holde him withoute.
The porter of his lord was ful sore agast,
And stert anon to the gate, and lokked it fast.
Now litheth, and lestneth, bothe yong and olde,
And ye schul heere gamen of Gamelyn the bolde.
Gamelyn come therto for to have comen in,
And thanne was it i-schet faste with a pyn;
Than seyde Gamelyn, "Porter, undo the yate,
For many good mannes sone stondeth therate." 290
Than answerd the porter, and swor by Goddes berde,
"Thow ne schalt, Gamelyn, come into this yerde."
"Thow lixt," sayde Gamelyn, "so browke I my chyn!" [the pyn.
He smot the wyket with his foot, and brak awey
The porter seyh tho it might no better be,
He sette foot on erthe, and fast bigan to flee.
"By my faith," seyde Gamelyn, "that travail is i-lore, [haddest swore."
For I am of foot as lighte as thou, though thow
Gamelyn overtook the porter, and his teene wrak,
And gert him in the nekke, that the bon to-brak, 300
And took him by that oon arm, and threw him in a welle,
Seven fadmen it was deep, as I have herd telle.
Whan Gamelyn the yonge thus hadde pleyd his play,
Alle that in the yerde were drewen hem away;
They dredden him ful sore, for werkes that he wroughte,
And for the faire company that he thider broughte.
Gamelyn yede to the gate, and leet it up wyde;
He leet in alle maner men that gon in wold or ryde,
And seyde, "Ye be welcome withouten eny greeve,
For we wiln be maistres heer, and aske no man leve.
Yestirday I lefte," seyde yonge Gamelyn, 311
"In my brother seller fyve tonne of wyn;
I wil not that this compaignye parten a-twynne,
And ye wil doon after me, whil eny sope is thrynne;
And if my brother grucche, or make foul cheere,
Other for spense of mete or drynk that we spenden
I am oure catour, and bere oure aller purs, [heere,
He schal have for his grucchyng seint Maries curs.
My brother is a nyggoun, I swor by Cristes ore, 319

And we wil spende largely that he hath spared yore;
And who that maketh grucchyng that we here [dwelle,
He schal to the porter into the draw-welle."
Seven dayes and seven nyght Gamelyn held his feste,
With moche myrth and solas that was ther and no [cheste;
In a litel toret his brother lay i-steke,
And sey hem wasten his good, but durst he not [speke.
Erly on a mornyng on the eighte day
The gestes come to Gamelyn and wolde gon here [way.
"Lordes," seyde Gamelyn, "will ye so hye?
Al the wyn is not yet y-dronke, so brouk I myn ye."
Gamelyn in his herte was he ful wo, 331
Whan his gestes took her leve from him for to go;
He wold they had longer abide, and they seyde nay,
But bitaughte Gamelyn God, and good day.
Thus made Gamelyn his fest, and brought it wel to [ende,
And after his gestys took leve to wende.
Litheth, and lestneth, and holdeth youre tonge,
And ye schul heere gamen of Gamelyn the yonge;
Herkneth, lordynges, and lesteneth aright, [dight
Whan alle the gestes were goon how Gamelyn was
Al the whil that Gamelyn heeld his mangerye, 341
His brother thought on him be wreke with his trec- [cherie.
Tho Gamelyns gestes were riden and i-goon,
Gamelyn stood allone, frendes had he noon;
Tho after ful soone withinne a litel stounde,
Gamelyn was i-take and ful hard i-bounde.
Forth com the fals knight out of the seller,
To Gamelyn his brother he yede ful neer,
And sayde to Gamelyn, "Who made the so bold
For to stroye my stoor of myn houshold?" 350
"Brother," seyde Gamelyn, "wraththe the right nought,
For it is many day i-gon siththen it was bought;
For, brother, thou hast i-had, by seynt Richer,
Of fiftene plowes of lond this sixtene yer,
And of alle the beestes thou hast forth bred,
That my fader me biquath on his deth bed;
Of al this sixtene yeer I geve the the prow [now."
For the mete and the drynk that we have spended
Thanne seyde the fals knyght, evel mot he the, 359
"Herkne, brother Gamelyn, what I wol geve the;
For of my body, brother, geten heir have I noon,
I wil make the myn heir, I swere by seint Johan."
"*Par ma foy!*" sayd Gamelyn, "and if it so be,
And thou thenke as thou seyst, God yelde it the!"
Nothing wiste Gamelyn of his brotheres gyle;
Therfore he him bigyled in a litel whyle.
"Gamelyn," seyde he, "o thing I the telle;
Tho thou threwe my porter in the draw-welle,
I swor in that wraththe, and in that grete moot,
That thou schuldest be bounde bothe hand and foot;
Therfore I the biseche, brother Gamelyn, 371
Lat me nought be forsworn, as brother art thou myn;
Lat me bynde the now bothe hand and feet,
For to holde myn avow, as I the biheet."
"Brother," sayde Gamelyn, "al so mot I the!
Thou schalt not be forsworen for the love of me."
Tho made they Gamelyn to sitte, might he nat stonde,
Tyl they had him bounde bothe foot and honde.
The fals knight his brother of Gamelyn was agast,
And sent aftir feteres to feteren him fast. 380
His brother made lesynges on him ther he stood,
And told hem that comen in that Gamelyn was wood.
Gamelyn stood to a post bounden in the halle,
Tho that comen in ther loked on him alle.
Ever stood Gamelyn even upright;
But mete ne drynk had he non neither day ne night.
Than seyde Gamelyn, "Brother, by myn hals,
Now I have aspied thou art a party fals;
Had I wist that tresoun that thou haddest y-founde,
I wolde have geve the strokes or I had be bounde!"
Gamelyn stood bounden stille as eny stoon; 391
Two dayes and two nightes mete had he noon.
Thanne seyde Gamelyn, that stood y-bounde stronge,
"Adam spenser, me thinkth I faste to longe;
Adam spenser, now I bysech the,
For the mochel love my fader loved the,
Yf thou may come to the keyes, lese me out of bond,
And I wil parte with the of my free lond."
Thanne seyde Adam, that was the spencer,
"I have served thy brother this sixtene yeer, 400
If I leete the goon out of this bour,
He wolde say afterward I were a traytour."
"Adam," sayde Gamelyn, "so brouk I myn hals!
Thou schalt fynde my brother atte laste fals;
Therfor, brother Adam, louse me out of bond,
And I wil parte with the of my free lond."
"Up swich a forward," seyd Adam, "i-wys,
I wil do therto al that in me is."
"Adam," seyde Gamelyn, "al so mot I the,
I wol hold the covenant, and thou wil me." 410
Anon as Adames lord to bedde was i-goon,
Adam took the keyes, and leet Gamelyn out anoon;
He unlokked Gamelyn bothe hand and feet,
In hope of avauncement that he him byheet.
Than seyde Gamelyn, "Thanked be Goddes sonde!
Now I am loosed bothe foot and honde;
Had I now eten and dronken aright,
Ther is noon in this hous schulde bynde me this [night."
Adam took Gamelyn, as stille as ony stoon,
And ladde him into spence rapely and anon, 420
And sette him to soper right in a privé stede,
And bad him do gladly, and Gamelyn so dede.
Anon as Gamelyn hadde eten wel and fyn,
And therto y-dronke wel of the rede wyn,
"Adam," seyde Gamelyn, "what is now thy reed?
Whor I go to my brother and girde of his heed?"
"Gamelyn," seyd Adam, "it schal not be so,
I can teche the a reed that is worth the two.
I wot wel for sothe that this is no nay,
We schul have a mangery right on Sonday, 430
Abbotes and priours many heer schal be,
And other men of holy chirche, as I telle the; [fast,
Thow schalt stonde up by the post as thou were hond-
And I schal leve hem unloke, awey thou may hem [cast.
Whan that they have eten and waisschen here [hondes,
Thou schalt biseke hem alle to bryng the out of [bondes;
And if they wille borwe the, that were good game,
Then were thou out of prisoun, and I out of blame;
And if everich of hem say unto us nay,
I schal do another thing, I swere by this day! 440
Thou schalt have a good staf and I wil have another,
And Cristes curs have that oon that faileth that [other!"
"Ye, for Gode!" sayde Gamelyn, "I say it for me,
If I fayle on my syde, yvel mot I the!
If we schul algate assoile hem of here synne,
Warne me, brother Adam, whan I schal bygynne."
"Gamelyn," seyde Adam, "by seynte Charité,
I wil warne the byforn whan that it schal be;
Whan I twynk on the, loke for to goon, 449
And cast awey the feteres, and come to me anoon."
"Adam," seide Gamelyn, "blessed be thy bones!
That is a good counseil gevyng for the nones;
If they werne me thanne to brynge me out of bendes,
I wol sette goode strokes right on here lendes."
Tho the Sonday was i-come, and folk to the feste,
Faire they were welcomed bothe lest and meste;
And ever as they atte halle dore comen in,
They caste their eye on yonge Gamelyn.
The fals knight his brother, ful of trechery,
Alle the gestes that ther were atte mangery, 460
Of Gamelyn his brother he tolde hem with mouthe

420. *spence*. The spence, or, according to the original French form of the word, *despence*, was the closet or room in convents and large houses where the victuals, wine, and plate were locked up; and the person who had the charge of it was called the *spencer*, or the *despencer*. Hence originated two common family names.

Al the harm and the schame that he telle couthe.
Tho they were served of messes tuo or thre,
Than seyde Gamelyn, "How serve ye me?
It is nought wel served, by God that al made!
That I sytte fastyng, and other men make glade."
The fals knight his brother, ther that he stood,
Tolde alle his gestes that Gamelyn was wood;
And Gamelyn stood stille, and answerde nought,
But Adames wordes he held in his thought. 470
Tho Gamelyn gan speke dolfully withallo
To the gret lordes that saten in the halle:
"Lordes," he seyde, "for Cristes passioun,
Helpeth brynge Gamelyn out of prisoun."
Than seyde an abbot, sorwe on his cheeke!
"He schal have Cristes curs and seynte Maries eeke,
That the out of prisoun beggeth other borwe,
But ever worthe hem wel that doth the moche sorwe."
After that abbot than spak another, 479
"I wold thin heed were of, though thou were my brother!
Alle that the borwe, foule mot hem falle!"
Thus they seyde alle that were in the halle.
Than seyde a priour, yvel mot he thryve!
"It is mochе skathe, boy, that thou art on lyve."
"Ow," seyde Gamelyn, "so brouk I my bon!
Now I have aspyed that freendes have I non.
Cursed mot he worthe bothe fleisch and blood,
That ever do priour or abbot ony good!"
Adam the spencer took up the cloth, 489
And loked on Gamelyn, and say that he was wroth;
Adam on the pantrye litel he thought,
But tuo goode staves to halle dore he brought.
Adam loked on Gamelyn, and he was war anoon,
And cast awey the feteres, and he bigan to goon:
Tho he com to Adam, he took that on staf,
And bygan to worche, and goode strokes gaf.
Gamelyn cam into the halle, and the spencer bothe,
And loked hem aboute, as they had be wrothe;
Gamelyn sprengeth holy-water with an oken spire,
That some that stoode upright fel in the fire. 500
Ther was no lewede man that in the halle stood,
That wolde do Gamelyn ony thing but good,
But stoode besyde, and leet hem bothe worche.
For they hadde no rewthe of men of holy cherche;
Abbot or priour, monk or chanoun,
That Gamelyn overtok, anon they yeoden doun.
Ther was non of hem alle that with his staf mette,
That he made him overthrowe and quyt him his dette.
"Gamelyn," seyde Adam, "for seynte Charité,
Pay large lyverey, for the love of me, 510
And I wil kepe the dore, so ever here I masse!
Er they ben assoyled there shan noon passe."
"Dowt the nought," seyde Gamelyn, "whil we ben in feere,
Kep thou wel the dore, and I wol werche heere;
Stere the, good Adam, and lat ther noon flee,
And we schul telle largely how many ther be."
"Gamelyn," seyde Adam, "do hem but good;
They ben men of holy chirche, draw of hem no blood,
Save wel the croune, and do hem non harmes,
But brek bothe her legges and siththen here armes."
Thus Gamelyn and Adam wroughte right fast, 521
And pleyden with the monkes, and made hem agast.
Thider they come rydyng jolily with swaynes,
But hom agen they were i-lad in cartes and in waynes.
Tho they hadden al y-don, than seyde a gray frere,
"Allas! sire abbot, what did we now heere?
Tho that comen hider, it was a colde reed,
Us hadde ben better at home with water and breed."
Whil Gamelyn made ordres of monkes and frere,
Ever stood his brother, and made foul chere; 530
Gamelyn up with his staff, that he wel knew,
And gert him in the nekke, that he overthrew;
A litel above the girdel the rigge-bon to-barst;
And sette him in the feteres ther he sat arst.
"Sitte ther, brother," sayde Gamelyn,
"For to colyn thy blood, as I dide myn."
As swithe as they hadde i-wroken hem on here foon,
They askeden watir and wisschen anoon,
What some for here love and some for awe,
Alle the servants served hem of the beste lawe. 540
The scherreve was thennes but a fyve myle,
And al was y-told him in a litel while,
How Gamelyn and Adam had doon a sory rees,
Bounden and i-wounded men agein the kinges pees;
Tho bigan sone strif for to wake,
And the schorref aboute cast Gamelyn for to take.
Now lytheth and lesteneth, so God gif you goode fyn!
And ye schul heere good game of yonge Gamelyn.
Four and twenty yonge men, that heelden hem ful bolde,
Come to the schirref and seyde that they wolde 550
Gamelyn and Adam fetten away.
The scherref gaf hem leve, soth as I you say;
They hyeden faste, wold they nought bylynne,
Til they come to the gate, ther Gamelyn was inne.
They knokked on the gate, the porter was ny,
And loked out at an hol, as man that was sly.
The porter hadde byholde hem a litel while,
He loved wel Gamelyn, and was adrad of gyle,
And asked hem withoute what was here wille. 560
For al the grete company thanne spak but oon,
"Undo the gate, porter, and lat us in goon."
Than seyde the porter, "So brouke I my chyn,
Ye schul sey your erand er ye comen in."
"Sey to Gamelyn and Adam, if here wille be,
We wil speke with hem wordes two or thre."
"Felaw," seyde the porter, "stond there stille,
And I wil wende to Gamelyn to witen his wille."
In went the porter to Gamelyn anoon, 569
And seyde, "Sir, I warne you her ben come your foon,
The scherreves meyné ben atte gate,
For to take you bothe, schul ye nat skape."
"Porter," seyde Gamelyn, "so moot I wel the!
I wil allowe the thy wordes whan I my tyme se;
Go agayn to the gate, and dwel with hem a while,
And thou schalt se right sone, porter, a gyle.
Adam," sayde Gamelyn, "looke the to goon;
We have foomen atte gate, and frendes never oon;
It ben the schirrefes men, that hider ben i-come,
They ben swore to-gidere that we schul be nome."
"Gamelyn," seyde Adam, "hye the right blyve, 581
And if I faile the this day, evel mot I thryve!
And we schul so welcome the scherreves men,
That some of hem schul make here beddes in the den."
Atte posterne gate Gamelyn out went,
And a good cart staf in his hand he hente;
Adam hente sone another gret staf,
For to helpe Gamelyn, and goode strokes gaf.
Adam felde tweyne, and Gamelyn felde thre,
The other setten feet on erthe, and bygonne fle. 590
"What?" seyde Adam, "so ever here I masse!
I have a draught of good wyn, drynk er ye passe."
"Nay, by God!" sayde they, "thy drynk is not good,
It wolde make mannes brayne to lien in his hood."
Gamelyn stood stille, and loked him aboute,
And seih the scherreve come with a gret route.
"Adam," sayde Gamelyn, "my reed is now this,
Abide we no lenger, lest we fare amys:
I rede that we to wode goon ar that we be founde,
Better is us ther loose than in town y-bounde." 600
Adam took by the hond yonge Gamelyn;
And everich of hem tuo drank a draught of wyn,
And after took her coursers and wenten her way.
Tho fond the scherreve nest, but non ay.
The scherreve lighte adoun, and went into the halle,
And fond the lord y-fetered faste withalle.
The scherreve unfetered him sone, and that anoon,
And sent after a leche to hele his rigge-boon.
Lete we now this fals knight lyen in his care,
And talke we of Gamelyn, and loke how he fare. 610

Gamelyn into the woode stalkede stille,
And Adam the spenser liked ful ylle;
Adam swor to Gamelyn, by seynt Richer,
"Now I see it is mery to be a spencer,
That lever me were keyes for to bere,
Than walken in this wilde woode my clothes to tere."
"Adam," seyde Gamelyn, "dismaye the right nought;
Many good mannes child in care is i-brought."
And as they stoode talkyng bothen in feere,
Adam herd talkyng of men, and neyh him thought thei were.
Tho Gamelyn under the woode loked aright, 621
Sevene score of yonge men he saugh wel adight;
Alle satte atte mete in compas aboute.
"Adam," seyde Gamelyn, "now have we no doute,
After bale cometh boote, thurgh grace of God almight;
Me thynketh of mete and of drynk that I have a sight."
Adam lokede tho under woode bowgh,
And whan he seyh mete he was glad ynough;
For he hopede to God for to have his deel,
And he was sore alonged after a good meel. 630
As he seyde that word, the mayster outlawe
Saugh Gamelyn and Adam under woode schawe.
"Yonge men," seyde the maister, "by the goode roode,
I am war of gestes, God send us non but goode;
Yonder ben tuo yonge men, wonder wel adight,
And paraventure ther ben mo, who so loked aright.
Ariseth up, ye yonge men, and fetteth hem to me;
It is good that we witen what men they bee."
Up ther sterten sevene fro the dyner,
And metten with Gamelyn and Adam spenser. 640
Whan they were neyh hem, than seyde that oon,
"Yeldeth up, yonge men, your bowes and your floon."
Thanne seyde Gamelyn, that yong was of elde,
"Moche sorwe mot he have that to you hem yelde!
I curse non other, but right myselve,
They ye fette to yow fyve, thanne ye be twelve."
Tho they herde by his word that myght was in his arm,
Ther was none of hem alle that wolde do him harm,
But sayd unto Gamelyn, mildely and stille, 649
"Com afore our maister, and sey to him thy wille."
"Yonge men," sayde Gamelyn, "by your lewte,
What man is your maister that ye with be?"
Alle they answerde withoute lesyng,
"Oure maister is i-crouned of outlawes kyng."
"Adam," seyde Gamelyn, "go we in Cristes name;
He may neyther mete nor drynk werne us for schame.
If that he be hende, and come of gentil blood,
He wol geve us mete and drynk, and doon us som good."
"By seynt Jame!" seyd Adam, "what harm that I gete,
I wil auntre to the dore that I hadde mete." 660
Gamelyn and Adam wente forth in feere,
And they grette the maister that they founde there.
Than seide the maister, kyng of outlawes,
"What seeke ye, yonge men, under woode schawes?"
Gamelyn answerde the kyng with his croune,
"He moste needes walke in woode, that may not walke in towne.
Sire, we walke not heer noon harm for to do,
But if we meete with a deer, to scheete therto,
As men that ben hungry, and mow no mete fynde,
And ben harde bystad under woode lynde." 670
Of Gamelynes wordes the maister hadde routhe,
And seyde, "Ye schal have ynough, have God my trouthe."
He bad hem sitte ther adoun, for to take reste;
And bad hem ete and drynke, and that of the beste.
As they sete and eeten and dronke wel and fyn,
Than seyd that oon to that other, "This is Gamelyn."
Tho was the maister outlawe into counseil nome,
And told how it was Gamelyn that thider was i-come.
Anon as he herde how it was bifalle,
He made him maister under him over hem alle. 680
Within the thridde wyke him com tydyng,
To the maister outlawe that tho was her kyng,
That he schulde come hom, his pees was i-made;
And of that goode tydyng he was tho ful glad.
Tho seyde he to his yonge men, soth for to telle,
"Me ben comen tydynges I may no lenger dwelle."
Tho was Gamelyn anon, withoute taryyng,
Made maister outlawe, and crouned her kyng.
Tho was Gamelyn crouned kyng of outlawes,
And walked a while under woode schawes. 690
The fals knight his brother was scherreve and sire,
And leet his brother endite for hate and for ire.
Tho were his bonde men sory and nothing glade,
Whan Gamelyn her lord wolves-hood was cryed and made;
And sente out of his men wher they might him fynde,
For to seke Gamelyn under woode lynde,
To telle him tydynges how the wynd was went,
And al his good reved, and his men schent. 698
Whan they hed him founde, on knees they hem sette,
And adoun with here hood, and here lord grette:
"Sire, wraththe you nought, for the goode roode,
For we have brought you tydynges, but they be nat goode.
Now is thy brother scherreve, and hath the baillye,
And he hath endited the, and wolves heed doth the crie."
"Allas!" seyde Gamelyn, "that ever I was so slak
That I ne hadde broke his nekke, tho his rigge brak!
Goth, greteth hem wel, myn housbondes and wyf,
I wol ben atte nexte schire, have God my lif."
Gamelyn came wel redy to the nexte schire,
And ther was his brother bothe lord and sire. 710
Gamelyn com boldelych into the moot halle,
And put adoun his hood among the lordes alle:
"God save you alle, lordynges, that now here be!
But broke-bak scherreve, evel mot thou the!
Why hast thou do me that schame and vilonye,
For to late endite me, and wolves heed me crye?"
Tho thought the fals knight for to ben awreke,
And leet take Gamelyn, most he nomore speke;
Might ther be nomore grace, but Gamelyn atte last
Was cast into prisoun and fetered ful fast. 720
Gamelyn hath a brother that highte sir Ote,
As good a knight and heende as mighte gon on foote.
Anon ther yede a messager to that goode knight,
And told him altogidere how Gamelyn was dight.
Anon as sire Ote herde how Gamelyn was adight,
He was wonder sory, was he nothing light,
And leet sadle a steede, and the way he nam,
And to his tweyne bretheren anon right he cam.
"Sire," seyde sire Ote to the scherreve tho, 729
"We ben but thre bretheren, schul we never be mo,
And thou hast y-prisoned the best of us alle;
Swich another brother yvel mot him bifalle!"

694. *wolves-heed.* This was the ancient Saxon formula of outlawry, and seems to have been literally equivalent to setting the man's head at the same estimate as a wolf's head. In the laws of Edward the Confessor, it is said of a person who has fled justice, "Si vero postea repertus fuerit, et retineri possit, vivus regi reddatur, vel caput ejus si se defenderit. Lupinum enim gerit caput, quod anglice *wulfes-heofod* dicitur. Et hæc est lex communis et generalis de omnibus utlagatis."

698. *his men schent.* When a man's lands were seized by force or unjustly, the peasantry on the estates were exposed to be plundered and ill-treated by the followers of the intruder.

701. *wraththe you nought.* The messengers of ill tidings, however innocent themselves, often experienced all the first anger of the person to whom they carried them, in the ages of feudal power. Hence the bearer of ill news generally began by deprecating the wrath of the person addressed.

"Sire Ote," seide the fals knight, "lat be thi curs;
By God, for thy wordes he schal fare the wurs;
To the kynges prisoun anon he is y-nome,
And ther he schal abyde til the justice come."
"Pardé!" seyde sir Ote, "better it schal be,
I bidde him to maynpris, that thou graunt him me,
Til the nexte sittyng of delyveraunce,
And thanne lat Gamelyn stande to his chaunce." 740
"Brother, in swich a forthward take him to the;
And by thi fader soule, that the bygat and me,
But if he be redy whan the justice sitte,
Thou schalt bere the juggement for al thi grete [witte."
"I graunte wel," seide sir Ote, "that it so be.
Let delyver him anon, and tak him to me."
Tho was Gamelyn delyvered to sire Ote his brother;
And that night dwelleden that on with that other.
On the morn seyde Gamelyn to sire Ote the heende,
"Brother," he seide, "I moot for sothe from the
wende, 750
To loke how my yonge men leden here lyf,
Whether they lyven in joie or elles in stryf."
"Be God!" seyde sire Ote, "that is a cold reed,
Now I see that al the cark schal fallen on myn heed;
For whan the justice sitte, and thou be nought
y-founde,
I schal anon be take, and in thy stede i-bounde."
"Brother," sayde Gamelyn, "dismaye the nought.
For by seint Jame in Gales, that many man hath
If that God almighty hold my lyf and witt, [sought,
I wil be ther redy whan the justice sitt." 760
Than seide sir Ote to Gamelyn, "God schilde the
fro schame; [blame."
Com whan thou seest tyme, and bring us out of
Litheth, and lestneth, and holdeth you stille,
And ye schul here how Gamelyn had al his wille.
Gamelyn wente agein under woode rys,
And fond there pleying yonge men of prys.
Tho was yonge Gamelyn glad and blithe ynough,
Whan he fond his mery men under woode bough.
Gamelyn and his men talked in feere, 769
And they hadde good game here maister to heere;
They tolden him of aventures that they hadde
founde, [i-bounde.
And Gamelyn hem tolde agein how he was fast
Whil Gamelyn was outlawed, had he no cors;
There was no man that for him ferde the wors,
But abbotes and priours, monk and chanoun;
On hem left he nothing whan he might hem nom.
Whil Gamelyn and his men made merthes ryve,
The fals knight his brother, yvel mot he thryve!
For he was fast about bothe day and other,
For to hyre the quest, to hangen his brother. 780
Gamelyn stood on a day, and as he biheeld
The woodes and the schawes in the wilde feeld,
He thought on his brother how he him beheet
That he wolde be redy whan the justice seet;
He thoughte wel that he wolde, withoute delay,
Come afore the justice to kepen his day,
And seide to his yonge men, "Dighteth you yare,
For whan the justice sit, we moote be thare,
For I am under borwe til that I come,
And my brother for me to prisoun schal be nome." 790
"By seint Jame!" seyde his yonge men, "and thou
rede therto,
Ordeyne how it schal be, and it schal be do."
Whil Gamelyn was comyng ther the justice sat,
The fals knight his brother, forgat he nat that,
To huyre the men on his quest to hangen his brother;
Though he hadde nought that oon, he wolde have
Tho cam Gamelyn fro under woode rys, [that other.
And broughte with him his yonge men of prys.
"I se wel," seyde Gamelyn, "the justice is sette;
Go aforn, Adam, and loke how it spette." 800

775. *abbotes*. Gamelyn's enmity to abbots and monks is entirely in character with the Robin Hood ballads; it was the feeling of the age.

Adam went into the halle, and loked al aboute,
He seyh there stonde lordes gret and stoute,
And sir Ote his brother fetered wel fast:
Tho went Adam out of halle, as he were agast.
Adam said to Gamelyn, and to his felaws alle,
"Sir Ote stant i-fetered in the moot halle." [alle;
"Yonge men," seide Gamelyn, "this ye heeren
Sire Ote stant i-fetered in the moot halle.
If God gif us grace wel for to doo,
He schal it abegge that broughte him thertoo." 810
Thanne sayde Adam, that lokkes hadde hore,
"Cristes curs most he have that him bond so sore!
And thou wilt, Gamelyn, do after my red,
Ther is noon in the halle schall bere awey his heed."
"Adam," seyde Gamelyn, "we wiln nought don so,
We wil slee the giltyf, and lat the other go.
I wil into the halle, and with the justice speke;
On hem that ben gultyf I wil ben awreke.
Lat non skape at the dore; take, yonge men, yeme;
For I wil be justise this day domes to deme. 820
God spede me this day at my newe werk!
Adam, com on with me, for thou schalt be my
clerk."
His men answereden him and bad him doon his best,
"And if thou to us have neede, thou schalt fynde
us prest;
We wiln stande with the, whil that we may dure,
And but we werke manly, pay us non hure."
"Yonge men," seyde Gamelyn, "so mot I wel the!
As trusty a maister ye schal fynde of me."
Right there the justice sat in the halle,
In wente Gamelyn amonges hem alle. 830
Gamelyn lete unfetere his brother out of beende.
Thanne seyde sire Ote, his brother that was heende,
"Thou haddest almost, Gamelyn, dwelled to longe,
For the quest is oute on me, that I schulde honge."
"Brother," seyde Gamelyn, "so God gif me good
rest! [quest;
This day they schuln ben hanged that ben on thy
And the justice bothe that is jugges man,
And the scherreve bothe, thurgh him it bigan."
Than seyde Gamelyn to the justise, 839
"Now is thy power y-don, thou most nedes arise;
Thow hast geven domes that ben yvel dight,
I wil sitten in thy sete, and dressen hem aright."
The justice sat stille, and roos nought anoon;
And Gamelyn clevede his cheeke boon;
Gamelyn took him in his arm, and no more spak,
But threw him over the barre, and his arm to-brak.
Durste non to Gamelyn seye but good,
For-ferd of the company that withoute stood. 848
Gamelyn sette him doun in the justices sete, [feet.
And sire Ote his brother by him, and Adam at his
Whan Gamelyn was i-set in the justices stede,
Herkneth of a bourde that Gamelyn dede.
He leet fetre the justice and his fals brother,
And dede hem come to the barre, that oon with
that other.
Tho Gamelyn hadde thus y-doon, had he no rest,
Til he had enquered who was on the quest
For to deme his brother, sir Ote, for to honge;
Er he wiste which they were it thoughte ful longe.
But as sone as Gamelyn wiste wher they were,
He dede hem everichone fetere in feere, 860
And bringen hem to the barre, and sette hem in
rewe; [is a schrewe."
"By my faith!" seyde the justice, "the scherreve
Than seyde Gamelyn to the justise,
"Thou hast y-geve domes of the wors assise,
And the twelve sisours that weren of the queste,
They schul ben hanged this day, so have I reste."
Thanne seide the scherreve to yonge Gamelyn,
"Lord, I crie the mercy, brother art thou myn."
"Therfore," seyde Gamelyn, "have thou Cristes
curs, [wors.
For and thou were maister, yit I schulde have

What for to make short tale, and nought to tarie longe,
He ordeyned him a queste of his men so stronge; 872
The justice and the scherreve bothe honged hye,
To weyven with ropes and with the wynd drye;
And the twelve sisours, sorwe have that rekke!
Alle they were hanged faste by the nekke.
Thus ended the fals knight with his trecherie,
That ever had i-lad his lyf in falsnes and folye;
He was hanged by the nek, and nought by the purs,
That was the meede that he had for his fadres curs.
Sire Ote was eldest, and Gamelyn was ying, 881
They wenten with here freendes even to the kyng;
They made pees with the kyng of the best assise.
The kyng loved wel sir Ote and made him a justise.
And after the kyng made Gamelyn, bothe in est
Chef justice of al his fre forest; [and west,
Alle his wighte yonge men the kyng forgaf here gilt,
And sitthen in good office the kyng hem hath i-pilt.
Thus wan Gamelyn his lond and his leede, [meede,
And wrak him of his enemys, and quyt hem here
And sire Ote his brother made him his heir,
And siththen wedded Gamelyn a wyf bothe good
and feyr; 892
They lyveden togidere whil that Crist wolde,
And sithen was Gamelyn graven under moolde.
And so schal we alle, may ther no man fle:
God bryng us to the joye that ever schal be!

THE MAN OF LAWES PROLOGE.

Owre Hoste sawh that the brighte sonne
The arke of his artificial day hath i-ronne
The fourthe part, of half an hour and more;
And though he were nat depe expert in lore,
He wist it was the eightetene day
Of April, that is messanger to May;
And sawe wel that the schade of every tree
Was in the lengthe the same quantité
That was the body erecte, that caused it;
And therfore by the schadwe he took his wit, 4430
That Phebus, which that schoon so fair and bright,
Degrees was five and fourty clombe on hight;
And for that day, as in that latitude,
It was ten of the clokke, he gan conclude;
And sodeynly he plight his hors aboute.
"Lordynges," quod he, "I warne you al the route,
The fourthe party of this day is goon;
Now, for the love of God and of seint Jon,
Leseth no tyme, as forthe as ye may.
Lordynges, the tyme passeth night and day, 4440
And stelith fro us, what pryvely slepyng,
And what thurgh necligence in oure wakyng,
As doth the streem, that torneth never agayn,
Descendyng fro the mounteyn into playn.
Wel can Senek and many philosopher
Bywaylen time, more than gold in cofre.
For losse of catel may recovered be,
But losse of tyme schendeth us, quod he.
It wil nat come agayn, withoute drede,
Nomore than wol Malkyns maydenhede, 4450
Whan sche had lost it in hir wantownesse.
Let us nat mowlen thus in ydelnesse.
"Sir Man of Lawe," quod he, "so have ye blisse,
Telle us a tale anon, as forward ys.
Ye be submitted thurgh your fre assent
To stonden in this cas at my juggement.
Acquyteth yow, and holdeth youre byheste;
Than have ye doon your devour atte leste."
"Host," quod he, "*depardeux*, I assent;
To breke forward is nat myn entent. 4460
Byheste is dette, and I wol holde fayn
Al my byhest, I can no better sayn.
For such lawe as a man geveth another wight,
He schuld himselve usen it by right.
Thus wol oure text: but natheles certeyn
I can right now non other tale seyn,
That Chaucer, they he can but lewedly
On metres and on rymyng craftely,
Hath seyd hem in such Englisch as he can,
Of olde tyme, as knoweth many man. 4470
And gif he have nought sayd hem, leeve brother,
In o bok, he hath seyd hem in another.
For he hath told of lovers up and doun,
Moo than Ovide made of mencioun
In his Epistelles, that ben so olde.
What schuld I tellen hem, syn they be tolde?
In youthe he made of Ceys and Alcioun,
And siththe hath he spoke of everychon
These noble wyfes, and these lovers eeke,
Who so wole his large volume seeke, 4480
Cleped the seintes legende of Cupide;
Ther may he see the large woundes wyde
Of Lucresse, and of Babiloun Tysbee;
The sorwe of Dido for the fals Enee.
The tree of Philles for hir Demephon;
The pleynt of Dyane and of Ermyon,
Of Adrian, and of Ysyphilee;
The barreyn yle stondyng in the see;
The dreynt Leandere for his fayre Erro;
The teeres of Eleyn, and eek the woo 4490
Of Bryxseyde, and of Ledomia;
The cruelté of the queen Medea,
The litel children hangyng by the hals,
For thilke Jason, that was of love so fals.
O Ypermystre, Penollope, and Alceste,
Youre wyfhood he comendeth with the beste.
But certeynly no worde writeth he
Of thilke wikked ensample of Canace,
That loved hir owen brother synfully;
On whiche corsed stories I seye fy; 4500
Or elles of Tyro Appoloneus,
How that the cursed kyng Anteochus
Byreft his doughter of hir maydenhede,
That is so horrible a tale for to reede,
Whan he hir threw upon the pament.
And therfore he of ful avysement
Wolde never wryte in non of his sermouns
Of such unkynde abhominaciouns;
Ne I wol non reherse, if that I may.
But of my tale how schal I do this day? 4510
Me were loth to be lykned douteles
To Muses, that men clepen Pyerides,

4425. *eightetene*. This is the reading in which the MSS. seem mostly to agree. The Ms. Harl. reads *thretteenthe*. Tyrwhitt has *eighte and twenty*.

4440. *passeth*. Most of the MSS. read *wasteth*.

4450. *Malkyns maydenhede*. This appears to have been a proverbial saying, and occurs in *Piers Ploughman*.

4477. *Ceys and Alcioun*. This story forms the introduction to the *Boke of the Duchesse*.

4481. *Legende of Cupide*. This is the poem more frequently entitled the *Legende of good women*.

4486. *Dyane*. The Ms. Lansd. reads *Dianyre*, which Tyrwhitt adopts. The readings are very various, and not easy to be reconciled.

4498. *Canace*. This and the story of Apollonius of Tyre are told in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, whence it has been supposed that Chaucer intended here to blame that writer —a notion for which there appears to be no good foundation. The story of Apollonius was very popular in the middle ages, and was published in a variety of forms.

4512. *Pyerides*. "He rather means, I think, the daughters of Pierus, who contended with the Muses, and were changed into pies. Ovid Metam. 1. v."—*Tyrwhitt*.

(*Metamorphoseos* wot what I mene);
But natheles I recche nat a bene,
Thay I come after him with hawe-bake,
I speke in prose, and let him rymes make."
And with that word, he with a sobre cheere
Bygan his tale, as ye schal after heere.

THE MAN OF LAWES TALE.

O HATEFUL harm, condicioun of povert, 4519
With thurst, with cold, with honger so confoundyd,
To asken help it schameth in thin hert,
If thou non aske, with neede so art thou woundyd,
That verray neede unwrappeth al thy wounde [hyd;
Maugré thyn heed thou most for indigence
Or stele, or begge, or borwe thy dispence.
Thow blamest Crist, and seyst ful bitterly,
He mysdeparteth riches temporal;
And thyn neyhebour thou wytes synfully;
And seyst thou hast to litel, and he hath al.
Parfay, seystow, som tyme he rekne schal, 4530
Whan that his tayl schal brennen in the gleede,
For he nought helpeth the needful in his neede.
Herkneth what is the sentens of the wyse,
Bet is to dye than have indigence;
Thy selve neyghebour wol the despyse,
If thou be pore, farwel thy reverence.
Yet of the wyse man tak this sentence,
Alle the dayes of pore men be wikke;
Be war therfore or thou come to that prikke.
If thou be pore, thy brother hateth the, 4540
And alle thy frendes fleeth fro the, allas!
O riche marchaundz, ful of wele be ye,
O noble prudent folk as in this cas,
Youre bagges beth nat fuld with ambes aas,
But with sys synk, that renneth on your chaunce;
At Crystemasse wel mery may ye daunce.
Ye seeke land and see for youre wynnynges,
As wyse folk as ye knowe alle thastates
Of regnes, ye be fadres of tydynges,
Of tales, bothe of pees and of debates. 4550
I were right now of tales desolat,
Nere that a marchaunt, gon siththen many a yere,
Me taught a tale, which ye schal after heere.
In Surrie dwelled whilom a companye
Of chapmen riche, and therto sad and trewe,
That wyde where sent her spycerye,
Clothes of gold, and satyn riche of hewe.
Her chaffar was so thrifty and so newe,
That every wight had deynté to chaffare
With hem, and eek to selle hem of here ware.
Now fel it, that the maystres of that sort 4561
Han schapen hem to Rome for to wende,
Were it for chapmanhode or for disport,
Non other message nolde they thider sende,
But came hemself to Rome, this is the ende;
And in such place as thought hem avauntage
For here entent, they tooke her herburgage.
Sojourned have these marchauntz in the toun
A certeyn tyme, as fel to here plesaunce.
But so bifell, that thexcellent renoun 4570
Of themperoures doughter dame Custaunce
Reported was, with every circumstaunce,
Unto these Surrienz marchauntz, in such wyse
Fro day to day, as I schal you devyse.
This was the comyn voys of every man:
"Oure emperour of Rome, God him see!
A doughter hath, that, sith the world bygan,
To rekne as wel hir goodnes as hir bewté,
Nas never such another as was sche.
I prey to God hir save and susteene, 4580
And wolde sche were of al Europe the queene.
"In hire is hye bewté, withoute pryde;
Yowthe, withoute greflied or folye;
To alle hire werkes vertu is hire gyde;
Humblesse hath slayne in hir tyrrannye;
Sche is myrour of alle curtesye,
Hir herte is verrey chambre of holynesse,
Hir hond mynistre of fredom and almesse."
And al this voys is soth, as God is trewe. 4589
But now to purpos let us turne agein: [newe,
These marchantz have don fraught here schippes
And whan they have this blisful mayde seyn,
Home to Surrey be they went agein,
And doon here needes, as they have don yore,
And lyven in wele, I can you say no more.
Now fel it, that these marchauntz stooden in [grace
Of him that was the sowdan of Surrye.
For whan they come fro eny straunge place,
He wolde of his benigne curtesye
Make hem good chere, and busily aspye 4600
Tydynges of sondry regnes, for to lere
The wordes that they mighte seen and heere.
Among other thinges specially
These marchauntz him told of dame Constaunce
So gret noblesse, in ernest so ryally,
That this sowdan hath caught so gret plesaunce
To have hir figure in his remembraunce,
That al his lust, and al his besy cure,
Was for to love hir, whiles his lyf may dure.
Paraventure in thilke large booke, 4610
Which that is cleped the heven, i-write was
With sterres, whan that he his burthe took,
That he for love schulde have his deth, allas!
For in the sterres, clerere then is glas,

The Man of Lawes Tale This tale was probably taken direct from a French romance. All the incidents in it are of frequent occurrence in medieval stories. The whole story is found in Gower; and a similar story forms the plot of the romance of Emare (printed in Ritson's Metrical Romances). The treachery of King Alla's mother enters into the French romance of the *Chevalier au cygne*, and into the still more ancient Anglo-Saxon romance of King Offa, preserved in a Latin form by Matthew Paris. It is also found in the Italian collection, said to have been composed in 1378, under the title of *Il Pecorone di ser Giovanni Fiorentino* (an imitation of the Decameron), gior. x. No. 1. The treason of the knight who murders Hermengilde is an incident in the French *Roman de la Violette*; and in the English metrical romance of *Le bone Florence of Rome* (printed in Ritson's collection); and is found in the English *Gesta Romanorum*, c. 69 (ed. Madden), joined in the latter place with Constance's adventure with the steward. It is also found in Vincent of Beauvais, and other writers. Gower's version appears to be taken from the French chronicle of Nicolas Trivet, Ms. Arundel, No. 56, fol. 45 vo.

4534. *Bet is to dye.* This saying of Solomon is quoted in the *Roman de la Rose*, as cited by Tyrwhitt:

Mieux vault mourir que pauvres estres.

4614. *in the sterres.* See before, l. 2039. Chaucer seems to have had in his eye in the following stanza a passage of the *Megacosmus* of Bernardus Silvestris, a rather popular Latin poet of the twelfth century. Some of these lines are quoted in the margin of Ms. Lansd.

Præjacet in stellis series, quam longior ætas
Explicet et spatiis temporis ordo suis,
Sceptra Phoronei, fratrum discordia Thebis,
Flamma Phaethontis, Deucalionis aquæ.
In stellis Codri paupertas, copia Crœsi,
Incestus Paridis, Hippolytique pudor.
In stellis Priami species, audacia Turni,
Sensus Ulyxeus, Herculeusque vigor.
In stellis pugil est Pollux, et navita Typhis,
Et Cicero rhetor, et geometra Thales.
In stellis lepidum dictat Maro, Milo figurat,

Is wryten, God woot, who so cowthe it rede,
The deth of every man, withouten drede.
In sterres many a wynter therbyfore,
Was write the deth of Ector and Achilles,
Of Pompé, Julius, er they were i-bore;
The stryf of Thebes, and of Ercules, 4620
Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates
The deth; but mennes wittes ben so dulle,
That no wight can wel rede it at the fulle.
This sowdan for his pryvé counseil sent,
And schortly of this mater for to pace,
He hath to hem declared his entent,
And seyd hem certeyn, but he might have grace
To have Constance withinne a litel space,
He nas but deed, and charged hem in hyghe
To schapen for his lyf som remedye. 4630
Dyverse men divers thinges seyde,
The argumentes casten up and doun;
Many a subtyl resoun forth they leyden;
They spekyn of magike, and of abusioun;
But fynally, as in conclusioun,
They can nought seen in that non avauntage,
Ne in non other wey, save in mariage.
Than sawgh they therin such difficulté
By wey of resoun, to speke it al playn,
Bycause that ther was such dyversité 4640
Bitwen here bothe lawes, as they sayn,
They trowe that "no cristen prince wold fayn
Wedden his child under our lawe swete,
That us was taught by Mahoun oure prophete."
And he answerde: "Rather than I lese
Constance, I wol be cristen douteles;
I moot be heres, I may non other cheese;
I pray you haldeth your arguments in pees,
Saveth my lyf, and beth nat recheles.
Goth, geteth hire that hath my lyf in cure, 4650
For in this wo I may no lenger dure."
What needeth gretter dilatacioun?
I say, by tretys and ambassatrye,
And by the popes mediacioun,
And al the chirche, and al the chyvalrye,
That in destruccioun of mawmetrye,
And in encresse of Cristes lawe deere,
They ben acordid, as ye schal after heere,
How that the soudan and his baronage,
And alle his lieges schuld i-crystned be, 4660
And he schal have Constance in mariage,
And certeyn gold, I not what quantité,
And therfore founden they suffisant seurté.
This same acord was sworn on every syde;
Now, fair Constance, almighty God the gyde!
Now wolde som men wayten, as I gesse,
That I schulde tellen al the purvyaunce,
That themperour of his gret noblesse
Hath schapen for his doughter dame Constaunce.
Wel may men knowe that so gret ordynaunce
May no man telle in so litel a clause, 4671
As was arrayed for so high a cause.
Bisschops ben schapen with hir for to wende,
Lordes, ladyes, and knightes of renoun,
And other folk ynowe, this is the ende.
And notefied is thurghout the toun,
That every wight with gret devocioun
Schulde preye Crist, that he this mariage
Receyve in gree, and spede this viage.
The day is come of hire departyng, 4680
(I say the woful day that than is come)
That ther may be no lenger taryyng,
But forthe-ward they dresse hem alle and so ne.
Constance, that with sorwe is overcome,
Ful pale arist, and dresseth hir to wende,
For wel sche saugh ther nas non other ende.
Allas! what wonder is it though sche wepte,
That schal be sent to straunge nacioun,
Fro freendes, that so tenderly hir kepte,
And to be bounde undur subjeccioun 4690
Of oon sche knew nat his condicioun?
Housbondes ben al goode, and han be yore;
That knowen wyfes, I dar say no more.
"Fader," sche seid, "thy wrecched child Constaunce,
Thy yonge doughter fostred up so softe,
And ye, my mooder, my soverayn plesaunce
Over al thing, outaken Crist on lofte,
Constaunce your child hir recomaundeth ofte
Unto your grace; for I schal into Surrye,
Ne schal I never see you more with ye. 4700
"Allas! unto the Barbre nacioun
I most anoon, sethens it is your wille:
But Crist, that starf for our redempcioun,
So geve me grace his hestes to fulfille,
I, wrecched womman, no fors they I spille!
Wommen ben born to thraldam and penaunce,
And to ben under mannes governaunce."
I trowe at Troye whan Pirrus brak the wal,
Or Yleon that brend Thebes the citee,
Ne at Rome for the harme thurgh Hanibal, 4710
That Romayns have venquysshed tyme thre,
Nas herd such tender wepyng for pité,
As in the chambur was for hir partyng;
But forth sche moot, whether sche weep or syng.
O firste mevyng cruel firmament,
With thi diurnal swough that crowdest ay,
And hurlest al fro est to occident,
That naturelly wold hold another way;
Thyn crowdyng sette the heven in such array
At the bygynnyng of this fiers viage, 4720
That cruel Martz hath slayn this marriage.
Infortunat ascendent tortuous,
Of which the lordes helples falle, allas!
Out of his angle into the derkest hous.
O Mariz Attezare, as in this caas;
O feble moone, unhappy been thi paas,
Thou knettest the ther thou art nat receyved,
Ther thou were wel fro thennes art yow weyved.
Inprudent emperour of Rome, allas!
Was ther no philosopher in al thy toun? 4730
Is no tyme bet than other in such caas?
Of viage is ther noon eleccioun,

Fulgurat in Latio nobilitate Nero.
Astra notat Persis, Ægyptus parturit artes,
Græcia docta legit, prælia Roma gerit.

4715. *firste mevyng.* The following note is written in the margin of the Lansd. Ms. "Unde Tholomeus, libro primo, capitulo 8: Primi motus celi duo sunt, quorum unus est qui movet totum semper ab oriente in occidentem uno modo super orbes, etc. Alter vero motus est qui movet orbem stellarum currentium contra motum primum, viz. ab occidente in orientem super alios duos polos, etc."

4725. *O Mariz Attezare.* The readings of the mss. vary much. Tyrwhitt reads *O Mars, O Atyzar.* I have followed the Harl. Ms. It would require a deeper knowledge of medieval astrology than I possess, to correct it with any certainty, or to determine if it need correction.

4732. *eleccioun.* The marginal note in the Lansd. Ms. quoted above, adds, "Omnes enim sunt concordati quod electiones sint debiles, nisi in divitibus; habent enim isti, licet debilitentur eorum electiones, radicem, i.e. nativitates eorum que confortant omnem planetam debilem in itinere: hæc philosophus." Tyrwhitt gives this from another ms. It is taken from the *Liber electionum* of Zahel, of which there is a copy in Ms. Harl. No. 80. The above passage occurs at fol. 3 vº.

Namly to folk of heigh condicioun,
Nought whan a roote is of a birthe i-knowe?
Allas! we ben to lewed, and eek to slowe.
To schippe is brought this woful faire mayde
Solempnely, with every circumstaunce.
"Now Jhesu Crist so be with you," sche sayde.
Ther nys nomor, but farwel, fair Custaunce;
Sche peyneth hire to make good contienaunce.
And forth I lete hire sayle in this manere, 4741
And torne I wol agein to my matiere.
The moder of the sowdan, ful of vices,
Aspyed hath hir sones playn entente,
How he wol lete his olde sacrifices;
And right anoon sche for hir counseil sent,
And they ben come, to knowe what sche ment;
And whan assembled was this folk in fere,
Sche sette hir doun, and sayd as ye schal heere.
"Lordes," quod sche, "ye knowen everichon,
How that my sone in poynt is for to lete 4751
The holy lawes of our Alkaroun,
Geven by Goddes messangere Makamete;
But oon avow to grete God I hete,
The lyf schuld rather out of my body stert,
Or Makametes law go out of myn hert.
"What schal us tyden of this newe lawe
But thraldam to oure body and penaunce,
And afterward in helle to be drawe,
For we reneyed Mahound oure creaunce? 4760
But, lordes, wol ye maken assuraunce,
As I schal say, assentyng to my lore?
And I schal make us sauf for evermore."
They sworen and assenten every man
To lyf with hir and dye, and by hir stonde;
And everich in the beste wise he can
To strengthen hir schal al his frendes fonde.
And sche hath emprise take on honde,
Which ye schul heere that I schal devyse,
And to hem alle sche spak in this wyse: 4770
"We schul first feyne ous cristendom to take;
Cold watir schal nat greve us but a lite;
And I schal such a fest and revel make,
That, as I trow, I schal the sowdan quyte.
For though his wyf be cristned never so white,
Sche schal have need to waissche away the rede,
Thogh sche a font of watir with hir lede."
O sowdones, root of iniquité,
Virago thou Semyram the secounde;
O serpent under feminité, 4780
Lyk to the serpent deep in helle i-bounde;
O feyned womman, alle that may confounde
Vertu and innocence, thurgh thy malice,
Is bred in the, as nest of every vice.
O Satan envyous, syn thilke day
That thou were chased fro oure heritage,
Wel knowest thou to wommen the olde way.
Thou madest Eve to bryng us in servage,
Thou wolt fordoon this cristen mariage.
Thyn instrument so (weylaway the while!) 4790
Makestow of wommen whan thou wolt bygyle.
This sowdones, whom I thus blame and wary,
Let prively hir counseil gon his way;
What schuld I in this tale lenger tary?
Sche rideth to the soudan on a day,
And seyd him, that sche wold reney hir lay,
And cristendam of prestes handes fonge,
Repentyng hir sche hethen was so longe;
Bysechyng him to doon hir that honour,
That sche most have the cristen men to feste;
"To plesen hem I wil do my labour." 4801
The sowdan seith, "I wol do at your heste,"
And knelyng, thanketh hir of that requeste;
So glad he was, he nyst nat what to seye.
Sche kyst hir sone, and hom sche goth hir weye.
Arryved ben the cristen folk to londe
In Surry, with a gret solempne route,
And hastily this sowdan sent his sonde,
First to his moder, and al the regne aboute,
And seyd, his wyf was comen out of doute, 4811
And preyeth hir for to ride agein the queene,
The honour of his regne to susteene.
Gret was the prees, and riche was tharray
Of Surriens and Romayns mette in feere.
The mooder of the sowdan riche and gay
Receyved hir withal so glad a cheere,
As eny mooder might hir doughter deere;
And to the nexte citee ther bysyde
A softe paas solempnely thay ryde.
Nought trow I the triumphe of Julius, 4820
Of which that Lukan maketh moche bost,
Was ryaller, ne more curious,
Than was thassemblé of this blisful oost.
But this scorpioun, this wikked goost,
The sowdones, for al hir flateryng,
Cast under this ful mortally to styng.
The sowdan comth himself sone after this
So really, that wonder is to telle;
And welcometh hir with al joy and blys. 4829
And thus with mirth and joy I let hem dwelle.
The fruyt of this matier is that I telle.
Whan tyme com, men thought it for the best
That revel stynt, and men goon to her rest.
The tyme com, the olde sowdonesse
Ordeyned hath this fest of which I told;
And to the feste cristen folk hem dresse
In general, bothe yong and old.
Ther men may fest and realté byholde,
And deyntés mo than I can of devyse, 4839
But al to deere they bought it ar they ryse.
O sodeyn wo! that ever art successour
To worldly blis, spreynd is with bitternesse
The ende of oure joye, of oure worldly labour;
Wo occupieth the fyn of oure gladnesse.
Herken this counseil for thyn sikernesse;
Upon thyn glade dayes have in thi mynde
The unwar woo that cometh ay bihynde.
For schortly for to tellen at o word,
The sowdan and the cristen everichone
Ben al to-hewe and stiked atte bord, 4850
But it were dame Constaunce allone.
This olde sowdones, this cursed crone,
Hath with hir frendes doon this cursed dede,
For sche hirself wold al the contré lede.
Ne ther was Surrien noon that was converted,
That of the counseil of the sowdon woot,
That he nas al to-hewe or he asterted;
And Constaunce have they take anon foot-hoot,
And in a schippe, stereles, God it woot,

4752. *Alkaroun.* The Koran was translated into Latin in the twelfth century, and it and the history of its author Mohammed were subjects of interest in the West.

4847. *unwar woo.* This is a good example of the manner in which corruptions of the text gain ground. Some one had apparently given *or harm* as a marginal gloss to *woo*; another scribe copied this into the text, and some MSS. (as the Lansd. Ms. and one of the Cambridge Mss.) have *unwar woo or harme.* This was again altered to make apparent sense, and Tyrwhitt has the line,

The unware wo of harm, that cometh behinde.

They have hir set, and bad hir lerne to sayle 4860
Out of Surry agein-ward to Ytaile.
A certein tresour that sche thider ladde,
And, soth to sayn, vitaile gret plenté,
They have hir geven, and clothes eek sche hadde,
And forth sche sayleth in the salte see.
O my Constaunce, ful of benignité,
O emperoures yonge doughter deere,
He that is lord of fortun be thi steere!
Sche blesseth hir, and with ful pitous voys
Unto the croys of Crist than seyde sche: 4870
"O cler, O welful auter, holy croys,
Red of the lambes blood, ful of pité,
That wissh the world fro old iniquité,
Me fro the feend and fro his clowes keepe,
That day that I schal drenchen in the deepe.
"Victorious tre, proteccioun of trewe,
That oonly were worthy for to bere
The kyng of heven, with his woundes newe,
The white lamb, that hurt was with a spere;
Flemer of feendes, out of him and here 4880
On which thy lymes feithfully extenden,
Me kepe, and gif me might my lyf to menden."
Yeres and dayes flette this creature
Thurghout the see of Grece, into the strayte
Of Marrok, as it was hir adventure.
O many a sory mele may sche bayte,
After hir deth ful ofte may sche wayte,
Or that the wilde wawe wol hir dryve
Unto the place ther as sche schal arryve.
Men mighten aske, why sche was nought slayn?
Ek at the fest who might hir body save? 4891
And I answer to that demaunde agayn,
Who saved Daniel in thorrible cave,
That every wight, sauf he, mayster or knave,
Was with the lioun frete, or he asterte?
No wight but God, that he bar in his herte.
God lust to schewe his wonderful miracle
In hir, for we schuld seen his mighty werkes;
Crist, which that is to every harm triacle,
By certeyn menes ofte, as knowen clerkes, 4900
Doth thing for certeyn ende, that ful derk is
To mannes witt, that for our ignoraunce
Ne can nought knowe his prudent purveyaunce.
Now sith sche was nat at the fest i-slawe,
Who kepte hir fro drenching in the see?
Who kepte Jonas in the fisches mawe,
Til he was spouted up at Ninive?
Wel may men knowe, it was no wight but he
That kept the pepul Ebrayk fro her drenchyng,
With drye feet thurghout the see passyng. 4910
Who badde foure spirits of tempest,
That power han to noyen land and see,
Bothe north and south, and also west and est,
Anoyen neyther londe, see, ne tree?
Sothly the comaunder of that was he
That fro the tempest ay this womman kepte,
As wel when sche awok as when sche slepte.
Wher might this womman mete and drinke have?
Thre yer and more, how lasteth hir vitaille?
Who fedde the Egipcien Marie in the cave, 4920
Or in desert? no wight but Crist *saunz faile*.
Fyf thousand folk it was a gret mervaile
With loves fyf and fissches tuo to feede;
God sent his foysoun at her grete neede.
Sche dryveth forth into oure occean
Thurghout oure wilde see, til atte last
Under an holte, that nempnen I ne can,
Fer in Northumberland, the wawe hir cast,
And in the sand the schip styked so fast,
That thennes wold it nought in al a tyde; 4930
The wille of Crist was that sche schold abyde.
The constabil of the castel doun is fare
To se this wrak, and al the schip he sought,
And fond this wery womman ful of care;
He fand also the tresour that sche brought;
In hir langage mercy sche bisought,
The lif out of hir body for to twynne,
Hir to delyver of woo that sche was inne.
A maner Latyn corupt was hir speche,
But algates therby sche was understonde. 4940
The constabil, whan him lust no lenger seche,
This woful womman broughte he to londe.
Sche kneleth doun, and thanketh Goddes sonde;
But what sche was, sche wolde no man seye
For foul ne faire, though sche scholde deye.
Sche was, sche seyd, so mased in the see,
That sche forgat hir mynde, by hire trowthe.
The constable hadde of hir so gret pitee,
And eek his wyf, they wepeden for routhe;
Sche was so diligent withouten slouthe 4950
To serve and plese ever in that place,
That alle hir loven that loken on hir face.
The constable and dame Hermegyld his wyf.
To telle you playne, payenes bothe were;
But Hermegyld loved Constance as hir lyf;
And Constance hath so long herberwed there
In orisoun, with many a bitter teere,
Til Jhesu hath converted thurgh his grace
Dame Hermegyld, the constables of the place.
In al the lond no cristen men durst route; 4960
Al cristen men ben fled from that contré
Thurgh payens, that conquered al aboute
The places of the north by land and see.
To Wales fled the cristianité
Of olde Britouns, dwellyng in this yle;
Ther was hir refut for the mene while.
But yit nere cristen Britouns so exiled,
That ther nere some in here privyté
Honoured Crist, and hethen folk bygiled;
And neigh the castel such ther dwellid thre. 4970
That oon of hem was blynd, and might nat se,
But if it were with eyen of his mynde,
With which men seen after that they ben blynde.
Bright was the sonne, as in someres day,
For which the constable and his wif also
And Constaunce had take the righte way
Toward the see, a forlong wey or two,
To pleyen, and to romen to and fro;
And in that walk this blynde man they mette,
Croked and olde, with eyen fast y-schette. 4980
"In name of Crist," cryed this old Britoun,
"Dame Hermegyld, gif me my sight ageyn!"
This lady wax affrayed of the soun,
Lest that hir houseband, schortly to sayn,
Wold hir for Jhesu Cristes love have slayn,
Til Constaunce made hir bold, and bad hir werche
The wil of Crist, as doughter of holy chirche.
The constable wax abaissched of that sight,

4927. *that nempnen I ne can.* The MS. reads *that men nempne can.*

4939. *a maner Latyn corupt.* In the romance of Fulke fitz Warine (p. 91), where a pretended merchant from the East comes to London, we are told,—"Et quanqu'il parla fust *Latyn corupt*, mès le meil... entendy bien."

4954. Tyrwhitt gives (from other MSS.) instead of this line,

Were payenes, and ... contree every wher.

The Harl. Ms. has *in payne* for *payenes*.

And sayde, "What amounteth al this fare?"
Constaunce answered, "Sir, it is Cristes might,
That helpeth folk out of the feendes snare." 4991
And so ferforth sche gan hir lay declare,
That sche the constable, er that it was eve
Converted, and on Crist made him bileve.
This constable was not lord of the place
Of which I speke, ther he Constance fond,
But kept it strongly many a wynter space
Under Alla, kyng of Northumberlond,
That was ful wys, and worthy of his hond,
Agein the Scottes, as men may wel heere. 5000
But tourne agein I wil to my mateere.
Satan, that ever us wayteth to begile,
Sawe of Constaunce al hir perfeccioun,
And cast anoon how he might quyt hir while;
And made a yong knight, that dwelt in the toun,
Love hir so hoot of foul affeccioun,
That verrayly him thought he schulde spille,
But he of hire oones had his wille.
He wowith hir, but it avayleth nought,
Sche wolde do no synne by no weye; 5010
And for despyt, he compassed in his thought
To maken hir a schamful deth to deye.
He wayteth whan the constable was aweye,
And pryvyly upon a nyght he crepte
In Hermyngyldes chambre whil sche slepte.
Wery, for-waked in here orisoun,
Slepeth Constaunce, and Hermyngyld also.
This knight, thurgh Satanas temptacioun,
Al softely is to the bed y-go,
And kutte the throte of Hermegild a-two, 5020
And leyd the bloody knyf by dame Constaunce,
And went his way, ther God geve him meschaunce.
Sone after comth this constable hom agayn,
And eek Alla, that kyng was of that lond,
And say his wyf dispitously i-slayn,
For which ful oft he wept and wrong his hond;
And in the bed the blody knyf he fond
By dame Custaunce: allas! what might she say?
For verray woo hir witt was al away.
To king Alla was told al this meschaunce, 5030
And eek the tyme, and wher, and in what wyse
That in a schip was founden this Constaunce,
As here bifore ye have herd me devyse.
The kinges hert of pité gan agrise,
Whan he saugh so benigne a creature
Falle in disese and in mysaventure.
For as the lomb toward his deth is brought,
So stant this innocent bifore the kyng.
This false knight, that hath this tresoun wrought,
Bereth hir an hand that sche hath don this thing;
But nevertheles ther was gret murmuryng 5041
Among the poeple, and seyn they can not gesse
That sche had doon so gret a wikkednesse.
For they han seyen hir so vertuous,
And lovyng Hermegyld right as hir lyf;
Of this bar witnesse everich in that hous,
Save he that Hermegyld slowgh with his knyf.
This gentil kyng hath caught a gret motyf
Of his witnesse, and thought he wold enquere
Depper in this cas, a trouthe to lere. 5050
Allas! Constaunce, thou ne has no champioun,
Ne fighte canstow nat, so welaway!
But he that for oure redempcioun
Bonde Sathan, and yit lith ther he lay,
So be thy stronge champioun this day;
For but Crist upon the miracle kythe,
Withouten gilt thou schalt be slayn as swithe.
Sche set hir doun on knees, and than sche sayde,
"Immortal God, that savedest Susanne
Fro false blame; and thou, mercyful mayde,
Mary I mene, doughter of seint Anne, 5061
Bifore whos child aungeles syng Osanne;
If I be gultles of this felonye,
My socour be, for elles schal I dye!"
Have ye not seye som tyme a pale face,
Among a prees, of him that hath be lad
Toward his deth, wher him geyneth no grace,
And such a colour in his face hath had,
Men mighte knowe his face was so bystad,
Among alle the faces in that route; 5070
So stant Constance, and loketh hire aboute.
O queenes lyvyng in prosperité,
Duchesses, and ye ladies everychon,
Haveth som reuthe on hir adversité;
An emperoures doughter stond allon;
Sche nath no wight to whom to make hir moon;
O blod ryal, that stondest in this drede,
Ferre be thy frendes at thy grete neede!
This Alla kyng hath such compassioun,
As gentil hert is fulfild of pité, 5080
That from his eyen ran the water doun.
"Now hastily do fech a book," quod he;
"And if this knight wil swere how that sche
This womman slowgh, yet wol we us avyse,
Whom that we wille schal be oure justise."
A Britoun book, i-write with Evaungiles,
Was fette, and on this book he swor anoon
Sche gultif was; and in the mene whiles
An hond him smot upon the nekke boon,
That doun he fel anon right as a stoon; 5090
And bothe his yen brast out of his face,
In sight of every body in that place.
A vois was herd, in general audience,
And seid, "Thou hast disclaundred gulteles
The doughter of holy chirche in hire presence;
Thus hastow doon, and yit I holde my pees."
Of this mervaile agast was al the prees,
As mased folk they stooden everychon
For drede of wreche, save Custaunce allon.
Gret was the drede and eek the repentaunce
Of hem that hadden wrong suspeccioun 5101
Upon the sely innocent Custaunce;
And for this miracle, in conclusioun,
And by Custaunces mediacioun,
The kyng, and many other in the place,
Converted was, thanked be Cristes grace!
This false knight was slayn for his untrouthe
By juggement of Alla hastyly;
And yit Custaunce hath of his deth gret routhe.
And after this Jhesus of his mercy 5110
Made Alla wedde ful solempnely
This holy mayde, that is bright and schene,
And thus hath Crist i-maad Constance a queene.
But who was woful, if I schal not lye,
Of this weddyng but Domegild and no mo,
The kynges mooder, ful of tyrannye?

5015. *Hermyngyldes.* The orthography of the name varies in different mss. Ms. Lansd. has *Ermenilda;* the two Cambridge Mss. used by me have, one, *Hermenchildes,* the other *Herm ngilde.* It is the Saxon *Eormengild,* which was the name of one of the daughters of Earconbehrt, king of Kent. See *Florence of Worcester.* Perhaps this romance existed in a Teutonic or even Anglo-Saxon original.

5067. *him geyneth.* Some of the mss. have *him goleth.* *Him* in cases like this answers to the Latin dative *sibi;* he gaineth *for himself.*

Hir thought hir cursed herte brast a-two;
Sche wolde nat hir sone had i-do so;
Hir thought despyte, that he schulde take
So straunge a creature unto his make. 5120
Me lust not of the caf ne of the stree
Make so long a tale, as of the corn.
What schuld I telle of the realté
Of this mariage, or which cours goth biforn,
Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn?
The fruyt of every tale is for to seye;
They ete and drynk, and daunce and synge and pleye.
They gon to bed, as it was skile and right;
For though that wyfes ben ful holy thinges,
They moste take in pacience a-night 5130
Such maner necessaries as ben plesynges
To folk that han i-wedded hem with rynges,
And halvendel her holynesse ley aside
As for the tyme, it may non other betyde.
On hire he gat a knave child anoon,
And to a bisschopé, and to his constable eeke,
He took his wyf to kepe, whan he is goon
To Scotlond-ward, his foomen for to seeke.
Now faire Custaunce, that is so humble and meeke,
So long is goon with childe til that stille 5140
Sche held hir chambre, abidyng Goddes wille.
The tyme is come, a knave child sche bere;
Mauricius atte fantstone men him calle.
This constabil doth come forth a messager,
And wrot to his kyng that cleped was Alle,
How that this blisful tydyng is bifalle,
And other thinges spedful for to seye.
He taketh the lettre, and forth he goth his weye
This messanger, to doon his avauntage,
Unto the kynges moder he goth ful swithe, 5150
And salueth hire fair in his langage.
"Madame," quod he, "ye may be glad and blithe,
And thanke God an hundred thousand sithe;
My lady queen hath child, withouten doute
To joye and blis of al the reame aboute.
"Lo heer the lettres sealed of this thing,
That I mot bere with al the hast I may;
If ye wole ought unto youre sone the kyng,
I am youre servaunt bothe night and day." 5159
Doungyld answerde, "As now this tyme, nay;
But here al nyght I wol thou take thy rest,
To morwen I wil say the what me lest."
This messanger drank sadly ale and wyn,
And stolen were his lettres pryvely
Out of his box, while he sleep as a swyn;
And countrefeet they were subtily;
Another sche him wroot ful synfully,
Unto the kyng direct of this matiere
Fro his constable, as ye schul after heere.
The lettre spak, the queen delyvered was 5170
Of so orryble and feendly creature,
That in the castel noon so hardy was
That eny while dorste therin endure;
The mooder was an elf by aventure
Bycome by charmes or by sorcerie,
And every man hatith hir companye.
Wo was this kyng whan he this letter had sein,
But to no wight he told his sorwes sore,
But of his owen hand he wrot agayn:
"Welcome the sond of Crist for evermore 5180
To me, that am now lerned in this lore;
Lord, welcome be thy lust and thy pleasaunce!
My lust I putte al in thyn ordinaunce.
"Kepeth this child, al be it foul or fair,
And eek my wyf, unto myn hom comyng;
Crist whan him lust may sende me an hair
More agreable than this to my likyng."
This lettre he seleth, pryvyly wepyng,
Which to the messager he took ful sone,
And forth he goth, ther nys no more to done.
O messager, fulfild of dronkenesse, 5191
Strong is thy breth, thy lymes faltren ay,
And thou bywreyest alle sykernesse;
Thy mynde is lorn, thou janglest as a jay;
Thy face is torned al in a newe array;
Ther drunkenesse regneth in eny route,
Ther is no counseil hid, withouten doute.
O Domegyld, I have non Englisch digne
Unto thy malice and thy tyrannye;
And therfor to the feend I the resigne, 5200
Let him endyten of thi trecherie.
Fy, mannyssch, fy!—o nay, by God, I lye;
Fy, feendly spirit, for I dar wel telle,
Though thou here walke, thy spirit is in helle.
This messanger comth fro the kyng agayn,
And at the kinges modres court he light,
And sche was of this messenger ful fayn,
And plesoth him in al that ever sche might.
He drank, and wel his gurdel underpight;
He slepeth, and he fareth in his gyse 5210
Al nyght, unto the sonne gan arise.
Eft were his lettres stolen everichon,
And countrefeted lettres in this wise:
"The kyng comaundeth his constable anon,
Up peyne of hangyng and of heigh justise,
That he ne schulde suffre in no maner wyse
Constaunce in his regne for to abyde
Thre dayes, and a quarter of a tyde;
But in the same schip as he hir fond,
Hire and hir yonge sone, and al hir gere, 5220
He schulde putte, and crowde fro the londe,
And charge hire that sche never eft come there."
O my Constaunce, wel may thy goost have fere,
And slepyng in thy drem ben in penaunce,
Whan Domegyld cast al this ordynaunce.
This messanger a-morwe, whan he awook,
Unto the castel held the nexte way;
And to the constable he the lettre took;
And whan that he the pitous lettre say,
Ful ofte he seyd allas and welaway; 5230
"Lord Crist," quod he, "how may this world endure?
So ful of synne is many a creature!
O mighty God, if that it be thy wille,
Seth thou art rightful jugge, how may this be
That thou wolt suffre innocentz to spille,
And wikked folk regne in prosperité?
O good Constance, allas! so wo is me,
That I moot be thy tormentour, or deye
On schamful deth, ther is non other weye."
Wepen bothe yong and olde in al that place,
Whan that the kyng this corsed lettre sent;
And Constance with a dedly pale face 5242
The fayre day toward hir schip sche went.
But nevertheles sche taketh in good entent
The wil of Christ, and knelyng on the grounde
Sche sayde, "Lord, ay welcome be thy sonde!
He that me kepte fro the false blame,
Whil I was on the lond amonges you,
He can me kepe from harm and eek fro schame
In the salt see, although I se nat how; 5250
As strong as ever he was, he is right now,

5143. *Mauricius.* The Ms. Harl. reads *Maurius*, by an error of the scribe.

5243. *fayre.* Tyrwhitt has *fourthe*, perhaps correctly.

In him trust I, and in his mooder deere,
That is to me my sayl and eek my steere."
Hir litel child lay wepyng in hir arm,
And knelyng pitously to him sche sayde:
"Pees, litel sone, I wol do the noon harm."
With that hir kerchef of hir hed sche brayde,
And over his litel eyghen sche it layde,
And in hir arm sche lullith it wel faste,
And unto heven hir eyghen up sche caste. 5260
"Moder," quod sche, "and mayde bright, Ma-
Soth is, that thurgh wommannes eggement [rie,
Mankynde was lorn and dampned ay to dye,
For which thy child was on a cros to-rent;
Thyn blisful eyghen sawh al this torment;
Then nys ther noon comparisoun bitwene
Thy wo, and any woo may man sustene.
"Thow saugh thy child i-slaw byfor thyn yen,
And yit now lyveth my litel child, parfay; 5269
Now, lady bright, to whom alle woful cryen,
Thou glory of wommanhod, thou faire may,
Thou heven of refute, brighte sterre of day,
Rewe on my child, that of thyn gentilnesse
Rewest on every synful in destresse.
"O litel child, allas! what is thi gilt,
That never wroughtest synne as yet, pardé?
Why wil thyn harde fader han the spilt?
O mercy, deere constable," seyde sche,
"And let my litel child here dwelle with the:
And if thou darst not saven him for blame, 5280
So kys him oones in his fadres name."
Therwith sche loketh bak-ward to the lond,
And seyde, "Farwel, housbond rewtheles!"
And up sche rist, and walketh doun the stronde
Toward the schip, hir folweth al the prees:
And ever sche preyeth hir child to hold his pees,
And took hir leve, and with an holy entent
Sche blesseth hire, and to the schip sche went.
Vytailled was the schip, it is no drede,
Abundauntly for hire a ful longe space; 5290
And other necessaries that schulde nede
Sche had ynowgh, heryed be Cristez grace;
For wynd and water almighty God purchace,
And bryng hir hom, I can no bettre say,
But in the see sche dryveth forth hir way.
Alla the kyng comth hom soon after this
Unto the castel, of the which I tolde,
And asketh wher his wyf and his child ys.
The constable gan aboute his herte colde,
And playnly al the maner he him tolde 5300
As ye han herd, I can telle it no better,
And schewed the kynges seal and his letter;
And seyde, "Lord, as ye comaunded me
Up peyne of deth, so have I do certayn."
This messager tormented was, til he
Moste biknowe and telle it plat and playn,
Fro nyght to night in what place he had layn;
And thus by witt and subtil enqueryng
Ymagined was by wham this gan to spryng.
The hand was knowen that the lettre wroot,
And al the venym of this cursed dede; 5311
But in what wyse, certeynly I noot.
Theffect is this, that Alla, out of drede,
His moder slough, as men may pleynly reede,
For that sche traytour was to hir ligeaunce.
Thus endeth olde Domegild with meschaunce.
The sorwe that this Alla night and day
Makth for his wyf and for his child also,
Ther is no tonge that it telle may.
But now I wol unto Custaunce go, 5320
That fleeteth in the see in peyne and wo
Fyve yeer and more, as liked Cristes sonde,
Er that hir schip approched unto londe.
Under an hethen castel atte last,
Of which the name in my text nought I fynde,
Constaunce and eek hir child the see upcast.
Almighty God, that saveth al mankynde,
Have on Constaunce and on hir child som mynde!
That fallen is in hethen hond eftsone, 5329
In poynt to spille, as I schal telle you soone.
Doun fro the castel cometh many a wight,
To gawren on this schip, and on Constaunce;
But schortly fro the castel on a night,
The lordes styward, God give him meschaunce!
A theef that had reneyed oure creaunce,
Com into schip alone, and seyd he scholde
Hir lemman be, whethir sche wold or nolde.
Wo was this wrecched womman tho bigoon,
Hire childe crieth and sche pytously;
But blisful Mary hilp hir right anoon, 5340
For with hir stroglyng wel and mightily
The theef fel over-boord al sodeinly,
And in the see he drenched for vengaunce,
And thus hath Crist unwemmed kept Constance.
O foule lust, O luxurie, lo thin ende!
Nought oonly that thou feyntest mannes mynde,
But verrayly thou wolt his body schende.
The ende of thyn werk, or of thy lustes blynde,
Is compleynyng; how many may men fynde, 5349
That nought for werk somtyme, but for thentent
To doon this synne, ben eyther slayn or schent!
How may this weyke womman han the strengthe
Hir to defende agein this renegat?
O Golias, unmesurable of lengthe,
How mighte David make the so mate?
So yong, and of armure so desolate,
How dorst he loke upon thyn dredful face?
Wel may men seyn, it nas but Goddes grace.
Who gaf Judith corage or hardynesse
To slen him Olofernes in his tent, 5360
And to delyveren out of wrecchednes
The peple of God? I say in this entent,
That right as God spiryte and vigor sent
To hem, and saved hem out of meschaunce,
So sent he might and vigor to Constaunce.
Forth goth hir schip thurghout the narwe mouth
Of Jubalter and Septé, dryvyng alway,
Som tyme west, and som tyme north and south,
And som tyme est, ful many a wery day;
Til Cristes mooder, blessed be sche ay! 5370
Hath schapen thurgh hir endeles goodnesse
To make an ende of hir hevynesse.
Now let us stynt of Constance but a throwe,
And speke we of the Romayn emperour,
That out of Surrye hath by lettres knowe
The slaughter of cristen folk, and deshonour
Doon to his doughter by a fals traytour,
I mene the cursed wikked sowdenesse,
That at the fest leet slee bothe more and lesse.
For which this emperour hath sent anoon 5380
His senatours, with real ordynaunce,
And other lordes, God wot, many oon,
On Surriens to take high vengaunce. [chaunce
They brenne, sleen, and bringen hem to mes-
Ful many a day; but schortly this is thende,
Hom-ward to Rome they schapen hem to wende.
This senatour repayreth with victorie
To Rome-ward, saylyng ful really,

5341. *stroglyng.* The Ms. Harl reads *strengthe.*

F

And mette the schip dryvyng, as seith the story,
In which Constance sitteth ful pitously. 5390
Nothing ne knew he what sche was, ne why
Sche was in such aray, sche nolde seye
Of hire astaat, although sche scholde deye.
He bryngeth hir to Rome, and to his wyf
He gaf hir, and hir yonge sone also;
And with the senatour lad sche hir lyf.
Thus can our lady bryngen out of woo
Woful Constance, and many another moo;
And longe tyme dwelled sche in that place,
In holy werkes, as ever was hir grace. 5400
The senatoures wif hir aunte was,
But for al that sche knew hir never more
I wol no lenger taryen in this cas,
But to kyng Alla, which I spak of yore,
That for his wyf wepeth and siketh sore,
I wol retorne, and lete I wol Constaunce
Under the senatoures governaunce.
Kyng Alla, which that had his moder slayn,
Upon a day fel in such repentaunce,
That if I schortly telle schal and playn, 5410
To Rome he cometh to receyve his penaunce,
And putte him in the popes ordynaunce
In heigh and lowe, and Jhesu Crist bysought,
Forgef his wikked werkes that he wrought.
The fame anon thurgh Rome toun is born,
How Alla kyng schal come in pilgrymage,
By herberjourz that wenten him biforn,
For which the senatour, as was usage,
Rood him agein, and many of his lynage,
As wel to schewen his magnificence, 5420
As to doon eny kyng a reverence.
Gret cheere doth this noble senatour
To kyng Alla, and he to him also,
Everich of hem doth other gret honour.
And so bifel, that in a day or two
This senatour is to kyng Alla go
To fest, and schortly, if I schal not lye,
Constances sone went in his companye.
Som men wold seyn at request of Custaunce
This senatour hath lad this child to feste; 5430
I may not telle every circumstaunce,
Be as be may, ther was he atte leste;
But soth it is, right at his modres heste,
Byforn hem alle, duryng the metes space,
The child stood lokyng in the kynges face.
This Alla kyng hath of this child gret wonder,
And to the senatour he seyd anoon,
"Whos is that faire child that stondeth yonder?"
"I not," quod he, "by God and by seynt Jon!
A moder he hath, but fader hath he non, 5440
That I of woot:" and schortly in a stounde
He told Alla how that this child was founde.
"But God woot," quod this senatour also,
"So vertuous a lyver in my lyf
Ne saugh I never, such as sche, nomo
Of worldly womman, mayden, or of wyf;
I dar wel say sche hadde lever a knyf
Thurghout hir brest, than ben a womman wikke,
Ther is no man can bryng hir to that prikke."
Now was this child as lik unto Custaunce 5450
As possible is a creature to be.
This Alla hath the face in remembraunce
Of dame Custance, and theron mused he,
If that the childes moder were ought sche
That is his wyf: and pryvely he sight,
And sped him fro the table that he might.
"Parfay!" thought he, "fantom is in myn heed;
I ought to deme, of rightful juggement,
That in the salte see my wyf is deed."
And after-ward he made this argument: 5460
"What woot I, wher Crist hath hider sent
My wyf by see, as wel as he hir sent
To my contré, fro thennes that sche went?"
And after noon home with the senatour
Goth Alla, for to see this wonder chaunce.
This senatour doth Alla gret honour,
And hastely he sent after Custaunce.
But trusteth wel, hir luste nat to daunce,
Whan that sche wiste wherfore was that sonde,
Unnethes on hir feet sche mighte stonde. 5470
Whan Alla saugh his wyf, fayre he hir grette,
And wepte, that it was rewthe to se;
For at the firste look he on hir sette
He knew wel verrely that it was sche.
And for sorwe, as domb sche stant as tre;
So was hire herte schett in hir distresse,
Whan sche remembred his unkyndenesse.
Twies sche swowned in his owen sight;
He wept and him excuseth pitously;
"Now God," quod he, "and alle his halwes bright
So wisly on my soule have mercy, 5481
That of youre harm as gilteles am I
As is Maurice my sone, so lyk youre face,
Elles the feend me fecche out of this place."
Long was the sobbyng and the bitter peyne,
Or that here woful hertes mighte cesse;
Gret was the pite for to here hem pleyne,
Thurgh whiche pleyntz gan here wo encresse.
I pray you alle my labour to relesse,
I may not telle al here woo unto morwe, 5490
I am so wery for to speke of the sorwe.
But fynally, whan that the soth is wist,
That Alla giltles was of hir woo,
I trowe an hundred tymes they ben kist.
And such a blys is ther bitwix hem tuo,
That, save the joye that lasteth evermo,
Ther is noon lyk, that eny creature
Hath seyn or schal, whil that the world may dure.
Tho prayde sche hir housbond meekely
In the relees of hir pytous pyne, 5500
That he wold preye hir fader specially,
That of his majesté he wolde enclyne
To vouchesauf som tyme with him to dyne.
Sche preyeth him eek, he schulde by no weye
Unto hir fader no word of hir seye.
Som men wold seye, that hir child Maurice
Doth his message unto the emperour;
But, as I gesse, Alla was nat so nyce,
To him that is so soverayn of honour,
As he that is of Cristes folk the flour, 5510
Sent eny child; but it is best to deeme
He went himsilf, and so it may wel seme.
This emperour hath graunted gentilly
To come to dyner, as he him bysought;
And wel rede I, he loked besily
Upon the child, and on his doughter thought.
Alla goth to his in, and as him ought
Arrayed for this fest in every wyse,
As ferforth as his connyng may suffise.
The morwe cam, and Alla gan him dresse, 5520
And eek his wyf, the emperour for to meete;
And forth they ryde in joye and in gladnesse,

5506 *som men wold seye.* The version of the story here alluded to is that given in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, book ii., which appears to have been published before Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* were compiled.

And whan sche saugh hir fader in the streete,
Sche light adoun and falleth him to feete.
"Fader," quod sche, "your yonge child Constance
Is now ful clene out of your remembraunce.
"I am your doughter Custaunce," quod sche,
"That whilom ye have sent unto Surrye;
It am I, fader, that in the salte see
Was put alloon, and dampned for to dye. 5530
Now, goode fader, mercy I you crye,
Send me no more unto noon hethenesse,
But thanke my lord her of his kyndenesse."
Who can the pytous joye telle al
Bitwix hem thre, sith they be thus i-mette?
But of my tale make an ende I schal;
The day goth fast, I wol no lenger lette.
This glade folk to dyner they ben sette;
In joye and blys at mete I let hem dwelle,
A thousand fold wel more than I can telle. 5540
This child Maurice was siththen emperour
I-maad by the pope, and lyved cristenly,
To Cristes chirche dede he gret honour.
But I let al his story passen by,
Of Custaunce is my tale specially;
In olde Romayn gestes men may fynd
Maurices lyf, I bere it nought in mynde.
This kyng Alla, whan he his tyme say,
With his Constaunce, his holy wyf so swete,
To Engelond they com the righte way, 5550
Wher as they lyve in joye and in quyete.
But litel whil it last, I you biheete,
Joy of this world for tyme wol not abyde.
Fro day to night it chaungeth as the tyde.
Who lyved ever in such delyt a day,
That him ne meved eyther his conscience,
Or ire, or talent, or som maner affray,
Envy, or pride, or passioun, or offence?
I ne say but for this ende this sentence,
That litel whil in joye or in plesaunce 5560
Lasteth the blis of Alla with Custaunce.
For deth, that takth of heigh and low his rent,
Whan passed was a yeere, as I gesse,
Out of this worlde kyng Alla he hent,
For whom Custauns hath ful gret hevynesse.
Now let us pray that God his soule blesse!
And dame Custaunce, fynally to say,
Toward the toun of Rome goth hir way.
To Rome is come this nobil creature,
And fynt hir freendes ther bothe hool and sound;
Now is sche skaped al hir aventure. 5571
And whanne sche hir fader had i-founde,
Doun on hir knees falleth sche to grounde,
Wepyng for tendirnes in herte blithe
Sche heried God an hundred thousand sithe.
In vertu and in holy almes-dede
They lyven alle, and never asondre wende;
Til deth departe hem, this lyf they lede.
And far now wel, my tale is at an ende.
Now Jhesu Crist, that of his might may sende
Joy after wo, governe us in his grace, 5581
And keep ous alle that ben in this place.

THE PROLOGE OF THE WYF OF BATHE.

"EXPERIENS, though noon auctorité
Were in this world, it were ynough for me
To speke of wo that is in mariage;
For, lordyngs, syns I twelf yer was of age,
I thank it God that is eterne on lyve,
Housbondes atte chirch dore I have had fyve,
For I so ofte might have weddid be,
And alle were worthy men in here degré. 5590
But me was taught, nought longe tyme goon is,
That synnes Crist went never but onys
To weddyng, in the Cane of Galile,
That by the same ensampul taught he me
That I ne weddid schulde be but onys.
Lo, herken such a scharp word for the nones!
Biside a welle Jhesus, God and man,
Spak in reproef of the Samaritan:
'Thow hast y-had fyve housbondes,' quod he;
'And that ilk man, which that now hath the, 5600
Is nought thin housbond;' thus he sayd certayn;
What that he ment therby, I can not sayn.
But that I axe, why the fyfte man
Was nought housbond to the Samaritan?
How many might sche have in mariage?
Yit herd I never tellen in myn age
Uppon this noumbre diffinicioun;
Men may divine and glosen up and doun.
But wel I wot, withouten eny lye,
God bad us for to wax and multiplie; 5610
That gentil tixt can I wel understonde.
Ek wel I wot, he sayd, myn housebonde
Schuld lete fader and moder, and folwe me;
But of no noumber mencioun made he,
Of bygamye or of octogamye;
Why schuld men speken of that vilonye?
Lo hier the wise kyng daun Salamon,
I trow he hadde wifes mo than oon,
As wold God it were leful unto me
To be refreisshed half so oft as he! 5620
Which gift of God had he for alle his wyvys?
No man hath such, that in the world on lyve is.
God wot, this nobil king, as to my wit,
The firste night had many a mery fit
With ech of hem, so wel was him on lyve.
I-blessid be God that I have weddid fyve!

Prologe of the Wyf of Bathe. The Wife of Bath's prologue may be considered as a separate tale, and belongs to a class of which there are several examples among the literature of the middle ages. One of the latest is *The tua maryit wemen and the wedo* of William Dunbar. The popular literature of what is commonly looked upon as the age of chivalry shews us that the female character was then estimated at the lowest possible rate.

The Harl. Ms. erroneously places at the beginning of this prologue the prologue to the Shipman's Tale. Some of the MSS. collated by Tyrwhitt, in which the Merchant's Tale follows the Man of Law, have the following introductory lines:

> Oure oost gan tho to loke up anon.
> "Gode men," quod he, "herkeneth everichone,
> As evere mote I drynke wyn or ale,
> This marchant hath i-told a mery tale,
> Howe Januarie hadde a lither jape,
> His wyf put in his hood an ape.
> But hereof I wil leve off as now.
> Dame wyf of Bathe," quod he, "I pray you,
> Telle us a tale now nexte after this"
> "Sir oost," quod she, "so God my soule blis!
> As I fully thereto wil consente;
> And also it is myn hole entente
> To done yow alle disporte as that I can.
> But holde me excused; I am a woman,
> I can not reherse as these clerkes kunne."
> And right anon she hath hir tale bygunne.

In the Ms Lansdowne there are four introductory lines:

> Than schortly ansewarde the wife of Bathe,
> And swore a wonder grete hathe.
> "Be Goddes bones, I wil tel next,
> I wille nouht glose, but saye the text.
> Experiment, though none auctorite," etc.

5626. The second Cambridge Ms. and some MSS. quoted by Tyrwhitt add after this verse:

> Of whiche I have pyked out the beste
> Bothe of here nethur purs and of here cheste.

Welcome the sixte whan that ever he schal.
For sothe I nyl not kepe me chast in al;
Whan myn housbond is fro the world i-gon,
Som cristne man schal wedde me anoon, 5630
For than thapostil saith that I am fre
To wedde, a goddis half, wher so it be.
He saith, that to be weddid is no synne;
Bet is to be weddid than to brynne.
What recchith me what folk sayn vilonye
Of schrewith Lameth, and of his bigamye?
I wol wel Adam was an holy man,
And Jacob eek, as ferforth as I can,
And ech of hem had wyves mo than tuo,
And many another holy man also. 5640
Whan sawe ye in eny maner age
That highe God defendid mariage
By expres word? I pray yow tellith me;
Or wher commaunded he virginité?
I wot as wel as ye, it is no drede,
Thapostil, whan he spekth of maydenhede,
He sayd, that precept therof had he noon;
Men may counseil a womman to be oon,
But counselyng nys no comaundement;
He put it in our owne juggement. 5650
For hadde God comaundid maydenhede,
Than had he dampnyd weddyng with the dede;
And certes, if ther were no seed i-sowe,
Virginité wheron schuld it growe?
Poul ne dorst not comaunde atte lest
A thing, of which his maister gaf non hest.
The dart is set upon virginité,
Cach who so may, who rennith best let se.
But this word is not taken of every wight,
But ther as God list give it of his might. 5660
I wot wel that thapostil was a mayde,
But natheles, though that he wrot or sayde,
He wolde that every wight were such as he,
Al nys but counseil unto virginité.
And for to ben a wyf he gaf me leve,
Of indulgence, so nys it to repreve
To wedde me, if that my make deye,
Withoute excepcioun of bigamye;
Al were it good no womman for to touche,
(He mente in his bed or in his couche) 5670
For peril is bothe fuyr and tow to assemble;
Ye knowe what this ensample wold resemble.
This is al and som, he holdith virginité
More parfit than weddyng in frelté
(Frelté clepe I, but if that he and sche
Wold leden al ther lif in chastité).
I graunt it wel, I have noon envye,
Though maidenhede preferre bygamye;
It liketh hem to be clene in body and gost;
Of myn estate I nyl make no bost. 5680
For wel ye wot, a lord in his houshold
He hath not every vessel ful of gold;
Som ben of tre, and don her lord servise.
God clepeth folk to him in sondry wise,
And every hath of God a propre gifte,
Som this, som that, as him likith to schifte.
Virginité is gret perfeccioun,
And continens eek with gret devocioun;
But Christ, that of perfeccioun is welle,
Bad nought every wight schuld go and selle 5690
Al that he had, and give it to the pore,
And in such wise folwe him and his fore.
He spak to hem that wolde lyve parfytly,
And, lordyngs, by your leve, that am not I;
I wol bystowe the flour of myn age
In the actes and in the fruytes of mariage.
Tel me also, to what conclusioun
Were membres maad of generacioun,
And of so parfit wise a wight y-wrought?
Trustith right wel, thay were nought maad for nought.
Glose who so wol, and say bothe up and doun,
That thay were made for purgacioun, 5702
Oure bothe uryn, and thinges smale,
Were eek to knowe a femel fro a male;
And for non other cause? say ye no?
Thexperiens wot wel it is not so.
So that these clerke ben not with me wrothe,
I say this, that thay makid ben for bothe,
This is to say, for office and for ease
Of engendrure, ther we God nought displease.
Why schuld men elles in her bokes sette, 5711
That man schal yelde to his wif his dette?
Now wherwith schuld he make his payement,
If he ne used his sely instrument?
Than were thay maad up a creature
To purge uryn, and eek for engendrure.
But I say not that every wight is holde,
That hath such harneys as I to yow tolde,
To gon and usen hem in engendrure;
Than schuld men take of chastité no cure. 5720
Crist was a mayde, and schapen as a man,
And many a seynt, sin that the world bygan,
Yet lyved thay ever in parfyt chastité.
I nyl envye no virginité.
Let hem be bred of pured whete seed,
And let us wyves eten barly breed.
And yet with barly breed, men telle can,
Oure Lord Jhesu refreisschid many a man.
In such astaat as God hath cleped ous
I wil persever, I am not precious; 5730
In wyfhode I wil use myn instrument
Als frely as my maker hath me it sent.
If I be daungerous, God give me sorwe,
Myn housbond schal han it at eve and morwe,
Whan that him list com forth and pay his dette.
An housbond wol I have, I wol not lette,
Which schal be bothe my dettour and my thral,
And have his tribulacioun withal
Upon his fleissch, whil that I am his wyf.
I have the power duryng al my lif 5740
Upon his propre body, and not he;
Right thus thapostil told it unto me,
And bad oure housbondes for to love us wel;
Al this sentence me likith every del."
Up start the pardoner, and that anoon;
"Now, dame," quod he, "by God and by seint Jon.
Ye ben a noble prechour in this caas.
I was aboute to wedde a wif, allas!
What? schal I buy it on my fleissch so deere?
Yit had I lever wedde no wyf to yere!" 5750
"Abyd," quod sche, "my tale is not bygonne.
Nay, thou schalt drinke of another tonne
Er that I go, schal savere wors than ale.
And whan that I have told the forth my tale
Of tribulacioun in mariage,
Of which I am expert in al myn age,

Diverse scoles maken parfyt clerkes,
And diverse practyk in many sondry werkes
Maken the werkman parfyt sekirly:
Of five housbondes scoleryng am I,
Welcome the sixthe, etc.

5681. *a lord in his houshold.* See 2 Tim. ii. 20.

5699. *And of so parfit wise* The Ms. Harl. reads, *And in what wise.* Some MSS. read *and why*, instead of *a wight.*

This is to say, myself hath ben the whippe;
Than might thou chese whethir thou wilt sippe
Of thilke tonne, that I schal abroche.
Be war of it, er thou to neigh approche. 5760
For I schal telle ensamples mo than ten:
Who so that nyl be war by other men
By him schal other men corrected be.
The same wordes writes Ptholomé,
Rede in his Almagest, and tak it there."
"Dame, I wold pray you, if that youre wille
were,"
Sayde this pardoner, "as ye bigan,
Tel forth youre tale, and sparith for no man,
Teche us yonge men of youre practike."
"Gladly," quod sche, "syns it may yow like. 5770
But that I pray to al this companye,
If that I speke after my fantasie,
As taketh nought agreef of that I say,
For myn entente is nought but to play.
"Now, sires, now wol I telle forth my tale.
As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,
I schal say soth of housbondes that I hadde,
As thre of hem were goode, and tuo were badde.
Tuo of hem were goode, riche, and olde;
Unnethes mighte thay the statute holde, 5780
In which that thay were bounden unto me;
Ye wot wel what I mene of this pardé!
As help me God, I laugh whan that I thinke,
How pitously on night I made hem swynke,
But, by my fay! I told of it no stoor;
Thay had me give her lond and her tresor,
Me nedith not no lenger doon diligence
To wynne her love or doon hem reverence.
Thay loved me so wel, by God above!
That I tolde no deynté of her love. 5790
A wys womman wol bysi hir ever in oon
To gete hir love, there sche hath noon.
But synnes I had hem holly in myn hond,
And synnes thay had me geven al her lond,
What schuld I take keep hem for to please,
But it were for my profyt, or myn ease?
I sette hem so on werke, by my fay!
That many a night thay songen weylaway.
The bacoun was nought fet for hem, I trowe,
That som men fecche in Essex at Donmowe. 5800
I governed hem so wel after my lawe,
That ech of hem ful blisful was and fawe
To bringe me gaye thinges fro the faire.
Thay were ful glad whan I spak to hem faire;
For, God it woot, I chidde hem spitously.
Now herkeneth how I bar me proprely.
Ye wise wyves, that can understonde,
Thus scholde ye speke, and bere hem wrong on
For half so boldely can ther no man [honde;
Swere and lye as a womman can. 5810
(I say not by wyves that ben wise,
But if it be whan thay ben mysavise.)
I-wis a wif, if that sche can hir good,
Schal beren him on hond the cow is wood,
And take witnes on hir oughne mayde
Of hire assent; but herkenith how I sayde.
Sce, olde caynard, is this thin array?
Why is my neghebores wif so gay?
Sche is honoured over al ther sche goth;
I sitte at hom, I have no thrifty cloth. 5820
What dostow at my neighebores hous?
Is sche so fair? what, artow amorous?
What roune ye with hir maydenes? *benedicite*,
Sir olde lecchour, let thi japes be.
And if I have a gossib, or a frend
Withouten gilt, thou chidest as a fend,
If that I walk or play unto his hous.
Thou comest hom as dronken as a mous,
And prechist on thy bench, with evel preef,
Thou saist to me, it is a gret meschief 5830
To wedde a povre womman, for costage;
And if that sche be riche and of parage,
Thanne saist thou, that it is a tormentrie
To suffre hir pride and hir malencolie.
And if that sche be fair, thou verray knave,
Thou saist that every holour wol hir have;
Sche may no while in chastité abyde,
That is assayled thus on eche syde.
Thou saist that som folk desire us for riches,
Som for our schap, and som for our fairnes, 5840
And some, for that sche can synge and daunce,
And some for gentilesse or daliaunce,
Som for hir handes and hir armes smale:
Thus goth al to the devel by thi tale.
Thou saist, men may nought kepe a castel wal,
It may so be bisegcd over al.
And if sche be foul, thanne thou saist, that sche
Coveitith every man that sche may se;
For, as a spaynel, sche wol on him lepe,
Til that sche fynde som man hire to chepe. 5850
Ne noon so gray a goos goth in the lake,
As sayest thou, wol be withouten make.
And saist, it is an hard thing for to wolde
Thing, that no man wol his willes holde.
Thus scistow, lorel, whan thou gost to bedde,
And that no wys man nedith for to wedde,
Ne no man that entendith unto hevene.
With wilde thunder dynt and fuyry levene
Mote thi wicked necke be to-broke!
Thou saist, that droppyng hous, and eek smoke,
And chydyng wyves maken men to fle 5861

5764. *Pтholomé.* The wife of Bath's quotations from Ptolemy, here, and at l. 5906, are not, it appears, to be found in the Almagest. She seems to quote Ptolemy when she cannot father an opinion upon any body else.

5779. *Tuo of hem.* The more common reading of the MSS. is, *The thre were*, which is adopted by Tyrwhitt.

5799. *the bacoun.* The Dunmow bacon appears to have been in great reputation in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The following notice of this curious custom is found among some poetry of the latter period, printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiq.* ii. p. 29:

I can fynd no man now that wille enquere
The parfyte wais unto Dunmow!
For they repent hem within a yere,
And many within a weke, and sonner, men trow;
That cawsith the wais to be rowgh and overgrow,
That no man may fynd path or gap,
The world is turnyd to another shap.

5810. *swere and lye.* A parallel passage is quoted by Tyrwhitt from the *Roman de la Rose:*

Car plus hardiment que nulz homs
Certainement jurent et mentent.

5817. "In the following speech, it would be endless to produce all Chaucer's imitations. The beginning is from the fragment of Theophrastus quoted by St. Jerome *c. Jovin.* l. i., and by John of Salisbury, *Polycrat.* lib. viii. c. xi.; see also *Rom. de la R.* v. 8967. et suiv." *Tyrwhitt.*

5828. *dronken as a mous.* This was a common phrase. In the satirical poem of Doctour Double-ale, we have the lines:

Then seke another house,
This is not worth a louse;
As *dronken as a mouse.*

Among the letters relating to the suppression of monasteries (Camd. Soc. Publ.) p. 133, there is one from a monk of Pershore, who says that his brother monks of that house "drynk an bowll after collacyon tell ten or xii. of the clock, and cum to mattens *as dronck as mys.*"

Out of here oughne hous; a, *benedicite*,
What eylith such an old man for to chyde?
Thou seist, we wyves woln oure vices hide,
Til we ben weddid, and than we wil hem schewe.
Wel may that be a proverbe of a schrewe.
Thou saist, that assen, oxen, and houndes,
Thay ben assayed at divers stoundes,
Basyns, lavours eek, er men hem bye,
Spones, stooles, and al such housbondrie, 5870
Also pottes, clothes, and array,
But folk of wyves maken non assay,
Til thay ben weddid, olde dotard schrewe!
And thanne, saistow, we woln oure vices schewe.
Thou saist also, that it displesith me
But if that thou wilt praysen my beauté,
And but thou pore alway in my face,
And clepe me faire dame in every place;
And but thou make a fest on thilke day
That I was born, and make me freisch and gay:
And but thou do my norice honoure, 5881
And to my chamberer withinne my boure,
And to my fadres folk, and myn allies:
Thus saistow, olde barel ful of lies!
And yit of oure apprentys Jankyn,
For his crisp her, schynyng as gold so fyn,
And for he squiereth me up and doun,
Yet hastow caught a fals suspecioun; [we.
I nyl him nought, though thou were deed to mor-
But tel me wherfor hydestow with sorwe 5890
The keyes of thy chist away fro me?
It is my good as wel as thin, pardé. [dame?
"What! wenest thou make an ydiot of oure
Now by that lord that cleped is seint Jame,
Thow schalt not bothe, though thou were wood,
Be maister of my body and of my good;
That oon thou schalt forgo maugre thin yen!
What helpeth it on me to enqueren or espien?
I trowe thou woldest lokke me in thy chest.
Thou scholdist say, 'wif, go wher the lest, 5900
Take youre disport; I nyl leve no tales;
I know yow for a trewe wif, dame Alis.'
We loveth no man, that takith keep or charge
Wher that we goon; we love to be at large.
"Of alle men i-blessed most he be
The wise astrologe daun Ptholomé,
That saith this proverbe in his Almagest:
Of alle men his wisedom is highest,
That rekkith not who hath the world in honde.
By this proverbe thou schalt understonde, 5910
Have thou ynough, what thar the recche or care
How merily that other folkes fare?
For certes, olde dotard, with youre leve,
Ye schul have queynte right ynough at eve.
He is to gret a nygard that wol werne
A man to light a candel at his lanterne;
He schal have never the lasse light, pardé.
Have thou ynough, the thar not pleyne the.
"Thou saist also, that if we make us gay
With clothing and with precious array, 5920
That it is peril of our chastité.
And yit, with sorwe, thou most enforce the,
And say these wordes in thapostles name.
In abyt maad with chastité and schame
Ye wommen schuld apparayl yow, quod he.
And nought with tressed her, and gay perré,
As perles, ne with golden clothis riche.
After thy text, ne after thin rubriche,
I wol nought wirche as moche as a gnat.
Thow saist thus that I was lik a cat; 5930
For who so wolde senge the cattes skyn,
Than wold the catte duellen in his in;
And if the cattes skyn be slyk and gay,
Sche wol not duelle in house half a day,
But forth sche wil, er eny day be dawet,
To schewe hir skyn, and goon a caterwrawet.
This is to say, if I be gay, sir schrewe,
I wol renne aboute, my borel for to schewe.
Sir olde fool, what helpith the to aspien? [yen
Though thou praydest Argus with his hundrid
To be my wardecorps, as he can best, 5941
In faith he schuld not kepe me but if he lest;
Yit couthe I make his berd, though queynte he be.
Thou saydest eek, that ther ben thinges thre,
The whiche thinges troublen al this erthe,
And that no wight may endure the ferthe.
O leve sire schrewe, Jhesu schorte thy lif!
Yit prechestow, and saist, an hateful wif
I-rekened is for oon of these meschaunces.
Ben ther noon other of thy resemblaunces 5950
That ye may liken youre parables unto,
But if a cely wyf be oon of tho?
Thow likenest wommannes love to helle,
To bareyn lond, ther water may not duelle.
Thou likenest it also to wilde fuyr;
The more it brenneth, the more it hath desir
To consume every thing, that brent wol be.
Thou saist, right as wormes schenden a tre,
Right so a wif schendith hir housbonde;
This knowen tho that ben to wyves bonde. 5960
Lordynges, right thus, as ye han understonde,
Bar I styf myn housebondes on honde,
That thus thay sayde in her dronkenesse;
And al was fals, but that I took witnesse
On Jankyn, and upon my nece also.
O Lord, the peyne I dede hem, and the wo,
Ful giltles, by Goddes swete pyne;
For as an hors, I couthe bothe bite and whyne:
I couthe pleyne, and yet I was in the gilt,
Or elles I had often tyme ben spilt. 5970
Who so first cometh to the mylle, first grynt;
I pleyned first, so was oure werre stynt.
Thay were ful glad to excuse hem ful blyve
Of thing, that thay never agilt in her lyve.
And wenches, wold I beren hem on honde,
Whan that for seek thay might unnethes stonde,
Yit tykeled I his herte for that he
Wende I had of him so gret chiereté.
I swor that al my walkyng out a nyght
Was for to aspie wenches that he dight. 5980
Under that colour had I many a mirthe.
For al such witte is geven us of birthe;
Deceipt, wepyng, spynnyng, God hath give
To wymmen kyndely, whil thay may lyve.
And thus of o thing I avaunte me,
At thende I had the bet in ech degré,
By sleight or fors, or of som maner thing,
As by continuel murmur or churchyng,
Namly on bedde, hadden thay meschaunce,

5923. *thapostles name*. See 1 Tim. ii. 9.

5971. *to the mylle*. This proverb is found also in French, in the fifteenth century: Qui premier vient au moulin premier doit mouldre.

5983. *deceipt*. This appears to have been a popular saying. In the margin of the Lansdowne Ms. it is given in a Latin leonine, thus:

Fallere, flere, nere, dedit Deus in muliere.

5988. *chidyng*. Most of the Mss. have, with Tyrwhitt, *grucchyng*.

Ther wold I chide, and do hem no plesaunce;
I wold no lenger in the bed abyde, 5991
If that I felt his arm over my syde,
Til he had maad his raunsoun unto me,
Than wold I suffre him doon his nyceté.
And therfor every man this tale telle,
Wynne who so may, for al is for to selle;
With empty hond men may noon haukes lure,
For wynnyng wold I al his lust endure,
And make me a feyned appetyt,
And yit in bacoun had I never delyt; 6000
That made me that ever I wold hem chyde.
For though the pope had seten hem bisyde,
I nold not spare hem at her oughne bord,
For, by my trouthe, I quyt hem word for word.
Als help me verray God omnipotent,
Though I right now schuld make my testament,
I owe hem nought a word, that it nys quitte,
I brought it so aboute by my witte,
That thay most geve it up, as for the best,
Or ellis had we never ben in rest. 6010
For though he loked as a grym lyoun,
Yit schuld he fayle of his conclusioun.
Than wold I say, 'now, goode leef, tak keep,
How mekly lokith Wilkyn our scheep!
Com ner, my spouse, let me ba thy cheke.
Ye schulde be al pacient and meke,
And have a swete spiced consciens,
Siththen ye preche so of Jobes paciens.
Suffreth alway, syns ye so wel can preche,
And but ye do, certeyn we schul yow teche 6020
That it is fair to have a wyf in pees.
On of us tuo mot bowe douteles;
And, siththen man is more resonable
Than womman is, ye moste be suffrable.
What aylith yow thus for to grucche and grone?
Is it for ye wold have my queynt allone?
Why, tak it al; lo, have it every del.
Peter! I schrewe yow but ye love it wel.
For if I wolde selle my *bele chose*,
I couthe walk as freisch as eny rose, 6030
But I wol kepe it for youre owne toth.
Ye ben to blame, by God, I say yow soth!'
Such maner wordes hadde we on honde.
Now wol I speke of my fourth housbonde.
My fourthe housbond was a revelour,
This is to say, he had a paramour,
And I was yong and ful of ragerie,
Stiborn and strong, and joly as a pye.
How couthe I daunce to an harpe smale,
And synge y-wys as eny nightyngale, 6040
Whan I had dronke a draught of swete wyn.
Metillius, the foule cherl, the swyn,
That with a staf byraft his wyf hir lyf
For sche drank wyn, though I had ben his wif,
Ne schuld nought have daunted me fro drink;
And after wyn on Venus most I think.
For al so siker as cold engendrith hayl,
A likorous mouth most have a licorous tail.
In wymmen vinolent is no defens,
This knowen lecchours by experiens. 6050
But, lord Crist, whan that it remembrith me
Upon my youthe, and on my jolité,
It tikelith me about myn herte-roote.
Unto this day it doth myn herte boote,
That I have had my world as in my tyme.
But age, allas! that al wol envenyme,
Hath me bireft my beauté and my pith;
Let go, farwel, the devyl go therwith.
The flour is goon, ther nis no more to telle,
The bran, as I best can, now mot I selle. 6060
But yit to be mery wol I fonde.
Now wol I telle of my fourt housbonde,
I say, I had in herte gret despyt,
That he of eny other had delit;
But he was quit, by God and by seint Joce;
I made him of the same woode a croce,
Nought of my body in no foul manere,
But certeynly I made folk such chere,
That in his owne grees I made him frie
For anger, and for verray jalousie. 6070
By God, in erthe I was his purgatory,
For which I hope his soule be in glory.
For, God it wot, he sat ful stille and song,
Whan that his scho ful bitterly him wrong.
Ther was no wight, sauf God and he, that wist
In many wyse how sore I him twist.
He dyed whan I cam fro Jerusalem,
And lith i-grave under the roode-bem;
Al is his tombe nought so curious
As was the sepulcre of him Darius, 6080
Which that Appellus wrought so subtily.
It nys but wast to burie him preciously.
Let him farwel, God give his soule rest,
He is now in his grave and in his chest.
"Now of my fifte housbond wol I telle;
God let his soule never come in helle!
And yet was he to me the moste schrewe,
That fele I on my ribbes alle on rewe,
And ever schal, unto myn endyng day.
But in oure bed he was so freisch and gay, 6090
And therwithal so wel he couthe me glose,
Whan that he wold have my *bele chose*,
That, though he had me bete on every boon,
He couthe wynne my love right anoon.
I trowe, I loved him beste, for that he
Was of his love daungerous to me.
We wymmen han, if that I schal nought lye,
In this matier a queynte fantasie.
Wayte, what thyng we may not lightly have,
Therafter wol we sonnest crie and crave. 6100
Forbeed us thing, and that desire we;
Pres on us fast, and thanne wol we fle.
With daunger outen alle we oure ware;
Greet pres at market makith deer chaffare,
And to greet chep is holden at litel pris;
This knowith every womman that is wys.
My fyfth housbond, God his soule blesse,
Which that I took for love and no richesse,
He som tyme was a clerk of Oxenford,
And had left scole, and went at hoom to borde
With my gossib, duellyng in oure toun: 6111
God have hir soule, hir name was Alisoun.
Sche knew myn herte and my priveté
Bet than oure parisch prest, so mot I the.

6028. *Peter!* This is a very common exclamation, from St. Peter; as Marie! from the Virgin. St. Peter, as the reputed head of the papacy, stood high among the saints in the Romish Church.

6042. *Metillius* This anecdote is taken from Valerius Maximus, lib. vi c. 3, ex. 9. The same story is told by Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* xiv. 13, but for Egnatius Metellus he substitutes the name of Mecenius.

6065. *seint Joce.* A French saint, known in Latin as St. Judocus.

6074. *his scho.* An allusion to the story of the Roman sage, who, when blamed for divorcing his wife, said that a shoe might appear outwardly to fit well, but no one but the wearer knew where it pinched.

To hir bywreyed I my counseil al;
For had myn housbond pissed on a wal,
Or don a thing that schuld have cost his lif,
To hir, and to another worthy wyf,
And to my neece, which I loved wel,
I wold have told his counseil every del. 6120
And so I did ful ofte, God it woot,
That made his face ofte reed and hoot
For verry schame, and blamyd himself, that he
Had told to me so gret a priveté.
And so byfel that oones in a Lent,
(So ofte tyme to my gossib I went,
For ever yit I loved to be gay,
And for to walk in March, Averil, and May
From hous to hous, to here sondry talis) 6129
That Jankyn clerk, and my gossib dame Alis,
And I myself, into the feldes went.
Myn housbond was at Londone al that Lent;
I had the bettir leysir for to pleye,
And for to see, and eek for to be seye
Of lusty folk; what wist I wher my grace
Was schapen for to be, or in what place?
Therfore I made my visitaciouns
To vigiles, and to processiouns,
To prechings eek, and to this pilgrimages,
To pleyes of miracles, and mariages. 6140
And wered upon my gay scarlet gytes.
These wormes, these moughtes, ne these mytes,
Upon my perel fretith hem never a deel,
And wostow why? for thay were used wel.
Now wol I telle forth what happid me:—
I say, that in the feldes walkid we,
Til trewely we had such daliaunce
This clerk and I, that of my purveyaunce
I spak to him, and sayde how that he,
If I were wydow, schulde wedde me. 6150
For certeynly, I say for no bobaunce,
Yit was I never withouten purveyaunce
Of mariage, ne of no thinges eeke;
I hold a mouses hert not worth a leek,
That hath but oon hole to sterte to,
And if that faile, than is al i-do.
[I bare him on hond he had enchanted me;
(My dame taughte me that subtiltee)
And eke I sayd, I met of him all night,
He wold han slain me, as I lay upright, 6160
And all my bed was ful of veray blood;
But yet I hope that ye shuln do me good;
For blood betokeneth gold, as me was taught;
And al was false, I dremed of him right naught,
But as I folwed ay my dames lore,
As wel of that as of other thinges more.]
But now, sir, let me se, what I schal sayn;
A ha! by God, I have my tale agayn.
"Whan that my fourthe housbond was on bere,
I wept algate and made a sory cheere, 6170
As wyves mooten, for it is usage;
And with my kerchief covered my visage;
But, for that I was purveyed of a make,
I wept but smal, and that I undertake.
To chirche was myn housbond brought on morwe
With neighebors that for him made sorwe,
And Jankyn oure clerk was oon of tho.
As help me God, whan that I saugh him go
After the beere, me thought he had a paire
Of legges and of feet so clene and faire, 6180
That al myn hert I gaf unto his hold.
He was, I trowe, twenty wynter old,
And I was fourty, if I schal say the sothe,
But yit I had alway a coltis tothe.
Gattothid I was, and that bycom me wel,
I had the prynte of seynt Venus sel.
[As helpe me God, I was a lusty oon,
And faire, and riche, and yonge, and wel begon;
And trewely, as myn housbonds tolde me,
I had the best queynt that might be. 6190
For certes I am all venerian
In felyng, and my herte is marcian:
Venus me gave my lust and likerousnesse,
And Mars gave me my sturdy hardinesse.]
Myn ascent was Taur, and Mars therinne;
Allas, alas, that ever love was synne!
I folwed ay myn inclinacioun
By vertu of my constillacioun
That made me that I couthe nought withdrawe
My chambre of Venus from a good felawe. 6200
[Yet have I Martes marke uppon my face,
And also in another prive place.
For God so wisly be my salvacioun,
I loved never by no discretioun,
But ever folwed myn owne appetit,
All were he shorte, longe, blake, or whit;
I toke no kepe, so that he liked me,
How povre he was, ne eek of what degré.]
What schuld I say? but at the monthis ende
This joly clerk Jankyn, that was so heende, 6210
Hath weddid me with gret solempnitee,
And to him gaf I al the lond and fee
That ever was me give therbifore.
But aftir-ward repented me ful sore.
He nolde suffre nothing of my list.
By God, he smot me oones with his fist,
For I rent oones out of his book a lef,
That of that strok myn ere wax al deef.
Styborn I was, as is a leones,
And of my tonge a verray jangleres, 6220
And walk I wold, as I had don biforn,
Fro hous to hous, although he had it sworn;

6137 *visitaciouns*. This passage appears to be an imitation of one cited by Tyrwhitt from the *Roman de la Rose*.

> Souvent voise a la mere eglise,
> Et fuce visitations
> Aux nopces, aux processions,
> Aux jeux, aux festes, aux caroles.

6140. *pleyes of miracles*. The miracle-plays were favourite occasions for people to assemble in great numbers. In a tale among my *Latin Stories*, p. 100, we are told that some pilgrims saw, in a very large meadow, "maximam multitudinem hominum congregatam, quos nunc silentes, nunc acclamantes, nunc cachinnantes audiebant. Admirantes igitur quare in loco tali tanta esset hominum adunatio, æstimabant ibi spectacula celebrare quæ nos miracula appellare consuevimus." This is a good description of the assemblage at a miracle-play.

6154. *a mouses hert*. This was a very common proverb. It is found in French: the following example is taken from a MS. of the thirteenth century:

> Dolente le souris,
> Qui ne set qu'un seul pertuis.

It also occurs in German:

> Dass ist wol eine arme Maus,
> Die nur weiss zu einem Loch' hinaus.

The same proverb is said of a fox in German. There was an ancient Latin proverb to the same effect.

6157. This and the nine following lines are omitted in the Harl. Ms. and others. The second Cambridge Ms. has them. They are here printed from Tyrwhitt.

6187. The Harl. Ms. omits ll. 6187—6194 and 6201—6208. The second Cambridge Ms. is the only one I have collated which contains them all. The Lansd. and first Cambridge Mss. have only ll. 6187—6190. I have taken them from Tyrwhitt, collated with the mss.

For which he ofte tymes wolde preche,
And me of olde Romayn gestes teche.
How he Simplicius Gallus left his wyf,
And hir forsok for terme of al his lyf,
Nought but for open heedid he hir say
Lokyng out at his dore upon a day.
Another Romayn told he me by name,
That, for his wyf was at a somer game 6230
Without his wityng, he forsok hir eeke.
And thanne wold he upon his book seeke
That ilke proverbe of Ecclesiaste,
Wher he comaundith, and forbedith faste,
Man schal not suffre his wyf go roule aboute.
Than wold he say right thus withouten doute:

> Who that buyldeth his hous al of salwes,
> And priketh his blynde hors over the falwes,
> And suffrith his wyf to go seken halwes,
> Is worthy to be honged on the galwes.

But al for nought; I sette nought an hawe 6240
Of his proverbe, ne of his olde sawe;
Ne I wold not of him corretted be.
I hate him that my vices tellith me,
And so doon mo, God it wot, than I.
This made him with me wood al outerly;
I nolde not forbere him in no cas.
Now wol I say yow soth, by seint Thomas,
Why that I rent out of the book a leef,
For which he smot me, that I was al deef. 6250
He had a book, that gladly night and day
For his desport he wolde rede alway;
He clepyd it Valerye and Theofrast,
At which book he lough alway ful fast.
And eek ther was som tyme a clerk at Rome,
A cardynal, that heet seint Jerome,
That made a book agens Jovynyan.
In which book eek ther was Tertulyan,
Crisippus, Tortula, and eek Helewys,
That was abbas not fer fro Paris; 6260
And eek the parablis of Salamon,
Ovydes Art, and bourdes many oon;
And alle these were bounde in oo volume.
And every night and day was his custume,
Whan he had leysir and vacacioun
From other worldes occupacioun,
To reden in this book of wikked wyves.
He knew of hem mo legendes and lyves,
Than ben of goode wyves in the Bible.
For trustith wel, it is an inpossible, 6270
That any clerk schal speke good of wyves,
But if it be of holy seintes lyves,
Ne of noon other wyfes never the mo.
Who peyntid the leoun, tel me, who?
By God, if wommen hadde writen stories,
As clerkes have withinne her oratories,
Thay wold have write of men more wickidnes,
Than al the mark of Adam may redres.
These children of Mercury and of Venus
Ben in her werkyng ful contrarious. 6280
Mercury lovith wisdom and science,
And Venus loveth ryot and dispense.
And for her divers disposicioun,
Ech fallith in otheres exaltacioun.
And thus, God wot, Mercury is desolate
In Pisces, wher Venus is exaltate,
And Venus faylith wher Mercury is reysed.
Therfor no womman of clerkes is preised.
The clerk whan he is old, and may nought do
Of Venus werkis, is not worth a scho; 6290
Than sit he doun, and writ in his dotage,
That wommen can nought kepe here mariage.
But now to purpos, why I tolde the,
That I was beten for a leef, pardé.
Upon a night Jankyn, that was oure sire,
Rad on his book, as he sat by the fyre,
Of Eva first, that for hir wikkidnes
Was al mankynde brought to wrecchednes,
[For which that Jhesu Crist himself was slayn,
That bought us with his herte-blood agayn. 6300
Lo here expresse of wommen may ye fynde,
That woman was the losse of al mankynde.]
Tho rad he me how Sampson left his heris
Slepyng, his lemman kut hem with hir scheris,
Thurgh which tresoun lost he bothe his yen.
Tho rad he me, if that I schal not lyen,
Of Ercules, and of his Dejanyre,
That caused him to sette himself on fuyre.
No thing forgat he the care and wo
That Socrates had with his wyves tuo; 6310
How Exantipa cast pisse upon his heed.
This seely man sat stille, as he were deed,
He wyped his heed, no more durst he sayn,
But, 'Er thunder stynte ther cometh rayn.'
Of Phasipha, that was the queen of Creete,
For schrewednes him thought the tale sweete.
Fy! spek no more, it is a grisly thing,
Of her horribil lust and her likyng.

6225. *Simplicius Gallus.* This story is taken from Val Max. vi. 3.

6229. *Another Romayn.* Sempronius Sophus, of whom this story is told by Val. Max. loc. cit Valerius Maximus was a favourite among the scholars of the middle ages.

6253 The tract of Walter Mapes against marriage, published under the title of *Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum*, is common in manuscripts. Jerome, in his book *contra Jovinianum*, a bitter diatribe against matrimony, quotes a long extract from *liber aureolus Theophrasti de nuptiis*. "As to the rest of the contents of the 'clerkes' volume, Hieronymus *contra Jovinianum*, and Tertullian *de Pallio*, are sufficiently known; and so are the Letters of Eloisa and Abelard, the Parables of Solomon, and Ovid's *Art of Love*. I know of no *Trotula* but one, whose book *Curandarum ægritudinum mulierbrium ante, in, et post partum*, is printed *int Medicos antiquos*, Ven. 1547. Who is meant by Crisippus I cannot guess."—*Tyrwhitt.*

6279. *of Mercury and of Venus.* An old astrological treatise of the sixteenth century informs us that "Venus . . signifiethe white men or browne . . joyfull, laughter, liberall, pleasers, dauncers, entertayners of women, players, perfumers, musitions, messengers of love." Mercury, according to the same authority, "signifieth . . . subtill men, ingenious, unconstant, rymers, poets, advocates, orators, phylosophers, soothsayers, arithmeticians, and busie fellowes."

6284. *exaltacioun.* Tyrwhitt gives the following explanation of this term. "In the old astrology, a planet was said to be in its *exaltation*, when it was in that sign of the zodiac in which it was supposed to exert its strongest influence. The opposite sign was called its *dejection*, as in that it was supposed to be weakest. To take the instance in the text, the exaltation of Venus was in *Pisces* (see also ver. 10587), and her dejection of course in *Virgo*. But in *Virgo* was the exaltation of Mercury.

> She is the welthe and the rysynge,
> The lust, the joy, and the lykynge,
> Unto Mercury.

Gower, *Conf. Am.* l vii fol 147. So in ver. 10008, Cancer is called *Joves exaltacioun*."

6299. This and the three following lines are omitted in most of the MSS. I have consulted.

6303. *Tho rad he.* The following examples are mostly taken from the *Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum*, and from the *Roman de la Rose*.

6311. *Exantipa.* Xantippe. In the other proper names in the following lines I have retained the corrupt orthography of the age, as given in the MS. *Phasipha* is, of course, Pasiphae; *Clydamystra*, Clytemnestra; *Amphiores*, Amphiaraus; *Exiphilem*, Eriphyle, etc.

Of Clydemystra for hir leccherie
That falsly made hir housbond for to dye, 6320
He rad it with ful good devocioun.
He told me eek, for what occasioun
Amphiores at Thebes left his lif;
Myn housbond had a legend of his wyf
Exiphilem, that for an ouche of gold
Hath prively unto the Grekes told
Wher that hir housbond hyd him in a place,
For which he had at Thebes sory grace.
Of Lyma told he me, and of Lucye;
Thay bothe made her housbondes for to dye, 6330
That oon for love, that other was for hate.
Lyma hir housbond on an even late
Empoysond hath, for that sche was his fo;
Lucia licorous loved hir housbond so,
For that he schuld alway upon hir think,
Sche gaf him such a maner love-drink,
That he was deed er it was by the morwe,
And thus algates housbondes had sorwe.
Than told he me, how oon Latumyus
Compleigned unto his felaw Arrius, 6340
That in his gardyn growed such a tre,
On which he sayde how that his wyves thre
Honged hemselfe for herte despitous.
'O leve brother,' quod this Arrious,
'Gif me a plont of thilke blessid tre,
And in my gardyn schal it plantid be.'
Of latter date of wyves hath he red
That some han slayn her housbondes in her bed,
And let her lecchour dighten al the night,
Whil that the corps lay in the flor upright; 6350
And some han dryven nayles in her brayn,
Whiles thay sleepe, and thus thay han hem slayn;
Som have hem give poysoun in her drink;
He spak more harm than herte may bythynk.
And therwithal he knew mo proverbes
Than in this world ther growen gres or herbes.
Better is, quod he, thyn habitacioun
Be with a leoun, or a foul dragoun,
Than with a womman usyng for to chyde.
Better is, quod he, hihe in the roof abyde, 6360
Than with an angry womman doun in a hous;
Thay ben so wicked and so contrarious,
Thay haten that her housbondes loven ay.
He sayd, a womman cast hir schame away,
Whan sche cast of hir smok; and forthermo,
A fair womman, but sche be chast also,
Is lik a gold ryng in a sowes nose.
Who wolde wene, or who wolde suppose
The wo that in myn herte was and pyne?
And whan I saugh he nolde never fyne 6370
To reden on this cursed book al night,
Al sodeinly thre leves have I plight
Out of this booke that he had, and eeke
I with my fist so took him on the cheeke,
That in oure fuyr he fel bak-ward adoun.
And he upstert, as doth a wood leoun,
And with his fist he smot me on the hed,
That in the floor I lay as I were deed.

And whan he saugh so stille that I lay,
He was agast, and wold have fled away. 6380
Til atte last out of my swown I brayde.
'O, hastow slayn me, false theef?' I sayde,
'And for my lond thus hastow mourdrid me?
Er I be deed, yit wol I kisse the.'
And ner he cam, and kneilith faire adoun,
And sayde, 'Deere suster Alisoun,
As help me God, I schal the never smyte;
That I have doon it is thiself to wite;
Forgive it me, and that I the biseke.'
And yet eftsones I hyt him on the cheke, 6390
And sayde, 'Theef, thus mekil I me wreke.
Now wol I dye, I may no lenger speke.'
But atte last, with mochil care and wo,
We fyl accordid by oureselven tuo;
He gaf me al the bridil in myn hand
To have the governaunce of hous and land,
And of his tonge, and of his hond also,
And made him brenne his book anoon right tho.
And whan I hadde geten unto me
By maistry al the sovereyneté, 6400
And that he sayde, 'Myn owne trewe wif,
Do as the list the term of al thy lif,
Kepe thyn honour, and kep eek myn estat;'
And after that day we never had debat.
God help me so, I was to him as kynde
As eny wyf fro Denmark unto Inde,
And al so trewe was he unto me.
I pray to God that sitte in mageste
So blesse his soule, for his mercy deere.
Now wol I say my tale, if ye wol heere." 6410
The Frere lough whan he had herd al this.
"Now, dame," quod he, "so have I joye and blis,
This is a long preambel of a tale."
And whan the Sompnour herd the Frere gale,
"Lo!" quod this Somppnour, "for Goddes armes tuo,
A frer wol entremet him evermo.
Lo, goode men, a flie and eek a frere
Woln falle in every dissche and matiere.
What spekst thou of perambulacioun?
What? ambil, or trot; or pees, or go sit doun;
Thou lettest oure disport in this matere." 6421
"Ye, woltow so, sir sompnour!" quod the Frere:
"Now, by my fay, I schal, er that I go,
Telle of a sompnour such a tale or tuo,
That alle the folk schuln laughen in this place."
"Now, ellis, frere, I byschrew thy face."
Quod this Sompnour, "And I byschrewe me,
But if I telle tales tuo or thre
Of freres, er I come to Sydingborne,
That I schal make thin herte for to morne; 6430
For wel I wot thi paciens is goon."
Oure hoste cride, "Pees, and that anoon;"
And sayde, "Let the womman telle hir tale.
Ye fare as folkes that dronken ben of ale.
Do, dame, tel forth your tale, and that is best."
"Al redy, sir," quod sche, "right as you lest,
If I have licence of this worthy frere."
"Yis, dame," quod he, "tel forth, and I schal heere."

THE WYF OF BATHES TALE.

In olde dayes of the kyng Arthour, 6440
Of which that Britouns speken gret honour,
Al was this lond fulfilled of fayrie;

6329. *Lyma* In the Latin story (in the *Epist. Valer. ad Rufin*) the name is *Luna*, which appears first to have been mistaken for *Lima*, and then written *Lyma*. So the scribes in l. 6708, have read *Damit* for *Daunt*, and afterwards written it *Damyt*, which is found in one of the Cambridge mss.

6355. *mo proverbes.* See Prov. xxi 9, 19, and xi. 22. Tyrwhitt observes that the observation in l. 6364 is found in Herodotus, lib. i, p. 5. It is, however, found in various medieval writers, from whom Chaucer might have taken it.

6429. *Sydingborne.* Sittingbourne, about half way between Rochester and Canterbury.

The Wyf of Bathes Tale. The source from which Chaucer took this story is somewhat uncertain, but it was very

The elf-queen, with hir joly compaignye,
Daunced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old oppynyoun, as I rede;
I speke of many hundrid yer ago;
But now can no man see noon elves mo.
For now the grete charité and prayeres
Of lymytours and other holy freres,
That sechen every lond and every streem,
As thik as motis in the sonne-beem, 6450
Blessynge halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
Citees and burghes, castels hihe and toures,
Thropes and bernes, shepnes and dayeries,
That makith that ther ben no fayeries.
For ther as wont was to walken an elf,
Ther walkith noon but the lymytour himself,
In undermeles and in morwenynges,
And saith his matyns and his holy thinges
As he goth in his lymytacioun.
Wommen may now go saufly up and doun, 6460
In every bussch, and under every tre,
Ther is non other incubus but he,
And he ne wol doon hem no dishonour.
And so bifel it, that this king Arthour
Had in his hous a lusty bacheler,
That on a day com rydyng fro ryver;
And happed, al alone as sche was born,
He saugh a mayde walkyng him byforn,
Of which mayden anoon, maugré hir heed,
By verray force byraft hir maydenhed. 6470
For which oppressioun was such clamour,
And such pursuyte unto kyng Arthour,
That dampned was the knight and schuld be ded
By cours of lawe, and schuld have lost his heed,
(Paraventure such was the statut tho,)
But that the queen and other ladys mo
So longe preyeden thay the kyng of grace,
Til he his lif hath graunted in the place,
And gaf him to the queen, al at hir wille
To chese wethir sche wold him save or spille. 6480
The queen thanked the kyng with al hir might,
And after thus sche spak unto the knight,
Whan that sche saugh hir tyme upon a day:
"Thow stondest yet," quod sche, "in such array,
That of thy lyf hastow no seureté;
I graunte thy lif, if thou canst telle me,
What thing is it that wommen most desiren;
Be war, and keep thy nek-bon fro the iren.
And if thou canst not tellen it anoon,
Yet wol I give the leve for to goon 6490
A twelfmonth and a day, it for to lere
An answar suffisaunt in this matiere.
And seurté wol I have, er that thou pace,
Thy body for to yelden in this place."
Wo was this knight, and sorwfully he siked;
But what? he may not doon al as him liked.
And atte last he ches him for to wende,
And come agein right at the yeres ende
With swich answer as God him wolde purveye;
And takith his leve, and wendith forth his weye.
He sekith every hous and every place, 6501
Wher so he hopith for to fynde grace,
To lerne what thing wommen loven most;
But he ne couthe arryven in no cost,
Wher as he mighte fynde in this matiere
Two creatures acordyng in fere.
Some sayden, wommen loven best richesse,
Some sayde honour, and some sayde jolynesse,
Some riche array, some sayden lust on bedde,
And ofte tyme to be wydow and wedde. 6510
Some sayden owre herte is most i-esed
Whan we ben y-flaterid and y-preised;
He goth ful neigh the soth, I wil not lye;
A man schal wynne us best with flaterye;
And with attendaunce, and with busynesse
Ben we y-limed both more and lesse.
And some sayen, that we loven best
For to be fre, and to doon as us lest,
And that no man repreve us of oure vice,
But say that we ben wys, and no thing nyce. 6520
For trewely ther is noon of us alle,
If eny wight wold claw us on the galle,
That we nyl like, for he saith us soth;
Assay, and he schal fynd it, that so doth.
For be we never so vicious withinne,
We schuln be holde wys and clene of synne.
And some sayen, that gret delit han we
For to be holden stabil and secré,
And in oon purpos stedfastly to duelle,
And nought bywreye thing that men us telle. 6530
But that tale is not worth a rakes stele.
Pardy, we wymmen can right no thing hele,
Witnes on Mida; wil ye here the tale?
Ovyd, among his other thinges smale,
Sayde, Mida had under his longe heris
Growyng upon his heed tuo asses eeris;
The whiche vice he hid, as he best might,
Ful subtilly fro every mannes sight,
That, save his wyf, ther wist of that nomo;
He loved hir most, and trusted hir also; 6540
He prayed hir, that to no creature
Sche schulde tellen of his di figure.
Sche swor him, nay, for al this world to wynne,
Sche nolde do that vilonye or synne
To make hir housband have so foul a name;
Sche wold not tel it for hir oughne schame.
But natheles hir thoughte that sche dyde,
That sche so long a counseil scholde hyde;
Hir thought it swal so sore about hir hert,
That needely som word hir most astert; 6550
And sins sche dorst not tel it unto man,
Doun to a marreys faste by sche ran,
Til sche cam ther, hir herte was on fuyre;
And as a bytoure bumblith in the myre,
Sche layd hir mouth unto the water doun.
'Bywrey me not, thou watir, with thi soun,'
Quod sche, 'to the I telle it, and nomo,
Myn housbond hath long asse eeris tuo.
Now is myn hert al hool, now is it oute,
I might no lenger kepe it out of doute.' 6560
Her may ye se, theigh we a tyme abyde,

probably the subject of a French lay. Percy printed a ballad entitled *The Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, which is founded on the same plot. The story of Florent, in Gower, *Conf. Amant.* book i, bears a close resemblance to it.

6463. The Ms. Harl. reads this line, evidently incorrectly, *And ne wol but doon hem dishonour.* In the previous line, the same manuscript reads erroneously *incumbent*, instead of *incubus*.

6466. *fro ryver.* From hawking. *Conf.* l. 18665. Tyrwhitt has given several examples of the same phrase as used in French by Froissart—"Le Comte de Flandres estoit tousjours en riviere" (v. 1. c. 140) . . . . King Edward "alloit chacun jour ou en chace ou *en riviere*." (ib. c. 210.)

6506. *Two creatures.* The Harl. Ms. reads, *To these thinges accordyng in fere.*

6512. *y-preised.* The Harl. Ms. reads *y-pleased*; but the reading I have adopted seems to give the best sense.

6523. *like.* Tyrwhitt reads *lik*; but the MSS. I have consulted agree in *like*, or *lok*, the former being the reading of Ms. Harl.

Yet out it moot, we can no counseil hyde.
The remenaunt of the tale, if ye wil here,
Redith Ovid, and ther ye mow it leere.
This knight, of which my tale is specially,
Whan that he saugh he might nought come therby,
This is to say, that wommen loven most,
Withinne his brest ful sorwful was the gost.
But hom he goth, he might not lenger sojourne,
The day was come, that hom-ward most he torne.
And in his way, it hapnyd him to ride 6571
In al his care, under a forest side,
Wher as he saugh upon a daunce go
Of ladys four and twenty, and yit mo.
Toward this ilke daunce he drough ful yerne,
In hope that he som wisdom schuld i-lerne;
But certeynly, er he com fully there,
Vanysshid was this daunce, he nyste where;
No creature saugh he that bar lif,
Sauf on the greene he saugh sittyng a wyf, 6580
A fouler wight ther may no man devyse.
Agens the knight this olde wyf gan ryse,
And sayd, "Sir knight, heer forth lith no way;
Tel me what ye seekyn, by your fay.
Paradventure it may the better be:
Thise olde folk con mochil thing," quod sche.
"My lieve modir," quod this knight, "certayn
I am but ded but if that I can sayn
What thing is it that wommen most desire; 6589
Couthe ye me wisse, I wold wel quyt your huyre."
"Plight me thy trouth her in myn hond," quod [sche,
"The nexte thing that I require the,
Thou schalt it doo, if it be in thy might,
And I wol telle it the, er it be night" [graunte."
"Have her my trouthe, "quod the knight, "I
"Thanne," quod sche, "I dar me wel avaunte,
Thy lif is sauf, for I wol stonde therby,
Upon my lif the queen wol say as I;
Let se, which is the proudest of hem alle,
That werith on a coverchief or a calle, 6600
That dar say nay of thing I schal the teche.
Let us go forth withouten more speche."
Tho rowned sche a pistil in his eere,
And bad him to be glad, and have no fere.
Whan thay ben comen to the court, this knight
Sayd, he had holde his day, that he hight,
Al redy was his answer, as he sayde.
Ful many a noble wyf, and many a mayde,
And many a wydow, for that thay ben wyse.
The queen hirself sittyng as a justise, 6610
Assemblid ben, his answer for to hiere;
And after-ward this knight was bode appiere,
To every wight comaundid was silence,
And that the knight schuld telle in audience
What thing that worldly wommen loven best.
This knight ne stood not stille, as doth a best,
But to the questioun anoon answerde,
With manly voys, that al the court it herde:
"My liege lady, generally," quod he,
"Wommen desiren to have soveraynté 6620
As wel over hir housbond as over hir love,
And for to be in maystry him above.
This is your most desir, though ye me kille;
Doth as yow list, I am heer at your wille."
In al the court ne was ther wyf, ne mayde,
Ne wydow, that contraried that he sayde;
But sayden, he was worthy have his lif.
And with that word upstart that olde wif,
Which that the knight saugh sittyng on the grene.
"Mercy," quod sche, "my soveraign lady queene,
Er that your court departe, doth me right. 6631
I taughte this answer unto the knight;
For which he plighte me his trouthe there,
The firste thing that I wold him requere,
He wold it do, if it lay in his might.
Before this court then pray I the, sir knight,"
Quod sche, "that thou me take unto thy wif,
For wel thou wost, that I have kept thy lif;
If I say fals, sey nay, upon thy fey."
This knight answerd, "Allas and waylawey!
I wot right wel that such was my byhest. 6641
For Goddes love, as chese a new request;
Tak al my good, and let my body go."
"Nay," quod sche than, "I schrew us bothe tuo.
For though that I be foule, old, and pore,
I nolde for al the metal ne for the ore
That under erthe is grave, or lith above,
But I thy wife were and eek thy love."
"My love?" quod he, "nay, nay, my dampnacioun.
Allas! that eny of my nacioun 6650
Schuld ever so foule disparagid be!"
But al for nought; the ende is this, that he
Constreigned was, he needes most hir wedde,
And takith his wyf, and goth with hir to bedde.
Now wolden som men say paradventure,
That for my negligence I do no cure
To telle yow the joye and tharray
That at that fest was maad that ilke day.
To which thing schortly answeren I schal,
And say ther nas feste ne joy at al, 6660
Ther nas but hevynes and mochil sorwe;
For prively he weddyd hir in a morwe,
And alday hudde him as doth an oule,
So wo was him, his wyf loked so foule.
Gret was the wo the knight had in his thought
Whan he was with his wyf on bedde brought,
He walwith, and he torneth to and fro.
His olde wyf lay smylyng ever mo,
And sayd, "O deere housbond, *benedicite*,
Fareth every knight with his wyf as ye? 6670
Is this the lawe of king Arthures hous?
Is every knight of his thus daungerous?
I am your oughne love, and eek your wyf,
I am sche that hath savyd your lyf,
And certes ne dede I yow never unright.
Why fare ye thus with me the firste night?
Ye fare lik a man that had left his wit.
What is my gult? for Godes love, tel me it,
And it schal be amendid, if that I may."
"Amendid!" quod this knight, "allas! nay, nay,
It wol nought ben amendid, never mo; 6681
Thow art so lothly, and so old also,
And therto comen of so lowh a kynde,
That litil wonder is though I walwe and wynde;
So wolde God, myn herte wolde brest!"
"Is this," quod sche, "the cause of your unrest?"
"Ye, certeynly," quod he, "no wonder is!"
"Now, sire," quod sche, "I couthe amende all [this,
If that me list, er it were dayes thre,
So wel ye mighte bere yow to me. 6690
But for ye speken of such gentilesse
As is descendit out of old richesse,
Therfor schuld ye ben holden gentil men;
Such arrogaunce is not worth an hen.
Lok who that is most vertuous alway,
Privé and pert, and most entendith ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
Tak him for the grettest gentil man.
Crist, wol we clayme of him oure gentilesse,

Nought of oure eldres for her olde richesse. 6700
For though thay give us al her heritage,
For which we clayme to be of high parage,
Yit may thay not biquethe, for no thing,
To noon of us, so vertuous lyvyng,
That made hem gentil men y-callid be,
And bad us folwe hem in such degré.
Wel can the wyse poet of Florence,
That hatte Daunt, speke of this sentence;
Lo, in such maner of rym is Dauntes tale:
Ful seeld uprisith by his braunchis smale 6710
Prowes of man, for God of his prowesse
Wol that we claime of him our gentilesse;
For of our auncestres we no thing clayme
But temporal thing, that men may hurt and [mayme.
Ek every wight wot this as wel as I,
If gentiles were plaunted naturelly
Unto a certayn lignage doun the line,
Privé ne apert, thay wolde never fine
To don of gentilesce the fair office,
Thay might nought doon no vileny or vice. 6720
Tak fuyr and ber it in the derkest hous
Bitwixe this and the mount Caukasous,
And let men shit the dores, and go thenne,
Yit wol the fuyr as fair and lighte brenne
As twenty thousand men might it biholde;
His office naturel ay wol it holde,
Up peril on my lif, til that it dye.
Her may ye se wel, how that genterye
Is nought annexid to possessioun,
Sithins folk ne doon her operacioun 6730
Alway, as doth the fuyr, lo, in his kynde.
For God it wot, men may ful often fynde
A lordes sone do schame and vilonye.
And he that wol have pris of his gentrie,
For he was boren of a gentil hous,
And had his eldres noble and vertuous,
And nyl himselve doo no gentil dedes,
Ne folw his gentil aunceter, that deed is,
He is nought gentil, be he duk or erl;
For vileyn synful deedes maketh a cherl. 6740
For gentilnesse nys but renomé
Of thin auncestres, for her heigh bounté,
Which is a straunge thing to thy persone;
Thy gentilesce cometh fro God alloone.
Than comth oure verray gentilesse of grace,
It was no thing biquethe us with oure place.
Thinketh how nobil, as saith Valerius,
Was thilke Tullius Hostilius,
That out of povert ros to high noblesse.
Redith Senek, and redith eek Boece, 6750
Ther schuln ye se expresse, that no dred is,
That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis.
And therfor, lieve housbond, I conclude,
Al were it that myn auncetres wer rude,
Yit may the highe God, and so hope I,
Graunte me grace to lyve vertuously;
Than am I gentil, whan that I bygynne
To lyve vertuously, and weyven synne.
And ther as ye of povert me repreve,
The heighe God, on whom that we bilieve, 6760
In wilful povert ches to lede his lif;
And certes, every man, mayden, or wif,
May understonde that Jhesus, heven king,
Ne wold not chese a vicious lyvyng.
Glad povert is an honest thing certayn;
This wol Senek and other clerkes sayn.
Who that holt him payd of his povert,
I hold him riche, al had he nought a schert.
He that coveitith is a pore wight,
For he wold have that is not in his might. 6770
But he that nought hath, ne coveyteth nought to [have,
Is riche, although ye hold him but a knave,
Verray povert is synne proprely.
"Juvenal saith of povert merily,
The pore man whan he goth by the way
Bifore the theves he may synge and play.
Povert is hateful good; and, as I gesse,
A ful gret brynger out of busynesse;
A gret amender eek of sapiens
To him that takith it in paciens. 6780
Povert is this, although it seme elenge,
Possessioun that no wight wil chalenge.
Povert ful often, whan a man is lowe,
Makith him his God and eek himself to knowe.
Povert a spectacle is, as thinkith me,
Thurgh which he may his verray frendes se;
And therfor, sir, syth that I yow nought greve,
Of my povert no more me repreve.
"Now, sir, of elde ye repreve me;
And certes, sir, though noon auctorité 6790
Were in no book, ye gentils of honour
Sayn that men schuld an old wight doon favour,
And clepe him fader, for your gentilesse;
And auctours I schal fynden, as I gesse.
"Now ther that ye sayn I am foul and old,
Than drede yow nought to ben a cokewold.
For filthe and elde, al so mot I the,
Ben grete wardeyns upon chastité.
But natheles, sith I knowe your delyt,
I schal fulfille youre worldly appetyt. 6800
Chese now," quod sche, "oon of these thinges
To have me foul and old til that I deye, [tweye,
And be to yow a trewe humble wyf,
And never yow displease in al my lyf;
Or elles ye wol have me yong and fair,
And take your aventure of the repair
That schal be to your hous bycause of me,
Or in som other place it may wel be.
Now chese yourselven whethir that yow liketh."
This knight avysith him, and sore sikith, 6810
But atte last he sayd in this manere:
"My lady and my love, and wif so deere,

6700. *her olde*. The Harl. Ms. reads, *for our gret richesse*.
6709. *Dauntes tale*. The words of Daunte (*Purg*. vii. 121) are,—

Rade volte risurge per li rami
L' humana probitate: et questo vuole
Quei che la da, perche da se si chiami.

6713. *auncestres*. Other MSS., with Tyrwhitt, read *our elders may we*, which is perhaps the better reading.
6741. *For gentilnesse*. Tyrwhitt refers to Boethius *de Consol*. iii. Pr. 6, for much of the reasoning here adopted by Chaucer.

6761. *lede*. The Ms. Harl. has *lese*, which appears to have been a mere error of the scribe.
6774. *Juvenal saith*. Sat. x. 1 22,—

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

6777. *Povert is hateful good*. This is taken from a pretended dialogue between the emperor Adrian and the philosopher Secundus, which is given in Vincent of Beauvais, *Spec. Hist*. lib. x. c. 71, and is not unfrequently found in a separate form in old manuscripts. To the question, "Quid est paupertas?" the philosopher replies, "*Odibile bonum*; sanitatis mater; remotio curarum; *sapientiæ repertrix*; negotium sine damno; *possessio absque calumnia*; sine sollicitudine felicitas."
6797. *al so*, or, as it is commonly written, *also*, is the Anglo-Saxon *ealswa* or *eal swa*. Tyrwhitt, apparently not aware of this, has added another *so*, not found in any of the MSS., and reads the line,

For filthe, and elde also, so mot I the.

I putte me in your wyse governaunce,
Cheseth yourself which may be most pleasaunce
And most honour to yow and me also,
I do no fors the whether of the tuo;
For as yow likith, it suffisith me."
"Than have I gete of yow the maystry," quod sche,
"Sith I may govern and chese as me list?"
"Ye certis, wyf," quod he, "I hold it best." 6820
"Kys me," quod sche, "we ben no lenger wrothe,
For, by my trouthe, I wol be to yow bothe,
This is to say, ye, bothe fair and good.
I pray to God that I mot sterve wood,
But I be to yow al so good and trewe
As ever was wyf, siththen the world was newe;
And but I be to morow as fair to seen
As eny lady, emperesse, or queen,
That is bitwixe the est and eek the west,
Doth by my lyf right even as yow lest. 6830
Cast up the cortyns, and look what this is."
 And whan the knyght saugh verrayly al this,
That sche so fair was, and so yong therto,
For joye he hent hir in his armes tuo;
His herte bath'd in a bath of blisse,
A thousand tyme on rowe he gan hir kisse.
And sche obeyed him in every thing
That mighte doon him plesauns or likyng.
And thus thay lyve unto her lyves ende
In parfyt joye; and Jhesu Crist us sende 6840
Housbondes meke, yonge, and freissche on bedde,
And grace to overbyde hem that we wedde.
And eek I pray to Jhesus schort her lyves,
That wil nought be governed after her wyves.
And old and angry nygardes of despense,
God send hem sone verray pestilence!

THE PROLOGE OF THE FRERE.

This worthy lymytour, this noble Frere,
He made alway a maner louryinge cheere
Upon the Sompnour, but for honesté
No vileyns worde yit to him spak he. 6850
But atte last he sayd unto the wyf,
"Dame," quod he, "God give yow good lyf!
Ye han her touchid, al so mot I the,
In scole matier gret difficulté.
Ye han sayd mochel thing right wel, I say;
But, dame, right as we ryden by the way,
Us needeth nought but for to speke of game,
And lete auctorités, in Goddes name,
To preching and to scoles of clergie.
But if it like to this companye, 6860
I wil yow of a sompnour telle a game;
Pardé, ye may wel knowe by the name,
That of a sompnour may no good be sayd;
I pray that noon of yow be evel apayd;
A sompnour is a renner up and doun
With maundementz for fornicacioun,
And is y-bete at every tounes eende."
 Our oste spak, "A! sir, ye schold been heende
And curteys, as a man of your estaat,
In company we wol have no debaat; 6870
Telleth your tale, and let the Sompnour be."
"Nay," quoth the Sompnour, "let him say to me
What so him list; whan it cometh to my lot,
By God! I schal him quyten every grot.
I schal him telle which a gret honour
Is to ben a fals flateryng lymytour,
And his offis I schal him telle i-wis." 6879
Oure host answerd, "Pees, no more of this."
And after this he sayd unto the Frere,
"Telleth forth your tale, my leve maister deere."

THE FRERES TALE.

Whilom there was dwellyng in my countré
An erchedeken, a man of gret degré,
That boldely did execucioun
In punyschyng of fornicacioun,
Of wicchecraft, and eek of bauderye,
Of diffamacioun, and avoutrie,
Of chirche-reves, and of testamentes,
Of contractes, and of lak of sacramentes,
And eek of many another maner cryme,
Which needith not to reherse at this tyme; 6890
Of usur, and of symony also;
But certes lecchours did he grettest woo;
Thay schulde synge, if thay were hent.
And smale tythers thay were fouly schent.
If eny persoun wold upon hem pleyne,
Ther might astert him no pecunial peyne.
For smale tythes and for smal offrynge,
He made the poeple pitously to synge.
For er the bisschop caught hem in his hook,
They weren in the archedeknes book: 6900
And hadde thurgh his jurediccioun
Power to have of hem correccioun.
He had a sompnour redy to his hond,
A slyer boy was noon in Engelond,
Ful prively he had his espiaile,
That taughte him wher he might avayle.
He couthe spare of lecchours oon or tuo,
To techen him to four and twenty mo.
For though this sompnour wood were as an hare,
To telle his harlotry I wol not spare; 6910
For we ben out of here correccioun,
Thay have of us no jurediccioun,
Ne never schul to terme of alle her lyves.
"Peter! so been the wommen of the styves,"
Quod this Sompnour, "i-put out of oure cures."
"Pees! with meschaunce and with mesaventures,"
Thus sayd our host, "and let him telle his tale.
Now telleth forth, although the Sompnour gale,
Ne spareth nought, myn owne maister deere."
 This false theef, the sompnour, quoth the frere,
Had alway bawdes redy to his hond, 6921

6831. The second Cambridge ms. reads, instead of this line,

And so they slept tille the morwe gray;
And than she saide, when it was day,
"Caste up the curteyn, loke howe it is."

6858. *Auctorités*. "*Auctoritas* was the usual word for what we call a *text* of Scripture. Ms. Harl. 106, 10. Expositio *auctoritatis*, Majus gaudium super uno peccatore *Ibid.* 21. Expositio *auctoritatis*, Stetit populus de longe," &c. *Tyrwhitt.*

6880. *Pees, no more of this.* The Harl Ms. reads, *and sayd the Sompnour thus.*

6882. *leve.* This word is omitted in the Ms. Harl., but seems necessary for the metre, and is adopted from the Lansdown Ms. Tyrwhitt has *owen maister.*

The Freres Tale. It is probable that Chaucer took this admirable story from an old fabliau, now lost, or at least unknown. It has, however, been preserved in an abridged form in a tale printed in my *Selection of Latin Stories*, p. 70, under the title of *De Advocato et Diabolo*, from the *Promptuarium Exemplorum*, a work compiled in the earlier part of the fifteenth century.

6897. *smale tythes and for smal offrynge.* The sermons of the friars in the fourteenth century were most frequently designed to impress the absolute duty of paying full tithes and offerings, which were enforced by a number of legends and stories.

6915 *quod this Sompnour.* The Ms. Harl. reads here, *They beth i-put al out*, &c.

As eny hauk to lure in Engelond,
That told him al the secré that thay knewe,
For here acqueintaunce was not come of newe;
Thay were his approwours privély.
He took himself a gret profyt therby;
His maister knew nat alway what he wan.
Withoute maundement, a lewed man
He couthe sompne, up peyne of Cristes curs,
And thay were glad to fille wel his purs, 6930
And make him grete festis atte nale.
And right as Judas hadde purses smale
And was a theef, right such a theef was he,
His maister had not half his dueté;
He was (if I schal give him his laude)
A theef, a sompnour, and eek a baude.
And he had wenches at his retenue,
That whethir that sir Robert or sir Hughe,
Or Jak, or Rauf, or who so that it were
That lay by hem, thay told it in his eere. 6940
Thus was the wenche and he of oon assent.
And he wold feeche a feyned maundement,
And sompne hem to chapitre bothe tuo,
And pyle the man, and let the wenche go.
Than wold he sayn, "I schal, frend, for thy sake,
Don strike the out of oure lettres blake;
The thar no more as in this cas travayle;
I am thy frend ther I the may avayle."
Certeynly he knew of bribours mo
Than possible is to telle in yeres tuo; 6950
For in this world nys dogge for the bowe,
That can an hurt deer from an hol y-knowe
Bet than this sompnour knew a leccheour,
Or avoutier, or ellis a paramour;
And for that was the fruyt of al his rent,
Therfore theron he set al his entent.
And so bifel, that oones on a day
This sompnour, ever wayting on his pray,
Rod forth to sompne a widew, an old ribibe,
Feynyng a cause, for he wolde han a bribe. 6960
And happed that he say bifore him ryde
A gay yeman under a forest syde;
A bow he bar, and arwes bright and kene,
He had upon a courtepy of grene,
An hat upon his heed, with frenges blake. [take!"
"Sir," quod this sompnour, "heyl and wel over-
"Welcome," quod he, "and every good felawe;
Whider ridestow under this grene schawe?"
Sayde this yiman, "Wiltow fer to day?"
This sompnour answerd, and sayde, "Nay. 6970
Her faste by," quod he, "is myn entent
To ryden, for to reysen up a rent,
That longith to my lordes dueté."
"Artow than a bayely?" "Ye," quod he.
He durste not for verray filth and schame
Sayn that he was a sompnour, for the name.
"*De par dieux!*" quod the yeman, "lieve bro-
Thou art a bayly, and I am another. [ther,
I am unknowen, as in this contré;
Of thin acqueintance I wol praye the, 6980
And eek of brotherheed, if it yow lest.
I have gold and silver in my chest;
If that the happe come into oure schire,
Al schal be thin, right as thou wolt desire."
"*Graunt mercy*," quod this sompnour, "by my
Everich in otheres hond his trouthe laith, [faith!"
For to be sworne bretheren til thay deyen.
In daliaunce forth thay ride and pleyen.
This sompnour, which that was as ful of jangles,
As ful of venym ben these weryangles, 6990
And ever enquering upon every thing,
"Brother," quod he, "wher now is your dwellyng,
Another day if that I schuld yow seeche?"
This yiman him answered in softe speche:
"Brother," quod he, "fer in the north contré,
Wheras I hope somtyme I schal the se.
Er we depart I schal the so wel wisse,
That of myn hous ne schaltow never misse."
"Now, brother," quod this sompnour, "I yow pray,
Teche me, whil that we ryden by the way, 7000
Syn that ye ben a baily as am I,
Som subtilté, as tel me faithfully
In myn office how that I may wynne.
And spare not for conscieus or for synne,
But, as my brother, tel me how do ye."
"Now, by my trouthe, brothir myn," sayd he,
"As I schal telle the a faithful tale.
My wages ben ful streyt and eek ful smale;
My lord to me is hard and daungerous,
And myn office is ful laborous; 7010
And therfor by extorciouns I lyve,
Fosoth I take al that men wil me give,
Algate by sleighte or by violence
Fro yer to yer I wynne my despence;
I can no better telle faithfully."
"Now certes," quod this sompnour, "so fare I;
I spare not to take, God it woot,
But if it be to hevy or to hoot.
What I may gete in counseil privEly,
No more consciens of that have I. 7020
Nere myn extorcions, I might not lyven,
Ne of such japes I wil not be schriven.
Stomak ne conscience know I noon;
I schrew thes schrifte-fadres everychoon.
Wel be we met, by God and seint Jame!
But, leve brother, telle me thy name,"
Quod this sompnour. In this mene while
This yeman gan a litel for to smyle.
"Brothir," quod he, "woltow that I the telle?
I am a feend, my dwellyng is in helle, 7030
And her I ryde about my purchasyng,

6932. *Judas*. According to the medieval legends, Judas was Christ's purse-bearer, and embezzled a part of the money which was given to him for his master. We are informed in the metrical life of Judas, in Ms. Harl. 2277 (fol. 228 v°), that

Siththe oure Loverd him makede apostle to fondi his mod,
And siththe pursberer of his pans to spene al his god;
For meni men gyve oure Loverd god that were of gode
To susteyni his apostles, other nadde he noght. [thoght,
Ac tho Judas withinne was and his mighte founde,
Of oure Loverdes god that he wiste he stal al to grounde;
When he mighte of eche thing, the teothing he wolde stele:
A schrewe he was al his lyf, y ne mai no leng hele.
Wel wiste oure Loverd thas and al his lither dede,
Ac natheles he moste fulfulle that the prophetes sede.

6960. *han a*. These words are omitted in the Harl. and Lansd. Mss.

6974. *Ye*. This word is omitted in the Harl. Ms., probably by an oversight.

6987. *sworne bretheren*. The custom of swearing fraternity has been already alluded to in a note on l. 1134.

6995. *north contré*. According to medieval legends, hell lay to the north (see my *Patrick's Purgatory*), so that there is irony in this reply.

7009. *hard*. The Harl. Ms. reads *streyt*, probably a mere error, arising from the occurrence of the same word in the preceding line.

7018. *to hevy or to hoot*. This was a common expression. Tyrwhitt quotes an example from Froissart, v 1. c 229, ne laissoient rien à prendre, s'il n'estoit *trop chaud*, trop froid, ou *trop pesant*.

To wite wher men wol give me eny thing
My purchas is theffect of al my rent.
Loke how thou ridest for the same entent
To wynne good, thou rekkist never how,
Right so fare I, for ryde I wolde now
Unto the worldes ende for a pray" [say?
"A!" quod the sompnour, "*benedicite*, what ye
I wende ye were a yeman trewely.
Ye han a mannes schap as wel as I. 7040
Have ye a figure than determinate
In helle, ther ye ben in your estate?"
"Nay, certeynly," quod he, "ther have we non,
But whan us likith we can take us on,
Or elles make yow seme that we ben schape
Som tyme like a man, or like an ape,
Or lik an aungel can I ryde or go,
It is no wonder thing though it be so,
A lousy jogelour can deceyve the,
And parfay, yit can I more craft than he" 7050
"Why," quod this sompnour, "ryde ye than or goon
In sondry wyse, and nought alway in oon?"
"For," quod he, "we wol us in such forme make,
As most abil is oure pray to take"
"What makith yow to have al this labour?"
"Ful many a cause, leve sir sompnour,"
Sayde this feend "But al thing hath a tyme,
The day is schort, and it is passed prime,
And yit ne wan I nothing in this day,
I wol entent to wynnyng, if I may, 7060
And not entende oure thinges to declare,
For, brother myn, thy wit is al to bare
To understond although I told hem the
For but thou axid whi laboure we,
For som tyme we ben Goddis instrumentes,
And menes to don his comaundementes,
Whan that him list, upon his creatures,
In divers act and in divers figures
Withouten him we have no might certeyn,
If that him liste stonde ther agayn 7070
And som tyme at our prayer have we leve,
Only the body, and not the soule greve
Witness on Jobe, whom we dide ful wo
And som tyme have we might on bothe tuo,
This is to say of body and soule eke
And som tyme be we suffred for to seke
Upon a man and don his soule unrest
And not his body, and al is for the best
Whan he withstondith oure temptacioun,
It is a cause of his savacioun 7080
Al be it so it was nought oure entent
He schulde be saut, but that we wolde him hent
And som tyme we ben servaunt unto man,
As to therchebisschop seynt Dunstan,
And to thapostolis, servaunt was I"

7041 *figure than determinate* In this and the following lines, Chaucer enters int the ordinary philosophical speculations of his time on the nature of spirits

7044 *take* The Harl Ms has *make* but the reading of the Lansd Ms, here adopted seems best

7045 *yow seme* i e make it seem to you Tyrwhitt reads *wene*, but the reading of the present text is supported by the best mss

7048 *lousy jogelour* The *jogelour* (joculator) was originally the minstrel, and at an earlier period was an important member of society He always combined mimicry and mountebank performances with poetry and music In Chaucer's time he had so far degenerated as to have become a mere mountebank, and, as it appears to have merited the energetic epithet here applied to him

7084 *seynt Dunstan* This probably alludes to some popular story of Dunstan now lost.

"Yit tel me," quod the sompnour, "faithfully,
Make ye yow newe bodies alway
Of elementz?" The fend answerde, "Nay,
Som tyme we feyne, and som tyme we ryse
With dede bodies, in ful wonder wyse, 7090
And speke renably, and as fair and wel
As to the Phitonissa dede Samuel,
And yit wol somme say, it was not he
I do no fors of your divinite
But oon thing warne I the, I wol not jape,
Thou wilt algates wite how we ben schape
Thow schalt herafter-ward, my brother deere,
Com, wher the nedith nothing for to lere,
For thou schalt by thin owne experience
Conne in a chayer reden of this sentence 7100
Bet than Virgile, whils he was on lyve,
Or Daunt also Now let us ryde blyve,
For I wol holde company with the,
Til it be so that thou forsake me"
"Nay," quod the sompnour, "that schal nought
I am a yeman that knowen is ful wyde, [betyde.
My trouthe wol I held, as in this cas
For though thou be the devyl Sathanas,
My trouthe wol I holde to the, my brother,
As I am swore, and ech of us to other, 7110
For to be trewe brethren in this cas,
For bothe we gon abouten oure purchas
Tak thou thi part and that men wil the gyven,
And I schal min thus may we bothe lyven
And if eny of us have more than other
Let him be trewe and part it with his brother"
"I graunte," quod the devel "by my fey!"
And with that word thay riden forth her way
And right at the entryng of a townes ende, 7119
To which this sompnour schop him for to wende,
Thay segh a cart, that charged was with hay,
Which that a carter drof forth in his way
Deep was the way, for which the carte stood,
This carter smot and cryde as he were wood,
"Hayt, brok, hayt, scot what spare ye for the stones?
The fend, quod he, "yow fech body and bones,
As ferforthly as ever were ye folid!
So moche wo as I have with yow tholid!
The devyl have al, both cart and hors and hay!"
This sompnour sayde, "Her schal we se play"
And ner the feend he drough, as nought ne were,
Ful prively, and rouned in his ere, 7132
"Herke, my brother, harke, by thi faith!
Ne herest nought thou what the carter saith?
Hent it anoon for he hath geven it the,
Bothe hay and caples, and eek his cart, pardé!"
"Nay," quod the devyl, "God wot, never a del,
It is nought his entente, trustith wel,
Ask it thiself, if thou not trowist me,
Or elles stint a while and thou schalt se" 7140
This carter thakketh his hors upon the croupe,
And thay bygon to drawen and to stowpe
"Hayt now," quod he, "ther Jhesu Crist yow blesse,
And al his hondwork, bothe more and lesse!
That was wel twight, myn oughne lyard, boy,
I pray God save thy body and seint Loy

7090 *dede bodies* The assumption of the bodies of the deceased by evil spirits their wanderings upon earth was an important part the medieval superstitions of this country, and enters largely into a variety of legendary stories found in the old chroniclers

7130 *se play* The Lansd. Ms reads, *have a plaie* Tyrwhitt's reading is, *have a pray*

Now is my cart out of the sloo pardé!"
"Lo! brother," quod the feend, "what told I the?
Her may ye seen, myn owne deere brother,
The carter spak oon thing, and thought another.
Let us go forth abouten our viage; 7151
Hier wynne I nothing upon cariage."
When that thay comen somwhat out of toune,
This sompnour to his brothir gan to roune;
"Brothir," quod he, "her wonyth an old rebekke,
That had almost as lief to leese hir necke,
As for to give a peny of hir good.
I wol han twelf pens though that sche go wood,
Or I wol somone hir to oure office;
And yit, God wot, I know of hir no vice. 7160
But for thou canst not, as in this contré,
Wynne thy cost, tak her ensample of me."
This sompnour clapped at the widowes gate;
"Com out," quod he, "thou olde viritrate;
I trowe thou hast som frere or prest with the."
"Who clappith ther?" sayd this widow, "*benedicite!*
God save yow, sir! what is your swete wille?"
"I have," quod he, "a somonaunce of a bille,
Up payne of cursyng, loke that thou be
To morwe biforn our erchedeknes kne, 7170
To answer to the court of certeyn thinges."
"Now," quod sche, "Jhesu Crist, and king of kinges,
So wisly helpe me, as I ne may.
I have ben seek, and that ful many a day.
I may not goon so fer," quod sche, "ne ryde,
But I be deed, so prikith it in my syde.
May I nat aske a lybel, sir sompnour,
And answer ther by my procuratour
To suche thing as men wol oppose me?"
"Yis," quod this sompnour, "pay anoon, let se,
Twelf pens to me, and I the wil acquite. 7181
I schal no profyt have therby but lite;
My mayster hath the profyt and not I.
Com of, and let me ryden hastily;
Gif me my twelf pens, I may no lenger tary."
"Twelf pens?" quod sche, "now lady seinte Mary
So wisly help me out of care and synne,
This wyde world though that I schulde wynne,
Ne have I not twelf pens withinne myn hold.
Ye knowen wel that I am pore and old; 7190
Kithe youre almes on me pore wreeche."
"Nay than," quod he, "the foule fend me fecche!
If I thexcuse, though thou schult be spilt."
"Allas!" quod sche, "God wot, I have no gilt."
"Pay me," quod he, "or by the swet seint Anne!
As I wol bere away thy newe panne
For dette, which thou owest me of old,
Whan that thou madest thin housbond cokewold,
I payd at hom for thy correccioun."
"Thou lixt," quod sche, "by my savacioun, 7200
Ne was I never er now, wydow ne wyf,
Somound unto your court in al my lyf;
Ne never I was but of my body trewe.
Unto the devel rough and blak of hiewe
Give I thy body and the panne also!"
And whan the devyl herd hir curse so
Upon hir knees, he sayd in this manere:
"Now, Mabely, myn owne modir deere,
Is this your wil in ernest that ye seye?"

7158. *wol han twelf.* By a curious error of the scribe these three words are contracted into *wolf* in the Harl. Ms.
7186. *twelf pens.* The penny was at this time a coin of much greater relative value than the coin known under that name at the present day.

"The devel," quod sche, "fecche him er he deye,
And panne and al, but he wol him repente!" 7211
"Nay, olde stot, that is not myn entente,"
Quod this sompnour, "for to repente me
For eny thing that I have had of the;
I wold I had thy smok and every cloth."
"Now brothir," quod the devyl, "be not wroth;
Thy body and this panne is myn by right.
Thow schalt with me to helle yit to night,
Wher thou schalt knowen of oure priveté
More than a maister of divinité." 7220
And with that word the foule fend him hente;
Body and soule, he with the devyl wente,
Wher as the sompnours han her heritage;
And God that maked after his ymage
Mankynde, save and gyde us alle and some,
And leeve this Sompnour good man to bycome.
"Lordyngs, I couth han told yow," quod the frere,
"Had I had leysir for this Sompnour here,
After the text of Crist, and Powel, and Jon,
And of oure other doctours many oon, 7230
Such peynes that our herte might agrise,
Al be it so, no tonge may devyse,
Though that I might a thousand wynter telle,
The peyn of thilke cursed hous of helle.
But for to kepe us from that cursed place,
Wakith, and prayeth Jhesu for his grace,
So kepe us fro the temptour Sathanas.
Herknith this word, beth war as in this cas.
The lyoun syt in his awayt alway
To slen the innocent, if that he may. 7240
Disposith youre hertes to withstonde
The fend, that wolde make yow thral and bonde;
He may not tempte yow over your might,
For Crist wol be your champioun and knight;
And prayeth, that oure Sompnour him repente
Of his mysdede, er that the fend him hente."

THE SOMPNOURES PROLOGE.

This Sompnour in his styrop up he stood,
Upon the Frere his herte was so wood,
That lyk an aspen leef he quok for ire.
"Lordyngs," quod he, "but oon thing I desire;
I yow biseke, that of your curtesye, 7251
Syn ye han herd this false Frere lye,
As suffrith me I may my tale telle.
This Frere bosteth that he knowith helle,
And, God it wot, that is litil wonder,
Freres and feendes been but litel asonder.
For, pardy, ye han often tyme herd telle,
How that a frere ravyscht was to helle
In spirit ones by a visioun,
And as an aungel lad him up and doun, 7260
To schewen him the peynes that ther were,
In al the place saugh he not a frere,
Of other folk he saugh y-nowe in wo.
Unto this aungel spak this frere tho:
'Now, sire,' quod he, 'han freres such a grace,
That noon of hem schal comen in this place?'
'Yis,' quod this aungil, 'many a myloun.'
And unto Sathanas he lad him doun.
'And now hath Sathanas,' saith he, 'a tayl
Broder than of a carrik is the sayl.' 7270
'Hold up thy tayl, thou Sathanas,' quod he,
'Schew forth thyn ers, and let the frere se
Wher is the nest of freres in this place.'
And er than half a forlong way of space,
Right so as bees swarmen out of an hyve,
Out of the develes ers thay gonne dryve,
G

Twenty thousand freres on a route,
And thoroughout helle swarmed al aboute,
And comen agen, as fast as thay may goon,
And in his ers thay crepen everichoon. 7280
He clappid his tayl agayn, and lay ful stille.
This frere, whan he loked had his fille
Upon the torment of this sory place,
His spirit God restored of his grace
Unto his body agayn, and he awook;
But natheles for fere yit he quook,
So was the develes ers yit in his mynde,
That is his heritage of verray kynde.
God save yow alle, save this cursed Frere;
My prolong wol I ende in this manere." 7290

THE SOMPNOURES TALE.

LORDYNGS, ther is in Engelond, I gesse,
A merssehly lond called Holdernesse,
In which ther went a lymytour aboute
To preche, and eek to begge, it is no doubte.
And so bifel it on a day this frere
Had preched at a chirch in his manere,
And specially aboven every thing
Excited he the poepul in his preching
To trentals, and to give for Goddis sake,
Wherwith men mighten holy houses make. 7300
Ther as divine servys is honoured,
Nought ther as it is wasted and devoured;
Neither it needeth not for to be give
As to possessioneres, that mow lyve,
Thanked be God, in wele and abundaunce.
"Trentals," sayd he, "delyvereth fro penaunce
Her frendes soules, as wel eld as yonge,
Ye, whanne that thay hastily ben songe,
Nought for to hold a prest jolif and gay,
He syngith not but oon masse in a day. 7310
Delyverith out," quod he, "anoon the soules.
Ful hard it is, with fleischhok or with oules
To ben y-clawed, or brend, or i-bake;
Now speed yow hastily for Cristes sake."
And whan this frere had sayd al his entent,
With *qui cum patre* forth his way he went.
Whan folk in chirch had give him what hem lest,
He went his way, no lenger wold he rest,
With scrip and pyked staf, y-touked hye;
In every hous he gan to pore and prye, 7320
And beggyd mele or chese, or ellis corn.
His felaw had a staf typped with horn,
A payr of tablis al of yvory,
And a poyntel y-polischt fetisly,
And wroot the names alway as he stood
Of alle folk that gaf him eny good,
Ascaunce that he wolde for hem preye.
"Gif us a busshel whet, or malt, or reye,
A Goddes kichil, or a trip of chese,
Or elles what yow list, we may not chese; 7330
A Goddes halpeny, or a masse peny;
Or gif us of youre braune, if ye have eny,
A dagoun of your blanket, leeve dame,
Oure suster deer,—lo! her I write your name—
Bacoun or beef, or such thing as we fynde."
A stourdy harlot ay went hem byhynde,
That was her hostis man, and bar a sak,
And what men gaf hem, layd it on his bak.
And whan that he was out atte dore, anoon
He planed out the names everychoon, 7340
That he biforn had writen in his tablis;
He served hem with nyfles and with fablis.
"Nay, ther thou lixt, thou Sompnour," sayd the Frere.
"Pees,' quod our host, "for Cristes moder deere,
Tel forth thy tale, and spare it not at al."
"So thrive I," quod the Sompnour, "so I schal!"
So long he wente hous by hous, til he
Cam til an hous, ther he was wont to be
Refreschid mor than in an hundrid placis.
Syk lay the housbond man, whos that the place is,
Bedred upon a couche lowe he lay. 7351
"*Deus hic*," quod he, "O Thomas, frend, good day!"
Sayde this frere al curteysly and softe.
"O Thomas, God yeld it yow, ful ofte
Have I upon this bench i-fare ful wel,
Her have I eten many a mery mel!"
And fro the bench he drof away the cat,
And layd adoun his potent and his hat,
And eek his scrip, and set him soft adoun;
His felaw was go walkid in the toun 7360
Forth with his knave, into the ostelrye,
Wher as he schop him thilke night to lye.
"O deere maister," quod the seeke man,
"How have ye fare siththe March bygan?
I saygh yow nought this fourtenight or more."
"God wot," quod he, "labord have I ful sore;
And specially for thy salvacioun
Have I sayd many a precious orisoun,
And for myn other frendes, God hem blesse.
I have to day ben at your chirche at messe, 7370
And sayd a sermoun after my simple wit,
Nought al after the text of holy wryt.
For it is hard for yow, as I suppose,
And therfor wil I teche yow ay the glose.
Glosyng is a ful glorious thing certayn,
For letter sleth, so as we clerkes sayn.
Ther have I taught hem to be charitable,
And spend her good ther it is resonable;
And ther I seigh our dame, wher is she?"
"Yond in the yerd I trowe that sche be," 7380

The Sompnoures Tale. I have not met with this story elsewhere It is a bitter satire on the covetousness of the friars, who were eager and officious attendants on the death-beds of those who had any thing to give away In this respect it may be compared with the satirical notices in *Piers Ploughmans Crede*

7292 *Holdernesse.* This district lies on the coast of Yorkshire.

7300. *houses.* The Harl Ms reads *soules*

7304. *possessioneres*—i e the regular orders of monks, who possessed landed property and enjoyed rich revenues The friars were forbidden by their rule to possess property, which they only did under false pretences: they depended for support on voluntary offerings.

7306 *Trentals* A service of thirty masses, for which of course the friars required a much greater sum than for a single mass

7311. *anoon.* This word is omitted in the Harl. Ms.

7312. *fleischhok or with oules* In the old paintings and illuminations representing the infernal regions, the fiends are pictured tearing and piercing the wicked with hooks and other similar instruments, while they are roasting in fires and boiling in pots, or tormented in other similar manners.

7316. *qui cum patre.* The conclusion of the formula of final benediction. Ms. Harl. omits the words *his way*, which seem necessary for the metre.

7329 *A Goddes kichil.* Tyrwhitt explains this phrase by a note of M De la Monnaye on the Contes of Bonaventure des Periers, t. ii. p 107. *Cette serrure de Dieu* . . . expression du petit peuple, qui rapporte pieusement tout à Dieu - Rien n'est plus commun dans la bouche des bonnes vieilles, que ces espèces d'Hebraïsmes: *Il m'en coûte un bel écu de Dieu; Il ne me reste que ce pauvre enfant de Dieu. Donnez-moi une miette du pain de Dieu.* So we have two lines below, *a Goddes halpeny.*

7352 *Deus hic!* God be here! the ordinary formula of benediction on entering a house.

Sayde this man, "and scha wil come anoon."
"Ey, mayster, welcome be ye, by seint Johan!"
Sayde this wyf, "how fare ye hertily?"
The frere ariseth up ful curteysly,
And her embraceith in his armes narwe,
And kist hir swete, and chirkith as a sparwe
With his lippes: "Dame," quod he, "right wel,
As he that is your servaunt everydel.
Thankyd be God, that yow gaf soule and lif,
Yit saugh I not this day so fair a wyf 7390
In al the chirche, God so save me."
"Ye, God amend defautes, sir," quod sche,
"Algates welcome be ye, by my fay."
"*Graunt mercy*, dame; this have I found alway.
But of your grete goodnes, by youre leve.
I wolde pray yow that ye yow not greeve,
I wil with Thomas speke a litel throwe;
These curates ben ful negligent and slowe
To grope tendurly a conscience.
In schrift and preching is my diligence, 7400
And study in Petres wordes and in Poules,
I walk and fissche Cristen mennes soules,
To yelde Jhesu Crist his propre rent;
To spreden his word is al myn entent."
"Now, by your leve, o deere sir," quod s[he],
"Chyd him right wel for seinte Trinité.
He is as angry as a pissemyre,
Though that he have al that he can desire,
Though I him wrye on night, and make him warm,
And over him lay my leg other myn arm, 7410
He groneth lik our boor, that lith in sty.
Othir disport of him right noon have I,
I may please him in no maner caas."
"O Thomas, *jeo vous dy*, Thomas, Thomas,
This makth the feend, this moste ben amendid.
Ire is a thing that highe God defendid,
And therof wold I speke a word or tuo."
"Now, maister," quod the wyf, "er that I go,
What wil ye dine? I wil go theraboute."
"Now, dame," quod he, "*jeo vous dy saunz doute*,
Have I not of a capoun but the lyvere, 7421
And of your softe brede but a schivere,
And after that a rostyd pigges heed,
(But that I wold for me no best were deed)
Than had I with yow homly suffisaunce.
I am a man of litel sustinaunce.
My spirit hath his fostryng on the Bible.
The body is ay so redy and so penyble
To wake, that my stomak is destroyed.
I pray yow, dame, that ye be not anoyed, 7430
For I so frendly yow my counseil schewe;
By God! I nold not telle it but a fewe."
"Now, sir," quod sche, "but o word er I go.
My child is deed withinne this wykes tuo,
Soon after that ye went out of this toun."
"His deth saugh I by revelacioun,"
Sayde this frere, "at hoom in oure dortour.
I dar wel sayn, er that half an hour
After his deth, I seigh him born to blisse
In myn avysioun, so God me wisse. 7440
So did our sextein, and our fermerere,
That han ben trewe freres fifty yere;
Thay may now, God be thanked of his lone,
Maken her jubilé, and walk alloone.
And up I roos, and al our covent eke,
With many a teere trilling on my cheeke,
Te Deum was our song, and nothing ellis,
Withouten noys or claterying of bellis,
Save that to Crist I sayd an orisoun,
Thankyng him of my revelacioun. 7450
For, sire and dame, trustith me right wel,
Our orisouns ben more effectuel,
And more we se of Goddis secré thinges,
Than borel folk, although that thay ben kinges.
We lyve in povert and in abstinence,
And borel folk in riches and dispence
Of mete and drink, and in her ful delyt.
We han al this worldes lust al in despyt.
Lazar and Dives lyveden diversely,
And divers guerdoun hadde thay thereby. 7460
Who so wol praye, he must faste, and be clene,
And fatte his soule, and make his body lene.
We faren, as saith thapostil; cloth and foode
Sufficeth us, though thay ben not goode.
The clennes and the fastyng of us freres
Makith that Crist acceptith oure prayeres.
Lo, Moyses fourty dayes and fourty night
Fasted, er that the highe God of might
Spak with him in the mount of Synay;
With empty wombe fastyng many a day, 7470
Receyved he the lawe, that was writen
With Goddis fynger; and Eli, wel ye witen,
In mount Oreb, er he had any speche
With highe God, that is oure lyves leche,
He fastid, and was in contemplacioun.
Aron, that had the temple in governacioun,
And eek the other prestes everychoon,
Into the temple whan thay schulden goon
To preye for the poeple, and doon servise,
Thay nolden drinken in no maner wise 7480
No drynke, which that dronke might hem make,
But ther in abstinence prey and wake,
Lest that thay dedin; tak heed what I say—
But thay ben sobre that for the pepul pray—
War that I say—no mor; for it suffisith.
Oure Lord Jhesu, as oure lore devysith,
Gaf us ensampil of fastyng and prayeres;
Therfore we mendinauntz, we sely freres,
Ben wedded to povert and to continence,
To charité, humblesse, and abstinence, 7490
To persecucioun for rightwisnesse,
To wepyng, misericord, and clennesse.
And therfor may ye seen that oure prayeres
(I speke of us, we mendeaunts, we freres)
Ben to the hihe God mor acceptable
Than youres, with your festis at your table.
Fro Paradis first, if I schal not lye,
Was man out chaced for his glotenye,
And chast was man in Paradis certeyn.
But now herk, Thomas, what I schal the seyn,
I ne have no tixt of it, as I suppose, 7501
But I schal fynd it in a maner glose;

[7444 J]*ubilé*. "See Ducange in v *Sempectæ*. Peculiar honours and immunities were granted by the Rule of St. Benedict to those monks, *qui quinquagi ta annos in ordine expleverant, quos annum jubilæum ex gis e vulgo dicimus* It is probable that some similar regulation obtained in the other orders." *Tyrwhitt*. The Harl. Ms. has *many* instead of *fifty*, which latter reading is given by Ms. Lansd., and would seem by the context to be the correct one.

7454 *borel folk*—laymen. The term appears to have arisen from the material of their clothing, which was not used by the clergy.

7458 *lust al* I have adopted this reading from the Lansdowne Ms., as the reading of the Harl. Ms., *delit*, seems to have been an error of the scribe, who had in his ears the last word of the preceding line

7461. *he must*. These words, omitted in the Harl. Ms., seem necessary to the sense

7486. *oure lore*. The Lansd. Ms. reads *holy God*, and Tyrwhitt gives *holy writ*.

That specially our swete Lord Jhesus
Spak this by freres, whan he sayde thus,
Blessed be thay that pover in spirit ben
And so forth in the gospel ye may seen,
Whether it be likir oure professioun,
Or heris that swymmen in possessioun
Fy on her pomp and on her glotenye,
And on her lewydnesse! I hem defye 7510
Me thinkith thay ben lik Jovynian,
Fat as a whal, and walken as a swan,
Al vinolent as botel in the spence
Her prayer is of ful gret reverence,
Whan thay for soules sayn the Psalm of David,
Lo, buf thay say, *Cor meum eructavit*
Who folwith Cristes gospel and his lore
But we, that humble ben, and chast, and pore,
Workers of Goddes word, not auditours?
Therfor right as an hauk upon a sours 7520
Upspringeth into thaer, right so prayeres
Of charitabil and chaste busy freres
Maken her sours to Goddis eeres tuo
Thomas, Thomas, so mote I ryde or go,
And by that Lord that clepid is seint Ive,
Ner thou oure brother, schuldest thou never thrive
In oure chapitre pray we day and night
To Crist, that he the sende hele and might
Thy body for to welden hastily
"God wot," quod he, "therof nought feele I
As help me Crist, as I in fewe yeeres 7531
Have spendid upon many divers freres
Ful many a pound yit fare I never the bet
Certeyn my good have I almost byset
Farwel my gold, for it is almost ago
The frere answerd, 'O Thomas, dost thow so?
What needith yow dyverse freres seche?
What needith him that hath a parfyt leche
To sechen othir leches in the toun?
Youre inconstance is youre confusioun 7540
Holde ye than me, or elles oure covent,
To praye for yow insufficient?
Thomas, that jape is not worth a myte,
Youre maladye is for we have to lite
A! give that covent half a quarter otes,
A! give that covent foure and twenty grotes,
A! give that frere a peny, and let him go
Nay, nay, Thomas, it may nought be so
What is a ferthing worth depart in twelve?
Lo, ech thing that is oned in himselve 7550
Is more strong than whan it is to-skatrid
Thomas, of me thou schalt not ben y-flatrid,
Thow woldist have our labour al for nought
The hihe God, that al this world hath wrought,
Saith, that the werkman is worthy of his hyre
Thomas, nought of youre tresor I desire
As for myself, but for that oure covent
To pray for yow is ay so diligent,
And for to buylden Cristes holy chirche
Thomas, if ye wil lerne for to wirche 7560
Of buyldyng up on chirches may ye fynde
If it be good, in Thomas lyf of Ynde

Ye lye her ful of anger and of ire,
With which the devel set your hert on fuyre,
And chyden her the holy innocent
Your wyf, that is so meke and pacient
And therfor trow me, Thomas, if thou list,
Ne stryve nought with thy wyf, as for thi best
And ber this word away now by thy faith,
Touchinge such thing lo, the wise man saith,
Withinne thin hous be thou no lyoun, 7571
To thy subjects do noon oppressioun,
Ne make thyn acqueyntis fro the fle
And yit, Thomas, eftsons I charge the,
Be war for ire that in thy bosom slepith,
War for the serpent, that so slyly crepith
Under the gras, and styngith prively,
Be war, my sone, and werk paciently,
For twenty thousend men han lost her lyves
For stryvyng with her lemmans and her wyves
Now syns ye han so holy and meke a wif, 7581
What nedith yow, Thomas, to make strif?
Ther nys i-wis no serpent so cruel
Whan men trede on his tail ne half so fel,
As womman is whan sche hath caught an ire,
Vengeans is thanne al that thay desire
Schortly may no man by rym and vers,
Tellen her thoughtes thay ben so dyvers
Ire is a sinne oon the grete of sevene
Abhominable to the God of hevene,
And to himself it is destruccioun
This every lewed vicory or parsoun 7590
Can say how ire engendrith homicide
Ire is in soth executour of pride
I couthe of ire seyn so moche sorwe
My tale schulde laste til to morwe
Ire is the grete of synne, as saith the wise,
To fle therfro ech man schuld him devyse
And therfor pray I God bothe day and night,
An irous man God send him litil might
It is greet harm, and also gret pite,
To set an irous man in high degre
'Whilom ther was an irous potestate,
As saith Senek, that duryng his estaat 7600
Upon a day out riden knightes tuo,
And, as fortune wolde right as it were so,
That oon of hem cam home, that other nought
Anoon the knight bifore the juge is brought,
That sayde thus Thou hast thy felaw slayn,
For which I deme the to deth certayn
And to anothir knight comaundid he
Go lede him to the deth I charge the
And happed, as thay wente by the weye
Toward the place ther he schulde deye, 7610
The knight com, which men wend hadde be deed
Than thoughten thay it were the beste reed
To lede hem bothe to the juge agayn
Thay sayden, Lord, the knight hath not slayn
His felaw, lo, heer he stont hool on lyve
Ye schal be deed, quod he, so mote I thrive!
That is to sayn, bothe oon, tuo, and thre
And to the firste knyght right thus spak he,

7511 *Jovynian* Probably an allusion to an emperor Jovinian, celebrated in the *Gesta Romanorum* (c lix) and in other medieval legends for his pride and luxury In the sixteenth century the story was in France worked into a morality under the title *l'orgueil et presomption de l'empereur Jovinien* It is the same story as that of Robert king of Sicily, in the early English romance

7562 *In Thomas lyf of Ynde* I find nothing of the sort in the life of St Thomas Perhaps the friar is made to quote at random, reckoning upon the ignorance of his auditor

7587 *Schortly, etc* This and the following line are not in Tyrwhitt's text

7595 *Ire, etc* This line and the following are not in Tyrwhitt

7600 *Senek* This story is told of Cornelius Piso, by Seneca, *de Ira*, lib i c xvi it is also found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, where it is told of an emperor named Eraclius

7612 *Than thoughten, etc* I retain this and the following line because they form part of the Harl Ms, although they seem to be an unnecessary interruption of the sense. They are not in Tyrwhitt

I deme the, thou most algate be deed.
Than thoughte thay it were the beste rede, 7620
To lede him forth into a fair mede.
And, quod the juge, also thou most lese thin heed,
For thou art cause why thy felaw deyth.
And to the thridde felaw thus he seith,
Thou hast nought doon that I comaundid the.
And thus he let don sle hem alle thre.
Irous Cambises was eek dronkelewe,
And ay delited him to ben a schrewe;
And so bifel, a lord of his meigné,
That loved vertues, and eek moralité,
Sayd on a day bitwix hem tuo right thus,
A lord is lost, if he be vicious; 7630
An irous man is lik a frentik best,
In which ther is of wisdom noon arrest;
And dronkenes is eek a foul record
Of any man, and namly of a lord.
Ther is ful many an eyghe and many an eere
Awaytand on a lord, and he not where.
For Goddes love, drynk more attemperelly;
Wyn makith man to lese wrecchedly
His mynde, and eek his lymes everichoon.
The revers schaltow seen, quod he, anoon,
And prove it by thin owne experience,
That wyn ne doth to folk non such offence. 7640
Ther is no wyn byreveth me my might
Of hond, of foot, ne of myn eyghe sight.
And for despyt he dronke moche more
An hundrid part than he had doon byfore;
And right anoon, this irous cursid wrecche
Let this knightes sone anoon biforn him fecche,
Comaundyng hem thay schuld biforn him stonde;
And sodeinly he took his bowe on honde,
And up the streng he pulled to his eere,
And with an arwe he slough the child right there.
Now whethir have I a sikur hond or noon? 7651
Quod he, Is al my mynde and might agoon?
Hath wyn byrevyd me myn eye sight?
What schuld I telle the answer of the knight?
His sone was slayn, ther is no more to say.
Be war therfor with lordes how ye play,
Syngith *Placebo*, and I schal if I can.
But if it be unto a pore man;
To a pore man men schuld his vices telle,
But not to a lord, they he schuld go to helle. 7660
Lo, irous Cirus, thilke Percien,
How he destruyed the ryver of Gysen,
For that an hors of his was dreynt therinne,
Whan that he wente Babiloyne to wynne:
He made that the ryver was so smal,
That wommen mighte wade it over al.
Lo, what sayde he, that so wel teche can?
Ne be no felaw to an irous man,
Ne with no wood man walke by the way,
Lest the repent. I wol no longer say.
Now, Thomas, leve brother, leve thin ire,
Thow schalt me fynde as just as is a squire;
Thyn anger doth the al to sore smerte,
Hald not the develes knyf ay at thyn herte,
But schewe to me al thy confessioun."
"Nay," quod this syke man, "by seynt Symoun,
I have ben schriven this day of my curate;
I have him told holly al myn estate.
Nedith no more to speken of it, saith he,
But if me list of myn humilité." 7680
"Gif me than of thy good to make our cloyster,"
Quod he, "for many a muscle and many an oyster
Hath ben oure foode, our cloyster to arreyse,
Whan other men han ben ful wel at eyse;
And yit, God wot, unnethe the foundement
Parformed is, ne of oure pavyment
Is nought a tyle yit withinne our wones;
By God, we owe yit fourty pound for stones.
Now help, Thomas, for him that harewed helle,
Or elles moote we oure bookes selle; 7690
And gif yow lakke oure predicacioun,
Thanne goth the world al to destruccioun.
For who so wold us fro the world byreve,
So God me save, Thomas, by youre leve,
He wolde byreve out of this world the sonne.
For who can teche and werken as we conne?
And this is not of litel tyme," quod he,
"But siththen Elye was her, or Elisee,
Han freres ben, fynde I of record,
In charité, i-thanked be oure Lord. 7700
Now, Thomas, help for saynte Charité."
Adoun he sette him anoon on his kne.
This sike man wex welneigh wood for ire,
He wolde that the frere had ben on fuyre
With his fals dissimulacioun.
"Such thing as is in my possessioun,"
Quod he, "that may I geve yow and noon other;
Ye sayn me thus, how that I am your brother."
"Ye certes," quod the frere, "trusteth wel;
I took our dame the letter, under oure sel." 7710
"Now wel," quod he, "and somwhat schal I give
Unto your holy covent whils that I lyve;
And in thyn hond thou schalt it have anoon,
On this condicioun, and other noon,
That thou depart it so, my deere brother,
That every frere have as moche as other.
This schaltow swere on thy professioun,
Withouten fraude or cavillacioun."
"I swere it," quod this frere, "upon my faith."
And therwith his hond in his he laith; 7720
"Lo here myn hond, in me schal be no lak."
"Now thanne, put thyn hond doun at my bak,"
Sayde this man, "and grope wel byhynde,
Bynethe my buttok, there schaltow fynde
A thing, that I have hud in privetė."
"A!" thought this frere, "that schal go with me."
And doun his hond he launcheth to the clifte,
In hope for to fynde ther a gifte.
And whan this syke man felte this frere
Aboute his tuel grope ther and heere, 7730
Amyd his hond he leet the freere a fart;
Ther is no capul drawyng in a cart,
That might have let a fart of such a soun.

7627. *Cambises*. See Seneca, *de Ira*, lib. iii. c. 14.

7631. *An irous man*. These two lines are also peculiar to the Harl. Ms.

7641. *might*. The Harl. Ms. reads *wit*.

7657. *Placebo*. "The allusion is to an Anthem in the Romish church, from Psalm cxvi. 9, which in the Vulgate stands thus: *Placebo Domine, in regione virorum*. Hence the *complacent* brother in the Marchant's Tale is called *Placebo*." Tyrwhitt.

7662 *Gysen*. Seneca, *de Ira*, lib. iii. c. 31, from whom the story is taken, calls the river Gyndes. Sir John Maundeville tells this story of the Euphrates.

7674. *ay*. The Harl. Ms. reads *alway*, which seems to destroy the metre.

7687. *a tyle*. The pavements were made of encaustic tiles, and therefore must have been rather costly.

7698. *or Elisee*. The Harl. Ms. reads *or Ele*, an evident corruption by the scribe.

7710. *the letter*. It was a common practice to grant under the conventual seal to benefactors and others a brotherly participation in the spiritual good works of the convent, and in their expected reward after death.

The frere upstart, as doth a wood lyoun—
"A! false cherl," quod he, "for Goddes bones!
This hastow in despit don for the noones,
Thou schalt abye this fart, if that I may."
His meyné, which that herd of this affray,
Com lepand in, and chased out the cherle.
And forth he goth with a foul angry cheere, 7740
And fet his felaw, there lay his stoor,
He lokid as it were a wylde boor,
And grynte with his teeth, so was he wroth.
A stordy paas doun to the court he goth,
Wher as ther wonyd a man of gret honour,
To whom that he was alway confessour;
This worthy man was lord of that village.
This frere com, as he were in a rage,
Wher that this lord sat etyng at his bord;
Unnethe might the frere speke a word, 7750
Til atte last he sayde, "God yow se!"
This lord gan loke, and sayde, *Benedicite!*
What, frere Johan! what maner world is this?
I se wel that som thing is amys;
Ye loke as though the woode were ful of thevys.
Sit doun anoon, and tel me what your grief is,
And it schal ben amendit, if that I may."
"I have," quod he, "had a despit to day,
God yelde yow, adoun in youre village,
That in this world is noon so pore a page, 7760
That he nold have abhominacioun
Of that I have receyved in youre toun:
And yet ne grevith me no thing so sore,
As that this olde cherl, with lokkes hore,
Blasphemed hath our holy covent eke."
"Now, maister," quod this lord, "I yow biseke—"
"No maister, sir," quod he, "but servitour,
Though I have had in scole such honour.
God likith not that Raby men us calle, 7769
Neither in market neyther in your large halle."
"No fors," quod he, "but tellith me al your greef."
This frere sayd, "Sire, an odious meschief
This day bytid is to myn ordre and to me,
And so *par consequens* to ech degre
Of holy chirche, God amend it soone!"
"Sir," quod the lord, "ye wot what is to doone;
Distempre yow nought, ye ben my confessour.
Ye ben the salt of therthe, and savyour;
For Goddes love, youre pacience ye holde;
Tel me your greef." And he anoon him tolde
As ye han herd bifore, ye wot wel what. 7781
The lady of that hous ay stille sat,
Til sche had herd what the frere sayd.
"Ey, Goddes moodir!" quod sche, "blisful mayde!
Is ther ought elles? tel me faithfully."
"Madame," quod he, "how thynke ye herby?"
"How that me thynkith?" quod sche, "so God
me speede!
I say, a cherl hath doon a cherles deede.
What schuld I say? God let him never thee!
His syke heed is ful of vanyte; 7790
I hold him in a maner frenesye."
"Madame," quod he, "i-wis I schal not lye,
But I in othir wise may be wreke,
I schal defame him over al wher I speke,
The false blasphemour, that chargid me
To parten that wil not departed be,
To every man y-liche, with meschaunce!"
The lord sat stille, as he were in a traunce,
And in his hert he rollid up and doun,
"How had this cherl ymaginacioun 7800
To schewe such a probleme to the frere?
Never eft er now herd I of such mateere;
I trowe the devel put it in his mynde.
In arsmetrik schal ther no man fynde
Biforn this day of such a questioun.
Who schulde make a demonstracioun,
That every man schuld have alyk his part
As of a soun or savour of a fart?
O nyce proude cherl, I schrew his face!
Lo, sires," quod the lord, "with harde grace, 7810
Who ever herde of such a thing er now?
To every man y-like? tel me how.
It is impossible, it may not be.
Ey, nyce cherl, God let him never thee!
The rumblyng of a fart, and every soun,
Nis but of air reverberacioun,
And ever it wastith lyte and lyte away;
Ther nys no man can deme, by my fay,
If that it were departed equally.
What, lo, my cherl, lo, yet how schrewedly 7820
Unto my confessour to day he spak!
I hold him certeinly demoniak.
Now etith youre mete, and let the cherl go play,
Let him go honge himself on devel way!"
Now stood the lordes squier at the bord,
That carf his mete, and herd word by word
Of al this thing which that I have sayd.
"My lord," quod he, "be ye nought evel payd,
I couthe telle for a gowne-cloth
To yow, sir frere, so that ye be not wroth, 7830
How that this fart even departed schuld be
Among your covent, if I commaunded be."
"Tel," quod the lord, "and thou schalt have anon
A gowne-cloth, by God and by seint John!"
"My lord," quod he, "whan that the weder is fair,
Withoute wynd, or pertourbynge of air,
Let bring a large whel into this halle,
But loke that it have his spokes alle,
Twelf spokes hath a cart whel comunly;
And bring me twelve freres, wit ye why? 7840
For threttene is a covent as I gesse;

7740 "The remainder of this tale is omitted in MSS. B. G. and Bod. B., and instead of it they give us the following lame and impotent conclusion:

He ne had noght ellis for his sermon
To part among his brethren when he cam home.
And thus is this tale idon;
For we were almost att the toun.

I only mention this to shew what liberties some copyists have taken with our author."—*Tyrwhitt.*

7744. *the court.* The larger country houses consisted generally of an enclosed court, from which circumstance this name was usually given to the manorial residence, and it has been preserved to modern times as a common name for gentlemen's seats.

7802. *eft.* Some of the MSS. read *erst.*

7829. *gowne-cloth.* In the middle ages the most common rewards, and even those given by the feudal landholders to their dependants and retainers, were articles of apparel, especially the gown or outer robe. We meet with constant allusions to this custom in the romances and poetry of former days, and they sometimes occur in historical writers. Money was comparatively very scarce in the middle ages, and as the household retainers were lodged and fed, clothing was almost the only article they wanted.

7841. *threttene.* The regular number of monks or friars in a convent had been fixed at twelve, with their superior, in imitation, it is said, of the number of twelve apostles and their divine master. The larger religious houses were considered as consisting of a certain number of convents. Thus Thorn, speaking of the abbot of St Augustine's at Canterbury, says, Anno Domini mcxlvi. iste Hugo reparavit antiquum numerum monachorum istius monasterii, et erant lx. monachi professi praeter abbatem, *hoc est, quinque conventus* in universo.—*Decem Scriptores,* col. 1807.

Your noble confessour, her God him blesse,
Schal parfourn up the nombre of this covent.
Thanne schal thay knele doun by oon assent,
And to every spokes ende in this manere
Ful sadly lay his nose schal a frere;
Your noble confessour ther, God him save,
Schal hold his nose upright under the nave.
Than schal this churl, with bely stif and tought
As eny tabor, hider ben y-brought; 7850
And sette him on the whele of this cart
Upon the nave, and make him lete a fart,
And ye schul seen, up peril of my lif,
By verray proof that is demonstratif,
That equally the soun of it wol wende,
And eek the stynk, unto the spokes ende;
Save that this worthy man, your confessour,
(Bycause he is a man of gret honour)
Schal have the firste fruyt, as resoun is.
The noble usage of freres is this, 7860
The worthy men of hem first schal be served.
And certeynly he hath it wel deserved;
He hath to day taught us so mochil good,
With preching in the pulpit ther he stood,
That I may vouchesauf, I say for me,
He hadde the firste smel of fartes thre,
And so wold al his covent hardily,
He berith him so fair and holily."
The lord, the lady, and ech man, sauf the frere,
Sayde that Jankyn spak in this matiere 7870
As wel as Euclide, or elles Phtolomé.
Touchand the cherl, thay sayd that subtilté
And high wyt made him speken as he spak;
He nas no fool, ne no demoniak.
And Jankyn hath i-wonne a new goune;
My tale is don, we ben almost at toune.

THE CLERK OF OXENFORDES PROLOGE.

"Sir Clerk of Oxenford," our hoste sayde,
"Ye ryde as stille and coy as doth a mayde,
Were newe spoused, sittyng at the bord;
This day ne herd I of your mouth a word. 7880
I trowe ye study aboute som sophime;
But Salomon saith, every thing hath tyme.
For Goddis sake! as beth of better cheere,
It is no tyme for to stody hiere.
Tel us som mery tale, by your fay;
For what man is entred unto play,
He moot nedes unto that play assent.
But prechith not, as freres doon in Lent,
To make us for our olde synnes wepe,
Ne that thy tale make us for to slepe. 7890
Tel us som mery thing of aventures.
Youre termes, your colours, and your figures,
Keep hem in stoor, til so be that ye endite
High style, as whan that men to kynges write.
Spekith so playn at this tyme, I yow pray,
That we may understonde what ye say."
This worthy Clerk benignely answerde;
"Sir host," quod he, "I am under your yerde,
Ye have of us as now the governaunce,
And therfor wol I do yow obeissaunce, 7900
Als fer as resoun askith hardily.
I wil yow telle a tale, which that I
Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
As proved by his wordes and his werk.
He is now deed, and nayled in his chest,
Now God give his soule wel good rest!
Fraunces Petrark, the laureat poete,
Highte this clerk, whos rethorique swete
Enlumynd al Ytail of poetrie,
As Linian did of philosophie, 7910
Or lawe, or other art particulere;
But deth, that wol not suffre us duellen heere,
But as it were a twyncling of an ye,
Hem bothe hath slayn, and alle we schul dye.
But forth to telle of this worthy man,
That taughte me this tale, as I bigan,
I say that he first with heigh stile enditith
(Er he the body of his tale writith)
A proheme, in the which descrivith he
Piemounde, and of Saluces the contré, 7920
And spekith of Appenyne the hulles hye,
That ben the boundes of al west Lombardye;
And of mount Vesulus in special,
Wher as the Poo out of a welle smal
Takith his firste springyng and his sours,
That est-ward ay encresceth in his cours
To Emyl-ward, to Ferare, and to Venise,
To which a long thing were to devyse.
And trewely, as to my juggement,
Me thinketh it a thing impertinent, 7930
Save that he wold conveyen his matiere;
But this is the tale which that ye schuln heere."

THE CLERKES TALE.

Ther is at the west ende of Ytaile,
Doun at the root of Vesulus the colde,
A lusty playn, abundaunt of vitaile,
Wher many a tour and toun thou maist byholde,
That founded were in tyme of fadres olde,
And many anothir delitable sight,
And Saluces this noble contray hight.
A marquys whilom duellid in that lond, 7940
As were his worthy eldris him bifore,
And obeisaunt ay redy to his hond,
Were alle his liegis, bothe lesse and more.
Thus in delyt he lyveth and hath don yore,
Biloved and drad, thurgh favour of fortune,
Bothe of his lordes and of his comune.
Therwith he was, as to speke of lynage,
The gentileste born of Lumbardye,
A fair persone, and strong, and yong of age,
And ful of honour and of curtesie; 7950
Discret y-nough his contré for to gye,
Savynge in som thing he was to blame;
And Wautier was this yonge lordes name.
I blame him thus, that he considered nought
In tyme comyng what mighte bityde,
But on his lust present was al his thought,
As for to hauke and hunte on every syde;
Wel neigh al othir cures let he slyde,
And eek he nolde (that was the worst of al)
Wedde no wyf for no thing that might bifal.

7912. *But deth.* Petrarch died in 1374. Linian, who was celebrated as a lawyer and as a philosopher, died about 1378.

7927. *Emyl-ward.* "One of the regions of Italy was called Æmilia, from the *Via Æmilia*, which crossed it from Placentia to Rimini. Placentia stood upon the Po. Pitisc. Lex. Ant Rom. in v. Via Æmilia. Petrarch's description of this part of the Po is a little different. He speaks of it as dividing the Æmilian and Flaminian regions from Venice—*Æmiliam atque Flaminiam Venetiamque discriminans.* But our author's *Emelie* is plainly taken from him."—*Tyrwhitt.*

The Clerkes Tale. The popular story of Griseldis, which has appeared in so great a variety of forms from the days of Petrarch almost to the present time, is so well known, that it is hardly necessary to say more than that Chaucer translates it closely from Petrarch's Latin romance *De obedientia et fide uxoria Mythologia.*

Only that poynt his peple bar so sore,
That flokmel on a day to him thay went,
And oon of hem, that wisest was of lore,
(Or elles that the lord wolde best assent
That he schuld telle him what his peple ment,
Or elles couthe he schewe wel such matere)
He to the marquys sayd as ye schuln here.
"O noble marquys, youre humanite
Assureth us and giveth us hardynesse,
As ofte as tyme is of necessite, 7970
That we to yow may telle oure hevynesse,
Acceptith, lord, now of youre gentilesse,
That we with pitous hert unto yow playne,
And let youre eeres my vois not disdeyne.
"And have I nought to doon in this matere
More than another man hath in this place,
Yit for as moche as ye, my lord so deere,
Han alway schewed me favour and grace,
I dar the better ask of yow a space
Of audience, to schewen oure request, 7980
And ye, my lord, to doon right as yow lest.
"For certes, lord, so wel us likith yow
And al your werk, and ever han doon, that we
Ne couthen not ourselve devysen how
We mighte lyve more in felicite,
Save oon thing, lord, if that your wille be,
That for to be a weddid man yow list,
Than were your peple in soverein hertes rest.
"Bowith your nekke under that blisful yok
Of sovereignete, nought of servise, 7990
Which that men clepe spousail or wedlok,
And thenketh, lord, among youre thoughtes wise,
How that oure dayes passe in sondry wyse,
For though we slepe, or wake, or rome, or ryde,
Ay fleth the tyme, it wil no man abyde.
"And though youre grene youthe floure as yit,
In crepith age alway as stille as stoon,
And deth manasith every age, and smyt
In ech estat, for ther escapith noon:
And as certeyn, as we knowe everychon 8000
That we schuln deye, as uncerteyn we alle
Ben of that day that deth schal on us falle.
"Acceptith thanne of us the trewe entent,
That never yit refusid youre hest,
And we wil, lord, if that ye wil assent,
Chese yow a wyf in schort tyme atte lest,
Born of the gentilest and the heighest
Of al this lond, so that it oughte seme
Honour to God and yow, as we can deme.
"Deliver us out of al this busy drede, 8010
And tak a wyf, for hihe Goddes sake:
For if it so bifel, as God forbede,
That thurgh youre deth youre lignage schulde slake,
And that a straunge successour schuld take
Youre heritage, O! wo were us on lyve!
Wherfor we pray yow hastily to wyve."
Her meeke prayer and her pitous chere
Made the marquys for to han pite.
"Ye wolde," quod he, "myn owne peple deere,
To that I never erst thought constreigne me. 8020
I me rejoysed of my liberte,
That selden tyme is founde in mariage;
Ther I was fre, I mot ben in servage.
"But natheles I se youre trewe entent,
And trust upon your witt, and have doon ay,
Wherfor of my fre wil I wil assent
To wedde me, as soon as ever I may.
But ther as ye have profred me to day
To chese me a wyf, I wol relese 8029
That choys, and pray yow of that profre cesse.
"For God it woot, that childer ofte been
Unlik her worthy eldris hem bifore,
Bounte cometh al of God, nought of the streen
Of which thay ben engendrid and i-bore.
I trust in Goddes bounte, and therfore
My mariage, and myn estat and rest,
I him bytake, he may doon as him lest.
Let me alloon in chesyng of my wif,
That charge upon my bak I wil endure.
But I yow pray, and charge upon your lyf, 8040
That what wyf that I take, ye me assure
To worschip whil that hir lif may endure,
In word and werk, bothe heer and every where,
As sche an emperoures doughter were.
"And forthermor this schul ye swere, that ye
Agains my chois schuln never grucche ne stryve.
For sins I schal forgo my liberte
At youre request, as ever mot I thryve,
Ther as myn hert is set, ther wil I wyve.
And but ye wil assent in such manere, 8050
I pray yow spek no more of this matere."
With hertly wil thay sworen and assenten
To al this thing, ther sayde no wight nay,
Bysechyng him of grace, er that thay wenten,
That he wolde graunten hem a certeyn day
Of his spousail, as soone as ever he may,
For yit alway the peple som what dredde
Lest that the marquys wolde no wyf wedde.
He graunted hem a day, such as him lest,
On which he wolde be weddid sicurly, 8060
And sayd he dede al this at her request.
And thay with humble hert ful buxomly,
Knelyng upon her knees ful reverently,
Him thanken alle, and thus thay have an ende
Of her entent, and hom agein thay wende.
And herupon he to his officeres
Comaundith for the feste to purveye.
And to his prive knightes and squyeres
Such charge gaf, as him list on hem leye:
And thay to his comaundement obeye, 8070
And ech of hem doth his diligence
To doon unto the feste reverence.

Pars secunda.

Nought fer fro thilke paleys honurable,
Wher as this marquys schop his mariage,
Ther stood a throp, of sighte delitable,
In which that pore folk of that village
Hadden her bestes and her herbergage,
And after her labour took her sustienaunce,
After the erthe gaf hem abundaunce.
Among this pore folk ther duelt a man, 8080
Which that was holden porest of hem alle;
But hihe God som tyme sende can
His grace unto a litel oxe stalle:
Janicula men of that throop him calle.
A doughter had he, fair y-nough to sight,
And Grisildes this yonge mayden hight.
But for to speke of hir vertuous beaute,
Than was sche oon the fayrest under sonne;

7972. *gentilesse.* The Harl. MS. reads *necessite*, a mere repetition of the conclusion of l. 7970.

7980. The reading of the Harl. MS. is *And audience to asken oure request.*

8024. *se youre trewe.* The MS. Harl. reads *se of yow the trewe.*

8086. *mayden.* The Harl. MS. reads *doughter*, which probably is only an accidental repetition of the word in the preceding line.

For porely i-fostred up was sche,
No licorous lust was in hir body ronne; 8090
Wel ofter of the welle than of the tonne
Sche dronk, and for sche wolde vertu please,
Sche knew wel labour, but noon ydel ease.
But though this mayden tender were of age,
Yet in the brest of hir virginité
Ther was enclosed rype and sad corrage;
And in gret reverence and charité
Hir olde pore fader fostred sche;
A fewe scheep spynnyng on the feld sche kept,
Sche nold not ben ydel til sche slept. 8100
And whan sche com hom sche wolde bryngo
Wortis and other herbis tymes ofte,
The which sche schred and seth for hir lyvyng,
And made hir bed ful hard, and no thing softe.
And ay sche kept hir fadres lif on lofte,
With every obeissance and diligence,
That child may do to fadres reverence.
Upon Grisildes, the pore creature,
Ful ofte sithes this marquys set his ye,
As he on huntyng rood peraventure. 8110
And whan it fel he mighte hir espye,
He not with wantoun lokyng of folye
His eyghen cast upon hir, but in sad wyse
Upon hir cheer he wold him oft avise,
Comendyng in his hert hir wommanhede,
And eek hir vertu, passyng any other wight
Of so yong age, as wel in cheer as dede.
For though the poeple have no gret insight
In vertu, he considereth aright
Hir bounte, and desposed that he wolde 8120
Wedde hir oonly, if ever he wedde scholde.
The day of weddyng cam, but no wight can
Telle what womman it schulde be;
For which mervayle wondrith many a man,
And sayden, whan thay were in priveté,
"Wol nought our lord yit leve his vanité?
Wol he not wedde? allas, allas the while!
Why wol he thus himself and us bigyle?"
But natheles this marquys hath doon make
Of gemmes, set in gold and in asure, 8130
Broches and rynges, for Grisildes sake,
And of hir clothing took he the mesure,
By a mayde y-lik to hir of stature,
And eek of other ornamentes alle
That unto such a weddyng schulde falle.
The tyme of undern of the same day
Approchith, that this weddyng schulde be,
And al the palys put was in array,
Bothe halle and chambur, y-lik here degré,
Houses of office stuffid with plenté; 8140
Ther maystow se of deyntevous vitayle,
That may be founde, as fer as lastith Itaile.
This real marquys, richely arrayd,
Lordes and ladyes in his compaignye,
The which unto the feste were prayed,
And of his retenu the bachelerie,
With many a soun of sondry melodye,
Unto the vilage, of which I tolde,
In this array the right way han thay holde.
Grysild of this (God wot) ful innocent, 8150
That for hir schapen was al this array,
To feeche water at a welle is went,
And cometh hom as soone as sche may,
For wel sche had herd say, that ilke day
The marquys schulde wedde, and, if sche might,
Sche wold have seyen somwhat of that sight.
Sche sayd, "I wol with other maydenes stonde,
That ben my felawes, in oure dore, and see
The marquysesse, and therfore wol I fonde
To don at hom, as soone as it may be, 8160
The labour which that longeth unto me,
And thanne may I at leysir hir byholde,
And sche the way into the castel holde."
And as sche wold over the threisshfold goon,
The marquys cam and gan hir for to calle.
And sche set doun her water-pot anoon
Bisides the threischfold of this oxe stalle,
And doun upon hir knees sche gan falle,
And with sad countenaunce knelith stille,
Til sche had herd what was the lordes wille. 8170
This thoughtful marquys spak unto this mayde
Ful soberly, and sayd in this manere:
"Wher is your fader, Grisildes?" he sayde.
And sche with reverence in humble cheere
Answerd, "Lord, he is al redy heere."
And in sche goth withouten lenger let,
And to the marquys sche hir fader fet.
He by the hond than takith this olde man,
And sayde thus, whan he him had on syde:
"Janicula, I neither may ne can 8180
Lenger the plesauns of myn herte hyde;
If that ye vouchesauf, what so bytyde,
Thy doughter wil I take er that I wende
As for my wyf, unto hir lyves ende.
"Thow lovest me, I wot it wel certeyn,
And art my faithful lige-man i-bore,
And al that likith me, I dar wel sayn,
It likith the, and specially therfore
Tel me that poynt, as ye have herd bifore,
If that thou wolt unto that purpos drawe, 8190
To take me as for thy sone-in-lawe."
The sodeyn caas the man astoneyd tho,
That reed he wax, abaischt, and al quakyng
He stood, unnethe sayd he wordes mo,
But oonly this: "Lord," quod he, "my willyng
Is as ye wol, agenst youre likyng
I wol no thing, ye be my lord so deere;
Right as yow list, governith this matiere."
"Yit wol I," quod this markys softely,
"That in thy chambre, I and thou and sche 8200
Have a collacioun, and wostow why?
For I wol aske if it hir wille be
To be my wyf, and reule hir after me;
And al this schal be doon in thy presence,
I wol nought speke out of thyn audience."
And in the chamber, whil thay were aboute
The tretys, which as ye schul after hiere,
The poeple cam unto the hous withoute,
And wondrid hem, in how honest manere
And tendurly sche kept hir fader deere; 8210
But outerly Grisildes wonder might,
For never erst ne saugh sche such a sight.
No wonder is though that sche were astoned,
To seen so gret a gest come into that place;
Sche never was to suche gestes woned,
For which sche loked with ful pale face.
But schortly this matiere forth to chace,
These arn the wordes that the marquys sayde
To this benigne, verray, faithful mayde.
"Grisyld," he sayde, "ye schul wel understonde,
It liketh to your fader and to me, 8221
That I yow wedde, and eek it may so stonde,
As I suppose ye wil that it so be;

8139. *y-lik here degré.* Other MSS. have *eche in his degré*, which is perhaps the better reading.
8143. *richely.* The reading of the Harl. Ms. is *really*.

But these demaundes aske I first," quod he,
"That sith it schal be doon in hasty wyse,
Wol ye assent, or elles yow avyse?
"I say this, be ye redy with good hert
To al my lust, and that I frely may
As me best liste do yow laughe or smert,
And never ye to gruch it, night ne day; 8230
And eek whan I say ye, ye say not nay,
Neyther by word, ne frownyng contenaunce?
Swer this, and here swer I oure alliaunce."
Wondryng upon this word, quakyng for drede,
Sche sayde: "Lord, undigne and unworthy
I am, to thilk honour that ye me bede;
But as ye wil your self, right so wol I;
And here I swere, that never wityngly
In werk, ne thought, I nyl yow disobeye 8239
For to the deed, though me were loth to deye."
"This is y-nough, Grisilde myn," quod he.
And forth goth he with a ful sobre chere,
Out at the dore, and after that cam sche,
And to the pepul he sayd in this manere:
"This is my wyf," quod he, "that stondith heere
Honoureth hir, and loveth hir, I yow pray,
Who so me loveth; ther is no more to say."
And for that no thing of hir olde gere
Sche schulde brynge unto his hous, he bad
That wommen schuld despoilen hir right there,
Of which these ladyes were nought ful glad 8251
To handle hir clothes wherin sche was clad;
But natheles this mayde bright of hew
Fro foot to heed thay schredde han al newe.
Hir heeres han thay kempt, that lay untressed
Ful rudely, and with hir fyngres smale
A coroun on hir heed thay han i-dressed,
And set hir ful of nowches gret and smale.
Of hir array what schuld I make a tale? 8259
Unnethe the poeple hir knew for hir fairnesse,
Whan sche translated was in such richesse.
This marquis hath hir spoused with a ryng
Brought for the same cause, and than hir sette
Upon an hors snow-whyt, and wel amblyng,
And to his palys, er he lenger lette,
(With joyful poeple, that hir ladde and mette)
Conveyed hire, and thus the day thay spende
In revel, til the sonne gan descende.
And schortly forth this tale for to chace,
I say, that to this newe marquisesse 8270
God hath such favour sent hir of his grace.
That it ne semyd not by liklynesse
That sche was born and fed in rudenesse,
As in a cote, or in an oxe stalle,
But norischt in an emperoures halle.
To every wight sche waxen is so deere,
And worschipful, that folk ther sche was born,
And from hir burthe knew hir yer by yere,
Unneth trowed thay, but dorst han sworn,
That to Janicle, of which I spak biforn 8280
Sche doughter were, for as by conjecture
Hem thought sche was another creature.
For though that ever vertuous was sche,
Sche was encresed in such excellence
Of thewes goode, i-set in high bounté,
And so discret, and fair of eloquence,
So benigne, and so digne of reverence,
And couthe so the poeples hert embrace,
That eck hir loveth that lokith in hir face.
Nought oonly of Saluce in the toun 8290
Publissched was the bounté of hir name,
But eek byside in many a regioun,
If oon sayd wel, another sayd the same.
So sprad of hire heigh bounté the fame,
That men and wommen, as wel yong as olde,
Gon to Saluce upon hir to byholde.
Thus Walter lowly, nay but really,
Weddid with fortunat honestetè,
In Goddes pees lyveth ful esily
At home, and outward grace y-nough hath he;
And for he saugh that under low degré 8301
Was ofte vertu y-hid, the poeple him helde
A prudent man, and that is seen ful selde.
Nought oonly this Grisildes thurgh hir witte
Couthe al the feet of wifly homlynesse,
But eek whan that the tyme required it,
The comun profyt couthe sche redresse;
Ther nas discord, rancour, ne hevynesse
In al that lond, that sche ne couthe appese,
And wisly bryng hem alle in rest and ese. 8310
Though that hir housbond absent were anoon,
If gentilmen, or other of hir contré,
Were wroth, sche wolde brynge hem at oon,
So wyse and rype wordes hadde sche,
And juggement of so gret equité,
That sche from heven sent was, as men wende,
Poeple to save, and every wrong to amende.
Nought longe tyme after that this Grisilde
Was wedded, sche a doughter hath i-bore;
Al had hir lever han had a knave childe. 8320
Glad was this marquis and the folk therfore,
For though a mayden childe come al byfore,
Sche may unto a knave child atteigne
By liklihed, sith sche nys not bareigne.

Incipit tertia pars.

Ther fel, as fallith many times mo,
Whan that this child hath souked but a throwe,
This marquys in his herte longith so
Tempte his wyf, hir sadnesse for to knowe,
That he ne might out of his herte throwe
This mervaylous desir his wyf tassaye; 8330
Nedeles, God wot, he thought hir to affraye.
He had assayed hir y-nough bifore,
And fond hir ever good, what needith it
Hire to tempte, and alway more and more?
Though som men prayse it for a subtil wit,
But as for me, I say that evel it sit
Tassay a wyf whan that it is no neede,
And putte hir in anguysch and in dreede.
For which this marquis wrought in this manere;
He com aloone a-night ther as sche lay 8340
With sterne face, and with ful trouble cheere,
And sayde thus, "Grisild," quod he, "that day
That I yow took out of your pore array,
And putte yow in estat of heigh noblesse,
Ye have not that forgeten, as I gesse.
"I say, Grisild, this present dignité,
In which that I have put yow, as I trowe,
Makith yow not forgetful for to be
That I yow took in pore estat ful lowe,
For eny wele ye moot your selve knowe. 8350
Tak heed of every word that I yow say,

8305. *homlynesse.* The Harl. MS. reads *humblesse*; but the context shews that the reading adopted in the text is the right one. She not only knew how to attend to the domestic affairs of her lord's household (wifly homlynesse), but when time or occasion required it, she could redress the common profit of his subjects.

8331. *Nedeles.* The Harl. MS. reads, *Now, God wot*; but the reading of the Lansdowne MS., here adopted, seems preferable.

Ther is no wight that herith it but we tway.
"Ye wot your self how that ye comen heere
Into this hous, it is nought long ago;
And though to me that ye be leef and deere,
Unto my gentils ye be no thing so.
Thay seyn, to hem it is gret schame and wo
For to ben subject and ben in servage
To the, that born art of a smal village.
"And namely syn thy doughter was i-bore,
These wordes han thay spoken douteles. 8361
But I desire, as I have doon byfore,
To lyve my lif with hem in rest and pees;
I may not in this caas be reccheles;
I moot do with thy doughter for the best,
Not as I wolde, but as my pepul lest.
"And yit, God wot, this is ful loth to me.
But natheles withoute youre witynge
Wol I not doon; but this wol I," quod he,
"That ye to me assent as in this thing. 8370
Schew now your paciens in your wirching,
That thou me hightest and swor in yon village,
That day that maked was oure mariage."
Whan sche had herd al this sche nought ameevyd
Neyther in word, in cheer, or countenaunce,
(For, as it semed, sche was nought agreeved);
Sche sayde, "Lord, al lith in your plesaunce;
My child and I, with hertly obeisaunce,
Ben youres al, and ye may save or spille
Your oughne thing; werkith after your wille. 8380
"Ther may no thing, so God my soule save,
Liken to yow, that may displesen me;
Ne I desire no thing for to have,
Ne drede for to lese, save oonly ye.
This wil is in myn hert, and ay schal be.
No length of tyme or deth may this deface,
Ne chaunge my corrage to other place."
Glad was this marquis for hir answeryng,
But yit he feyned as he were not so.
Al dreery was his cheer and his lokyng, 8390
Whan that he schold out of the chambre go.
Soon after this, a forlong way or tuo,
He prively hath told al his entent
Unto a man, and unto his wyf him sent.
A maner sergeant was this privé man,
The which that faithful oft he founden hadde
In thinges grete, and eek such folk wel can
Don execucioun in thinges badde;
The lord knew wel that he him loved and dradde.
And whan this sergeant wist his lordes wille, 8400
Into the chamber he stalked him ful stille.
"Madame," he sayd, "ye most forgive it me,
Though I do thing to which I am constreynit;
Ye ben so wys, that ful wel knowe ye,
That lordes hestes mow not ben i-feynit.
They mowe wel be biwaylit or compleynit;
But men moot neede unto her lust obeye,
And so wol I, there is no more to seye.
"This child I am comaundid for to take."
And spak no more, but out the child he hent 8410
Dispitously, and gan a chiere make,
As though he wold han slayn it, er he went.
Grisild moot al suffer and al consent;
And as a lamb sche sitteth meeke and stille,
And let this cruel sergeant doon his wille.
Suspecious was the defame of this man,
Suspect his face, suspect his word also,
Suspect the tyme in which he this bigan.
Allas! hir doughter, that sche loved so,
Sche wend he wold han slayen it right tho, 8420
But natheles sche neyther weep ne siked,
Conformyng hir to that the marquis liked.
But atte last speke sche bigan,
And mekely sche to the sergeant preyde,
So as he was a worthy gentilman,
That sche most kisse hir child, er that it deyde.
And on hir arm this litel child sche leyde,
With ful sad face, and gan the child to blesse,
And lullyd it, and after gan it kesse.
And thus sche sayd in hir benigne vois: 8430
"Farwel, my child, I schal the never see,
But sith I the have marked withe the croys,
Of thilke fader blessed mot thou be,
That for us deyde upon a cros of tre;
Thy soule, litel child, I him bytake,
For this night schaltow deyen for my sake."
I trowe that to a norice in this caas
It had ben hard this rewthe for to see;
Wel might a moder than have cryed allas,
But natheles so sad stedefast was sche, 8440
That sche endured al adversité,
And to the sergeant mekely sche sayde,
"Have her agayn your litel yonge mayde.
"Goth now," quod sche, "and doth my lordes [heste.
But o thing wil I pray yow of your grace,
That but my lord forbede yow atte leste,
Burieth this litel body in som place,
That bestes ne no briddes it to-race."
But he no word wil to the purpos say,
But took the child and went upon his way. 8450
This sergeant com unto this lord agayn,
And of Grisildes wordes and hir cheere
He tolde poynt for poynt, in schort and playn,
And him presentith with his doughter deere.
Somwhat this lord hath rewthe in his manere,
But natheles his purpos huld he stille,
As lordes doon, whan thay woln have her wille;
And bad the sergeaunt that he prively
Scholde this childe softe wynde and wrappe,
With alle circumstaunces tendurly, 8460
And cary it in a cofre, or in his lappe;
Upon peyne his heed of for to swappe
That no man schulde knowe of this entent,
Ne whens he com, ne whider that he went;
But at Boloygne, to his suster deere,
That thilke tyme of Panik was countesse,
He schuld it take, and schewe hir this matiere,
Byseching hir to doon hir busynesse
This child to fostre in alle gentilesse,
And whos child that it was he bad hir hyde 8470
From every wight, for ought that mighte bytyde.
The sergeant goth, and hath fulfild this thing.
But to this marquys now retourne we;
For now goth he ful fast ymaginyng,
If by his wyves cher he mighte se,
Or by hir word apparceyve, that sche
Were chaunged, but he hir never couthe fynde,

8416. *Suspecious*. The words of Petrarch are: "Suspecta viri fama, suspecta facies, suspecta hora, suspecta erat oratio, quibus et si clare occisum iri dulce filiam intelligeret."

8427. *arm*. Other MSS. read *barme*, the bosom.

8466. *of Panik*. "Quieto omni quanta possit diligentia Bononiam deferret, ad sororem suam, quæ illic comiti *de Panico* nupta erat, eamque sibi traderet alendam materno studio charis moribus instruendam," &c. Tyrwhitt, rather hastily, changed the name to Pavie in his text; and, although he corrected himself in the notes which were printed after the text, the error has been retained in subsequent editions.

But ever in oon y-like sad and kynde.
As glad, as humble, as busy in servise
And eek in love, as sche was wont to be, 8480
Was sche to him, in every maner wyse;
Ne of hir doughter nought o word spak sche;
Non accident for noon adversité
Was seyn in hir, ne never hir doughter name
Ne nempnyd sche, in ernest ne in game.

Incipit quarta pars.

In this estaat ther passed ben foure yer
Er sche with childe was, but, as God wolde,
A knave child sche bar by this Waltier,
Ful gracious, and fair for to biholde;
And whan that folk it to his fader tolde, 8490
Nought oonly he, but al his contré, merye
Was for this child, and God thay thank and herie.
Whan it was tuo yer old, and fro the brest
Departed fro his noris, upon a day
This markys caughte yit another lest
To tempt his wif yit after, if he may.
O! needles was sche temptid in assay.
But weddid men ne knowen no mesure,
Whan that thay fynde a pacient creature.
"Wyf," quod this marquys, "ye han herd er this
My peple sekly berith oure mariage, 8501
And namly syn my sone y-boren is,
Now is it wors than ever in al our age;
The murmur sleth myn hert and my corrage,
For to myn eeris cometh the vois so smerte,
That it wel neigh destroyed hath myn herte.
"Now say thay thus, Whan Wauter is agoon,
Than schal the blood of Janicle succede,
And ben our lord, for other have we noon.
Suche wordes saith my poeple, out of drede. 8510
Wel ought I of such murmur taken heede,
For certeynly I drede such sentence,
Though thay not pleynly speke in my audience.
"I wolde lyve in pees, if that I might;
Wherfor I am disposid outrely,
As I his suster servede by night,
Right so thynk I to serve him prively.
This warn I you, that ye not sodeinly
Out of your self for no thing schuld outraye,
Beth pacient, and therof I yow pray." 8520
"I have," quod sche, "sayd thus and ever schal,
I wol no thing, ne nil no thing certayn,
But as yow list; nought greveth me at al,
Though that my doughter and my sone be slayn
At your comaundement; this is to sayne,
I have not had no part of children twayne,
But first syknes, and after wo and payne.
"Ye ben oure lord, doth with your owne thing
Right as yow list, axith no red of me;
For as I left at hom al my clothing 8530
Whan I first com to yow, right so," quod sche,
"Left I my wille and my liberté,
And took your clothing; wherfor I yow preye,
Doth youre plesaunce, I wil youre lust obeye.
"And certes, if I hadde prescience
Your wil to knowe, er ye youre lust me tolde,
I wold it doon withoute negligence.
But now I wot your lust, and what ye wolde,
Al your plesaunce ferm and stable I holde,
For wist I that my deth wold doon yow ease,
Right gladly wold I deye, yow to please. 8541
"Deth may make no comparisoun
Unto your love." And whan this marquys say
The constance of his wyf, he cast adoun
His eyghen tuo, and wondrith that sche may
In pacience suffre as this array;
And forth he goth with drery countenaunce,
But to his hert it was ful gret plesaunce.
This ugly sergeaunt in the same wise
That he hir doughter fette, right so he, 8550
Or worse, if men worse can devyse,
Hath hent hir sone, that ful was of beauté.
And ever in oon so pacient was sche,
That sche no cheere made of hevynesse,
But kist hir sone, and after gan him blesse.
Save this sche prayed him, if that he mighte,
Hir litel sone he wold in eorthe grave,
His tendre lymes, delicate to sight,
From foules and from bestes him to save.
But sche noon answer of him mighte have. 8560
He went his way, as him no thing ne rought,
But to Boloyne he tenderly it brought.
This marquis wondreth ever the lenger the more
Upon hir pacience, and if that he
Ne hadde sothly knowen therbifore,
That parfytly hir children loved sche,
He wold have wend that of som subtilte
And of malice, or of cruel corrage,
That sche had suffred this with sad visage.
But wel he knew, that, next himself, certayn
Sche loved hir children best in every wise. 8571
But now of wommen wold I aske fayn,
If these assayes mighten not suffice?
What couthe a sturdy housebonde more devyse
To prove hir wyfhode and hir stedefastnesse,
And he contynuyng ever in sturdynesse?
But ther ben folk of such condicioun,
That, whan thay have a certeyn purpos take,
Thay can nought stynt of her entencioun,
But, right as thay were bounden to a stake, 8580
Thay wil not of her firste purpos slake;
Right so this marquys fullich hath purposed
To tempt his wyf, as he was first disposed.
He wayteth, if by word or countenaunce
That sche to him was chaunged of corage.
But never couthe he fynde variaunce,
Sche was ay oon in hert and in visage;
And ay the ferther that sche was in age,
The more trewe, if that were possible,
Sche was to him, and more penyble. 8590
For which it semyd this, that of hem tuo
Ther nas but oo wil; for as Walter lest,
The same plesaunce was hir lust also,
And, God be thanked, al fel for the best.
Sche schewed wel, for no worldly unrest
A wyf, as of hir self, no thing ne scholde
Wylne in effect, but as hir housbond wolde.
The sclaunder of Walter ofte and wyde spradde,
That of a cruel hert he wikkedly,
For he a pore womman weddid hadde, 8600
Hath morthrid bothe his children prively;
Such murmur was among hem comunly.
No wonder is; for to the peples eere
Ther com no word, but that thay mortherid were.
For which, wher as his peple therbyfore
Had loved him wel, the sclaunder of his diffame
Made hem that thay him hatede therfore;
To ben a mordrer is an hateful name.
But natheles, for ernest or for game,
He of his cruel purpos nolde stente, 8610
To tempt his wyf was set al his entente.
Whan that his doughter twelf yer was of age,
He to the court of Rome, in suche wise

Enformed of his wille, sent his message,
Comaundyng hem, such bulles to devyse,
As to his cruel purpos may suffise,
How that the pope, as for his peples reste,
Bad him to wedde another, if him leste.
 I say, he bad, thay schulde countrefete
The popes bulles, makyng mencioun 8620
That he hath leve his firste wyf to lete,
As by the popes dispensacioun,
To stynte rancour and discencioun
Bitwix his peple and him; thus sayd the bulle,
The which thay han publisshid atte fulle.
 The rude poepel, as it no wonder is,
Wende ful wel that it had be right so.
But whan these tydynges come to Grisildis,
I deeme that hir herte was ful wo;
But sche y-like sad for evermo 8630
Disposid was, this humble creature,
Thadversité of fortun al tendure;
 Abydyng ever his lust and his plesaunce,
To whom that sche was give, hert and al,
As to hir verray worldly suffisaunce.
But schortly if I this story telle schal,
This marquys writen hath in special
A letter, in which he schewith his entent,
And secrely he to Boloyne it sent.
 To therl of Panyk, which that hadde tho 8640
Weddid his suster, prayd he specially
To brynge hom agein his children tuo
In honurable estaat al openly.
But oon thing he him prayde outerly,
That he to no wight, though men wold enquere,
Schuld not tellen whos children thay were,
 But say the mayde schuld i-weddid be
Unto the markys of Saluce anoon.
And as this eorl was prayd, so dede he,
For at day set he on his way is goon 8650
Toward Saluce, and lordes many oon
In riche array, this mayden for to guyde,
Her yonge brother rydyng by hir syde.
 Arrayed was toward hir mariage
This freisshe may al ful of gemmes clere;
Hir brother, which that seven yer was of age,
Arrayed eek ful freissh in his manere;
And thus in gret noblesse and with glad chere
Toward Saluces schapyng her journay,
Fro day to day thay ryden in her way. 8660

Incipit pars quinta.

 Among al this, after his wikked usage,
This marquis yit his wif to tempte more
To the uttrest proef of hir corrage,
Fully to han experiens and lore,
If that sche were as stedefast as byfore,
He on a day in open audience
Ful boystrously hath sayd hir this sentence:
 "Certes, Grisildes, I had y-nough plesaunce
To have yow to my wif, for your goodnesse, 8669
And for youre trouthe, and for your obeissaunce,
Nought for your lignage, ne for your richesse;
But now know I, in verray sothfastnesse,
That in gret lordschip, if I wel avyse,
Ther is gret servitude in sondry wyse;
 I may not do, as every ploughman may;
My poeple me constreignith for to take
Another wyf, and cryen day by day;
And eek the popes rancour for to slake
Consentith it, that dar I undertake;
And trewely, thus moche I wol yow say, 8680
My newe wif is comyng by the way.
 "Be strong of hert, and voyde anoon hir place,
And thilke dower that ye broughten me
Tak it agayn, I graunt it of my grace.
Retourneth to your fadres hous," quod he,
"No man may alway have prosperité.
With even hert I rede yow endure
The strok of fortune or of adventure."
 And sche agayn answerd in pacience:
"My lord," quod sche, "I wot, and wist alway,
How that betwixe your magnificence 8691
And my poverte no wight can ne may
Make comparisoun, it is no nay;
I ne held me never digne in no manere
To ben your wyf, ne yit your chamberere.
 "And in this hous, ther ye me lady made,
(The highe God take I for my witnesse,
And al so wisly he my soule glade)
I never huld me lady ne maistresse,
But humble servaunt to your worthinesse, 8700
And ever schal, whil that my lyf may dure,
Aboven every worldly creature.
 "That ye so longe of your benignité
Han holden me in honour and nobleye,
Wher as I was not worthy for to be,
That thonk I God and yow to whom I preye
For-yeld it yow, ther is no more to seye.
Unto my fader gladly wil I wende,
And with him duelle unto my lyves ende.
 "Ther I was fostred as a child ful smal, 8710
Til I be deed my lyf ther wil I lede,
A widow clene in body, hert, and al;
For sith I gaf to yow my maydenhede,
And am your trewe wyf, it is no drede,
God schilde such a lordes wyf to take
Another man to housbond or to make.
 "And of your newe wif, God of his grace
So graunte yow wele and prosperité;
For I wol gladly yelden hir my place,
In which that I was blisful wont to be. 8720
For sith it liketh yow, my lord," quod sche,
"That whilom were al myn hertes reste,
That I schal gon, I wil go whan yow leste.
 "But ther as ye profre me such dowayre
As I ferst brought, it is wel in my mynde,
It were my wrecchid clothes, no thing faire,
The whiche to me were hard now for to fynde.
O goode God! how gentil and how kynde
Ye semed by your speche and your visage,
That day that maked was our mariage! 8730
 "But soth is sayd, algate I fynd it trewe,
For in effect it proved is on me,
Love is nought old as whan that it is newe.
But certes, lord, for noon adversité
To deyen in the caas, it schal not be
That ever in word or werk I schal repente
That I yow gaf myn hert in hol entente.
 "My lord, ye wot that in my fadres place
Ye dede me strippe out of my pore wede,
And richely me cladden of your grace; 8740
To yow brought I nought elles out of drede,
But faith, and nakednesse, and maydenhede;

8674. *servitude.* "Nunc quoniam, ut video, magna omnis fortuna servitus magna est, non mihi licet quod cuilibet liceret agricolæ," &c. The Harl. Ms. reads *servise*, which is inconsistent with the metre.

8742. *nakednesse.* The Harl. Ms. reads, erroneously, *makenes.* The words of Petrarch are, "neque omnino alia mihi dos fuit, quam fides et nuditas."

And her agayn my clothyng I restore,
And eek my weddyng ryng for evermore.
"The remenant of your jewels redy be
Within your chambur dore dar I saufly sayn.
Naked out of my fadres hous," quod sche,
"I com, and naked moot I torne agayn.
Al your pleisauns wold I fulfille fayn;
But yit I hope it be not youre entent, 8750
That I smockles out of your paleys went.
Ye couthe not doon so dishonest a thing,
That thilke wombe, in which your children leye,
Schulde byforn the poeple, in my walkyng,
Be seye al bare. wherfore I yow pray
Let me not lik a worm go by the way;
Remembre yow, myn oughne lord so deere,
I was your wyf, though I unworthy were.
"Wherfor, in guerdoun of my maydenhede,
Which that I brought and nought agayn I bere,
As vouchethsauf to geve me to my meede 8761
But such a smok as I was wont to were,
That I therwith may wrye the wombe of here
That was your wif; and here take I my leve
Of yow, myn oughne lord, lest I yow greve."
"The smok," quod he, "that thou hast on thy [bak,
Let it be stille, and ber it forth with the."
But wel unnethes thilke word he spak,
But went his way for routhe and for pité.
Byforn the folk hirselven strippith sche, 8770
And in hir smok, with heed and foot al bare,
Toward hir fader house forth is sche fare.
The folk hir folwen wepyng in hir weye,
And fortune ay thay cursen as thay gon,
But sche fro wepyng kept hir eyen dreye
Ne in this tyme word ne spak sche noon.
Hir fader, that this tyding herd anoon,
Cursed the day and tyme, that nature
Schoop him to ben a lyves creature.
For out of doute this olde pore man 8780
Was ever in suspect of hir mariage;
For ever he deemed, sith that it bigan,
That whan the lord fulfilled had his corrage,
Him wolde think that it were disparage
To his estate, so lowe for to light,
And voyden hire as sone as ever he might.
Agayns his doughter hastily goth he;
For he by noyse of folk knew hir comyng,
And with hir olde cote, as it might be,
He covered hir ful sorwfully wepynge; 8790
But on hir body might he it nought bringe.
For rude was the cloth, and mor of age
By dayes fele than at hir mariage.
Thus with hir fader for a certeyn space
Dwellith this flour of wifly pacience,
That neyther by her wordes ne by hir face,
Byforn the folk, nor eek in her absence,
Ne schewed sche that hir was doon offence,
Ne of hir highe astaat no remembraunce
Ne hadde sche, as by hir countenaunce. 8800
No wonder is, for in hir gret estate
Hir gost was ever in playn humblité;
Ne tender mouth, noon herte delicate,
No pompe, no semblant of realté;
But ful of pacient benignité,
Discrete, and prideles, ay honurable,
And to hir housbond ever meke and stable.
Men speke of Job, and most for his humblesse,
As clerkes, whan hem lust, can wel endite,
Namely of men, but as in sothfastnesse, 8810
Though clerkes prayse wommen but a lite,
Ther can no man in humblesse him acquyte
As wommen can, ne can be half so trewe
As wommen ben, but it be falle of newe.

Pars sexta.

Fro Boloyne is this erl of Panik y-come,
Of which the fame up-sprong to more and lasse,
And to the poeples eeres alle and some
Was couth eek, that a newe marquisesse
He with him brought, in such pomp and richesse,
That never was ther seyn with mannes ye 8820
So noble array in al West Lombardye.
The marquys, which that schoop and knew al this,
Er that this erl was come, sent his message
For thilk cely pore Grisildis;
And sche with humble hert and glad visage,
Not with no swollen hert in hir corrage,
Cam at his hest, and on hir knees hir sette,
And reverently and wyfly sche him grette.
"Grisild," quod he, "my wil is outrely,
This mayden, that schal weddid be to me, 8830
Receyved be to morwe as really
As it possible is in myn hous to be;
And eek that every wight in his degré
Have his estaat in sittyng and servyse,
In high plesaunce, as I can devyse
"I have no womman suffisant certeyne
The chambres for tarray in ordinaunce
After my lust, and therfor wold I feyne,
That thin were al such maner governaunce;
Thow knowest eek of al my plesaunce; 8840
Though thyn array be badde, and ille byseye,
Do thou thy dever atte leste weye."
"Nought oonly, lord, that I am glad," quod sche,
"To don your lust, but I desire also
Yow for to serve and plese in my degré,
Withoute feyntyng, and schal evermo;
Ne never for no wele, ne for no wo,
Ne schal the gost withinne myn herte stente
To love yow best with al my trewe entent."
And with that word sche gan the hous to dight,
And tables for to sette, and beddes make, 8851
And peyned hir to doon al that sche might,
Preying the chambereres for Goddes sake
To hasten hem, and faste swepe and schake,
And sche the moste servisable of alle
Hath every chamber arrayed, and his halle.
Abouten undern gan this erl alight,
That with him brought these noble children tweye;
For which the peple ran to se that sight
Of her array, so richely biseye. 8860
And than at erst amonges hem thay seye,
That Walter was no fool, though that him lest
To chaunge his wyf; for it was for the best.
For sche is fairer, as thay demen alle,
Than is Grisild, and more tender of age,
And fairer fruyt bitwen hem schulde falle,
And more plesaunt for hir high lynage.
Hir brother eek so fair was of visage,

Pars sexta. In the Harl. Ms. this title of division is omitted, the Clerkes Tale being arranged in five parts only.

8825 *glad.* Ms. Harl. reads *good.*

8846 *feyntyng* The Harl. Ms. reads *feynyng*, the *t* having been probably omitted by accident. The Latin text has, "neque in hoc unquam *fatigabor*."

8857 *erl.* The Harl. Ms. reads *lord;* but the reading here adopted from other MSS. is supported by the words of Petrarch: "Proxima luce hora tertia, *comes supervenerat.*"

That hem to seen the peple hath caught plesaunce,
Comending now the marquys governaunce. 8870
O stormy poeple, unsad and ever untrewe,
And undiscret, and chaungyng as a fane,
Delytyng ever in rombel that is newe,
For lik the moone ay wax ye and wane;
Ay ful of clappyng, dere y-nough a jane,
Youre doom is fals, your constaunce yvel previth,
A ful gret fool is he that on yow leevith.
Thus sayde saad folk in that citee,
Whan that the poeple gased up and doun;
For thay were glad right for the novelté, 8880
To have a newe lady of her toun.
No more of this now make I mencioun,
But to Grisildes agayn wol I me dresse,
And telle hir constance, and her busynesse.
Ful busy was Grisild in every thing,
That to the feste was appertinent;
Right nought was sche abaissht of hir clothing,
Though it were ruyde, and som del eek to-rent,
But with glad cheer to the gate is sche went,
With other folk, to griete the marquisesse, 8890
And after that doth forth her busynesse.
With so glad chier his gestes sche receyveth,
And so connyngly everich in his degré,
That no defaute no man aparceyveth,
But ay thay wondren what sche mighte be,
That in so pover array was for to se,
And couthe such honour and reverence,
And worthily thay prayse hir prudence.
In all this mene while sche ne stent
This mayde and eek hir brother to comende 8900
With al hir hert in ful benigne entent,
So wel, that no man couthe hir pris amende;
But atte last whan that these lordes wende
To sitte doun to mete, he gan to calle
Grisild, as sche was busy in his halle.
"Grisyld," quod he, as it were in his play,
"How likith the my wif and hir beauté?"
"Right wel, my lord," quod sche, "for in good fay,
A fairer saugh I never noon than sche.
I pray to God give hir prosperité; 8910
And so hope I, that he wol to yow sende
Plesaunce y-nough unto your lyves ende.
"On thing warn I yow and biseke also,
That ye ne prike with no tormentynge
This tendre mayden, as ye have do mo;
For sche is fostrid in hir norischinge
More tendrely, and to my supposynge
Sche couthe not adversité endure,
As couthe a pore fostrid creature."
And whan this Walter saugh hir pacience, 8920
Hir glade cheer, and no malice at al,
And he so oft had doon to hir offence,
And sche ay sad and constant as a wal,
Continuyng ever hir innocence over al,
This sturdy marquys gan his herte dresse
To rewen upon hir wyfly stedefastnesse.
"This is y-nough, Grisilde myn," quod he,
"Be now no more agast, ne yvel apayed.
I have thy faith and thy benignité,
As wel as ever womman was, assayed 8930
In gret estate, and propreliche arrayed;
Now knowe I, dere wyf, thy stedefastnesse;"
And hir in armes took, and gan hir kesse.
And sche for wonder took of it no keepe;
Sche herde not what thing he to hir sayde;
Sche ferd as sche had stert out of a sleepe,
Til sche out of hir masidnesse abrayde.
"Grisild," quod he, "by God that for us deyde,
Thou art my wyf, ne noon other I have,
Ne never had, as God my soule save. 8940
"This is my doughter, which thou hast supposed
To be my wif; that other faithfully
Schal be myn heir, as I have ay purposed;
Thow bar hem in thy body trewely.
At Boloyne have I kept hem prively;
Tak hem agayn, for now maistow not seye,
That thou hast lorn noon of thy children tweye.
"And folk, that other weyes han seyd of me,
I warn hem wel, that I have doon this deede
For no malice, ne for no cruelté, 8950
But for tassaye in the thy wommanhede;
And not to slen my children, (God forbede!)
But for to kepe hem prively and stille,
Til I thy purpos knewe and al thy will."
Whan sche this herd, aswoned doun sche fallith
For pitous joy, and after hir swownyng
Sche bothe hir yonge children to hir callith,
And in hir armes pitously wepyng
Embraseth hem, and tenderly kissyng,
Ful lik a moder with hir salte teris 8960
Sche bathis bothe hir visage and hir eeris.
O, such a pitous thing it was to see
Her swownyng, and hir humble vois to heere!
"*Graunt mercy*, lord, God thank it yow," quod sche,
"That ye han saved me my children deere.
Now rek I never to be deed right heere,
Sith I stond in your love and in your grace,
No fors of deth, ne whan my spirit pace.
"O tender deere yonge children myne,
Youre woful moder wende stedefastly, 8970
That cruel houndes or som foul vermyne
Had eten yow; but God of his mercy,
And your benigne fader tenderly
Hath doon yow kepe." And in that same stounde
Al sodeinly sche swapped doun to grounde.
And in hir swough so sadly holdith sche
Hir children tuo, whan sche gan hem tembrace,
That with gret sleight and gret difficulté
The children from her arm they gonne arace.
O! many a teer on many a pitous face 8980
Doun ran of hem that stooden hir bisyde,
Unnethe aboute hir mighte thay abyde.
Waltier hir gladith, and hir sorwe slakith,
Sche rysith up abaisshed from hir traunce,
And every wight hir joy and feste makith,
Til sche hath caught agayn hir continaunce.
Wauter hir doth so faithfully plesaunce,
That it was daynté for to see the cheere
Bitwix hem tuo, now thay be met in feere.
These ladys, whan that thay her tyme say,
Han taken hir, and into chambre goon, 8991
And strippe hir out of hir rude array,
And in a cloth of gold that brighte schon,
With a coroun of many a riche stoon
Upon hir heed, thay into halle hir brought;
And ther sche was honoured as hir ought.
Thus hath this pitous day a blisful ende;

8873. *delytyng*. The reading of Ms. Harl. is *desynyng*, which does not seem to afford so good a sense.
8901. *benigne*. The reading of Ms. Harl. is *buxom*.
8915. *mo*. For *me*, to suit the rhyme. Tyrwhitt has pointed this out as one of the most remarkable licenses that Chaucer has taken in altering the orthography of a word for this purpose.

8965. In the Harl. Ms. this line stands, *That ye han kept my children so deere*; but the reading given in the text and adopted by Tyrwhitt seems to me preferable.

For every [illegible] and womman doth his might
This day in [illegible] and revel to despende,
Til on the welkin schon the sterres bright, 9000
For more solempne in every mannes sight
This feste was, and gretter of costage,
Than was the revel of hir mariage.
 Ful many a yer in heigh prosperité
Lyven these tuo in concord and in rest,
And richeliche his doughter maried he
Unto a lord, on of the worthiest
Of al Ytaile, and thanne in pees and rest
His wyves fader in his court he kepith,
Til that the soule out of his body crepith 9010
 His sone succedith in his heritage,
In rest and pees, after his fader day,
And fortunat was eek in mariage,
Al put he not his wyf in gret assay
This world is not so strong [illegible] it is no nay,
As it hath ben in olde tymes yore
And herknith, what this auctor saith therfore
 This story is sayd, not for that wyves scholde
Folwe Grisild, as in humilité,
For it were importable, though thay wolde, 9020
But for that every wight in his degré
Schulde be constant in adversité
As was Grisild, therfore Petrark writeth
This story, which with high stile he enditeth
 For swich a womman was so pacient
Unto a mortal man, wel more us oughte
Receyven al in gre that God us sent
For gret skil is he prove that he wroughte,
But he ne temptith no man that he boughte
As saith seint Jame, if ye his pistil rede, 9030
He provith folk al day, it is no drede,
 And suffrith us, as for our exercise,
With scharpe scourges of adversité
Ful ofte to be bete in sondry wise,
Nought for to knowe oure wille, for certes he,
Er we were born, knew al our freilté,
And for oure best is al his governaunce
Leet us thanne lyve in vertuous suffraunce
 But oo word, lordes, herkneth er I go
It were ful hard to fynde now a dayes 9040
As Grisildes in al a toun thre or tuo,
For if that thay were put to such assayes,
The gold of hem hath now so badde alayes
With bras, that though the coyn be fair at ye,
It wolde rather brest in tuo than plye
 For which heer, for the wyves love of Bathe,—
Whos lyf and alle of hir secte God mayntene
In high maistry, and elles were it scathe,—
I wil with lusty herte fressch and grene,
Say yow a song to glade yow, I wene, 9050
And lat us stynt of ernestful matiere
Herknith my song, that saith in this manere

L'envoye de Chaucer

 Grisild is deed, and eek hir pacience,
And bothe at ones buried in Itayle,
For whiche I crye in open audience,
No weddid man so hardy be to assayle
His wyves pacience, in hope to fynde
Grisildes, for in certayn he schal fayle

 O noble wyves, ful of heigh prudence,
Let noon humilité your tonges nayle; 9060
Ne lat no clerk have cause or diligence
To write of yow a story of such mervayle,
As of Grisildes pacient and kynde,
Lest Chichivache yow swolwe in hir entraile
 Folwith Ekko, that holdith no silence,
But ever answereth at the countretayle;
Beth nought bydaffed for your innocence,
But scharply tak on yow the governayle,
Emprentith wel this lessoun on your mynde,
For comun profyt, sith it may avayle. 9070
 Ye archewyves, stondith at defens,
Syn ye ben strong, as is a gret chamayle,
Ne suffre not, that men yow don offens
And sclendre wyves, fel as in batayle,
Beth egre as is a tyger yond in Inde
Ay clappith as a mylle, I yow counsaile
 Ne drede hem not, do hem no reverence,
For though thin housbond armed be in mayle,
The arwes of thy crabbid eloquence 9079
Schal perse his brest and eek his adventayle,
In gelousy I rede eek thou him bynde,
And thou schalt make him couche as doth a quayle
 If thou be fair, ther folk ben in presence
Schew thou thy visage and thin apparaile,
If thou be foul be fre of thy despense,
To gete the frendes do ay thy travaile,
Be ay of chier as light as leef on lynde,
And let hem care and wepe, and wryng, and wayle

THE PROLOGE OF THE MARCHAUNDES TALE

"Wepyng and waylyng, care and other sorwe
I knowe ynough bothe on even and on morwe,"
Quod the marchaund, "and so don other mo,
That weddid ben, I trowe that it be so, 9092

9016. This and the next stanza are translated almost literally from Petrarch's Latin.

9025. *For swich a womman, &c*—i e Because such a womman was so patient, we ought the more, &c The Lansd. Ms. and others have *For sith a woman*, which may possibly be the correct reading

9064 *Chichivache* According to a popular fable which seems to have had its origin in France the *chichevache* or *chichefache* was a monster which fed only on good women and which was said to be always thin and meagre on account of the extreme rarity of this article of food M Achille Jubinal in the notes to his *Mystères inédits du xve siècle* tom i p 390 has printed a French poetical description of this animal from a manuscript of the fourteenth century In the French miracle of St Genevieve of the fifteenth century (Jubinal ib p 281) a man says satirically to the saint

Gardez vous de la chichefache
Il vous mordra s'il vous encontre
Vous n'amiez doz point sa besoigne

I am not aware of any allusion to this fable in England before Chaucer but our countrymen carried the satire still further and added another beast named Bycorn who lived upon good and patient husbands and who was as fat as the other was lean on account of the abundance of his favourite food A poem by Lydgate on Bycorne and Chichevache is printed in Mr Halliwell's *Minor Poems of Dan John Lydgate* p 129 A large woodcut, printed in a broadside of the time of Elizabeth and preserved in the collection of broadsides &c in the library of the Society of Antiquaries gives a representation of these two monsters

9074 *wyves* The reading of the Harl Ms is *wydewes*

The Prologe This prologue is omitted in some MSS, and in others a different prologue is given, and the Clerkes Tale is in some followed by the Frankeleins Tale The prologue and arrangement of the Harl Ms are however, evidently the genuine ones Tyrwhitt quotes from other MSS the following concluding stanza to the *envoye*

This worthy clerk when ended was his tale,
Our hoste saide and swore by cockes bones,
Me were lever than a barrel of ale
My wif at home had herd this legend ones,
This is a gentil tale for the nones,
As to my purpos, wiste ye my wille,
But thing that wol not be, let it be stille

For wel I woot it fareth so with me.
I have a wyf, the worste that may be,
For though the feend to hir y-coupled were,
Sche wold him overmacche I dar wel swere.
What schuld I yow reherse in special
Hir high malice? sche is a schrewe at al.
Ther is a long and a large difference
Betwix Grisildes grete pacience, 9100
And of my wyf the passyng cruelté.
Were I unbounden, al so mot I the,
I wolde never eft come in the snare.
We weddid men lyve in sorwe and care,
Assay it who so wil, and he schal fynde
That I say soth, by seint Thomas of Inde,
As for the more part, I say not alle;
God schilde that it scholde so byfalle.
A! good sir host, I have y-weddid be
Thise monethes tuo, and more not, pardé; 9110
And yit I trowe that he, that al his lyve
Wyfles hath ben, though that men wold him rive
Unto the hert, ne couthe in no manere
Tellen so moche sorwe, as I now heere
Couthe telle of my wyfes cursednesse."
"Now," quod our ost, "Marchaunt, so God yow blesse!
Sin ye so moche knowen of that art,
Ful hertily tellith us a part."
"Gladly," quod he, "but of myn oughne sore
For sory hert I telle may na more." 9120

THE MARCHAUNDES TALE.

Whilom ther was dwellyng in Lombardy
A worthy knight, that born was of Pavy,
In which he lyved in gret prosperite;
And fourty yer a wifles man was he,
And folwed ay his bodily delyt
On wommen, ther as was his appetyt,
As doon these fooles that ben seculere.
And whan that he was passed sixty yere,
Were it for holyness or for dotage,
I can not say, but such a gret corrage 9130
Hadde this knight to ben a weddid man,
That day and night he doth al that he can
Taspye wher that he mighte weddid be;
Praying our lord to graunte him, that he
Might oones knowen of that blisful lif
That is bitwix an housbond and his wyf,
And for to lyve under that holy bond
With which God first man to womman bond.
"Noon other lif," sayd he, "is worth a bene;
For wedlok is so holy and so clene, 9140
That in this world it is a paradis."
Thus sayd this olde knight, that was so wys.
And certeinly, as soth as God is king,
To take a wyf is a glorious thing,
And namely whan a man is old and hoor,
Than is a wyf the fruyt of his tresor;
Than schuld he take a yong wif and a fair,
On which he might engendre him an hair,
And lede his lyf in mirthe and solace,
Wheras these bachileres synge allas, 9150
Whan that thay fynde eny adversité
In love, which is but childes vanité.
And trewely it sit wel to be so,
That bachilers have ofte peyne and wo;
On brutil ground thay bulde, and brutelnesse
Thay fynde, whan thay wene sikernesse;
Thay lyve but as a brid other as a best,
In liberte and under noon arrest;
Ther as a weddid man, in his estate,
Lyvith his lif busily and ordinate, 9160
Under the yok of mariage i-bounde;
Wel may his herte in joye and blisse abounde.
For who can be so buxom as a wyf?
Who is so trewe and eek so ententyf
To kepe him, seek and hool, as is his make?
For wele or woo sche wol him not forsake.
Sche is not wery him to love and serve,
Theigh that he lay bedred til that he sterve.
And yet som clerkes seyn it is not so,
Of whiche Theofrast is oon of tho. 9170
What fors though Theofrast liste lye?
Ne take no wif, quod he, for housbondrye,
As for to spare in houshold thy dispense;
A trewe servaunt doth more diligence
Thy good to kepe, than thin oughne wif,
For sche wol clayme half part in al hir lif.
And if that thou be seek, so God me save,
Thyne verray frendes or a trewe knave
Wol kepe the bet than sche that waytith ay
After thy good, and hath doon many a day. 9180
And if that thou take a wif, be war
Of oon peril, which declare I ne dar.
This entent, and an hundrid sithe wors,

The Marchaundes Tale. The French fabliau, from which this tale was no doubt translated, is not now known to exist; but the subject has been preserved in Latin in the metrical tales of Adolfus, printed in my *Latin Stories*, p. 174, of which collection it forms the first tale. It is told also in a Latin prose tale given in my Latin Stories, p. 78, from the Appendix to the editions of Æsop's Fables printed in the fifteenth century.

9128. *sixty*. The Harl Ms. reads here, as in l 9124, fourty. Tyrwhitt reads in both places sixty. The Lansdowne Ms. has *xl* in the first place, and *lx* in the second, which numbers I have thought it safest to adopt: the transposition of *l* and *x* easily gave rise to different readings I suppose that Chaucer meant to reckon the period during which his hero remained "wifles' from the ordinary period of marriage, or about his twentieth year. The reading of Ms. Harl, in l. 9128, is totally incompatible with the old age and impotency under which January is described as labouring.

9160 *busily* The Ms Lansdowne has *blisful*, which is the reading adopted by Tyrwhitt.

9172 *Ne take no wif* "What follows to ver 9180 incl. is taken from the *Liber aureolus Theophrasti de nuptiis*, as quoted by Hieronymus *contra Jovinianum*, and from thence by John of Salisbury, Polycrat. l. viii. c. xi. *Quod si propter dispensationem domus, et languoris solatia, et fugam solitudinis, ducuntur uxores, multo melius dispensat servus fidelis, &c Assidere autem ægrotanti magis possunt amici et vernula beneficiis obligati quam illa quæ nobis imputet lachrymas suas," &c —Tyrwhitt.*

9181. *And if that.* This and the following line are not in the text of Tyrwhitt, who observes on this passage,—"After this verse in the common editt. are these two:

> And if thou take to the a wife untrue,
> Ful oftentime it shall the sore rew."

In Mss. A. C. and B. *a*. they stand thus:

> And if thou take a wif, be wel ywar
> Of on peril/thing which I declare ne dare.

In Mss. C. 1. HA. D. thus:

> And if thou take a wif of heye lynage,
> She shal be hautoyn of gret costage.

In Ms. B. *b*. thus:

> And if thou take a wif in thin age olde,
> Ful lightly mayst thou be a coke old.

In Mss. Ask. 1. 2. E. H. B. 3. N. c. and both Caxton's editt. they are entirely omitted, and so I believe they should be If any one of these couplets should be allowed to be from the hand of Chaucer, it can only be considered as the opening of a new argument, which the author, for some reason or other, immediately abandoned, and subsequently would have cancelled, if he had lived to publish his work."

H

Writith this man, ther God his bones curs
But take no keep of al such vanite,
Deffy Theofrast, and herkne me
A wyf is Goddes gifte verraily,
Al other maner giftes hardily,
As landes, rentes, pasture, or comune,
Or other moeblis, ben giftis of fortune,
That passen as a schadow on a wal
But dred not, if I playnly telle schal, 9190
A wyf wil last and in thin hous endure,
Wel lenger than the lust peradventure
Mariage is a ful gret sacrament
He which hath no wif I hold him schent,
He lyveth helples, and is al desolate
(I speke of folk in seculer estate)
And herken why, I say not this for nought
That womman is for mannes help i wrought
The heighe God, whan he had Adam maked,
And saugh him al aloone body naked 9200
God of his grete goodnes sayde thanne,
Let us now make an helpe to this manne
Lyk to himself, and than he made Eve
Her may ye se, and here may ye preve,
That wyf is mannes help and his comfort,
His paradis terrestre and his desport
So buxom and so vertuous is sche,
Thay moste nedes lyve in unite,
O flesch thay ben, and on blood as I gesse,
Have but oon hert in wele and in distresse 9210
A wyf! a! seinte Mary benedicite
How might a man have eny adversite
That hath a wyf? certes I can not say
The joye that is betwixen hem tway
Ther may no tonge telle or herte think
If he be pore, sche helpith him to swynk
Sche kepith his good and wastith never a del
And al that hir housbond list sche likith it wel
Sche saith nought oones nay whan he saith ye
Do this, saith he, al redy, sir, saith sche 9220
O blisful ordre, o wedlok precious!
Thou art so mery, and eek so vertuous,
And so comendid, and approved eek
That every man that holt him worth a leek,
Upon his bare knees ought al his lyf
Thanken his God that him hath sent a wif
Or pray to God oon him for to send
To be with him unto his lyves ende
For than his lyf is set in sikernesse,
He may not be deceyved, as I gesse 9230
So that he worche after his wyfes reed
Than may he boldely bere up his heed,
Thay ben so trewe, and also so wyse
For which, if thou wilt do as the wyse,
Do alway so, as wommen wol the rede
Lo how that Jacob, as the clerkes rede,
By good counseil of his moder Rebekke,
Band the kydes skyn about his nekke,
For which his fader benesoun he wan
Lo Judith, as the story telle can, 9240
By wys counseil sche Goddes poepel kept,
And slough him Olophernus whil he slept
Lo Abygaille, by good counseil how sche
Savyd hir housbond Nabal, whan that he
Schold han ben slayn And loke, Hester also
By good counseil delivered out of wo
The poeple of God, and made him Mardoché
Of Assuere enhaunsed for to be
Ther nys no thing in gre superlatif
(As saith Senec) above an humble wyf. 9250
Suffre thy wyves tonge, as Catoun byt,
Sche schal comaunde, and thou schalt suffre it,
And yit sche wil obeye of curtesye
A wif is keper of thin housbondrye
Wel may the sike man wayle and wepe,
Ther as ther is no wyf the hous to kepe
I warne the, if wisly thou wilt wirche,
Love wel thy wyf as Crist loveth his chirche,
If thou lovest thiself, thou lovest thy wyf
No man hatith his flessch, but in his lif 9260
He fostrith it, and therfore warne I the
Cherissh thy wyf or thou schalt never the
Housbond and wif, what so men jape or pleye,
Of worldly folk holden the righte weye,
Thay ben so knyt, ther may noon harm bytyde,
And namelich upon the wyves syde
For which this Januarie of which I tolde,
Considered hath inwith his dayes olde
The lusty lif the vertuous quiete,
That is in mariage honey swete 9270
And for his frendes on a day he sent
To tell hem theffect of his entent
With face sad he hath hem this tale told
He sayde, 'Frendes, I am hoor and old
And almost (God woot) at my pittes brinke,
Upon my soule somwhat most I thinke
I have my body folily dispendid,
Blessed be God that it schal ben amendid,
For I wil be certeyn a weddid man,
And that anoon in al the hast I can 9280
Unto som mayde fair and tender of age
I pray yow helpith for my mariage
Al sodeynly, for I wil not abyde,
And I wil fonde tespien on my syde,
To whom I may be weddid hastily
But for als moche as ye ben mo than I,
Ye schul rather such a thing aspien
Than I and wher me best were to allien
But oo thing warne I yow my frendes deere,
I wol noon old wyf have in no manere, 9290
Sche schal not passe sixtene yer certayn
Old fissch and yong flessch, that wold I have ful fayn
Bet is,' quod he, 'a pyk than a pikerell,
And bet than olde boef is the tendre veel.
I wil no womman twenty yer of age,
It nys but bene straw and gret forage,
And eek these olde wydewes (God it woot)

9200. *body naked.* Tyrwhitt reads from other MSS *belly naked*, which was the ordinary phrase for entirely naked MS Lansd. has *lily naked*, which is probably a mere error for *belly naked*.

9244. *Nabal.* The Harl MS reads *Nacab*, which appears to be a mere error of the scribe

9245 *Hester* The Harl MS and some others read *after also* an evident error of the scribe In l 9247 the Harl MS reads corruptly *Mardoche* The proper names are often corrupted in this manner by the ignorance or carelessness of scribes in manuscripts of early English poets

9250 *As seith Senec* The passage of Seneca alluded to was written in the margin of one of the MSS consulted by Tyrwhitt 'Sicut nihil est superius benigna conjuge, ita nihil est crudelius infesta muliere'

9251 *as Catoun byt* The allusion is to the popular treatise entitled *Cato de Moribus*, lib. iii distich 23 'Uxoris linguam, si frugi est, ferre memento'

9258 *Love wel thy wyf* The allusion is to Paul's *Epist to the Ephesians* vv 25, 28, 29 *viri diligite uxores vestras, sicut et Christus dilexit ecclesiam* Qui suam uxorem diligit seipsum diligit Nemo enim unquam carnem suam odio habuit sed nutrit et fovet eam

Thay can so moche craft of Wades boot,
So moche broken harm whan that hem list,
That with hem schuld I never lyven in rest. 9300
For sondry scolis maken subtil clerkes;
Wömman of many a scole half a clerk is.
But certeyn, a yong thing may men gye,
Right as men may warm wax with hondes plye.
Wherfor I say yow plenerly in a clause,
I wil noon old wyf han right for that cause.
For if so were I hadde so meschaunce,
That I in hir ne couthe have no plesaunce,
Than schuld I lede my lyf in advoutrie,
And go streight to the devel whan I dye. 9310
Ne children schuld I noon upon hir geten;
Yet were me lever houndes had me eten,
Than that myn heritage schulde falle
In straunge hond; and thus I telle yow alle.
I doute not, I wot the cause why
Men scholde wedde; and forthermor woot I,
Ther spekith many man of mariage,
That wot nomore of it than wot my page
For whiche causes man schuld take a wyf.
If he ne may not chast be by his lif, 9320
Take him a wif with gret devocioun,
Bycause of lawful procreacioun
Of children, to thonour of God above,
And not oonly for paramour and for love;
And for thay schulde leccherye eschiewe,
And yeld oure dettes whan that it is due;
Or for that ilk man schulde helpen other
In meschief, as a suster schal the brother,
And lyve in chastité ful holily.
But, sires, by your leve, that am not I, 9330
For God be thanked, I dar make avaunt,
I fele my lemys stark and suffisaunt
To doon al that a man bilongeth unto;
I wot my selve best what I may do.
"Though I be hoor, I fare as doth a tree,
That blossemith er that the fruyt i-waxe be;
A blossemy tre is neither drye ne deed;
I fele me no wher hoor but on myn heed.
Myn herte and al my lymes ben as greene,
As laurer thurgh the yeer is for to seene. 9340
And synnes ye han herd al myn entent,
I pray yow to my wille ye assent."
Diverse men diversly him tolde
Of mariage many ensamples olde;
Some blamed it, some praised it certayn;
But atte laste, schortly for to sayn,
(As alday fallith altercacioun,
Bitwixe frendes in dispitesoun)
Ther fel a strif bitwen his bretheren tuo,
Of which that oon was clepid Placebo, 9350
Justinus sothly cleped was that other.
Placebo sayde: "O January, brother,
Ful litel need had ye, my lord so deere,
Counseil to axe of eny that is heere;
But that ye ben so ful of sapience,
That yow ne likith for your heigh prudence
To wayve fro the word of Salamon.
This word, said he, unto us everychoon:
Werk al thing by counsail, thus sayd he,
And thanne schaltow nought repente the. 9360
But though that Salamon speke such a word,
Myn owne deere brother and my lord,
So wisly God bring my soule at rest,
I holde your oughne counseil is the best.
For, brother myn, of me tak this motif,
I have now ben a court-man al my lyf,
And God wot, though that I unworthy be,
I have standen in ful gret degré
Abouten lordes in ful high estat;
Yit had I never with noon of hem debaat, 9370
I never hem contraried trewely.
I wot wel that my lord can more than I;
What that he saith, I hold it ferm and stable,
I say the same, or elles thing semblable.
A ful gret fool is eny counseilour,
That servith any lord of high honour,
That dar presume, or oones thenken it,
That his counseil schuld passe his lordes wit.
Nay, lordes ben no fooles by my fay.
Ye have your self y-spoken heer to day 9380
So heigh sentens, so holly, and so wel,
That I consente, and conferme every del
Your wordes alle, and youre oppinioun.
By God, ther is no man in al this toun
Ne in Ytaile, couthe better have sayd;
Crist holdith him of this ful wel apayd.
And trewely it is an heigh corrage
Of any man that stopen is in age,
To take a yong wyf, by my fader kyn;
Your herte hongith on a joly pyn. 9390
Doth now in this matier right as yow lest,
For fynally I hold it for the best."
Justinus, that ay stille sat and herde,
Right in this wise he to Placebo answerde.
"Now, brother myn, be pacient I yow pray,
Syns ye have sayd, and herknith what I say:
Senek amonges other wordes wyse
Saith, that a man aught him wel avyse,
To whom he giveth his lond or his catel.
And syns I aught avyse me right wel, 9400
To whom I give my good awey fro me,
Wel more I aught avised for to be
To whom I give my body; for alwey
I warn yow wel it is no childes pley
To take a wyf withoute avisement.
Men most enquere (this is myn assent)
Wher sche be wys, or sobre, or dronkelewe,
Or proud, or eny other way a schrewe,
A chyder, or a wastour of thy good,
Or riche or pore, or elles man is wood. 9410
Al be it so, that no man fynde schal
Noon in this world, that trottith hool in al,
Neyther man, ne best, such as men can devyse,
But natheles it aught y-nough suffise
With any wyf, if so were that sche hadde
Mo goode thewes than hir vices baddé;

9208. *of Wades boot.* The popular legend of Wades' boat, though well known in the sixteenth century, is now unfortunately lost, so that we cannot fully understand the force of Chaucer's allusion. Wade was one of the heroes of the northern mythology, and like so many of the same class, became subsequently the hero of a medieval romance of the same school as the romances of Horn and Havelok. M. Fr. Michel has collected together nearly all the passages of old writers that can now be found, in which he is mentioned, in an essay in French, *sur Vade*. The medieval romance appears to have related a long series of wild adventures which Wade encountered in his boat, named Guingelot; and these adventures seem to be cited in the text as examples of craft and cunning: in another passage of Chaucer, Troilus, lib iii l 615, they are spoken of as examples of romantic or idle tales,—

"He songe, she pleyede, he tolde a tale of Wade."

9302. *scole.* The Harl. Ms. reads *skile.*

9363. *at rest.* The Harl. Ms. reads *at ese and rest*, which makes the line too long. The word *ese* has probably crept in as a gloss upon *rest*, or as a various reading.

And al this askith leyser to enquere.
For God woot, I have weped many a tere
Ful privoly, syns I have had a wyf.
Prayse who so wil a weddid mannes lif, 9420
Certes I fynd in it but cost and care,
And observaunce of alle blisses bare.
And yit, God woot, myn neighebours aboute,
And namely of wommen many a route,
Sayn that I have the moste stedefast wyf,
And eek the meekest oon that berith lyf.
But I woot best, wher wryngith me my scho.
Ye may for me right as yow liste do.
Avysith yow, ye ben a man of age,
How that ye entren into mariage; 9430
And namly with a yong wif and a fair.
By him that made water, eorthe, and air,
The yongest man, that is in al this route,
Is busy y-nough to bring it wel aboute
To have his wif alloone, trustith me;
Ye schul not please hir fully yeres thre,
This is to say, to doon hir ful plesaunce.
A wyf axith ful many an observaunce.
I pray yow that ye be not evel apayd." 9439
"Wel," quod this January, "and hastow sayd?
Straw for thy Senec, and for thy proverbis!
I counte nought a panyer ful of herbes
Of scole termes; wiser men than thow,
As I have sayd, assenten her right now
Unto my purpose: Placebo, what say ye?"
"I say it is a cursed man," quod he,
"That lettith matrimoigne sicurly."
And with that word thay rysen up sodeinly,
And ben assented fully, that he scholde 9449
Be weddid whan him lust, and wher he wolde.
The fantasy and the curious busynesse
Fro day to day gan in the soule impresse
Of January aboute his mariage.
Many a fair schap, and many a fair visage,
Ther passith thorugh his herte night by night.
As who so took a mirrour polisschod bright,
And set it in a comun market place,
Than schuld he se many a figure pace
By his mirrour; and in the same wise
Gan January in his thought devyse 9460
Of maydens, which that dwellid him bisyde;
He wist not where that he might abyde.
For though that oon have beauté in hir face,
Another stant so in the poeples grace
For hir sadness and hir benignité,
That of the poeple grettest vois hath sche;
And som were riche and hadde badde name.
But natheles, bitwix ernest and game,
He atte last appoynted him an oon,
And let al other fro his herte goon, 9470
And ches hir of his oughne auctorité.
For love is blynd al day, and may not se.
And whan he was into bedde brought,
He purtrayed in his hert and in his thought
Hir freische beauté, and hir age tendre,
Hir myddel smal, hir armes long and sclendre,
Hir wise governaunce, hir gentilesse,
Hir wommanly beryng, and hir sadnesse.
And whan that he on hir was condescendid,
Him thought his chois mighte nought be amendid;
For whan that he himself concludid hadde, 9481
Him thought ech other mannes witte so badde,

That impossible it were to repplie
Agayn his choys; this was his fantasie.
His frendes sent he to, at his instaunce,
And prayed hem to doon him that plesaunce,
That hastily thay wolde to him come;
He wold abrigge her labour alle and some.
Nedith no more for him to gon ne ryde,
He was appoynted ther he wold abyde. 9490
Placebo cam, and eek his frendes soone,
And althirfirst he bad hem alle a boone,
That noon of hem noon argumentis make
Agayn the purpos which that he had take;
Which purpos was plesaunt to God, sayd he,
And verray ground of his prosperité.
He sayd, ther was a mayden in that toun,
Which that of beauté hadde gret renoun,
Al were it so, sche were of smal degré,
Suffisith him hir youthe and hir beauté; 9500
Which mayde, he sayd, he wold have to his wyf,
To lede in ease and holinesse his lyf;
And thanked God, that he might have hir al,
That no wight with his blisse parten schal;
And prayed hem to laboure in this neede,
And schapen that he faile not to speede.
For than, he sayd, his spirit was at ease;
"Than is," quod he, "no thing may me displease,
Save oon thing prikkith in my conscience,
The which I wil reherse in your presence. 9510
I have herd sayd," quod he, "ful yore ago,
Ther may no man have parfyt blisses tuo,
This is to say, in erthe and eek in heven.
For though he kepe him fro the synnes sevene,
And eek from ylk a braunche of thilke tre,
Yit is ther so parfyt felicité
And so gret ease and lust in mariage,
That ever I am agast now in myn age,
That I schal lede now so mery a lyf,
So delicat, withoute wo and stryf, 9520
That I schal have myn heven in erthe heere.
For sith that verrey heven is bought so deere
With tribulacioun and gret penaunce,
How schuld I thanne, that live in such plesaunce
As alle weddid men doon with her wyves,
Come to blisse ther Crist eterne on lyve is?
This is my drede, and ye, my bretheren tweye,
Assoilith me this questioun, I yow preye."
Justinus, which that hated his folye,
Answerd anoon right in his japerie; 9530
And for he wold his longe tale abrigge,
He wolde noon auctorité alegge,
But sayde, "Sir, so ther be noon obstacle
Other than this, God of his high miracle,
And of his mercy may so for yow wirche,
That er ye have your rightes of holy chirche,
Ye may repente of weddid mannes lyf,
In which ye sayn ther is no wo ne stryf;
And ellis God forbede, but he sente
A weddid man grace him to repente 9540
Wel ofte, rather than a sengle man.
And therfor, sire, the beste reed I can,
Dispaire yow nought, but have in youre memorie,
Peradventure sche may be your purgatorie;
Sche may be Goddes mene and Goddes whippe;

9427. *my scho.* See before the note on l 6074.
9482. *witte.* This is the reading of Lansd Ms. The Harl. Ms. reads *wyf*, which appears to be incorrect.

9500. *youthe.* This reading also is adopted from the Lansdowne Ms., as being apparently better than that of the Harl. Ms., which has *trouthe*.
9515. *braunche.* The popular medieval treatises on the seven sins arrange the minor transgressions connected with each as *branches* of the primary tree.

Than schal your soule up to heven skippe
Swyfter than doth an arwe out of a bowe.
I hope to God herafter ye shuln knowe,
That ther nys noon so gret felicité
In mariage, ne nevermor schal be, 9550
That yow schal lette of your savacioun,
So that ye use, as skile is and resoun,
The lustes of your wyf attemperely,
And that ye please hir not to amorously;
And that ye kepe yow eek from other synne.
My tale is doon, for my witt is thynne.
Beth not agast herof, my brother deere,
But let us waden out of this matiere.
The wif of Bathe, if ye han understonde,
Of mariage, which ye han now in honde, 9560
Declared hath ful wel in litel space;
Fareth now well, God have yow in his grace."
And with that word this Justinus and his brother
Han take her leve, and ech of hem of other.
And whan thay saugh that it most needis be,
Thay wroughten so by sleight and wys treté,
That sche this mayden, which that Mayhus hight,
As hastily as ever that sche might,
Schal weddid be unto this Januarie.
I trow it were to longe yow to tarie, 9570
If I yow tolde of every scrit and bond,
By which that sche was feoffed in his lond;
Or for to herken of hir riche array.
But finally y-comen is that day,
That to the chirche bothe ben thay went,
For to receyve the holy sacrament. [necke,
Forth comth the preost, with stoole about his
And bad hir be lik Sarra and Rebecke
In wisdom and in trouth of mariage;
And sayd his orisouns, as is usage, 9580
And crouched hem, and bad God schuld hem blesse,
And made al secur y-nowh with holinesse.
Thus ben thay weddid with solempnité;
And atte fest sittith he and sche
With othir worthy folk upon the deys.
Al ful of joy and blis is the paleys,
And ful of instrumentz, and of vitaile,
The moste deintevous of al Ytaile.
Biforn hem stood such instruments of soun,
That Orpheus, ne of Thebes Amphioun, 9590
Ne maden never such a melodye.
At every cours ther cam loud menstralcye,
That never tromped Joab for to heere,
Ne he Theodomas yit half so cleere
At Thebes, whan the cité was in doute.
Bachus the wyn hem schenchith al aboute,
And Venus laughith upon every wight,
(For January was bycome hir knight,
And wolde bothe assayen his corrage
In liberté and eek in mariage) 9600
And with hir fuyrbrond in hir hond aboute
Daunceth bifore the bryde and al the route.
And certeynly I dar right wel say this,
Ymeneus, that god of weddyng is,
Seigh never his lif so mery a weddid man.
Holde thy pees, thow poete Marcian,
That writest us that ilke weddyng merye
Of hir Philologie and he Mercurie,
And of the songes that the Muses songe;
To smal is bothe thy penne and eek thy tonge
For to descrive of this mariage. 9611
Whan tender youthe hath weddid stoupyng age,
Ther is such mirthe that it may not be write;
Assaieth it your self, than may ye wyte
If that I lye or noon in this mateere.
Mayus, that sit with so benigne a cheere,
Hir to bihold it semed fayerye;
Queen Ester loked never with such an ye
On Assuere, so meke a look hath sche;
I may not yow devyse al hir beauté; 9620
But thus moche of hir beauté telle I may,
That sche was lyk the brighte morw of May,
Fulfild of alle beauté and plesaunce.
This January is ravyscht in a traunce,
At every tyme he lokith in hir face,
But in his hert he gan hir to manace,
That he that night in armes wold hir streyne
Harder than ever Paris did Eleyne.
But natheles yit had he gret pité
That thilke night offenden hir most he, 9630
And thought: "Alas! O tendre creature,
Now wolde God ye mighte wel endure
Al my corrage, it is so scharp and keene;
I am agast ye schul it not susteene.
For God forbede, that I dede al my might.
Now wolde God that it were woxe night,
And that the night wold stonden evermo.
I wold that al this poeple were ago."
And fynally he doth al his labour,
As he best mighte, savyng his honour, 9640
To hast hem from the mete in subtil wise.
The tyme cam that resoun was to ryse,
And after that men daunce, and drynke fast,
And spices al about the hous thay cast,
And ful of joy and blis is every man,
Al but a squier, that hight Damyan,
Which karf to-for the knight ful many a day;
He was so ravyssht on his lady May,
That for the verray peyne he was nigh wood;
Almost he swelt and swowned ther he stood; 9650
So sore hath Venus hurt him with hir brond,
As that sche bare it daunsyng in hir hond.
And to his bed he wont him hastily;
No more of him as at this tyme telle I;
But ther I lete him now his wo compleyne,
Til freisshe May wol rewen on his peyne.
O perilous fuyr, that in the bed-straw bredith!
O famuler fo, that his service bedith!
O servaunt traitour, false homly hewe,

9573. *herken.* Other MSS., with Tyrwhitt, have *rekken.*

9594. *Ne he Theodomas.* "This person is mentioned again as a famous trumpeter in the H. of F. iii. 156; but upon what authority I really do not know. I should suspect that our author met with him, and the anecdote alluded to, in some Romantic History of Thebes. *He* is prefixed to proper names emphatically, according to the Saxon usage. See before ver. 9242, *him* Holofernes; ver. 9247, *him* Mardochee; and below ver. 9608. Of *hire* Philologie and *him* Mercury."—*Tyrwhitt.*

9606. *Marcian.* Marcianus Capella, the well-known author of a kind of philosophical romance, *De Nuptiis Mercurii et Philologiæ.*

9608. *he Mercurie.* Tyrwhitt reads *him.* See his observations in the note on l. 9594. I have not ventured to alter the reading of the Harl. Ms. where it involves a question of grammatical construction.

9637. *stonden.* Other MSS. read *lasten.*

9655. *now his wo compleyne.* Ms. Lansd., with others, reads *let him wepe y-nowe and pleine.*

9659. *homly.* *Homly* of course means domestic: *hewe* is the Anglo-Saxon *hiwa*, a household servant. O false domestic servant! This reading of our MS. is undoubtedly the right one. Other MSS. have *holy* instead of *homly*, an error perhaps arising from the omission of the mark of abbreviation by some scribe who copied the word when it was written *hōly*. Tyrwhitt, however, adopts this reading, mistakes the meaning of the word *hewe*, and, to make sense of the passage, adds *of*, which is found in none of

Lyk to the nedder in bosom sleighe untrewe, 9660
God schild us alle from your acquaintance!
O January, drouken in plesaunce
Of mariage, se how thy Damyan,
Thyn oughne squier and thy borne man,
Entendith for to do the vilonye,
God graunte the th n homly t espye
For in this world nys worse pestilence
Than homly foo, alday in thy presence
Parfourmed hath the sonne his ark diourne,
No lenger may the body of him sojourne 9670
On thorisonte, as in that latitude,
Night with his mantel, that is derk and rude,
Gan overspreде the hemisperie aboute
For which departed is the lusti route
Fro January, with thank on every side
Hoom to her hous lustily thay ryde,
Wher as thay doon her thinges, as hem leste,
And whan thay seigh her tyme thay goon to reste
Soone after that this hasty Januarie
Wold go to bed, he wold no lenger tarie 9680
He drinkith ypocras, clarre, and vernage,
Of spices hote, to encrese his corage,
And many a letuary had he ful fyn,
Such as the cursed monk daun Constantyn
Hath writen in his book *de Coitu*,
To ete hem alle he wold no thing eschu
And to his prive frendes thus sayd he
"For Goddes love, as soone as it may be 9690
Let voyden al this hous in curteys wise
And thay han doon right as he wold devyse
Men drinken, and the travers drawe anon
The bryde was brought abedde as stille as ston,
And whan the bed was with the prest y-blessid,
Out of the chambre hath every wight him dressid,
And January hath fast in armes take
His fressche May, his paradys, his make
He lullith hir, he kissith hir ful ofte,
With thikke bristils on his berd unsofte,
Lik to the skyn of houndfissch, scharp as brere,
(For he was schave al newe in his manere) 9700
He rubbith hir aboute hir tendre face,
And sayde thus "Allas! I mot trespace
To yow, my spouse, and yow gretly offende,
Or tyme come that I wol doun descende,
But natheles considerith this," quod he
"Ther nys no werkman, whatsoever he be,
That may bothe werke wel and hastily,
This wol be doon at leysir parfitly

It is no fors how longe that we pleye;
In trewe wedlok coupled be we twye, 9710
And blessed be the yok that we ben inne,
For in our actes we mow do no synne.
A man may do no synne with his wif,
Ne hurt himselven with his oughne knyf.
For we han leve to play us by the lawe."
Thus labourith he, til that the day gan dawe,
And than he takith a sop in fyn clarre,
And upright in his bed than sittith he
And after that he song ful lowd and clere,
And kissed his wyf, and made wantoun cheere
He was al coltissch, ful of ragerye, 9721
And ful of jargoun, as a flekked pye
The slakke skin about his nekke schakith,
Whil that he song, so chaunteth he and craketh.
But God wot what that May thought in hir hert,
Whan sche him saugh up sittyng in his schert,
In his night cappe, and with his nekke lene,
Sche praysith nought his pleying worth a bene
Than sayd he thus "My reste wol I take
Now day is come, I may no lenger wake 9730
And doun he layd his heed and sleep til prime
And afterward, whan that he saugh his tyme,
Up risith January, but fressche May
Holdith hir chambre unto the fourthe day,
As usage is of wyves for the best
For every labour som tyme moot have rest,
Or elles long may he not endure,
This is to say, no lyves creature,
Be it of fissch, or brid, or best, or man
Now wol I speke of woful Damyan, 9740
That languissith for love, as ye schul heere,
Therfore I speke to him in this manere
I say, "O sely Damyan, allas!
Answere to my demaunde as in this caas,
How schaltow to thy lady, fressche May,
Telle thy woo? Sche wol alway say nay,
Eek if thou speke, sche wol thy woo bywreye,
God be thy help, I can no bettre seye."
This seke Damyan in Venus fuyr
So brenneth, that he deyeth for desyr, 9750
For which he put his lyf in aventure,
No lenger might he in this wise endure,
But prively a penner gan he borwe,
And in a lettre wroot he al his sorwe,
In manere of a compleynt or of a lay,
Unto his faire fressche lady May
And in a purs of silk, heng on his schert,
He hath it put and layd it at his hert
The moone that a-noon was thilke day
That January hath weddid fressche May 9760
In two of Taure, was into Cancre gliden,

the MSS and in his text it stands *fl s of h l h ue* which he supposes to signify false of hele or ... conjectural emendations are always dangerous

9660 *sleighe* I have added this word from the MS Lansdowne as the line seems imperfect without it

9681 *vernage* Vernacia Ital ... (says Skinner) quasi *Veronacia* a ... in quo optimum ex hoc genere vinum ... But the Vernage, whatever may have been its name ... was probably a wine of Crete or the neighbouring continent Froissart ... Du ... leur venoit tres bonnes ... et ... (i *garnaches*) dont ils estoient largement ... Our author in another place ... joins together the wines of *Malvesie* and *Vernage* Malvasia was a town upon the eastern coast of the Morea near the site of the ancient Epidaurus Limera, within a small distance from Crete"—*Tyrwhitt*.

9684 *Constantin*. This medical writer lived about the year 1080, according to Fabricius *Bibl Med Et* His works, including the treatise mentioned in the text, were printed at Basil, fol. 1536

9686. *wold* The Ms Harl reads *was* which seems not to furnish so good a grammatical construction.

9723 *schakith* I have adopted this reading from the Land Ms in ... preferable to that of the Ms Harl *slakith* which is a repetition of the idea conveyed by the previous word *slakke* and seems to create a redundancy in the meaning

9741 *languissith* The Lansd Ms reads *longuissith*, i e falls into languor

9753 *a penner* The penner was a case containing the pens, ink, and other apparatus for writing which the clerk carried about with him as the Latin students do at the present day As such articles belonged only to clergy and scholars, we understand why the "squier" Damyan was obliged to borrow one for his use An early vocabulary entitled Nominale ... among the *nomina rerum pertinentium clerico*, "pennare, a *pener*"

9755 *compleynt ... lay* These were the technical names of two forms of metrical composition.

9761 *In two of Taure*. ... altered this reading (which is that of nearly all the MSS) into ten, and ob-

So long hath Mayus in hir chambre abiden,
As custom is unto these nobles alle.
A bryde schal not eten in the halle,
Til dayes foure or thre dayes atte lest
I-passed ben, than let hir go to the fest.
The fourthe day complet fro noon to noon,
Whan that the heighe masse was i-doon,
In halle sitte this January and May,
As freissch as is the brighte someres day. 9770
And so bifelle, that this goode man
Remembrid him upon this Damyan,
And sayde, "Seinte Mary! how may this be,
That Damyan entendith not to me?
Is he ay seek? or how may this bityde?"
His squiers, which that stoode ther bisyde,
Excusid him, bycause of his syknesse,
Which letted him to doon his busynesse;
Noon other cause mighte make him tarie.
"That me for-thinketh," quod this Januarie;
"He is a gentil squyer, by my trouthe, 9781
If that he deyde, it were harm and routhe.
He is as wys, discret, and eek secré,
As any man I wot of his degré,
And therto manerly and servysable,
And for to be a thrifty man right able.
But after mete, as soon as ever I may
I wol myself visit him, and eek May,
To doon him al the confort that I can."
And for that word him blessed every man, 9790
That of his bounté and his gentilesse
He wolde so comfort in seekenesse
His squyer, for it was a gentil deede.
"Dame," quod this January, "tak good heede,
At after mete, ye with your wommen alle,
(Whan ye han ben in chambre out of this halle)
That alle ye goo to se this Damyan;
Doth him desport, he is a gentil man,
And tellith him that I wil him visite,
Have I no thing but rested me a lyte; 9800
And spedith yow faste, for I wol abyde
Til that ye slepe faste by my syde."
And with that word he gan unto him calle
A squier, that was marchal of his halle,
And told him certeyn thinges that he wolde.
This freissche May hath streight hir wey i-holde
With alle hir wommen unto Damyan.
Doun by his beddes syde sat sche than,
Comfortyng him as goodly as sche may.
This Damyan, whan that his tyme he say, 9810
In secré wise, his purs, and eek his bille,
In which that he i-writen had his wille,
Hath put into hir hond withouten more,
Save that he siketh wonder deepe and sore,
And softely to hir right thus say he:
"Mercy, and that ye not discover me;
For I am deed, if that this thing be kidde."
This purs hath sche inwith hir bosom hud,
And went hir way; ye gete no more of me;
But unto January comen is sche, 9820
That on his beddes syde sit ful softe.
He takith hir, and kissith hir ful ofte;
And layd him doun to slepe, and that anoon.
Sche feyned hir as that sche moste goon
Ther as ye woot that every wight moot neede;
And whan sche of this bille hath taken heede,
Sche rent it al to cloutes atte laste,
And into the privy softely it cast.
Who studieth now but faire freissche May?
Adoun by olde January sche lay, 9830
That slepith, til that the coughe hath him awaked;
Anoon he prayde stripen hir al naked,
He wold of hir, he sayd, have some plesaunce;
Hir clothis dede him, he sayde, som grevaunce.
And sche obeieth, be hir lief or loth.
But lest that precious folk be with me wroth,
How that he wroughte I dar not telle,
Or whethir it semed him paradys or helle;
But here I lete hem werken in her wise
Til evensong rong, and than thay most arise. 9840
Whethir it be by desteny or adventure,
Were it by influence, or by nature,
Or by constellacioun, that in such estate
The heven stood that tyme fortunate,
As for to putte a bille of Venus werkis
(For alle thing hath tyme, as seyn these clerkis)
To eny womman for to gete hir love,
I can not say, but grete God above,
That knowith that noon acte is causeles,
He deme of al, for I wil holde my pees. 9850
But soth is this, how that this freisshe May
Hath take such impressioun that day,
Of pité on this sike Damyan,
That from hir herte sche ne dryve can
The remembraunce for to doon him ease.
"Certeyn," thought sche, "whom that this thing [displease
I rekke not, for her I him assure,
To love him best of eny creature,
Though he no more hadde than his scherte."
Lo, pité renneth soone in gentil herte. 9860
Heer may ye see, how excellent fraunchise
In womman is whan thay narow hem avyse.
Som tyraunt is, as ther ben many oon,
That hath an hert as hard as is a stoon,
Which wold han lete sterven in the place
Wel rather than han graunted him her grace;
And hem rejoyson in her cruel pride,
And rekken nought to ben an homicide.
This gentil May, fulfillid of pité,
Right of hir hond a letter maked sche, 9870
In which sche grauntith him hir verray grace;
Ther lakkid nought but oonly day and place,
Wher that sche might unto his lust suffise;
For it schal be, right as he wol devyse.
And whan sche saugh hir tyme upon a day
To visite this Damyan goth May,
And subtilly this lettre doun sche thruste
Under his pylow, rede it if him luste.
Sche takith him by the hond, and hard him twiste
So secrely, that no wight of it wiste, 9880
And bad him be al hool, and forth sche wente
To January, whan that he for hir sente.
Up ryseth Damyan the nexte morwe,

serves; "The greatest number of MSS. read, *two, tuo, too*, or *to*. But the time given (*foure dayes complete*, ver. 9767) is not sufficient for the moon to pass from the 2d degree of Taurus into Cancer. The mean daily motion of the moon being = 13° 10′ 35″, her motion in 4 days is = 1s 22° 42′, or not quite 53 degrees; so that supposing her to set out from the 2d of Taurus, she would not in that time be advanced beyond the 25th degree of Gemini. If she set out from the 10th degree of Taurus, as I have corrected the text, she might properly enough be said, in four days, to be *gliden into* Cancer."—*Tyrwhitt.*

9817. *be kidde.* The Harl. Ms. reads here and in the following line,

.... if that this thing discovered be,
This purs in hir bosom hud hath sche.

But I prefer the reading here adopted from the Lansd. Ms., on account of the repetition of rhymes in the other reading.

Al passed was his siknes and his sorwe.
He kombith him, he pruneth him and pyketh,
He doth al that unto his lady likith;
And eek to January he goth as lowe
As ever did a dogge for the bowe.
He is so plesaunt unto every man,
(For craft is al, who so that do it can) 9890
That every wight is fayn to speke him good;
And fully in his ladys grace he stood.
Thus lete I Damyan about his neede,
And in my tale forth I wol procede
Some clerkes holden that felicité
Stant in delit, and therfor certeyn he
This noble January, with al his might
In honest wise as longith to a knight,
Schop him to lyve ful deliciously.
His housyng, his array, as honestly 9900
To his degré was maked as a kynges.
Amonges other of his honest thinges
He had a gardyn walled al with stoon,
So fair a gardyn wot I no wher noon.
For out of doute I verrely suppose,
That he that wroot the Romauns of the Rose,
Ne couthe of it the beaute wel devyse;
Ne Priapus ne might not wel suffice,
Though he be god of gardyns, for to telle
The beauté of the gardyn, and the welle, 9910
That stood under a laurer alway greene.
Ful ofte tyme he Pluto and his queene
Proserpina, and al the fayerie,
Desporten hem and maken melodye
Aboute that welle, and daunced, as men tolde
This noble knight, this January the olde,
Such deynte hath in it to walk and pleye,
That he wold no wight suffre bere the keye,
Save he himself, for of the smale wyket
He bar alway of silver a smal cliket, 9920
With which whan that him list he it unschette.
And whan he wolde pay his wyf hir dette
In somer sesoun, thider wold he go,
And May his wyf, and no wight but thay tuo,
And thinges which that weren not doon in bedde,
He in the gardyn parformed hem and spedde.
And in this wise many a mery day
Lyved this January and fresche May;
But worldly joye may not alway endure
To January, ne to no creature. 9930
O sodeyn hap! o thou fortune unstable!
Lyk to the scorpioun so deceyvable, [stynge;
That flaterest with thin heed whan thou wilt
Thy tayl is deth, thurgh thin envenymynge.
O britel joye! o sweete venym queynte!
O monster, that so subtily canst peynte
Thyn giftes, under hew of stedfastnesse,
That thou deceyvest bothe more and lesse!
Why hastow January thus deceyved, 9939
That haddist him for thy fulle frend receyved?
And now thou hast byreft him bothe his yen,
For sorw of which desireth he to dyen.
Allas! this noble January fre,
Amyd his lust and his prosperité
Is woxe blynd, and that al sodeynly.
He wepith and he weyleth pitously;

9888. *a dogge for the bowe.* A dog used in shooting Conf l. 6951.
9906. *Romauns of the Rose.* The *Romance of the Rose* opens with the description of a magnificent garden, which was looked upon by subsequent writers as the highest perfection of such descriptions.

And therwithal, the fuyr of jalousye
(Lest that his wif schuld falle in some folye)
So brent his herte that he wolde fayn 9949
That som man bothe hir and him had slayn;
For neyther after his deth, nor in his lyf,
Ne wold he that sche were love ne wyf,
But ever lyve as wydow in clothes blake,
Soul as the turtil that lost hath hir make.
But atte last, after a moneth or tweye,
His sorwe gan aswage, soth to seye.
For whan he wist it may noon other be,
He paciently took his adversité;
Save out of doute he may not forgoon,
That he nas jalous evermore in oon; 9960
Which jalousie it was so outrageous,
That neyther in halle, ne in noon other hous,
Ne in noon other place never the mo
He nolde suffre hir to ryde or go,
But if that he had hond on hir alway.
For which ful ofte wepeth fresche May,
That loveth Damyan so benignely,
That sche moot outher deyen sodeinly,
Or elles sche moot han him as hir lest;
She waytith whan hir herte wolde brest. 9970
Upon that other syde Damyan
Bicomen is the sorwfulleste man
That ever was, for neyther night ne day
Ne might he speke a word to fressche May,
As to his purpos, of no such matiere,
But if that January most it heere,
That had an hond upon hir evermo.
But natheles, by writyng to and fro,
And privé signes, wist he what sche ment,
And sche knew eek the fyn of his entent. 9980
O January, what might it thee availe,
If thou might see as fer as schippes saile?
For as good is blynd deceyved be,
As to be deceyved whan a man may see.
Lo, Argus, which that had an hundred eyen,
For al that ever he couthe poure or prien,
Yet was he blent, as, God wot, so ben moo,
That weneth wisly that it be nought so;
Passe over is an ease, I say no more.
This freissche May, that I spak of so yore, 9990
In warm wex hath empryn'ted the cliket,
That January bar of the smale wiket,
By which into his gardyn ofte he went,
And Damyan that knew al hir entent
The cliket counterfeted prively;
Ther nys no more to say, but hastily
Som wonder by this cliket schal betyde,
Which ye schal heeren, if ye wol abyde.
O noble Ovyde, wel soth saistow, God woot,
What sleight is it though it be long and hoot,
That he nyl fynd it out in some manere? 10001
By Piramus and Thesbe may men leere;
Though thay were kept ful longe streyt over al,
Thay ben accorded, rownyng thurgh a wal,
Ther no wight couthe han found out swich a
For now to purpos, er that dayes eyght [sleight.
Were passed of the moneth of Juyl, bifille
That January hath caught so gret a wille,
Thorugh eggyng of his wyf, him for to pleye
In his gardyn, and no wight but they tweye, 10010
That in a morwe unto this May saith he:
"Rys up, my wif, my love, my lady fre;
The turtlis vois is herd, my douve swete;

10000. *though it* Tyrwhitt ads *of love*, against the authority of the best MSS.

The wynter is goon, with his raynes wete.
Come forth now with thin eyghen columbine.
How fairer ben thy brestes than is the wyne.
The gardyn is enclosed al aboute;
Com forth, my swete spouse, out of doute,
Thow hast me wounded in myn hert, o wyf;
No spot in the knew I in al my lif. 10020
Com forth, and let us take oure desport,
I ches the for my wyf and my comfort."
Such olde lewed wordes used he.
On Damyan a signe made sche,
That he schuld go biforn with his cliket.
This Damyan than hath opened the wiket,
And in he stert, and that in such manere,
That no wight it mighte see nor heere,
And stille he seet under a bussch. Anoon
This January, as blynd as is a stoon, 10030
With Mayus in his hond, and no wight mo,
Into this freische gardyn is ago,
And clappid to the wiket sodeinly.
"Now, wyf," quod he, "her nys but ye and I,
Thou art the creature that I best love;
For by that lord that sit in heven above,
Lever ich had to dyen on a knyf,
Than the offende, deere trewe wyf.
For Goddes sake, thenk how I the chees,
Nought for no coveytise douteles, 10040
But oonly for the love I had to the.
And though that I be old and may not se,
Beeth trewe to me, and I wol telle yow why;
Thre thinges, certes, schul ye wynne therby;
First, love of Crist, and to your self honour,
And al myn heritage, toun and tour.
I give it yow, makith chartres as yow leste;
This schal ben doon to morw er sonne reste,
So wisly God my soule bringe to blisse!
I pray yow first in covenaunt ye me kisse. 10050
And though that I be jalous, wyt me nought;
Ye ben so deep emprinted in my thought,
That whan that I considre your beauté,
And therwithal the unlikly elde of me,
I may nought, certes, though I schulde dye,
Forbere to ben out of your companye
For verray love; this is withouten doute:
Now kisse me, wyf, and let us rome aboute."
This freissche May, whan sche his wordes herde,
Benignely to January answerde, 10060
But first and forward sche bigan to wepe:
"I have," quod sche, "a soule for to kepe
As wel as ye, and also myn honour,
And of my wifhod thilke tendre flour,
Which that I have ensured in your hond,
Whan that the prest to yow my body bond;
Wherfor I wil answer in this manere,
With the leve of yow, myn owen lord so deere.
I pray to God that never dawe the day,
That I ne sterve, as foule as womman may, 10070
If ever I do unto my kyn that schame,
Or elles I empaire so my name,
That I be fals; and if I do that lak,
Doth strepe me, and put me in a sak,
And in the nexte ryver do me drenche;
I am a gentil womman, and no wenche.
Why speke ye thus? but men ben ever untrewe,
And wommen han reproef of yow ever newe.
Ye have noon other contenaunce, I leve,
But speke to us as of untrust and reprove." 10080
And with that word sche saugh wher Damyan
Sat in the buissh, and coughen sche bigan;
And with hir fyngres signes made sche,
That Damyan schuld clymb upon a tre,
That charged was with fruyt, and up he went;
For verrayly he knew al hir entent,
And every signe that sche couthe make,
Wel bet than January hir oughne make.
For in a letter sche had told him al
Of this matier, how he worche schal. 10090
And thus I lete him sitte in the pirie,
And January and May romynge mirye.
Bright was the day, and bliew the firmament;
Phebus hath of gold his stremes doun i-sent
To gladen every flour with his warmnesse;
He was that tyme in Gemines, as I gesse,
But litel fro his declinacioun
Of Canker, Joves exaltacioun.
And so bifel that brighte morwen tyde,
That in that gardyn, in the forther syde, 10100
Pluto, that is the kyng of fayerye,
And many a lady in his compaignie
Folwyng his wif, the queene Preserpina,
Whiche that he ravesched out of Ethna,
Whil that sche gadred floures in the mede,
(In Claudian ye may the story rede,
How in his grisly carte he hir fette);
This king of fayry than adoun him sette
Upon a bench of turves freissh and greene, 10109
And right anoon thus sayd he to his queene:
"My wyf," quod he, "ther may no wight say [nay,
Thexperiens so preveth every day,
The tresoun which that womman doth to man.
Ten hundrid thousand stories tellen I can
Notable of your untrouth and brutelnesse.
O Salamon, wys and richest of richesse,
Fulfild of sapiens, and of worldly glorie,
Ful worthy ben thy wordes to memorie
To every wight, that wit and resoun can.
Thus praysith he yit the bounté of man; 10120
Among a thousand men yit fond I oon,
But of alle wommen found I never noon.
Thus saith the king, that knoweth your wikked- [nesse;
That Jhesus, *filius* Sirac, as I gesse,
Ne spekith of yow but selde reverence.
A wild fuyr and corrupt pestilence
So falle upon your bodies yit to night!
Ne see ye not this honurable knight?
Bycause, allas! that he is blynd and old,
His owne man schal make him cokewold. 10130
Loo, wher he sitt, the leechour, in the tre.
Now wol I graunten, of my majesté,
Unto this olde blinde worthy knight,
That he schal have agein his eyghen sight,
Whan that his wyf wol do him vilonye;
Than schal he knowe al her harlotrye,
Bothe in reproef of her and other mo."
"Ye schal?" quod Preserpine, "and wol ye so?
Now by my modres Ceres soule I swere,
That I schal give hir suffisaunt answere, 10140
And alle wommen after for hir sake;
That though thay be in any gult i-take,
With face bold thay schul hemself excuse,
And bere hem doun that wolde hem accuse.
For lak of answer, noon of hem schal dyen.

10103. *Preserpina.* The Harl. Ms reads, by some error of the scribe,—

......Preserpine,
Ech after other as right as a lyne.

10121. *Among a thousand* See *Ecclesiastes* vii. 28.
10139. *Ceres.* The Harl. Ms. reads *Sires;* the Lansd. *Sirs.* Ceres is of course the word intended.

Al had ye seyn a thing with bothe your yen,
Yit schul we wymmen visage it hardily,
And wepe and swere and chide subtilly,
That ye schul ben as lewed as ben gees,
What rekkith me of your auctoritees? 10150
I wot wel that this Jew, this Salamon,
Fond of us wommen fooles many oon;
But though he ne fond no good womman,
Yit hath ther founde many another man
Wommen ful trewe, ful good, and vertuous;
Witnesse on hem that dwelle in Cristes hous,
With martirdom thay proved hir constaunce.
The Romayn gestes eek make remembraunce
Of many a verray trewe wyf also.
But, sire, be nought wrath, al be it so, 10160
Though that he sayd he fond no good womman,
I pray yow tak the sentens of the man,
He mente thus, that in sovereign bounté
Nis noon but God, that sit in Trinité.
Ey, for verrey God that nys but oon,
What make ye so moche of Salamon?
What though he made a temple, Goddes hous?
What though he were riche and glorious?
So made he eek a temple of fals godis, 10169
How might he do a thing that more forbod is?
Pardé, als fair as ye his name emplastre,
He was a lecchour and an ydolastre,
And in his eelde he verray God forsook;
And if that God ne hadde (as saith the book)
I-spared him for his fadres sake, he scholde
Have lost his regne rather than he wolde.
I sette right nought of the vilonye,
That ye of wommen write, a boterflie;
I am a womman, nedes most I speke,
Or elles swelle tyl myn herte breke. 10180
For syn he sayd that we ben jangleresses,
As ever hool I moote brouke my tresses,
I schal not spare for no curtesye
To speke him harm, that wold us vilonye."
"Dame," quod this Pluto, "be no lenger wroth,
I give it up: but sith I swore myn oth,
That I wil graunte him his sight agein,
My word schal stonde, I warne yow certeyn:
I am a kyng, it sit me nought to lye."
"And I," quod sche, "am queen of faerie. 10190
Hir answer schal sche have, I undertake;
Let us no mo wordes herof make.
Forsoth I wol no lenger yow contrarie."
Now let us turne agayn to Januarye,
That in this gardyn with this faire May
Syngeth, ful merier than the papinjay,
"Yow love I best, and schal, and other noon."
So long about the aleys is he goon,
Til he was come agaynes thilke pirie,
Wher as this Damyan sittith ful mirye 10200
On heigh, among the fressche levyes greene.
This fressche May, that is so bright and scheene,
Gan for to syke, and sayd, "Allas my syde!
Now, sir," quod sche, "for aught that may bityde,
I most han of the peres that I see,
Or I moot dye, so sore longith me
To eten of the smale peris greene;
Help for hir love that is of heven queene!
I telle yow wel a womman in my plyt
May have to fruyt so gret an appetyt, 10210
That sche may deyen, but sche it have."
"Allas!" quod he, "that I nad heer a knave
That couthe climbe, allas! allas!" quod he,
"For I am blynd." "Ye, sire, no fors," quod sche;
"But wolde ye vouchesauf, for Goddes sake,
The piry inwith your armes for to take,
(For wel I woot that ye mystruste me)
Than schold I clymbe wel y-nough," quod sche,
"So I my foot might set upon your bak." 10219
"Certes," quod he, "theron schal be no lak,
Might I yow helpe with myn herte blood."
He stoupith doun, and on his bak sche stood,
And caught hir by a twist, and up sche goth.
(Ladys, I pray yow that ye be not wroth,
I can not glose, I am a rude man.)
And sodeinly anoon this Damyan
Gan pullen up the smok, and in he throng.
And whan that Pluto saugh this grete wrong,
To January he gaf agayn his sight, 10229
[And made him see as wel as ever he might.
And whan he thus had caught his sight again,]
Ne was ther never man of thing so fayn;
But on his wyf his thought was evermo.
Up to the tree he kest his eyghen tuo
And seigh that Damyan his wyf had dressid
In which maner it may not ben expressid,
But if I wolde speke uncurteisly.
And up he gaf a roryng and a cry,
As doth the moder whan the child schal dye;
"Out! help! allas! harrow!" he gan to crie;
"O stronge lady stoure, what dos thow?" 10241
And sche answerith: "Sire, what eylith yow?
Have paciens and resoun in your mynde,
I have yow holpen on bothe your eyen blynde.
Up peril of my soule, I schal not lyen,
As me was taught to hele with your yen,
Was nothing bet for to make yow see,
Than stroggle with a man upon a tree;
God woot, I dede it in ful good entent."
"Stroggle!" quod he, "ye, algat in it went. 10250
God give yow bothe on schames deth to dyen!
He swyved the; I saugh it with myn yen;
And elles be I honged by the hals."
"Than is," quod sche, "my medicine fals.
For certeynly, if that ye mighten see,
Ye wold not say tho wordes unto me.
Ye han som glymsyng, and no parfyt sight."
"I se," quod he, "as wel as ever I might,
(Thankid be God) with bothe myn yen tuo,
And by my trouth me thought he did the so."
"Ye, mase, mase, goode sir," quod sche; 10261
"This thank have I for I have maad yow see;
Allas!" quod sche, "that ever I was so kynde."
"Now, dame," quod he, "let al passe out of mynde;
Com doun, my leef, and if I have myssayd,
God help me so, as I am evel appayd.
But by my faders soule, I wende have seyn,
How that this Damyan had by the leyn,

10148. The Harl. Ms reads this line,—

Al had a man seyn a thing with bothe his yen.

10158. *The Romayn gestes* Tyrwhitt says that the allusion is to the popular book known as the *Gesta Romanorum* I am inclined, however, to think it more probable that the poet had in his eye the examples of Lucretia, Portia, and other ladies celebrated in Roman history.

10227. In some late MSS., and in the printed editions, several lines of obscene ribaldry are added here and in the subsequent parts of the tale; but, as they are not found in MSS. of any authority Tyrwhitt very properly omitted them. It may be observed that there are several other variations in parts of this tale in some MSS. which it has not been thought necessary to point out.

10230 This and the following line, given here from Tyrwhitt, are not found in the Harl. Ms.

And that thy smok had layn upon thy brest."
"Ye, sire," quod sche, "ye may wene as yow lest;
But, sire, a man that wakith out of his slep,
He may not sodeynly wel take keep 10272
Upon a thing, ne seen it parfytly,
Til that he be adawed verrayly.
Right so a man, that long hath blynd i-be,
He may not sodeynly so wel i-se,
First whan the sight is newe comen agayn,
As he that hath a day or tuo i-sayn.
Til that your sight y-stablid be a while,
Ther may ful many a sighte yow bigile. 10280
Beth war, I pray yow, for, by heven king,
Ful many man wenith for to se a thing,
And it is al another than it semeth;
He that mysconceyveth he mysdemeth."
And with that word sche leep doun fro the tre.
This January who is glad but he?
He kissith hir, and clippith hir ful ofte,
And on hir wombe he strokith hir ful softe;
And to his paleys hom he hath hir lad.
Now, goode men, I pray yow to be glad. 10290
Thus endith her my tale of Januarye,
God blesse us, and his moder seinte Marie!

THE SQUYERES PROLOGE.

"Ey! Goddes mercy!" sayd our Hoste tho,
"Now such a wyf I pray God keep me fro.
Lo, whiche sleightes and subtilitees
In wommen ben; for ay as busy as bees
Ben thay us seely men for to desceyve,
And from a soth ever wol thay weyve.
By this Marchaundes tale it proveth wel.
But douteles, as trewe as eny steel 10300
I have a wyf, though that sche pore be;
But of hir tonge a labbyng schrewe is sche;
And yit sche hath an heep of vices mo.
Therof no fors; let alle such thinges go.
But wite ye what? in counseil be it seyd,
Me rewith sore I am unto hir teyd;
And if I scholde reken every vice,
Which that sche hath, i-wis I were to nyce;
And cause why, it schuld reported be
And told to hir of som of this meyné, 10310
(Of whom it needith not for to declare,
Syn wommen connen oute such chaffare);
And eek my witte suffisith nought therto
To tellen al; wherfor my tale is do."
"Sir Squier, com forth, if that your wille be,
And say us a tale of love, for certes ye
Connen theron as moche as ony man."
"Nay, sire," quod he; "but I wil say as I can
With herty wil, for I wil not rebelle
Against your wille; a tale wil I telle, 10320
Have me excused if that I speke amys;
My wil is good; and thereto my tale is this."

THE SQUYERES TALE.

At Sarray, in the lond of Tartary,
Ther dwelled a kyng that werryed Russy,
Thurgh which ther deyed many a doughty man;
This nobil kyng was cleped Cambynskan,
Which in his tyme was of so gret renoun,
That ther nas nowher in no regioun
So excellent a lord in alle thing;
Him lakked nought that longed to a kyng, 10330
As of the secte of which that he was born.
He kept his lawe to which he was sworn,
And therto he was hardy, wys, and riche,
And pitous and just, and alway y-liche,
Soth of his word, benign and honurable;
Of his corage as eny centre stable;
Yong, freisch, and strong, in armes desirous,
As eny bachiler of al his hous.
A fair person he was, and fortunat,
And kepte so wel his real astat, 10340
That ther was nowher such a ryal man.
This noble kyng, this Tartre, this Cambynskan,
Hadde tuo sones by Eltheta his wyf,
Of which the eldest highte Algarsyf,
That other was i-cleped Camballo.
A doughter had this worthi king also,
That yongest was, and highte Canace;
But for to telle yow al hir beauté,
It lith not on my tonge, ne my connyng,
I dar nought undertake so heigh a thing; 10350
Myn Englissh eek is insufficient,
It moste be a rethor excellent
That couth his colours longyng for that art,
If he schold hir discryve in eny part;
I am non such, I mot speke as I can.
And so bifel it, that th's Cambynskan
Hath twenty wynter born his dyademe;
As he was wont fro yer to yer, I deme,
He leet the fest of his nativité
Don cryen, thurghout Sarray his cité, 10360
The last Idus of March, after the yeer.
Phebus the sonne was joly and cleer,
For he was neigh his exaltacioun
In Martes face, and in his mansioun
In Aries, the colerik, the hote signe.
Ful lusty was the wedir and benigne,
For which the foules agein the sonne scheene,
What for the sesoun and for the yonge greene,
Ful lowde song in here affecciouns;
Hem semed have geten hem protecciouns 10370
Agens the swerd of wynter kene and cold.
This Cambynskan, of which I have told,
In royal vesture, sittyng on his deys
With dyadem, ful heigh in his paleys;
And held his fest solempne and so riche,
That in this worlde was there noon it liche.
Of which if I schal tellen al tharray,
Than wold it occupie a someres day;
And eek it needith nought for to devyse

10316. *of love.* These two words are omitted in Ms. Harl., but they seem necessary for the sense and metre.

The Squyeres Tale. It is unknown at present from what source Chaucer derived this tale, which is not found (as far as I am aware) in any other form in the literature of the Middle Ages. It is to be regretted that Chaucer left it unfinished. It may be observed that throughout the tale the name of the Tartar king is Cambynskan, in the Ms. Harl. as well as in the Lansdowne and other mss. It is almost with regret that we give up the form of the name rendered class'c by Milton,—

> Or call up him that left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold,
> Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
> And who had Canace to wife,
> That own'd the virtuous ring of glas;
> And of the wond'rous horse of bras
> On which the Tartar king did ride.
> (*Il Penseroso.*)

10324. *Russy.* The Tartars and Russians were constantly engaged in hostilities with each other from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries.

10344. *Algarsyf.* The Harl. Ms. reads *Algaryf*, and in the next line *Samballo* for *Camballo*, which are probably mere errors of the scribe.

At every cours the ordre and the servyse. 10380
I wol nat tellen of her straunge sewes,
Ne of her swannes, ne here heroun-sewes.
Ek in that lond, as tellen knightes olde,
Ther is som mete that is ful deynté holde,
That in this lond men recch of it but smal;
Ther is no man it may reporten al.
I wol not tarien you, for it is pryme,
And for it is no fruyt, but los of tyme,
Unto my purpos I wol have my recours.
That so bifelle after the thridde cours, 10390
Whil that this kyng sit thus in his nobleye,
Herkyng his mynstrales her thinges pleye
Byforne him atte boord deliciously,
In atte halle dore al sodeynly
Ther com a knight upon a steed of bras,
And in his hond a brod myrour of glas;
Upon his thomb he had of gold a ryng,
And by his side a naked swerd hangyng:
And up he rideth to the heyghe bord.
In al the halle ne was ther spoke a word, 10400
For mervayl of this knight; him to byholde
Ful besily they wayten yong and olde.
This straunge knight that cam thus sodeynly,
Al armed sauf his heed ful richely,
Salued the kyng and queen, and lordes alle
By ordre, as they seten into halle,
With so heigh reverens and observaunce,
As wel in speche as in contynaunce,
That Gaweyn with his olde curtesye,
They he were come agein out of fayrye, 10410
Ne couthe him nought amende with no word.
And after this, biforn the highe bord
He with a manly vois sayd this message,
After the forme used in his langage,
Withouten vice of sillabil or letter.
And for his tale schulde seme the better,
Accordaunt to his wordes was his cheere,
As techeth art of speche hem that it leere.
Al be it that I can nat sowne his style,
Ne can nat clymben over so heigh a style, 10420
Yit say I this, as to comun entent,
Thus moche amounteth al that ever he ment,
If it so be that I have it in mynde.
He sayd: "The kyng of Arraby and of Ynde,
My liege lord, on this solempne day
Saluteth you as he best can or may,
And sendeth you, in honour of your feste,
By me, that am redy at al his heste,
This steede of bras, that esily and wel
Can in the space of o day naturel, 10430
(This is to say, in four and twenty houres)
Wher so yow lust, in droughthe or in schoures,
Beren your body into every place,
To which your herte wilneth for to pace,
Withouten wem of you, thurgh foul and fair.
Or if you lust to flee as heigh in thair
As doth an egle, whan him list to sore,
This same steede schal bere you evermore
Withoute harm, til ye be ther yow leste,
(Though that ye slepen on his bak or reste), 10440
And torne agein, with wrything of a pyn.
He that it wrought, he cowthe many a gyn;
He wayted many a constellacioun,
Er he had do this operacioun,
And knew ful many a seal and many a bond.
"This mirour eek, that I have in myn hond,
Hath such a mighte, that men may in it see
When ther schal falle eny adversité
Unto your regne, or to your self also,
And openly, who is your frend or fo. 10450
And over al this, if eny lady bright
Hath set hir hert on eny maner wight,
If he be fals, sche schal his tresoun see,
His newe love, and his subtilité,
So openly, that ther schal nothing hyde.
Wherfor ageins this lusty somer tyde
This mirour and this ryng, that ye may see,
He hath send to my lady Canacee,
Your excellente doughter that is heere.
"The vertu of this ryng, if ye wol heere, 10460
Is this, that who so lust it for to were
Upon hir thomb, or in hir purs to bere,
Ther is no foul that fleeth under the heven,
That sche ne schal understonden his steven,
And know his menyng openly and pleyn,
And answer him in his langage ageyn;
And every gras that groweth upon roote
Sche schal eek know, to whom it wol do boote,
Al be his woundes never so deep and wyde. 10469
"This naked swerd, that hangeth by my syde,
Such vertu hath, that what man that it smyte,
Thurghout his armur it wol kerve and byte,
Were it as thikke as a braunched ook;
And what man is i-wounded with the strook
Schal never be hool, til that you lust of grace
To strok him with the plat in thilke place
Ther he is hurt; this is as moche to seyn,
Ye moote with the platte swerd agein
Stroke him in the wound, and it wol close.
This is the verray soth withouten glose, 10480
It failleth nought, whil it is in your hold."
And whan this knight thus had his tale told,
He rit out of the halle, and doun he light.
His steede, which that schon as sonne bright,
Stant in the court as stille as eny stoon.
This knight is to his chambre lad anoon,
And is unarmed, and to mete i-sett.
This presentz ben ful richely i-fett,
This is to sayn, the swerd and the myrrour,
And born anon unto the highe tour, 10490
With certein officers ordeynd therfore;
And unto Canace the ryng is bore
Solempnely, ther sche syt atte table;
But sikerly, withouten eny fable,
The hors of bras, that may nat be remewed,
It stant, as it were to the ground i-glewed;
Ther may no man out of the place it dryve
For noon engyn of wyndas or polyve;
And cause why, for they can nought the craft,
And therfor in the place they have it laft, 10500

10382. *swannes ... heroun-sewes.* It is hardly necessary to observe that *swans* were formerly eaten at table, and considered among the choicest ornaments of the festive board. Tyrwhitt informs us that at the inthronization of Archbp. Nevil, 6 Edward IV., there were "*heronshawes* iiii. c." (*Leland, Collect.* vol. vi. 2), and that at another feast in 1530, we read of "16 *hearonsewe*, every one 12*d.*" (*Peck's Des. Cur.* vol. ii. 12.)

10409. *Gaweyn.* The Harl. Ms. reads *Ewen.* Gaweyn was celebrated in medieval romance as the most courteous of Arthur's knights.

10445. *seal.* The making and arrangement of seals was one of the important operations of medieval magic, and treatises on this subject are found in manuscripts. One of these was believed to have been compiled by the children of Israel in the desert. A copy of this is found in Ms. Arundel, No. 295, fol. 25, which commences with the statement: "In nomine Domini. Incipit liber preciosus et secretus sigillorum quem fecerunt filii Israel in deserto secundum motus et cursus siderum," &c.

10498. *wyndas.* The Harl. Ms. reads *wyndyng.*

Til that the knight hath taught hem the manere
To voyden him, as ye schul after heere.
  Greet was the pres that swarmed to and fro
To gauren on this hors that stondeth so;
For it so high was, and so brod and long,
So wel proporcioned to be strong,
Right as it were a steed of Lumbardye;
Therto so horsly, and so quyk of ye,
As if a gentil Poyleys courser were;
For certes, fro his tayl unto his eere 10510
Nature ne art ne couthe him nought amende
In no degré, as al the poepel wende.
But evermore her moste wonder was,
How that it couthe goon, and was of bras;
It was of fayry, as the poeple semed.
Diverse peple diversly they demed;
As many hedes, as many wittes been.
They murmured, as doth a swarm of been,
And made skiles after her fantasies,
Rehersyng of the olde poetries, 10520
And seyden it was i-like the Pagasé,
The hors that hadde wynges for to fle,
Or elles it was the Grekissch hors Synon,
That broughte Troye to destruccioun,
As men may in the olde gestes rede.
"Myn hert," quod oon, "is evermore in drede,
I trow som men of armes ben therinne,
That schapen hem this cité for to wynne;
It were good that such thing were knowe."
Another rowned to his felawe lowe, 10530
And sayde: "It lyth, for it is rather lik
An apparence maad by som magik,
As jogelours pleyen at this festes grete."
Of sondry thoughtes thus they jangle and trete,
As lewed peple demeth comunly
Of thinges that ben maad more subtily
Than they can in her lewednes comprehende,
They deemen gladly to the badder ende.
And som of hem wondred on the mirrour,
That born was up into the maister tour, 10540
How men might in it suche thinges se.
Another answerd, and sayd, it might wel be
Naturelly by composiciouns
Of angels, and of heigh reflexiouns;
And sayde that in Rome was such oon.
They speeke of Alhazen and Vitilyon,
And Aristotle, that writen in her lyves
Of queynte myrrours and prospectyves,
As knowen they that han her bokes herd.
And other folk have wondred on the swerd, 10550
That wolde passe thorughout every thing;
And fel in speche of Telophus the kyng,
And of Achilles for his queynte spere,
For he couthe with it bothe hele and dere,
Right in such wise as men may with the swerd,
Of which right now ye have your selven herd.
They speken of sondry hardyng of metal,
And speken of medicines therwithal,
And how and whan it schulde harded be,
Which is unknowe algat unto me. 10560
Tho speeken they of Canacees ryng,
And seyden alle, that such a wonder thing
Of craft of rynges herd they never noon,
Sauf that he Moyses and kyng Salamon
Hadden a name of connyng in such art.
Thus seyen the peple, and drawen hem apart.
But natheles som seiden that it was
Wonder thing to make of ferne aisschen glas,
And yit is glas nought like aisschen of ferne,
But for they han i-knowen it so ferne; 10570
Therfor cesseth her janglyng and her wonder.
As sore wondred som of cause of thonder,
On ebbe and flood, on gossomer, and on myst,
And on alle thing, til that the cause is wist.
Thus janglen they, and demen and devyse,
Til that the kyng gan fro his bord arise.
  Phebus hath left the angel merydyonal,
And yit ascendyng was a best roial,
The gentil Lyoun, with his Aldryan,
Whan that this gentil kyng, this Cambynskan,
Ros fro his bord, ther as he sat ful hye; 10581
Biforn him goth ful lowde menstralcye,
Til he cam to his chambre of parementz,
Ther as ther were divers instrumentz,
That is y-like an heven for to heere.
  Now daunceen lusty Venus children deere;
For in the fissch her lady sat ful heyghe,

10505. *high.* The Harl. Ms. reads *wyl.*

10509. *a gentil Poyleys courser.* "A horse of *Apulia*, which in old French was usually called *Poille*. The horses of that country were much esteemed. Ms. *Bod.* James VI. 142. Richard, Archbp. of Armagh, in the fourteenth century, says, in praise of our St. Thomas, 'quod nec mulus Hispaniæ, nec *dextrarius Apuliæ*, nec repedo Æthiopiæ, nec elephantus Asiæ, nec camelus Syriæ hoc asino nostro Angliæ aptior sive audentior invenitur ad prælia.' He had before informed his audience, that *Thomas*, Anglice, idem est quod *Thom Asinus*. There is a patent in Rymer, 2 E. II. *De Dextrariis* in Lumbardiâ *emendis*"—*Tyrwhitt.*

10521 *the Pagasé*, i. e. Pegasus. In the margin of the Harl. Ms. it is explained in Latin, *i. equus pegaseus*

10523. *Synon.* Sinon, according to Grecian story, was the maker of the wooden horse by means of which Troy was finally taken.

10544. *heigh.* Other MSS., with Tyrwhitt, read *slyhe* or *sleigh*, sly.

10545. *in Rome.* The erection of this mirror was one of the feats of the legendary Virgil, and will be found described in the early English poem of the *Seven Sages.*

10546. *Alhazen and Vitilyon.* The Harl Ms. reads *Alceyt* for *Alhazen*, and the Lansd. Ms. *Alocen.* "*Alhazeni et Vitellonis Opticæ* are extant, printed at Basil, 1572. The first is supposed by his editor to have lived about A.D. 1100, and the second in A.D. 1270."—*Tyrwhitt.*

10552. *Telophus.* Telephus, king of Mysia, in attempting to hinder the Greeks from marching through his country against Troy, was wounded by Achilles, and was informed by the oracle that his wound could only be cured by being touched by the spear which had made it. Whence Propertius says,—

> Mysus et Hæmonii juvenis qui cuspide vulnus
> Senserat, hoc ipsa cuspide sensit opem.

And Ovid,—

> Telephus æterna consumptus tabe perisset,
> Si non quæ nocuit dextra tulisset opem.

10564. *Moyses and kyng Salamon.* These personages, especially the latter, had a high reputation (derived apparently from the Arabs) in the Middle Ages for their skill in magic.

10566. *and drawen hem apart.* The Harl. Ms. reads, *the peple on every part.*

10577 *left.* The Harl. Ms. reads *lost.* This Ms. has in several instances *lost* for *left*, and *vice versa.*

10579. *Aldryan.* The Harl. Ms. reads *Adryan.*

10583. *chambre of parements.* "*Chambre de parement* is translated by Cotgrave, the presence-chamber; and *Lit de parement*, a bed of state. *Parements* originally signified all sorts of ornamental furniture, or clothes, from *parer*, Fr. to adorn. See ver. 2503, and Leg. of G. W. Dido, ver. 181.

> To dauncing chambres ful of parementes,
> Of riche beddes and of pavementes,
> This Eneas is ledde after the mete.

The Italians have the same expression. Ist. d. Conc. Trident. l iii. Il Pontefice—ritornato alla *camera de' paramenti* co' Cardinali."—*Tyrwhitt.*

10587. *in the fissch*, i. e in the zodiacal sign *pisces*. See before, the note on l. 6284.

And loketh on hem with a frendly eyghe.
This noble kyng is set upon his trone;
This straunge knight is fet to him ful sone, 10590
And in the daunce he gan with Canace.
Her is the revel and the jolyté,
That is not able a dul man to devyse;
He most have knowe love and his servise,
And ben a festly man, as freisch as May,
That schulde you devyse such array.
Who couthe telle you the forme of daunce
So uncouth, and so freische countinaunce,
Such subtil lokyng of dissimilynges,
For drede of jalous folk apparceyvynges? 10600
No man but Launcelet, and he is deed.
Therfore I passe over al this lustyheed,
I say no more, but in this jolynesse
I lete hem, til men to soper hem dresse.
The styward byt the spices for to hye
And eek the wyn, in al this melodye;
Thes usschers and thes squyers ben agon,
The spices and the wyn is come anoon;
They eet and drank, and whan this had an ende,
Unto the temple, as resoun was, they wende;
The servise doon, they soupen al by day. 10611
What needeth you to rehersen her array?
Ech man wot wel, that a kynges feste
Hath plente, to the lest and to the meste,
And deyntees mo than ben in my knowyng.
At after souper goth this noble kyng
To see this hors of bras, with al his route
Of lordes and of ladyes him aboute.
Swich wondryng was ther on this hors of bras,
That seth this grete siege of Troye was, 10620
Ther as men wondrid on an hors also,
Ne was ther such a wondryng as was tho.
But fynally the kyng asked the knight
The vertu of this courser, and the might,
And prayd him tellen of his governaunce.
The hors anoon gan for to trippe and daunce,
Whan that the knight leyd hand upon his rayne,
And sayde, "Sir, ther is nomore to sayne,
But whan you lust to ryde any where,
Ye mote trille a pyn, stant in his ere, 10630
Which I schal telle you betwen us two,
Ye moste nempne him to what place also,
Or what countre you luste for to ryde.
And whan ye come ther you lust abyde,
Bid him descende, and trille another pynne.
(For therin lith theffet of al the gynne)
And he wol doun descend and do your wille,
And in that place he wol abyde stille;
Though al the world had the contrary swore,
He schal nat thennes be i-throwe ne bore. 10640
Or if you lust to bid him thennes goon,
Trille this pyn, and he wol vanyssh anoon
Out of the sight of every maner wight,
And come agein, be it by day or night,
Whan that you lust to clepen him agayn
In such a gyse, as I schal yow sayn
Betwixe you and me, and therfor soone,
Ryd whan you lust, ther nys nomor to doone."
Enformed whan the kyng was of the knight,
And had conceyved in his wit aright 10650
The maner and the forme of al this thing,
Ful glad and blith, this noble doughty kyng
Repeyryng to his revel, as biforn,
The bridel is unto the tour i-born,
And kept among his jewels leef and deere;
The hors vanyscht, I not in what manere,
Out of her sight, ye get nomore of me;
But thus I lete him in his jolité
This Cambinskan his lordes festeyng,
Til wel neigh the day bigan to spryng. 10660

Incipit secunda pars.

The norice of digestioun, the sleep,
Gan to him wynk, and bad of him take keep,
That moche mete and labour wol have his rest;
And with a galpyng mouth hem alle he keste,
And sayd, that it was tyme to lye doun,
For blood was in his dominacioun:
"Cherisscheth blood, natures frend," quod he.
They thankyn him galpyng, by two and thre;
And every wight gan drawe him to his rest,
As sleep hem bad, they took it for the best. 10670
Here dremes schul not now be told for me;
Ful were here heedes of fumosité,
That causeth drem, of which ther is no charge.
They slepen til it was prime large,
The moste part, but it were Canace;
Sche was ful mesurable, as wommen be.
For of hir fader had sche take hir leve
To go to reste, soon after it was eve;
Hir luste not appalled for to be,
Ne on the morwe unfestly for to se; 10680
And kept hir firste sleep, and then awook.
For such a joye sche in hir herte took,
Bothe of hir queynt ryng, and hir mirour,
That twenty tyme chaunged hire colour;
And in hire sleep, right for the impressioun
Of hir myrour, sche had a visioun.
Wherfor, or that the sonne up gan glyde,
Sche clepid upon hir maistresse biside,
And sayde, that hire luste for to ryse.
These olde wommen, that ben gladly wyse, 10690
As is here maystresse, answerd hei anoon,
And sayd, "Madame, whider wold ye goon
Thus erly? for folk ben alle in reste."
"I wil," quod sche, "aryse, for me leste
No lenger for to slepe, and walke aboute."
Hir maistres clepeth wommen a gret route,
And up they risen, a ten other a twelve.
Up ryseth fresshe Canace hir selve,
As rody and bright, as is the yonge sonne
That in the ram is ten degrees i-ronne; 10700
No hiher was he, whan sche redy was;
And forth sche walked esily a pas,
Arayed after the lusty sesoun soote
Lightly for to play, and walke on foote,
Nought but with fyve or six of hir meyné;
And in a trench fer in the park goth sche.
The vapour, which that of the erthe glod,
Maketh the sonne seme rody and brod;
But natheles, it was so fair a sight,
That it made alle here hertes for to light, 10710

10663 *moche met*. This reading is taken from the Lansd Ms The Harl Ms has *that mathe and labour*, the word *mathe* being perhaps a misreading for *met*. Tyrwhitt reads *mochel drinke*, and observes,—"So Mss C. 1 HA In Ms A it is, *That mete and labour* In Ask. 1 2, *Thog after moche labour*. In several other Mss and editt C 1 2, *That moche mete and labour*. We must search further, I apprehend, for the true meaning"

10666. *blood*. According to the old physicians, blood was in domination during the latter part of the night and the earlier part of the day Tyrwhitt quotes from the lib. Galeno adscr. de natura &c. tom v p. 327: Sanguis dominatur horis septem ab hora noctis nona ad horam diei tertiam

10700 *ten*. This is the reading of the Harl. and Lansd. Mss. Tyrwhitt reads, *fo[illegible] e degrees*.

What for the sesoun, what for the mornyng
And for the foules that sche herde syng
For right anoon sche wiste what thay mente
Right by here song, and knew al here entente.
The knotte, why that every tale is told,
If that it be taryed til lust be cold
Of hem that han it after herkned yore,
The savour passeth ever lenger the more,
For fulsomnes of the prolixite,
And by this same resoun thinketh me 10720
I schulde to the knotte condescende,
And make of hir walkyng some an ende.
Amyddes a tree fordruye, as whit as chalk,
As Canace was pleyyng in hir walk,
Ther sat a faukoun over hir heed ful hye,
That with a pitous vois bigan to crye,
That all the wode resowned of hire cry,
And beten hadde sche hir self so pitously
With bothe hir wynges, til the reede blood
Ran endelong the tree, ther as sche stood. 10730
And ever in oon sche cried and sche schright,
And with hir bek hir selve so sche pight,
That ther nys tygre non ne cruel best
That dwelleth eyther in wood or in foreste,
That nolde han wept, if that he wepen cowde,
For sorwe of hir, sche schright alwey so lowde.
For ther nas never yit no man on lyve,
If that he couthe a faukoun wel discryve,
That herd of such another of fairnesse
As wel of plumage as of gentilesse 10740
Of schap, of al that might rekened be.
A faukoun peregryn than semed sche
Of fremde lond, and ever as sche stood
Sche swowned now and now for lak of blood,
Til wel neigh is sche fallen fro the tree.
This faire kynges doughter Canace,
That on hir fynger bar the queynte ryng,
Thurgh which sche understood wel every thing
That eny foul may in his lydne seyn,
And couthe answer him in his lydne ageyn, 10750
Hath understonde what this faukoun seyde,
And wel neigh almost for the rewthe sche deyde.
And to the tree sche goth ful hastily,
And on this faukoun loketh pitously,
And held hir lappe abrood, for wel sche wist
The faukoun moste falle fro the twist
Whan that she swowned next, for lak of blood.
A long whil to wayten hir sche stood,
Til atte last sche spak in this manere
Unto the hauk, as ye schul after heere. 10760
"What is the cause, if it be for to telle,
That ye ben in that furyalle peyne of helle?"
Quod Canace unto this hauk above;
'Is this for sorwe of deth, or elles love?
For, as I trowe, this ben causes tuo
That causen most a gentil herte wo;
Of other harm it needeth nought to speke,
For ye your self upon your self awreke,
Which preveth wel, that either ire or drede
Mote ben enchesoun of your cruel dede, 10770
Sith that I see noon other wight you chace.
For love of God, so doth your selve grace
Or what may ben your helpe? for west ner est
Ne saugh I never er now no bryd ne beste,
That ferde with him self so pitously.
Ye sle me with your sorwe so verrily,
I have of you so gret compassioun.
For Goddes love, come fro the tree adoun,
And as I am a kynges doughter trewe,
If that I verrayly the cause knewe 10780
Of your disese, if it lay in my might,
I wold amenden it, or that it wer night,
Als wisly help me grete God of kynde.
And herbes schal I right y-nowe fynde,
To helen with your hurtes hastyly."
Tho schright this faukoun more pitously
Than ever sche did, and fil to ground anoon,
And lay aswowne, deed as eny stoon,
Til Canace hath in hir lappe y-take,
Unto that tyme sche gan of swowne slake. 10790
And after that sche gan of swown abreyde,
Right in hir haukes lydne thus sche sayde.
That pite renneth sone in gentil hert
(Felyng his similitude in peynes smerte)
Is proved alday, as men may see,
As wel by werk as by auctorite,
For gentil herte kepeth gentillesse.
I see wel that ye have on my distresse
Compassioun, my faire Canace,
Of verray wommanly benignite, 10800
That nature in your principles hath set.
But for noon hope for to fare the bet,
But for to obeye unto your herte fre,
And for to make othere war by me,
As by the whelp chastised is the lyoun,
And for that cause and that conclusioun,
Whiles that I have a leyser and a space,
Myn harm I wil confessen er I pace."
And whil sche ever of hir sorwe tolde,
That other wept, as sche to water wolde, 10810
Til that the faukoun bad hir to be stille,
And with a sighe thus sche sayd hir tille.
'Ther I was bred, (allas that ilke day!)
And fostred in a roche of marble gray
So tendirly, that nothing eyled me,
I ne wiste not what was adversite,
Til I couthe flee ful heigh under the sky.
Tho dwelled a tercelet me faste by,
That semed welle of alle gentilesse,
Al were he ful of tresoun and falsnesse,
It was so wrapped under humble cheere, 10820
And under hewe of trouthe in such manere,
Under plesaunce, and under besy peyne,
That no wight wende that he couthe feyne,*
So deep in greyn he deyed his colours.
Right as a serpent hut him under floures
Til he may see his tyme for to byte,
Right so this god of loves ypocrite
Doth so his cerimonys and his obeisaunce,
Under subtil colour and aqueyntaunce,
That sowneth unto gentilesse of love. 10830

* 10742 *a faukoun peregryn* "This species of falcon is thus described in the *Tresor de Brun Latin*, P. i. ch. *Des Faucons*, MS. Reg. 19, C. x. La seconde lignie est *faucons*, que hom apele *pelerins*, par ce que nus ne trove son ni; ains est pris autresi come en *pelerinage*, et est mult legiers a norrir, et mult cortois, et vaillans, et de bone maniere. Chaucer adds, that this falcon was of *fremde*, or *fremed*, *lond*, from a *foreign country*."—*Tyrwhitt*.

10782 *or that it wer night*. The Harl. MS. reads *if that I might*, which appears to be too nearly a repetition of the conclusion of the preceding line.

10827 *god of loves ypocrite*. This is Tyrwhitt's reading. The Harl. MS. has *this god of love this ypocryte*, which appears not to give so good a meaning. The Lansd. MS. reads, *this god of love ypocrite*.

10828 In the Lansd. MS., with which Tyrwhitt agrees, these two lines stand thus,—

Dothe so his ceremonies and obeisances,
And keped in semblant al his observances.

As in a tombe is al the faire above,
And under is the corps, whiche that ye wot;
Such was this ipocrite, bothe cold and hot,
And in this wise he served his entent,
That, sauf the feend, noon wiste what he ment.
Til he so long had weped and compleyned,
And many a yeer his service to me feyned,
Til that myn hert, to pitous and to nyce,
Al innocent of his crouned malice,
For-fered of his deth, as thoughte me, 10840
Upon his othes and his sewerté,
Graunted him love, on this condicioun,
That evermo myn honour and my renoun
Were saved, both pryvy and apert;
That is to sayn, that, after his desert,
I gaf him al myn hert and al my thought,
(God woot, and he, that other weye nought)
And took his hert in chaunge of myn for ay.
But soth is sayd, go sithens many a day, 10849
A trew wight and a theef thenketh nought oon.
And when he saugh the thyng so fer i-goon,
That I had graunted him fully my love,
In such a wyse as I have sayd above,
And geven him my trewe hert as fré
As he swor that he gaf his herte to me,
Anon this tigre, ful of doublenesse,
Fil on his knees with so gret devoutenesse,
With so high reverence, as by his chere,
So lyk a gentil lover of manere,
So ravysched, as it semede, for joye, 10860
That never Jason, ne Parys of Troye,
Jason? certes, ne noon other man,
Sith Lameth was, that altherfirst bygan
To loven two, as writen folk biforn,
Ne never sith the firste man was born,
Ne couthe man by twenty thousand part
Contrefete the sophemes of his art;
Ne were worthy to unbokel his galoche,
Ther doublenes of feynyng schold approche,
Ne so couthe thankyn a wight, as he did me.
His maner was an heven for to see 10871
To eny womman, were sche never so wys;
So peynteth he and kembeth poynt devys,
As wel his wordes, as his continaunce.
And I so loved him for his obeisaunce,
And for the trouthe I demed in his herte,
That if so were that eny thing him smerte,
Al were it never so litel, and I it wist,
Me thought I felte deth at myn hert twist.
And schortly, so ferforth this thing is went, 10880
That my wil was his willes instrument;
This is to say, my wille obeied his wille
In alle thing, as fer as resoun fille,
Kepyng the boundes of my worschip ever;
Ne never had I thing so leef, ne lever,
As him, God woot, ne never schal nomo.
This laste lenger than a yeer or two,
That I supposed of him nought but good.
But fynally, atte laste thus it stood,
That fortune wolde that he moste twynne 10890
Out of the place which that I was inne.
Wher me was wo, it is no questioun;
I can not make of it descripcioun.
For o thing dar I telle boldely,
I know what is the peyne of deth, therby,
Which harm I felt, for he ne mighte byleve.
So on a day of me he took his leve,
So sorwful eek, that I wend verrayly,
That he had feled als moche harm as I, 10900
Whan that I herd him speke, and saugh his hewe.
But natheles, I thought he was so trewe,
And eek that he schulde repeire ageyn
Withinne a litel while, soth to seyn,
And resoun wold eek that he moste go
For his honour, as oft happeth so.
Than I made vertu of necessité,
And took it wel, sethens it moste be.
As I best might, I had fro him my sorwe,
And took him by the hand, seint John to borwe,
And sayde thus: 'Lo, I am youres al, 10911
Beth such as I have be to you and schal.'
What he answerd, it needeth nat to reherse;
Who can say bet than he, who can do werse?
Whan he hath al wel sayd, than hath he doon.
Therfor bihoveth him a ful long spoon,
That schal ete with a feend; thus herd I say.
So atte last he moste forth his way,
And forth he fleeth, til he cam ther him leste.
Whan it cam him to purpos for to reste, 10920
I trow he hadde thilke text in mynde,
That alle thing repeyryng to his kynde
Gladeth himself; thus seyn men, as I gesse;
Men loven of kynde newefangilnesse,
As briddes doon, that men in cage feede.
For theigh thou night and day take of hem heede,
And straw her cage faire and soft as silk,
And geve hem sugre, hony, breed, and mylk,
Yet right anoon as that his dore is uppe,
He with his feet wil sporne doun his cuppe, 10930
And to the wode he wil, and wormes ete;
So newefangel be thei of her mete,
And loven non leverés of propre kinde;
No gentiles of blood ne may hem binde.
So ferde this tercelet, alas the day!
Though he were gentil born, and fresh, and gay,
And goodly for to see, and humble, and free,
He saw upon a time a kite fle,
And sodeynly he loved this kite soo,
That al his love is clene fro me goo; 10940
And hath his trouthe falsed in this wise.
Thus hathe the kite my love in hir servise,
And I am lorne withoute remedy."
And with that worde this faukon gan to cry,
And swowneth eft in Canacees barme.
Gret was the sorwe for that haukes harme,
That Canace and alle hire wommen made;
They nysten howe they myght the faukon glade.
But Canace hom bereth hir in hir lappe,
And softely in plastres gan hir wrappe, 10950

10906. *as oft happeth so.* In the Harl. Ms. these words have been omitted by a blunder of the scribe. The lacune is supplied from the Lansd. Ms.

10916. *a ful long spoon.* This singular proverb appears to be of considerable antiquity It occurs more frequently in the sixteenth century; among a few proverbs of this date printed in the *Reliq Antiq* vol. i. p 208, one is, "He hath need of a long spoone that eateth with the devill." So in Shakespeare, *Com. of Errors*, iv. 3, "Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil;" and *Tempest*, ii 2, Stephano says, "Mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon"

10920. *thilke text.* "Boethius, l. iii. met 2:

Repetunt proprios quæque recursus,
Redituque suo singula gaudent."

10930. A leaf or two have unfortunately been lost from the Harleian Ms. after this line, and I am obliged to take the remainder of the tale from Tyrwhitt, collated with the Lansd. Ms.

10938. *non leverés*—no ravins. Tyrwhitt has, loven novelrees.

Ther as sche with hir bek hadde hurt hir selve.
Now can nought Canace bot herbes delve
Out of the grounde, and maken salves newe
Of herbes precious and fyne of hewe,
To helen with this hauk; fro day to night
Sche doth hir besines, and al hir might.
And by hir beddes heed sche made a mewe,
And covered it with veluettes blewe, 10958
In signe of trewthe that is in womman seene;
And al withoute the mewe is peynted greene,
In whiche were peynted alle this false foules,
As ben this tideves, tercelettes, and owles;
And pies, on hem for to crye and chide,
Right for despite were peynted hem byside.
Thus lete I Canace hir hauk kepyng.
I wil nomore nowe speken of hir rynge,
Til it come eft to purpos for to seyn,
How that this faukon gat hir love ageyn
Repentaunt, as the story telleth us,
By mediacioun of Camballus 10970
The kinges sone, of which that I yow tolde;
But hennesforth I wil my proces holde
To speken of aventures, and of batailes,
That yit was never herd so grete mervailes.
First wil I telle yow of Cambynskan,
That in his time many a cité wan;
And after wil I speke of Algarsif,
How that he wan Theodora to his wif,
For whom ful ofte in grete peril he was,
Ne had he ben holpen by the hors of bras. 10980
And after wil I speke of Camballo,
That fought in listes with the bretheren tuo
For Canace, er that he might hir wynne,
And ther I left I wol ageyn beginne.

* * * * * * * *

THE FRANKELEYNES PROLOGE.

"In faith, Squier, thou hast the wel y-quit
And gentilly, I preise wel thy wit,"
Quod the Frankeleyn, "considering thin youthe,
So felingly thou spekest, sire, I aloue the,
As to my dome, ther is non that is here,
Of eloquence that schal be thy pere, 10990
If that thou live; God geve thee goode chance,
And in vertue send the continaunce,
For of thy speking I have gret deinté.
I have a sone, and by the Trinité
It were me lever than twenty pound worth lond,
Though it right now were fallen in my hond,
He were a man of swiche discretion,
As that ye ben; fie on possession,
But if a man be vertuous withal.
I have my sone snibbed, and yet shal, 11000
For he to vertue listeth not to entend,
But for to play at dis, and to dispend,
And lese all that he hath, is his usage;
And he had lever talken with a page,
Than to commune with any gentil wight,
Ther he might leren gentillesse aright.".
"Straw for your gentillesse!" quod our hoste.
"What? Frankeleyn, pardé, sire, wel thou wost,
That eche of you mote tellen at the lest
A tale or two, or breken his behest" 11010
"That know I wel, sire," quod the Frankeleyn,
"I pray you haveth me not in disdein,
Though I to this man speke a word or two."
"Tell on thy tale, withouten wordes mo."
"Gladly, sire hoste," quod he, "I wol obeye
Unto your wille; now herkeneth what I seye;
I wol you not contrarien in no wise,
As fer as that my wittes may suffice.
I pray to God that it may plesen you,
That wot I wel that it is good y-now. 11020
"This olde gentil Bretons in here daies
Of divers aventures maden laies,
Rimyden in her firste Breton tonge;
Whiche laies with here instrumentes thei songe,
Other elles redden hem for her plesance,
And one of hem have I in remembrance,
Which I schal seie with goode wil as I can.
But, sires, because I am a burel man,
At my beginnyng first I you beseche
Haveth me excused of my rude speche. 11030
I lerned never rethorik certeine;
Thinge that I speke, it most be bare and pleine;
I slept never on the mount of Parnaso,
Ne lerned Marcus, Tullius, ne Cithero.
Colours ne know I non, withouten drede,
But suche colours as growen in the mede,
Or elles suche as men deye with or peinte;

10958. *blewe* Blue was the colour of truth.

10963-4. I have followed Tyrwhitt in transposing these two lines, which stand in the Lansd. and other MSS.—

> Right for despite were peynted hem bytide,
> And pies, on hem for to crye and chide.

10977-8 "are also transposed. According to the common arrangement, old Cambuscan is to *win Theodora to his wif*, and we are not told what is to be the object of Algarsif's adventures."—*Tyrwhitt.*

10981. *of Camballo.* "Ms. A. reads *Caballo.* But that is not my only reason for suspecting a mistake in this name. It seems clear from the context, that the person here intended is not *a brother*, but *a lover*, of Canace,

> Who fought in listes with *the brethren two*
> For Canace, or, that he might hire *wynne.*

The brethren two are obviously the two brethren of Canace, who have been mentioned above, Algarsif and Camballo. In Ms. Ask 1, 2, it is, *hir brethren two;* which would put the matter out of all doubt Camballo could not fight with himself. Again, if this Camballo be supposed to be the brother of Canace, and to fight in defence of her with some two brethren, who might be suitors to her, according to Spencer's fiction, he could not properly be said to *wynne* his sister, when he only prevented others from winning her. The outline therefore of the unfinished part of this tale, according to my idea, is nearly this; the conclusion of the story of the *Faucon,*

> By mediation of *Camballus,*

with the help of the *ring;* the conquests of *Cambuskan;* the winning of Theodora by *Algarsif*, with the assistance of *the horse of brass;* and the marriage of Canace to *some knight*, who was first obliged to fight for her with her two brethren; a method of courtship very consonant to the spirit of ancient chivalry."—*Tyrwhitt.*

10984. In the Lansd. Ms., in which the Squyeres Tale is followed by the tale of the Wyf of Bathe, the following lines are added as a sort of conclusion to the former:—

> Bot I wil here now maake a knotte
> To the time it come next to my lotte;
> For here be felawes behinde an hepe treulye,
> That wolde talke ful besilye,
> And have her sporte as wele as I,
> And the daie passeth fast certanly.
> Therefore, oste, taketh nowe goode heede
> Who schalle next telle, and late him speede.

10985. All from this line to l. 11020 is omitted in the Lansdowne and other MSS., and I have given it chiefly from Tyrwhitt.

11021. *gentil Bretons.* The Breton "lales" here alluded to were very famous in the middle ages; but they involve a question in literary history of considerable difficulty, into which we cannot enter on the present occasion.

11034. *Marcus, Tullius, ne Cithero.* This is the reading of the Lansdowne Ms., and I am inclined to think it may be the right one, Chaucer's intention being to exhibit the Frankeleyne's ignorance of classical literature.

I

Colours of rethorik ben to me queynte;
My spirit feleth nought of suche matiere.
But if you luste my tale schal ye here." 11040

THE FRANKELEYNES TALE.

In Armorik, that clepid is Bretaigne,
Ther was a knyght, that loved and dede his peyne
To serven a lady in his beste wise;
And many a labour, many a grete emprise
He for his lady wrouht, or sche were wonne;
For sche was on the fairest under sonne,
And eke therto com of so hihe kinrede,
That wele unnethes dorst this knyht for drede
Tel hir his woo, his peyne, and his distresse.
But at the last, sche for his worthinesse, 11050
And namely for his meke obeissaunce,
Hath suche a pité caught of his penance,
That prively sche fel of his accorde
To take him for hir husbonde and hir lorde,
(Of suche lordschip as men han over hire wyves);
And, for to lede the more in blisse her lyves,
Of his fre wil he swore hire as a knyht,
That never in his wil be day ne nyht
Ne scholde he upon him take no maistrie
Ageines hir wille, ne kythe hire jelousye, 11060
But hire obeie, and folowe hire wille in al,
As any lover to his lady schal,
Save that the name of sovereigneté
That wolde he have for schame of his degré.
Sche thonketh him, and with ful grete humblesse
Sche seide; "Sir, seththe ye of youre gentillesse
Ye profer me to have als large a reyne,
Ne wold nevere God betwix us tweyne,
As in my gulte, were eyther werre or strif
Sir, I wil be youre humble trewe wif, 11070
Have here my trouthe, til that myn herte bruste."
Thus ben they bothe in quiete and in reste.
For o thinge, sires, saufly dar I seie,
That frendes everyche other motte obeie,
If thei wil longe holde compaigné
Love wil nouht been constreyned by maistrie.
Whan maistré commeth, the god of love anon
Beteth his winges, and fare wel, he is gon
Love is a thinge, as any spirit, fre.
Wommen of kinde desiren liberté, 11080
And nouht to be constreined as a thral.
And so doth men, if I the sothe saie schal.
Loke who that is most pacient in love,
He is at his avantage al above
Pacience is an hihe vertue certein,
For it venquissheth, as this clerkes sein,
Thinges that rigour never sholde atteine.
For every worde men may nouht chide ne pleine.
Lerneth to suffren, or elles, so most I gon,
Ye schul it lerne whether ye wol or non. 11090
For in this world certein no wight ther is,
That he ne doth or seyth som time amis.
Ire, or siknesse, or constellacioun,
Wyn, wo, or chaunginge of complexioun,
Causeth ful oft to don amys or speken.
On every wronge men maye nouht be wreken,
After the time most be temperaunce
To every wight that can of governance

And therfor hath this worthy wise knight
To liven in ese suffrance hir behight; 11100
And sche to him ful wisely gan to swere,
That nevere schold ther be defaute in hire.
Here may men seen an humble wise accorde;
Thus hath sche take hire servant and hir lorde,
Servant in love, and lorde in mariage.
Than was he bothe in lordeschipe and servage?
Servage? nay, but in lordeschip al above,
Sithen he hath bothe his lady and his love;
His lady certes, and his wif also,
The which that law of love accordeth to. 11110
And whan he was in this prosperité,
Home with his wif he goth to his contré,
Nouht fer fro Penmarke, ther his dwellinge was,
Wher as he liveth in blisse and in solas.
Who couthe telle, but he had wedded be,
The joye, the ese, and the prosperite,
That is betwix an housbond and his wif?
A yere and more lasteth this blisful lif,
Til that this knight, of which I spak of thus,
That of Cairrud was cleped Arviragus, 11120
Schope him to gon and dwelle a yere or tweyne
In Engelond, that cleped eke was Bretayne,
To seke in armes worschipe and honour,
(For al his lust he set in suche labour);
And dwelleth there tuo yere, the boke seith thus.
Now wil I stint of this Arviragus,
And speken I wil of Dorigen his wif,
That loveth hire husbond as hire hertes lif.
For his absence wepeth sche and siketh,
As don this noble wives whan hem liketh, 11130
Sche morneth, waketh, waileth, fasteth, pleyneth;
Desire of his presence hir so distreineth,
That al this wide world sche set at nouht.
Hire frendes, which that knewe hir hevy thouht,
Comforten hire in al that ever thei may,
Thei prechen hire, thei tellen hire nyht and day,
That causeles sche sleth hir self, alas!
And every comfort possible in this cas
They don to hire, with al hire businesse,
And al to make hire leve hire hevynesse. 11140
By proces, as ye knowen everychone,
Men mowe so longe graven in a stone,
Til som figure therinne emprinted be,
So longe have thei comforted hire, that sche
Receyved hath, by hope and by resoun,
The emprintinge of hire consolacioun,
Thorugh which hire grete sorwe gan assuage;
Sche may not alway duren in suche rage.
And eke Arviragus, in al this care,
Hath sent his lettres home of his welfare, 11150
And that he wolde come hastily ageyn,
Or elles had this sorwe hire herte sleyn.
Hire frendes sauh hire sorwe gan to slake,
And preiden hire on knees, for Goddes sake,
To come and romen in hire companye,
Away to driven hire derke fantasie;
And finally sche graunted that requeste,
For wel sche sauh that it was for the beste.
Now stode hir castel faste by the see,
And often with hire frendes walked sche, 11160
Hir to disporten on the bank an hihe,
Wher as sche many a schip and barge sihe,

The Frankeleynes Tale. The ley, from which Chaucer informs us that he took this tale appears to be entirely lost; but Boccacio, who made up his *Decameron* from the popular fabliaux and tales of the time, has preserved a version of this story in that work, *Day* x. num. 5, as well as in the fifth book of his *Philocopo*.

11113 *Penmarke.* Penmark is on the western coast of Britany, between Brest and l'Orient.

11120 *Cairrud.* So Tyrwhitt gives the name, but he does not inform us where the place is situated. In the Lansd. Ms. it is called *Kayred*.

Sailinge her cours, wher as hem liste to go.
But yit was that a parcel of hir wo,
For to hir selve ful oft, "alas!" seid sche,
"Is ther no schip, of so many as I se,
Wil bringen home my lorde? than were myn herte
Al warisshed of this bitter peine smerte."
Another time wold sche sitte and thinke,
And kast hir eye dounward fro the brinke; 11170
But whan sche sawh the grisly rokkes blake,
For verray fere so wolde hire herte quake,
That on hir feet sche myhte nouht hir sustene.
Than wolde sche sit adoun upon the grene,
And pitously into the see biholde,
And seyn right thus, with careful sikes colde.
"Eterne God, that thorugh thy purveance
Ledest this world by certein governance,
In idel, as men sein, ye nothinge make.
But, lord, this grisely fendely rockes blake, 11180
That semen rather a foule confusioun
Of werke, than any faire creacioun
Of suche a parfit wise God and stable,
Why han ye wrouht this werk unresonable?
For by this werke, southe, northe, este, ne west,
Ther nis i fostred man, ne brid, ne best;
It doth no good, to my wit, but anoyeth.
Se ye nouht, lord, how mankind it destroyeth?
An hundred thousand bodies of mankinde 11189
Han rokkes slein, al be they nouht in mynde;
Which mankinde is so faire parte of thy werke,
Thou madest it lik to thyn owen merke,
Than, semeth it, ye had a gret cherté
Toward mankinde; but how than may it be,
That ye suche menes make it to destroyen?
Which menes doth no good, but ever anoyen.
I woot wel, clerkes woln sein as hem lest
By argumentz, that al is for the best,
Though I ne can the causes nought y-knowe;
But thilke God that maad the wind to blowe, 11200
As kepe my lord, this is my conclusioun;
To clerkes lete I al disputisoun;
But wolde God, that al this rokkes blake
Were sonken into helle for his sake!
This rokkes slee myn herte for the fere."
Thus wold sche say with many a pitous tere.
Hire frendes sawe that it nas no disport
To romen by the see, but discomfort,
And schope hem for to pleien somwhere elles.
They leden hire by rivers and by welles, 11210
And eke in other places delitables;
They daunceen and they pley at ches and tables.
So on a day, right in the morwe tide,
Unto a gardeyn that was ther beside,
In which that they had made her ordinance
Of vitaile, and of other purveance,
They gon and plaie hem al the longe day;
And this was on the sixte morwe of May,
Which May had peinted with his softe schoures
This gardeyn ful of loves and floures: 11220
And craft of mannes hond so curiously
Arrayed had this gardeyn trewely,
That never was ther gardeyn of suche pris,
But if it were the verray paradis.
The odour of floures and the fresshe siht,
Wold han y-maked any herte light
That ever was born, but if to gret sikenesse
Or to gret sorwe held it in distresse,
So ful it was of beauté and plesaunce.
And after dinner gan thay to daunce 11230
And singe also, sauf Dorigen alone,
Which made alway hire compleynt and hire mone,
For sche ne sawh him on the daunce go,
That was hir housbond, and hire love also;
But natheles sche moste hir time abide,
And with good hope lete hire sorwe slide.
Upon this daunce, amonges othere men,
Daunced a squier before Dorigen,
That fresscher was and jolier of array,
As to my dome, than is the moneth of May. 11240
He singeth and daunseth passing any man,
That is or was siththe that the world began;
Therwith he was, if men schuld him descrive,
On of the beste faringe men on live,
Yonge, strong, riht virtuous, and riche, and wise,
And wel beloved, and holden in gret prise.
And schortly, if the soth I tellen schal,
Unweting of this Dorigen at al,
This lusty squier, servant to Venus,
Which that y-cleped was Aurilius, 11250
Had loved hire best of any creature
Two yere and more, as was his adventure;
But never dorst he tellen hire his grevance,
Withouten cuppe he drank al his penance.
He was dispeired, nothing dorst he seye,
Sauf in his songes somwhat wolde he wreye
His woo, as in a general compleyning;
He said, he loved, and was beloved nothing.
Of suche matier made he many layes,
Songes, compleyntes, roundelets, virelayes; 11260
How that he dorste not his sorwe telle,
But languissheth as doth a fuyr in helle;
And deie he must, he seid, as did Ekko
For Narcisus, that dorst nought telle hir wo.
In other maner than ye here me seye,
Ne dorst he nouht to hire his wo bewreye,
Sauf that paraventure som time at daunces,
Ther yonge folk kepen her observaunces,
It may wel be he loked on hir face
In suche a wise, as man that axeth grace, 11270
But nothing wiste sche of his entent.
Natheles it happed, er they thennes went,
Because that he was hire neighebour,
And was a man of worschipe and honour,
And had y-knowen him oft times yore,
Thei felle in speche, and forth ay more and more
Unto his purpos drowh Aurilius;
And whan he sawh his time, he seide thus.
"Madame," quod he, "by God, that this world made,
So that I wist it might your herte glade, 11280
I wolde that day, that your Arviragus
Went over see, that I Aurilius
Had went ther I schold never come agein;
For wel I wot my servise is in vein,
My guerdon nys but bresting of myn herte.
Madame, reweth upon my peines smerte,
For with a word ye may me sle or save.
Here at youre feet God wold that I were grave!
I ne have as now no leiser more to seye;
Have mercy, swete, or ye wol do me deye." 11290
Sche gan to loke upon Aurilius;
"Is this your wil," quod sche, "and say ye thus?
Never erst," quod sche, "ne wist I what ye ment;
But now, Aurilie, I know your entent.
But thilke God, that gave me soule and lif,

11264. *Narcisus.* This classic personage was known popularly in the middle ages, from the circumstance of his having been made the subject of a French fabliau or metrical story.

Ne schal I never ben untrewe wif
In word ne werk, as fer as I have witte,
I wil ben his to whom that I am knitte.
Take this for final answer as of me."
But after that in play thus seide sche; 11300
"Aurilie," quod sche, "by hihe God above,
Yit wil I graunte you to be your love,
(Sin I yow see so pitously compleyne),
Loke, what day that endelong Breteigne
Ye remewe al the rokkes, ston by ston,
That they ne letten schip ne bote to gon,
I say, whan ye have maad this cost so clene
Of rokkes, that ther nys no ston y-sene,
Than wol I love yow best of any man,
Have here my trouthe, in al that ever I can; 11310
For wel I wot that that schal never betide.
Let suche folie out of youre herte glide.
What deynté scholde a man have in his lif,
For to go love another mannes wif,
That hath hir body whan that ever him liketh?"
Aurilius ful often sore siketh;
"Is ther non other grace in you?" quod he.
"No, by that lord," quod sche, "that maked me."
Wo was Aurilie whan that he this herde,
And with a sorweful herte he thus answerde. 11320
"Madame," quod he, "this were an impossible.
Than moste I deie of sodeyn deth horrible."
And with that word he turned him anon.
Tho come hir other frendes many on,
And in the alleyes romed up and doun,
And nothing wist of this conclusioun,
But sodeynly began to revel newe,
Til that the brighte sonne had lost his hewe,
For the orizont had reft the sonne his liht,
(This is as much to sayn as it was nyht); 11330
And home thei gon in joye and solas;
Sauf only wrecche Aurilius, alas!
He to his hous is gon with sorweful herte.
He saith, he may not from his deth asterte.
Him semeth, that he felt his herte colde.
Up to the heven his handes gan he holde,
And on his knees bare he set him doun,
And in his raving seid his orisoun.
For verray wo out of his witte he braide, 11339
He nyst nouht what he spak, but thus he seide;
With pitous herte his pleynt hath he begonne
Unto the goddes, and first unto the sonne.
He seid, "Apollo, God and governour
Of every plante, herbe, tre, and flour,
That givest after thy declinacioun
To eche of hem his tyme and sesoun,
As that thin herbergh chaungeth low and hihe;
Lord Phebus, cast thy merciable eye
On wrecche Aurilie, which that am for-lorne.
Lo, lord, my lady hath my deth y-sworne 11350
Withouten gilt, but thy benignité
Upon my dedly herte have some pité.
For wel I wot, lord Phebus, if you lest,
Ye may me helpen, sauf my lady, best.
Now voucheth sauf, that I may you devise
How that I may be holpe and in what wise.
Your blisful suster, Lucina the schene,
That of the see is chief goddes and qwene;—
Though Neptunus have deité in the see,
Yit emperes aboven him is sche; 11360
Ye knowe wel, lord, that right as hir desire
Is to be quiked and lihted of your fire,
For which sche folwith yow ful besily,
Right so the see desireth naturelly
To folwen hir, as sche that is goddesse
Both in the see and rivers more and lesse.
Wherfor, lord Phebus, this is my request,
Do this miracle, or do myn herte brest;
That now next at this opposicioun,
Which in the signe schal be of the Lyoun, 11370
As preyeth hire so grete a flood to bringe,
That five fathome at the lest it overspringe
The hihest rokke in Armorik Bretaine,
And let this flod enduren yeres twaine;
Than certes to my lady may I say,
Holdeth your hest, the rokkes ben away.
Lord Phebus, this miracle doth for me,
Prey hire sche go no faster cours than ye;
I sey this, preyeth your suster that sche go
No faster cours than ye this yeres tuo; 11380
Than schal sche even be at ful alway,
And spring-flood lasten bothe night and day.
And but sche vouchesauf in suche manere
To graunten me my sovereigne lady dere,
Prey hir to sinken every rok adoun
Into hir owen darke regioun
Under the grounde, ther Pluto duelleth inne,
Or nevermo schal I my lady wynne.
Thy temple in Delphos wil I barfote seke;
Lord Phebus, se the teres on my cheke, 11390
And on my peyne have some compassioun."
And with that word in sorwe he fel adoun,
And longe time he lay forth in a traunce.
His brother, which that knew of his penaunce,
Up cauht him, and to bed he hath him brouht.
Dispeired in this turment and this thouht,
Let I this woful creature lye,
Chese he for me whether he wol leve or deye.
Arviragus with hele and grete honour
(As he that was of chevalrie the flour) 11400
Is comen home, and other worthy men.
O, blisful art thou now, thou Dorigen,
That hast thy lusty housbond in thin armes,
The fressche knight, the worthy man of armes,
That loveth the, as his owen hertes lif;
Nothing list him to be imaginatif,
If any wight had spoke, while he was oute,
To hire of love; he had of that no doute;
He nouht entendeth to no suche matere, 11409
But dauncceth, justeth, and maketh mery chere.
And thus in joye and blisse I let hem dwelle,
And of the sike Aurilius wol I telle.
In langour and in turment furius
Two yere and more lay wrecche Aurilius,
Er any foot on erthe he mighte gon;
Ne comfort in this time had he non,
Sauf of his brother, which that was a clerk.
He knew of al this wo and al this werk;
For to non other creature certein
Of this matere he dorste no word seyn; 11420
Under his brest he bar it more secré
Than ever dede Pamphilus for Galathé.
His brest was hole withouten for to sene,
But in his herte ay was the arwe kene;

11422. *Pamphilus for Galathé.* The allusion is to a popular medieval poem commonly known by the name of *Pamphilus*, in which a person of this name gives the history of his amour with Galatea, and which commences with the following lines (conveying the idea alluded to by Chaucer),—

Vulneror et clausum porto sub pectore telum,
Crescit et assidue plaga dolorque mihi;
Et ferientis adhuc non audeo dicere nomen
Nec sinit aspectus plaga videre suos.

And wel ye wote that of a sursanure
In surgerie ful perilous is the cure,
But men myght touche the arwe or come therby.
His brother wepeth and weyleth prively,
Til at the last him fel in remembraunce,
That whiles he was in Orleaunce in Fraunce,
As yonge clerkes, that ben likerous 11431
To reden artes that ben curious,
Seken in every halke and every herne
Particulere sciences for to lerne,
He him remembreth, that upon a day
At Orleaunce in studie a boke he seye
Of magik naturel, which his felaw,
That was that time a bacheler of law,
Al were he ther to lerne another craft,
Had prively upon his desk y-laft; 11440
Which book spak moche of operaciouns
Touchinge the eight and twenty mansiouns
That longen to the mone, and suche folie
As in oure dayes nys not worth a flye;
For holy cherches feith, in oure byleve,
Ne suffreth non illusioun us to greve.
And whan this boke was in his remembraunce,
Anon for joye his herte gan to daunce,
And to him self he seide prively;
"My brother schal be warisshed hastely; 11450
For I am siker that ther be sciences,
By which men maken divers apparences,
Such as this subtil tregetoures pleyn.
For oft at festes have I wel herd seyn,
That tregetoures, within an halle large,
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and doun.
Som time hath semed come a grim lyoun;
And som time floures springe as in a mede;
Som time a vine, and grapes white and rede; 11460
Som time a castel al of lime and ston,
And whan hem liketh voideth it anon;
Thus semeth it to every mannes sight.
Now than conclude I thus, if that I might
At Orleaunce som olde felaw finde,
That hath this mones mansions in mynde,
Or other magik naturel above,
He scholde wel make my brother have his love.
For with an apparence a clerk may make
To mannes sight, that alle the rokkes blake 11470
Of Breteigne were y-voided everichon,
And schippes by the brinke comen and gon,
And in suche forme endure a day or tuo;
Than were my brother warisshed of his wo,
Than most sche nedes holden hire behest,
Or elles he schal schame hire at the lest."
What schold I make a lenger tale of this?
Unto his brothers bedde comen he is,
And suche comfort he gaf him, for to gon
To Orleaunce, that he up stert anon, 11480
And on his way forth-ward than is he fare,
In hope for to ben lissed of his care.
Whan they were come almost to that cité,
But if it were a tuo furlong or thre,
A yonge clerke roming by himself they mette,
Which that in Latine thriftily hem grette.
And after that he seyd a wonder thinge;
"I know," quod he, "the cause of your comynge."
And er they forther any foote went,
He told hem al that was in her entent. 11490
This Breton clerk him asked of felawes,
The which he had y-knowen in olde dawes;
And he answerd him that they dede were,
For which he wept ful often many a tere.
Doun of his hors Aurilius light anon,
And forth with this magicien is he gon
Home to his hous, and made him wel at ese;
Hem lacked no vitaile that might hem plese.
So wel arraied hous as ther was on,
Aurilius in his lif saw never non. 11500
He schewed him, er they went to soupere,
Forestes, parkes ful of wilde dere.
Ther saw he hartes with her hornes hee,
The gretest that were ever seen with eye.
He saw of hem an hundred slain with houndes,
And som with arwes blede of bitter woundes.
He saw, whan voided were the wilde dere,
Thise faukoners upon a faire rivere,
That with hir haukes han the heron slein.
Tho saw he knyhtes justen in a pleyn. 11510
And after this he dede him suche plesaunce,
That he him schewed his lady in a daunce,
On which him selven daunced, as him thouht.
And whan this maister, that this magik wrouht,
Saw it was time, he clapped his hondes two,
And fare wel, al the revel is ago.
And yet remued they never out of the hous,
Whiles they sawe alle this sightes mervelous;
But in his stodie, ther his bokes be, 11519
They saten stille, and no wight but they thre.
To him this maister called than his squyere,
And sayde him thus, "May we go to soupere?
Almost an houre it is, I undertake,
Sin I yow bad our soper for to make,
Whan that this worthy men wenten with me
Into my stodie, ther as my bokes be."
"Sire," quod this squyere, "whan it lyketh you,
It is al redy, though ye wolde righte now."
"Go we than soupe," quod he, "as for the best,
This amorous folk som time moste have rest."
At after soper fel they in treté 11531
What somme schold his maisters guerdon be,
To remue alle the rokkes of Bretaigne,
And eke fro Geroundo to the mouth of Seine.
He made it strange, and swore, so God him save,
Lesse than a thousand pound he wolde nought have,
Ne gladly for that somme he wolde not goon.
Aurilius with blisful hert anoon
Answerde thus; "Fy on a thousand pound!
This wyde world, which that men say is round,
I wold it give, if I were lord of it.* 11541
This bargeyn is ful dryve, for we ben knyt;
Ye schal be payed trewly by my trouthe.
But loketh now, for necligence or slouthe,
Ye tarie us heer no lenger than to morwe."
"Nay," quod this clerk, "have her my faith to borwe."
To bed is goon Aurilius whan him leste,
And wel neigh al night he had his reste,
What for his labour, and his hope of blisse,
His woful hert of penaunce had a lisse. 11550
Upon the morwe, whan that it was day,
To Breteign take thei the righte way,
Aurilius, and this magicien bisyde,

11430. *Orleaunce in Fraunce.* There was a celebrated and very ancient university at Orleans, which fell into disrepute as the university of Paris became famous; and the rivalry probably led to the imputation that the occult sciences were cultivated at Orleans.

11535. The lacuna in the Harl. Ms. ends with this line.

And ben descendid ther thay wol abyde;
And this was, as these bookes me remembre,
The colde frosty seisoun of Decembre.
Phebus wax old, and hewed lyk latoun,
That in his hoote declinacioun
Schon as the burned gold, with stremes bright;
But now in Capricorn adoun he light. 11560
Wher as he schon ful pale, I dar wel sayn.
The bitter frostes with the sleet and rayn
Destroyed hath the grene in every yerd.
Janus sit by the fayr with double berd,
And drynketh of his bugle horn the wyn;
Biforn him stont the braun of toskid swyn,
And *nowel* crieth every lusty man.
Aurilius, in al that ever he can,
Doth to his maister chier and reverence,
And peyneth him to doon his diligence 11570
To bringen him out of his peynes smerte,
Or with a swerd that he wold slytte his herte.
This subtil clerk such routhe had of this man,
That night and day he spedeth him, that he can,
To wayte a tyme of his conclusioun;
This is to say, to make illusioun,
By such an apparence of jogelrie,
(I can no termes of astrologie)
That sche and every wight schold wene and saye,
That of Bretevgn the rokkes were awaye, 11580
Or elles they sonken were under the grounde.
So atte last he hath a tyme i-founde
To make his japes and his wrecchednesse
Of such a supersticious cursednesse.
His tables Tollitanes forth he brought
Ful wel corrected, ne ther lakked nought,
Neither his collect, ne his expans yeeres,
Neither his rootes, ne his other geeres,
As ben his centris, and his argumentis,
And his proporcionels convenientis 11590
For her equaciouns in every thing.
And by his thre speeres in his werching,
He knew ful wel how fer Alnath was schove
Fro the heed of thilk fixe Aries above,
That in the fourthe speere considred is.
Ful subtilly he calkiled al this.
Whan he had founde his firste mancioun,
He knew the remenaunt by proporcioun;
And knew the arisyng of his moone wel,
And in whos face, and terme, and every del;
And knew ful wel the moones mancioun 11601
Acordaunt to his operacioun;
And knew also his other observaunces,
For suche illusiouns and suche meschaunces,
As hethen folk used in thilke dayes.
For which no lenger maked he delayes,
But thurgh his magik, for a wike or tweye,
It semed that the rokkes were awaye.
Aurilius, which yet dispayred is
Wher he schal han his love or fare amys, 11610
Awayteth night and day on this miracle;
And whan he knew that ther was noon obstacle,
That voyded were these rokkes everichoon,
Doun to his maistres feet he fel anoon,
And sayd: "I wrecched woful Aurilius,
Thanke you, lord, and my lady Venus,
That me han holpe fro my cares colde."
And to the temple his way forth he hath holde,
Wher as he knew he schold his lady se. 11619
And whan he saugh his tyme, anoon right he
With dredful hert and with ful humble cheere
Salued hath his owne lady deere.
"My soverayn lady," quod this woful man,
"Whom I most drede, and love, as I can,
And lothest were of al this world displese,
Nere it that I for you have such desese,
That I most deye her at youre foot anoon.
Nought wold I telle how me is wo bygoon,
But certes outher most I dye or pleyne,
Ye sleen me gulteles for verrey peyne. 11630
But of my deth though that ye have no routhe,
Avyseth yow, or that ye breke your trouthe;
Repenteth yow for thilke God above,
Or ye me sleen, bycause that I you love.
For, madame, wel ye woot what ye han hight;
Nat that I chalenge eny thing of right
Of yow, my soverayn lady, but youre grace;
But in a gardyn yonde, at such a place
Ye woot right wel what ye byhighte me
And in myn hond your trouthe plighte ye, 11640
To love me best, God woot ye sayde so
Al be that I unworthy am therto:
Madame, I speke it for thonour of yow,
More than to save myn hertes lif right now;
I have do so as ye comaunded me.
And if ye vouche sauf, ye may go se.
Doth as you list, have youre biheste in mynde,
For quyk or deed, right ther ye schul me fynde;
In yow lith al to do me lyve or deye:
But wel I wot the rokkes ben aweye." 11650
He taketh his leve, and sche astoned stood;
In alle hir face nas oon drop of blood;
Sche wende never have be in such a trappe.
"Allas!" quod sche, "that ever this schulde happe!
For wend I never by possibilité,
That such a monstre or merveyl mighte be;
It is agayns the proces of nature."
And hom sche goth a sorwful creature,
For verray fere unnethe may sche go.
Sche wepeth, wayleth al a day or tuo, 11660
And swowneth, that in routhe was to see;
But why it was, to no wight tolde sche,
For out of toune was goon Arviragus.
But to hir self sche spak, and sayde thus,
With face pale, and with ful sorwful chiere,
In hir compleint, as ye schul after hiere.
"Allas!" quod sche, "on the, fortune, I pleyne,
That unwar wrapped me hast in thy cheyne,
Fro which tescape, woot I no socour,
Save oonly deth, or elles dishonour; 11670
Oon of these tuo bihoveth me to chese.
But natheles, yet have I lever leese
My lif, than of my body to have schame,
Or knowe my selve fals, or lese my name;
And with my deth I may be quyt i-wys.
Hath ther not many a noble wyf, er this,
And many a mayden, slayn hir self, allas!
Rather than with her body doon trespas?

11585 *His tables Tollitanes.* "The Astronomical Tables, composed by order of Alphonso X., king of Castille, about the middle of the thirteenth century, were called sometimes *Tabulæ Toletanæ*, from their being adapted to the city of Toledo. There is a very elegant copy of them in Ms Harl. 3647. I am not sufficiently skilled in ancient astronomy to add any thing to the explanation of the following technical terms, drawn chiefly from those tables, which has been given in the Addit. to Gloss. Urr."—*Tyrwhitt.*

11592. *thre.* Tyrwhitt, with the Ms. Lansd., reads *eighte.*

11593. *Alnath.* The first star in the horns of Aries, whence the first mansion of the moon is named.

11595. *fourthe.* Tyrwhitt, with Ms Lansd., reads *nynthe.*

Yis certeynly; lo, stories beren witnes.
When thritty tirauntz ful of cursednes 11680
Hadde slayn Phidon in Athenes atte fest,
Thay comaunded his doughtres to arest,
And bryngen hem biforn hem in despit
Al naked, to fulfille her foule delyt;
And in her fadres blood they made hem daunce
Upon the pavyment, God geve hem meschaunce.
For which these woful maydens, ful of drede,
Rather than they wolde lese her maydenhede,
They prively ben stert into a welle, 11689
And drenched hem selfen, as the bookes telle.
"They of Mecene leet enquere and seeke
Of Lacidomye fifty maydenes eeke,
On which thay wolden doon her leccherie;
But was ther noon of al that companye
That sche nas slayn, and with a good entente
Ches rather for to deye, than to assente
To ben oppressed of hir maydenhede.
Why schuld I than to deyen ben in drede?
"Lo eek the tyraunt Aristoclides,
That loved a mayden heet Stimphalides, 11700
Whan that hir father slayn was on a night,
Unto Dyanes temple goth sche right,
And hent the ymage in hir hondes tuo,
Fro which ymage wold sche never go,
No wight might of it hir hondes race,
Til sche was slayn right in the selve place.
Now sith that maydens hadde such despit
To ben defouled with mannes foul delit,
Wel aught a wyf rather hir self to sle,
Than be defouled, as it thenketh me. 11710
"What schal I seyn of Hasdrubaldes wyf,
That at Cartage byraft hir self the lyf?
For whan sche saugh that Romayns wan the toun,
Sche took hir children alle, and skipte adoun
Into the fuyr, and ches rather to deye,
Than eny Romayn dide hir vilonye.
"Hath nought Lucresse slayn hir self, allas!
At Rome, whanne sche oppressid was
Of Tarquyn? for hir thought it was a schame
To lyven, whan sche hadde lost hir name. 11720
"The seven maydens of Milesie also
Han slayn hem self for verray drede and wo,
Rather than folk of Gawle hem schulde oppresse.
Mo than a thousand stories, as I gesse,
Couthe I now telle as touching this matiere.
"Whan Habradace was slayn, his wif so deere
Hir selven slough, and leet hir blood to glyde
In Habradaces woundes, deepe and wyde;
And seyde, my body atte leste way
Ther schal no wight defoulen, if I may. 11730
What schold I mo ensamples herof sayn?
Seththen so many han hem selven slayn
Wel rather than they wolde defouled be,
I wol conclude that it is best for me
To slen my self than be defouled thus.
I wol be trewe unto Arviragus.
Or rather sle my self in som manere,
As dede Demociouis doughter deere,
Bycause sche wolde nought defouled be.
O Cedasus, it is ful gret pité 11740
To reden how thy doughteren dyed, allas!
That slowe hem self for suche maner caas.
As gret a pité was it or wel more,
The Theban mayden, that for Nichonore
Hir selven slough, right for such maner wo.
Another Theban mayden dede right so,
For oon of Macidone had hir oppressed,
Sche with hire deth hire maydenhede redressed.
What schal I sayn of Niceratis wif,
That for such caas biraft hir self hir lyf? 11750
How trewe eek was to Alcebiades
His love, that for to dyen rather ches,
Than for to suffre his body unburied be?
Lo, which a wif was Alceste?" quod sche,
"What saith Omer of good Penolope?
Al Grece knoweth of hir chastité.
Pardi, of Laodomya is writen thus,
That whan at Troye was slayn Prothesilaus,
No lenger wol sche lyve after his day.
The same of noble Porcia telle I may; 11760
Withoute Brutus coude sche not lyve,
To whom sche had al hool hir herte gyve.
The parfyt wyfhod of Artemesye
Honoured is thurgh al the Barbarie.
O Teuta queen, thy wifly chastité
To alle wyves may a mirour be."
Thus playned Dorigen a day or tweye,
Purposyng ever that sche wolde deye;
But natheles upon the thridde night
Hom cam Arviragus, the worthy knight, 11770
And asked hir why that sche wept so sore;
And sche gan wepe ever lenger the more.
"Allas!" quod sche, "that ever was I born!
Thus have I sayd," quod sche, "thus have I sworn;"
And told him al, as ye han herd biforn;
It nedeth nought reherse it you no more.
This housbond with glad chiere in good wise
Answerd and sayde, as I schal you devyse.
"Is ther aught elles, Dorigen, but this?" 11779
"Nay, nay," quod sche, "God me so rede and wis,
This is to moche, and it were Goddes wille."
"Ye, wyf," quod he, "let slepe that may be stille,
It may be wel peraunter yet to day,
Ye schal your trouthe holden, by my fay.
For God so wisly have mercy on me,
I hadde wel lever i-stekid for to be,
For verray love which that I to you have,
But if ye scholde your trouthe kepe and save.
Trouthe is the heighest thing that men may kepe."
But with that word he gan anoon to wepe, 11790
And sayde, "I yow forbede up peyne of deth,
That never whil ye lasteth lyf or breth,
To no wight telle you of this aventure.
As I may best I wil my woo endure.
Ne make no contenaunce of hevynesse,
That folk of you may deme harm or gesse."
And forth he cleped a squyer and a mayde.
"Go forth anoon with Dorigen," he sayde,
"And bryngeth hir to such a place anoon."
Thay take her leve, and on her wey they gon;
But thay ne wiste why sche thider went, 11801
He nolde no wight tellen his entent.

11679. *stories beren witnes.* They are all taken from *Hieronymus contra Jovinianum*, l. i. c. 39.

11761. The Harl. Ms. reads this line, apparently incorrectly, *withoute Brutes kynd: sche myght not lyve.*

11765. *Teuta* The Harl. Ms reads *O Thena.*

11766. *To alle wyves* "After this verse the two following are found in several MSS.—

The same thing I say of Bilia,
Of Rhodogone and of Valeria.

But as they are wanting in Mss A. C.1 Ask. 1, 2, HA., I was not unwilling to leave them out."—*Tyrwhitt.*

11802. *He nolde.* "After this verse ed. Ca. 2 has the six following:

Peraventure an hepe of you, I wis,
Will holden him a lewed man in this,

This squyer, which that hight Aurilius,
On Dorigen that was so amerous,
Of aventure happed hire to mete
Amyd the toun, right in the quyke strete;
As sche was boun to goon the wey forth-right
Toward the gardyn, ther as sche had hight.
And he was to the gardyn-ward also;
For wel he spyed whan sche wolde go 11810
Out of hir hous, to eny maner place.
But thus thay mette of adventure or grace,
And he salueth hir with glad entent,
And askith hire whider-ward sche went.
And sche answered, half as sche were mad,
"Unto the gardyn, as myn housbond bad,
My trouthe for to holde, allas! allas!"
Aurilius gan wondren on this caas,
And in his hert had gret compassioun
Of hire, and of hir lamentacioun, 11820
And of Arviragus the worthy knight,
That bad hir hold al that sche hadde hight,
So loth him was his wif schuld breke hir trouthe.
And in his hert he caught of this gret routhe,
Consideryng the best on every syde,
That fro his lust yet were him lever abyde,
Than doon so high a cheerlissch wrecchednesse
Agayns fraunchis of alle gentilesse;
For which in fewe wordes sayd he thus.
"Madame, saith to your lord Arviragus, 11830
That sith I se his grete gentilesse
To you, and eek I se wel your distresse,
That him were lever have schame (and that were routhe)
Than ye to me schulde breke youre trouthe,
I have wel lever ever to suffre woo,
Than I departe the love bytwix yow tuo,
I yow relesse, madame, into your hond
Quyt every seurement and every bond
That ye han maad to me as herbiforn,
Sith thilke tyme which that ye were born. 11840
My trouthe I plight, I schal yow never repreve
Of no byhest, and her I take my leve,
As of the trewest and the beste wif
That ever yit I knew in al my lyf.
But every wyf be war of hir byhest;
On Dorigen remembreth atte lest.
Thus can a squyer doon a gentil dede,
As wel as can a knyght, withouten drede."
Sche thanketh him upon hir knees al bare,
And hoom unto hir housbond is sche fare, 11850
And told him al, as ye han herd me sayd;
And, be ye siker, he was so wel apayd,
That it were impossible me to write.
What schuld I lenger of this caas endite?
Arviragus and Dorigen his wif
In sovereyn blisse leden forth here lyf,
Never eft ne was ther anger hem bytwen;
He cherisscheth hir as though sche were a queen,
And sche was to him trewe for evermore;
Of these tuo folk ye gete of me nomore. 11860

Aurilius, that his cost hath al for-lorn,
Curseth the tyme that ever he was born.
"Allas!" quod he, "allas, that I byhight
Of pured gold a thousand pound of wight
Unto this philosophre! how schal I doo?
I se no more, but that I am for-doo.
Myn heritage moot I needes selle,
And ben a begger, her may I not duelle,
And schamen al my kynrede in this place,
But I of him may gete better grace. 11870
But natheles I wol of him assay
At certeyn dayes yeer by yer to pay,
And thanke him of his grete curtesye.
My trouthe wol I kepe, I wol not lye."
With herte soor he goth unto his cofre,
And broughte gold unto this philosophre,
The value of fyf hundred pound, I gesse,
And him bysecheth of his gentilesse
To graunte him dayes of the remenaunt;
And sayde, "Maister, I dar wel make avaunt,
I fayled never of my trouthe as yit. 11881
For sikerly my dettes schal be quyt
Towardes yow, how so that ever I fare
To goon and begge in my kurtil bare;
But wolde ye vouchesauf upon seurte
Tuo yer or thre for to respite me,
Than were I wel, for elles most I selle
Myn heritage, ther is nomore to telle."
This philosophre sobrely answerde, 11889
And seyde thus, whan he these wordes herde;
"Have I not holden covenaunt unto the?"
"Yis certes, wel and trewely," quod he.
"Hastow nought had thy lady as the liketh?"
"No, no," quod he, and sorwfully he siketh.
"What was the cause? tel me, if thou can."
Aurilius his tale anoon bygan,
And told him al as ye han herd bifore,
It needeth nat to you reherse it more.
He sayde, Arviragus of gentilesse
Had lever dye in sorwe and in distresse, 11900
Than that his wyf were of hir trouthe fals.
The sorwe of Dorigen he tolde him als,
How loth hir was to ben a wikked wyf,
And that sche lever had han lost hir lyf;
And that hir trouthe sche swor thurgh innocence;
Sche never erst hadde herd speke of apparence;
"That made me han of hir so gret pyté.
And right as frely as he sente hir to me,
As frely sent I hir to him agayn. 11909
This is al and som, ther is no more to sayn."
The philosophre answerde, "Leve brother,
Everich of yow dede gentilly to other;
Thow art a squyer, and he is knight,
But God forbede, for his blisful might,
But if a clerk couthe doon as gentil dede
As wel as eny of you, it is no drede.
Sire, I relesse the thy thousand pound,
As thou right now were crope out of the ground,
Ne never er now ne haddest knowen me.
For, sire, I wil not take a peny of the 11920
For al my craft, ne nought for al my travayle;
Thou hast y-payed wel for my vitayle.
It is y-nough, and far wel, have good day."
And took his hors, and forth he goth his way.
Lordynges, this questioun wolde I axe now,

That he woll put his wife in jeopardie.
Herkneth the tale, or ye upon him crie.
Sche may have better fortune than you semeth;
And whan that ye han herde the tale demeth.

These lines are more in the style and manner of Chaucer than interpolations generally are; but as I do not remember to have found them in any MS., I could not receive them into the text. I think, too, that if they were written by him, he would probably, upon more mature consideration, have suppressed them, as unnecessarily anticipating the catastrophe of the tale."—*Tyrwhitt.*

11908. *And right as.* Ms. H[illegible]. reads this and the next line,—

Bycause hir housebond sente hir to me,
And right as frely [illegible]ut I hir to him ageyn.

Which was the moste free, as thinketh yow?
Now telleth me, er that I ferther wende.
I can no more, my tale is at an ende.

THE SECOUNDE NONNES TALE.

The minister and the nor[illegible]unto vices,
Which that men clepe in Englisch ydelnesse,
The porter at the gates is of delicis; 11931
To eschiewe, and by her contrary hire oppresse,
That is to say, by leful besynesse,
Wel oughte we to do al oure entente,
Lest that the fend thurgh ydelnesse us hente.
For he that with his thousand cordes slye
Continuelly us wayteth to byclappe,
Whan he may man in ydelnes espye,
He can so lightly cacche him in his trappe,
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe, 11940
He is nought ware the fend hath him in honde;
Wel oughte we wirche, and ydelnes withstonde.
And though men dredde never for to deye,
Yet seen men wel by resoun douteles,
That ydelnes is rote of sloggardye,
Of which ther cometh never good encres;
And sin that slouth he holdeth in a lees,
Oonly to sleep, and for to ete and drynke,
And to devoure al that other swynke.
And for to put us from such ydelnes, 11950
That cause is of so gret confusioun,
I have her doon my faithful busynes
After the legende in translacioun
Right of this glorious lif and passioun, [lylye,
Thou with thi garlond, wrought with rose and
The mene I, mayde and martir Cecilie;
And thou, that flour of virgines art alle,
Of whom that Bernard lust so wel to write,
To the at my bygynnyng first I calle;
Thou comfort of us wrecches, do me endite 11960
Thy maydenes deth, that wan thurgh hire merite
Theternal lif, and of the feend victorie,
As man may after reden in hir storie.
Thou mayde and moder, doughter of thi sone,
Thow welle of mercy, synful soules cure,
In whom that God of bountés chees to wone;
Thou humble and heyh over every creature,
Thow nobelest so ferforth oure nature,
That no disdeyn the maker had of kynde 11969
His sone in blood and fleissh to clothe and wynde.
Withinne the cloyster of thi blisful sydes,
Took mannes schap the eternal love and pees,
That of the trine compas lord and guyde is,
Whom erthe, and see, and heven out of relees
Ay herien; and thou, virgine wemmeles,
Bar of thy body, and dwellest mayden pure,
The creatour of every creature.
Assembled is in the magnificence
With mercy, goodnes, and with such pitee,
That thou, that art the soune of excellence, 11980
Not oonly helpist hem that prayen the,
But often tyme of thy benignité
Ful frely, er that men thin help bisoche,
Thou gost biforn, and art her lyfes leche.
Now help, thou meke and blisful faire mayde,
Me flemed wrecche, in this desert of galle;
Thenk on the womman Cananee, that sayde
That whelpes ete some of the crommes alle
That from her lordes table ben i-falle;
And though that I, unworthy sone of Eve, 11990
Be synful, yet accepte my bileve.
And for that faith is deth withouten werkis,
So for to werken give me witt and space,
That I be quit fro thennes that most derk is;
O thou, that art so fair and ful of grace,
Be myn advocat in that hihe place,
Ther as withouten ende is songe Osanne,
Thou Cristes moder, doughter deere of Anne.
And of thi light my soule in prisoun light,
That troubled is by the contagioun 12000
Of my body, and also by the wight
Of everich lust and fals affeccioun;
O heven of refuyt, o salvacioun
Of hem that ben in sorwe and in destresse,
Now help, for to my werk I wil me dresse.
Yet pray I you that reden that I write,
Forgeve me, that I doo no diligence
This ilke story subtilly to endite.
For bothe have I the wordes and sentence
Of him, that at the seintes reverence 12010
The story wroot, and folwen hir legende,
And pray yow that ye wol my werk amende.
First wol I yow the name of seint Cecilie
Expoune, as men may in hir story se;
It is to say on Englisch, hevenes lilie,
For pure chastenesse of virginité,
Or for sche witnesse hadde of honesté
And grene of conscience, and of good fame
The soote savour, lilie was her name.
Or Cecile is to say, the way of blynde, 12020
For sche ensample was by way of techynge;
Or elles Cecily, as I writen fynde,
Is joyned by a maner conjoynynge
Of heven and *lya*, and here in figurynge
The heven is sette for thought of holynesse,
And *lya*, for hir lastyng besynesse.
Cecili may eek be seyd in this manere,
Wantyng of blyndnes, for hir grete light
Of sapience, and of thilke thewes cleere.
Or elles lo, this maydenes name bright 12030
Of heven and *los* comes, for which by right
Men might hir wel the heven of peple calle,
Ensample of goode and wise werkes alle.
For *leos* peple in Englissh is to say;
And right as men may in the heven see
The sonne and moone, and sterres every way,
Right so men gostly in this mayden free
Seen of faith the magnanimité,

11926 *Which was the moste free* Tyrwhitt remarks that, "The same question is stated in the conclusion of Boccaco's tale. *Philoc* 1, v Dubitasi ora qual di costoro fusse maggior liberalità, &c. The queen determines in favour of the husband " It may be further observed that this conclusion of the story gives it the character of those questions which were usually debated in the medieval courts of love.

The Secounde Nonnes Tale. This is almost a literal translation from the life of St. Cecilia in the *Legenda Aurea*. It appears to have been first composed by Chaucer as a separate work, and is enumerated as such in the *Legende of Good Women*, l 426 In two manuscripts quoted by Tyrwhitt, some lines, evidently not by Chaucer, are prefixed as an introduction. It may be added that here the Harleian Ms. differs from Tyrwhitt's edition in the arrangement of the tales, which renders it impossible to continue my original intention of preserving Tyrwhitt's numbering of the lines.

11958 *Bernard*. Some of the most eloquent of the sermons of St. Bernard are on the nativity and assumption of the Virgin.

11987. *the womman Cananee*. The Harl. Ms. reads erroneously *the womman Canace*.

12013. *the name*. These punning explanations of proper names were very fashionable in the middle ages. In the present instance, they are translated directly from the prologue to the Latin legend.

And eek the clerne scool of sapience,
And sondry werkes bright of excellence. 12040
And right so as these philosofies wryte,
That hoven is swyft and round, and eek brennynge,
Right so was faire Cecily the whyte
Ful swyft and besy ever in good werkynge,
And round and hool in good perseverynge,
And brennyng ever in charité ful bright;
Now have I yow declared what sche hight
This mayden bright Cecilie, as hir lyf saith,
Was comen of Romayns and of noble kynde.
And from hir cradel fostred in the faith 12050
Of Crist, and bar his Gospel in hir mynde,
Sche never cessed, as I writen fynde,
Of hire prayer, and God to love and drede,
Byseching him to kepe hir maydenhede.
And whan this mayde schuld unto a man
Y-wedded be, that was ful yong of age,
Which that i-cleped was Valirian,
And day was comen of hir mariage,
Sche ful devout and humble in hir corrage,
Under hir robe of gold, that sat ful faire, 12060
Hadde next hir flessh i-clad hir in an heire.
And whil the organs made melodie,
To God alloon in herte thus sang sche;
"O Lord, my soule and eek my body gye
Unwemmed, lest that I confounded be."
And for his love that deyde upon a tre,
Every secound or thridde day sche faste,
Ay biddyng in hire orisouns ful faste.
The nyght cam, and to bedde most sche goon
With hir housbond, as oft is the manere, 12070
And prively to him sche sayde anoon;
"O swete and wel biloved spouse deere,
Ther is a counseil, and ye wold it heere,
Which that right fayn I wold unto you seye,
So that ye swere ye schul it not bywreye."
Valirian gan fast unto hir swere,
That for no caas ne thing that mighte be,
He scholde never mo bywreye hire,
And thenne at erst thus to him sayde sche;
"I have an aungel which that loveth me, 12080
That with gret love, wher so I wake or slepe,
Is redy ay my body for to kepe.
"And if that he may felen, out of drede,
That ye me touche or love in vilonye,
He right anoon wil sle you with the dede,
And in youre yonthe thus schulde ye dye.
And if that ye in clene love me gye,
He wol yow love as me, for your clennesse,
And schewe to you his joye and his brightnesse."
Valirian, corrected as God wolde, 12090
Answerde agayn. "If I schal truste the,
Let me that aungel se, and him biholde;
And if that it a verray aungel be,
Than wol I doon as thou hast prayed me;
And if thou love another man, forsothe
Right with this swerd than wol I slee you bothe."
Cecilie answerd anoon right in this wise;
"If that yow list, the aungel schul ye see,
So that ye trowe on Crist, and you baptise.
Goth forth to Via Apia," quod sche, 12100
"That fro this toun ne stant but myles thre,
And to the pore folkes that ther duelle
Saith hem right thus, as that I schal you telle.
"Tell hem, I Cecilie yow unto hem sent,
To schewen yow the good Urban the olde,
For secré nedes, and for good entente;
And whan that ye seint Urban han byholde,
Tel him the wordes which that I to yow tolde;
And whan that he hath purged you fro synne,
Than schul ye se that aungel er ye twynne."
Valirian is to the place y-goon, 12111
And right as him was taught by his lernynge,
He fond this holy old Urban anoon
Among the seyntes buriels lotynge;
And he anoon withoute tarynge
Did his message, and whan that he it tolde,
Urban for joye his handes gan upholde.
The teres from his eyghen let he falle,
"Almyghty Lord, O Jhesu Crist," quod he,
"Sower of chaste counseil, herde of us alle, 12120
The fruyt of thilke seed of chastité
That thou hast sowe in Cecilie, tak to the;
Loo, like a busy bee withouten gyle
The serveth ay thin owne thral Cecile.
"For thilke spouse, that sche took right now
Ful lyk a fers lyoun, sche sendeth here
As meek as ever was eny lamb to yow."
And with that word anoon ther gan appere
An old man, clad in white clothes clere,
That had a book with lettres of gold in honde,
And gan to-forn Valirian to stonde 12131
Valirian, as deed, fyl doun for drede,
Whan he him say, and he him up hente tho,
And on his book right thus he gan to rede,
"On Lord, o feith, oon God withouten mo,
On Cristendom, and oon fader of alle also,
Aboven alle, and over alle every where;"
This wordes al with golde writen were.
Whan this was red, than seide this olde man,
"Levest thou this thing or no? say ye or nay."
"I leve al this thing," quod Valirian, 12141
"For sother thing than this, I dar wel saye,
Under the heven no wight thenken maye."
Tho vanysched the old man, he nyste where,
And pope Urban him cristened right there.
Valirian goth hom, and fint Cecilie
Withinne his chambre with an aungel stonde.
This aungel had of roses and of lilie
Corounes tuo, the which he ber in honde.
And first to Cecilie, as I understonde, 12150
He gaf that oon, and after can he take
That other to Valirian hir make.
"With body clene, and with unwemmed thought,
Kepeth ay wel these corouns tuo," quod he,
"Fro paradys to you I have hem brought,
Ne never moo ne schul they roten be,
Ne lese here swoote savour, trusteth me,
Ne never wight schal seen hem with his ye,
But he be chast, and hate vilonye.
"And thou Valirian, for thou so soone 12160
Assentedist to good counseil, also
Say what the list, and thou schalt have thi boone."
"I have a brother," quod Valirian tho,
"That in this world I love no man so,
I pray yow that my brother may have grace
To knowe the trouthe, as I do in this place."
The aungel sayde, "God liketh thy request,
And bothe with the palme of marturdom

12068. This line has been omitted by the scribe of the Harl. Ms., the next line there commencing, *If ye me touche*.

12114. *lotynge*. The Latin legend has, *inter sepulchra martyrum latitantem invenit*.

12138-12144. These lines are omitted in Ms. Harl. by the inadvertence of the scribe.

Ye schullen come unto his blisful feste." 12169
And with that word, Tiburce his brother com.
And whan that he the savour undernom,
Which that the roses and the lilies cast,
Withinne his hert he gan to wondre fast.
And sayde, "I wondre this tyme of the yer,
Whennes this soote savour cometh so
Of rose and lilies, that I smelle her;
For though I had hem in myn hondes tuo,
The savour might in me no depper go.
The swete smel, that in myn hert I fynde,
Hath chaunged me al in another kynde." 12180
Valirian sayd, "Tuo corouns have we,
Snow-whyt and rose-reed, that schinen cleere,
Whiche that thine eyghen han no might to see;
And as thou smellest hem thurgh my prayere,
So schalt thou seen hem, lieve brothere deere,
If it so be thou wilt withouten slouthe
Bilieven aright, and knowen verray trouthe."
Tyburce answerde, "Says thou thus to me
In sothenes, or in drem I herkne this?"
"In dremes," quod Valirian, "han we be 12190
Unto this tyme, brother myn, i-wys;
But now at erst in trouthe oure duellyng is."
"How wost thou this," quod Tyburce, "and in what wise?"
Quod Valirian, "That schal I the devyse.
"The aungel of God hath me trouthe y-taught,
Which thou schalt seen, if that thou wilt reneye
The ydols, and be clene, and elles nought."
And of the miracles of these corones tweye
Seynt Ambrose in his prefas list to seye;
Solempnely this noble doctour deere 12200
Comendeth it, and saith in this maneere.
"The palme of martirdom for to receyve,
Seynt Cecilie, fulfilled of Goddes gifte,
The world and eek hir chamber gan sche weyve;
Witnes Tyburces and Cecilies shrifte,
To whiche God of his bounté wolde schifte
Corounes tuo, of floures wel smellynge,
And made his aungel home the croune brynge."
The mayde hath brought this men to blisse above;
The world hath wist what it is worth certeyn,
Devocioun of chastité to love. 12211
Tho schewed him Cecilie al open and pleyn,
That alle ydoles nys but thing in veyn;
For thay ben doumbe, and therto they ben deve,
And chargeth him his ydoles for to leve.
"Who so that troweth not this, a best he is,"
Quod this Tyburce, "if that I schal not lye."
And sche gan kisse his brest that herde this,
And was ful glad he couthe trouthe espye:
"This day I take the for myn allye," 12220
Sayde this blisful faire mayde deere;
And after that sche sayde as ye may heere.
"Lo, right so as the love of Crist," quod sche,
"Made me thy brotheres wyf, right in that wyse
Anoon for myn allye heer take I the,
Sin that thou wilt thyne ydoles despise.
Go with thi brother now and the baptise,
And make the clene, so that thou mowe biholde
The aungeles face, of which thy brother tolde."
Tyburce answerde, and sayde, "Brother dere,
First tel me whider I schal, and to what man."
"To whom?" quod he, "com forth with good cheere, 12232
I wol the lede unto the pope Urban."
"Til Urban? brother myn Valirian,"
Quod Tiburce, "wilt thou me thider lede?
Me thenketh that it were a wonder dede.
"Ne menist thou nat Urban," quod he tho,
"That is so ofte dampned to the deed,
And woneth in halkes alway to and fro,
And dar nought oones putte forth his heed? 12240
Men schold him brenne in a fuyr so reed,
If he were founde, or if men might him spye,
And we also to bere him companye.
"And whil we seken thilke divinité,
That is i-hyd in heven prively,
Algate i-brent in this world schuld we be."
To whom Cecilie answerde boldely,
Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully
This lyf to lese, myn oughne dere brother,
If this were lyvyng oonly and noon other. 12250
"But ther is better lif in other place,
That never schal be lost, ne drede the nought;
Which Goddes sone us tolde thurgh his grace,
That fadres sone that alle thing hath wrought;
And al that wrought is with a skilful thought,
The gost, that from the fader gan procede,
Hath sowled hem withouten eny drede.
"By word and miracle hihe Goddes sone,
Whan he was in this world, declared heere, 12259
That ther was other lyf ther men may wone."
To whom answerde Tyburce, "O suster deere,
Ne seydest thou right now in this manere,
Ther nys but oon God, o Lord, in sothfastnesse,
And now of thre how maystow bere witnesse?"
"That schal I telle," quod sche, "er that I go.
Right as a man hath sapiences thre,
Memorie, engin, and intellect also,
So in oo being in divinité
Thre persones may ther right wel be."
Tho gan sche him ful besily to preche 12270
Of Cristes come, and of his peynes teche,
And many pointes of his passioun;
How Goddes sone in this world was withholde
To doon mankynde pleyn remissioun,
That was i-bounde in synne and cares colde.
Al this thing sche unto Tyburce tolde,
And after this Tiburce in good entente,
With Valirian to pope Urban he wente,
That thanked God, and with glad hert and light
He cristened him, and made him in that place
Parfyt in his lernynge, Goddes knyght. 12281
And after this Tiburce gat such grace,
That every day he say in tyme and space
The aungel of God, and every maner boone
That he God asked, it was sped ful soone.
It were ful hard by ordre for to sayne

12169. *blisful feste.* This is the reading of the Harl. and Lansd Mss. The words of the Latin legend are,—Cui angelus, Placet Domino petitio tua, et ambo cum palma martyrii ad Dominum venietis. Tyrwhitt reads *rest.*

12198 The lines which follow, and which interrupt the narration very awkwardly, are translated almost literally from the Latin legend, in which Tyrwhitt supposes them to have been originally an interpolation.

12237. *Ne menist.* De illo Urbano dicis, qui totiens damnatus est, et adhuc in latebris commoratur?—*Lat. Leg.*

12247. *boldely.* The Harl. Ms. reads *bodyly.*

12266. *sapiences thre.* In the original Latin it is. Respondit Cecilia, Sicut in una hominis sapientia sunt tria, scilicet ingenium, memoria, et intellectus, sic in una divinitatis essentia tres personæ esse possent. In l. 15807, the Harl. Ms. reads erroneously *cyen* for *engin.*

12271. *come.* So the Harl. Ms., correctly. In the Lat. legend it is, Tunc cepit ei de *adventu* filii Dei et passione prædicare. Tyrwhitt reads *sonde.*

How many wondres Jesus for hem wroughte;
But atte last, to tellen schort and playne,
The sergeantz of the toun of Rome hem soughte,
And hem byforn Almache the prefect broughte,
Which hem apposed, and knew alle here entente,
And to the ymage of Jubiter hem sente; 12292
And saide, "Who so wil not sacrifise,
Swope of his heved, this my sentence heere."
Anoon these martires, that I you devyse,
Oon Maximus, that was an officere
Of the prefectes, and his corniculere,
Hem hent, and whan he forth the seyntes ladde,
Him self he wept for pité that he hadde.
When Maximus had herd the seintes lore,
He gat him of his tormentoures leve, 12301
And bad hem to his hous withouten more;
And with her preching, er that it were eve,
Thay gonne fro the tormentoures to reve,
And fro Maxime, and fro his folk echoone,
The false faith, to trowe in God alloone.
Cecilie cam, whan it was waxen night,
With prestis, that hem cristenid alle in feere;
And afterward, whan day was waxen light,
Cecilie hem sayde with a ful stedefast chere; 12310
"Now, Cristes owne knyghtes leef and deere,
Cast al away the werkes of derknes,
And armith you in armur of brightnes.
"Ye han forsothe y-doon a greet batayle;
Youre cours is doon, youre faith han ye conserved;
Goth to the coroun of lyf that may not fayle;
The rightful jugge, which that ye han served,
Schal geve it yow, as ye han it deserved."
And whan this thing was sayd, as I devyse,
Men ladde hem forth to doon the sacrifise. 12320
But whan they were to the place y-brought,
To telle schortly the conclusioun,
They nolde encense ne sacrifice right nought,
But on her knees they setten hem adoun,
With humble hert and sad devocioun,
And leften bothe her heedes in that place;
Here soules wenten to the king of grace.
This Maximus, that say this thing betyde,
With pitous teeres tolde it anoon right,
That he here soules saugh to heven glyde 12330
With aungels, ful of clernes and of light;
And with his word converted many a wight.
For which Almachius dede him so bete
With whippes of leed, til he his lif gan lete.
Cecilie him took, and buried him anoon
By Tiburce and Valirian softely,
Withinne hire berieng place, under the stoon.
And after this Almachius hastily
Bad his ministres fecchen openly
Cecilie, so that sche might in his presence 12340
Doon sacrifice, and Jubiter encense.
But they, converted at hir wise lore,
Wepten ful sore, and gaven ful credence
Unto hir word, and cryden more and more;
"Crist, Goddes sone, withouten difference,
Is verray God, this is al oure sentence,
That hath so good a servaunt him to serve;
Thus with oon vois we trowen, though we sterve."
Almachius, that herd of this doynge,
Bad fecchen Cecilie, that he might hir se; 12350
And alther-first, lo, this was his axinge;
"What maner womman art thou?" quod he.
"I am a gentil-womman born," quod sche.
"I axe the," quod he, "though the it greve,
Of thi religioun and of thi byleve."
"Ye han bygonne your questioun folily,"
Quod sche, "that wolden tuo answers conclude
In oo demaunde; ye axen lewedly."
Almache answerde to that similitude,
"Of whens cometh thin answering so rude?" 12360
"Of whens?" quod sche, whan she was i-freyned,
"Of conscience, and of good faith unfeyned."
Almachius sayde, "Takest thou noon heede
Of my power?" and sche answerde him this;
"Youre might," quod sche, "ful litel is to drede;
For every mortal mannes power nys
But lyk a bladder ful of wynd i-wis;
For with a nedeles poynt, whan it is blowe,
May al the bost of it be layd ful lowe."
"Ful wrongfully bygonnest thou," quod he,
"And yet in wrong is thy perseveraunce. 12371
Wostow nought how oure mighty princes fre
Han thus comaunded and maad ordinaunce,
That every cristen wight schal han penaunce,
But if that he his Cristendom withseye,
And goon al quyt, if he wil it reneye?"
"Youre princes erre, as youre nobleye doth,"
Quod tho Cecilie; "and with a wood sentence
Ye make us gulty, and it is nought soth;
For ye that knowen wel oure innocence, 12380
Forasmoche as we doon ay reverence
To Crist, and for we bere a Cristen name,
Ye putten on us a crim and eek a blame.
"But we that knowen thilke name so
For vertuous, we may it not withseye."
Almache sayde, "Cheese oon of these tuo,
Do sacrifice or Cristendom reneye,
That thou mow now eschapen by that weye."
At which the holy blisful faire mayde
Gan for to laughe, and to the jugge sayde; 12390
"O jugge confus in this nycete,
Wilt thou that I refuse innocence?
To make me a wikked wight," quod sche.
"Lo, he dissimuleth heer in audience,
He starith and woodith in his advertence."
To whom Almachius sayde, "Unsely wrecche,
Ne wostow nought how fer my might may
strecche?
Han nought our mighty princes to me y-given,
Ye bothe power and eek auctorité
To maken folk to deyen or to lyven? 12400
Why spekestow so proudly than to me?"
"I speke not but stedefastly," quod sche,
"Nought proudly, for I say, as for my syde,
We haten deedly thilke vice of pryde.
And if thou drede nought a soth to heere,
Than wol I schewe al openly by right,
That thou hast maad a ful greet lesyng heere.
Thou saist, thy princes han i-give the might
Bothe for to sleen and eek to quike a wight,
Thou that ne maist but oonly lif byreve, 12410
Thou hast noon other power ne no leve.
"But thou maist sayn, thi princes han the maked
Minister of deth: for if thou speke of moo,
Thow liest; for thy power is ful naked."
"Do way thy lewednes," sayd Almachius tho,
"And sacrifice to oure goddes, er thou go.

12297. *corniculeré.* The Harl. Ms. has *councilere.*
12302. *bad.* Tyrwhitt reads *lad;* and the Lansd. Ms. has *ladde.*
12333. *so bete.* The Lansd. Ms. has *so to-bete;* and Tyrwhitt adopts *dede him to-bete.*
12334. *whippes of leed.* Eum *plumbatis* tamdiu cædi fecit quousque spiritum excussit.—*Lat. Leg.*

12415. *lewednes.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *boldenes.*

I recche nought what wrong that thou me profre,
For I can suffre it as a philosophre.
"But thilke wronges may I not endure,
That thou spekis of oure goddis her," quod he.
Cecilie answered, "O nice creature, 12421
Thou saydest no word sins thou spak to me,
That I ne knew therwith thy niceté,
And that thou were in every maner wise
A lewed officer, a vein justise.
"Ther lakketh no thing to thin outer eyen
That thou art blynde; for thing that we seen alle
That it is stoon, that men may wel aspien,
That ilke stoon a god thou wilt it calle.
I rede the, let thin hond upon it falle, 12430
And tast it wel, and stoon thou schalt it fynde;
Sith that thou seest not with thin eyghen blynde.
"It is a schame that the poeple schal
So scorne the, and laughe at thi folye;
For comunly men woot it wel over al,
That mighty God is in his heven hye;
And these ymages, wel thou mayst espie,
To the ne to hem self may nought profyte,
For in effect they ben nought worth a myte."
Thise wordes and such other sayde sche; 12440
And he wax wroth, and bad men schold hir lede
Hom to hir hous; "And in hir hous," quod he,
"Brenne hir right in a bath of flammes rede."
And as he bad, right so was doon the dede;
For in a bath thay gonne hir faste schetten,
And nyght and day greet fuyr they under betten.
The longe night, and eek a day also,
For al the fuyr, and eek the bathes hete,
Sche sat al cold, and felte of it no woo,
It made hir not oon drope for to swete. 12450
But in that bath hir lif sche moste lete;
For he Almachius, with ful wikke entente,
To sleen hir in the bath his sondes sente.
Thre strokes in the nek he smot hir tho
The tormentour, but for no maner chaunce
He might nought smyte hir faire necke a-tuo.
And for ther was that tyme an ordinaunce
That no man scholde do man such penaunce
The ferthe strok to smyten, softe or sore,
This tormentour ne dorste do no more; 12460
But half deed, with hir nekke corven there
He laft hir lye, and on his way he went.
The cristen folk, which that about hir were,
With scheetes han the blood ful faire y-hent;
Thre dayes lyved sche in this torment,
And never cessed hem the faith to teche,
That sche had fostred hem, sche gan to preche.
And hem sche gaf hir moebles and hir thing,
And to the pope Urban bytook hem tho,
And sayd, "I axe this of heven kyng, 12470
To have respit thre dayes and no mo,
To recomende to yow, er that I go,
These soules lo, and that I mighte do wirche
Heer of myn hous perpetuelly a chirche."
Seynt Urban, with his dekenes prively
The body fette, and buried it by nighte
Among his other seyntes honestely.
Hir hous the chirch of seynt Cecily yit highte;
Seynt Urban halwed it, as he wel mighte;
In which into this day in noble wyse 12480
Men doon to Crist and to his seint servise.

12467. *fostred.* The Harl. Ms. has *suffred.*

THE PROLOGE OF THE CHANOUNS YEMAN.

Whan ended was the lif of seynt Cecile,
Er we fully had riden fyve myle,
At Boughtoun under Blee us gan atake
A man, that clothed was in clothes blake,
And under that he had a whit surplice,
His hakeney, that was a pomely grice,
So swete, that it wonder was to se,
It semed he hadde priked myles thre.
The hors eek that his yyman rood upon, 12490
So swette, that unnethes might he goon.
Aboute the peytrel stood the foom ful hye,
He was of foom as flekked as a pye.
A male tweyfold on his croper lay,
It semed that he caried litel array,
Al light for somer rood this worthy man.
And in myn herte wondren I bigan
What that he was, til that I understood,
How that his cloke was sowed unto his hood;
For which whan I long had avysed me, 12500
I demed him som chanoun for to be.
His hat heng at his bak doun by a laas,
For he had riden more than trot or paas,
He had i-pryked lik as he were wood.
A cloote-leef he had under his hood
For swoot, and for to kepe his heed from hete.
But it was joye for to se him swete;
His forhed dropped as a stillatorie
Were ful of plantayn and of peritorie. 12509
And whanne that he was com, he gan to crie,
"God save," quod he, "this joly compaignye!
Fast have I priked," quod he, "for your sake,
Bycause that I wolde you atake,
To ryden in this mery companye."
His yeman eek was ful of curtesye,
And seid, "Sires, now in the morwe tyde
Out of your ostelry I saugh you ryde,
And warned heer my lord and soverayn,
Which that to ryden with yow is ful fayn,
For his desport; he loveth daliaunce." 12520
"Frend, for thy warnyng God geve the good chaunce,"
Sayde oure host, "for certes it wolde seme
Thy lord were wys, and so I may wel deme;
He is ful jocound also dar I leye;
Can he ought telle a mery tale or tweye,
With which he glade may this companye?"
"Who, sire? my lord? Ye, ye, withoute lye,
He can of merthe and eek of jolité
Not but y-nough; also, sir, trusteth me,
And ye him knewe as wel as do I, 12530
Ye wolde wonder how wel and thriftily
He couthe werke, and that in sondry wise.
He hath take on him many sondry emprise,
Which were ful hard for eny that is heere
To bringe aboute, but thay of him it leere.
As homely as he ryt amonges yow,
If ye him knewe, it wolde be your prow;
Ye nolde nought for-gon his acqueyntaunce
For moche good, I dar lay in balaunce
Al that I have in my possessioun. 12540
He is a man of heigh discressioun,
I warne yow wel, he is a passyng man."
"Wel," quod our oost, "I pray the, tel me than,
Is he a clerk, or noon? tell what he is."
"Nay, he is gretter than a clerk i-wis,"
Sayde this yyman, "and in wordes fewe,

Ost, of his craft somwhat I wil you schewe.
I say, my lord can such a subtilité,
(But al his craft ye may nought wite of me,
And somwhat helpe I yit to his worchynge),
That al this ground on which we ben ridynge
Til that we comen to Caunterbury toun, 12552
He couthe al clene turnen up so doun,
And pave it al of silver and of gold."
And whan this yeman hadde thus i-told
Unto oure oost, he seyde, "*Benedicite!*
This thing is wonder merveylous to me,
Syn that this lord is of so heigh prudence,
Bycause of which men schuld him reverence,
That of his worschip rekketh he so lite; 12560
His over slop it is not worth a myte
As in effect to him, so mot I go;
It is al bawdy and to-tore also.
Why is thi lord so slottisch, I the preye,
And is of power better clothis to beye,
If that his dede accorde with thy speche?
Telle me that, and that I the biseche."
"Why?" quod this yiman, "wherto axe ye me?
God help me so, for he schal never the,
(But I wol nought avowe what I say, 12570
And therfor kep it secré I yow pray)
He is to wys in faith, as I bileve.
Thing that is over-don, it wil nought preve
Aright, as clerkes sein, it is a vice.
Wherfore in that I holde him lewed and nyce.
For whan a man hath over-greet a witte,
Ful ofte him happeth to mysusen itte;
So doth my lord, and that me greveth sore.
God it amende, I can say now nomore." 12579
"Therof no fors, good yeman," quod oure ost,
"Syn of the connyng of thi lord thou wost,
Tel how he doth, I pray the hertily,
Sin that he is so crafty and so sly.
Wher dwellen ye, if it to telle be?"
"In the subarbes of a toun," quod he,
"Lurking in hirnes and in lanes blynde,
Wher as these robbours and these theves by kynde
Holden here privé ferful residence,
As thay that dor nought schewen her presence;
So faren we, if I schal say the sothe." 12590
"Now," quod oure ost, "yit let me talke to the;
Why artow so discoloured on thy face?"
"Peter!" quod he, "God give it harde grace,
I am so used the fuyr to blowe,
That it hath chaunged my colour I trowe;
I am not wont in no mirour to prie,
But swynke sore, and lerne to multiplie.
We blondren ever, and pouren in the fuyr,
And for al that we faile of oure desir,
For ever we lacken oure conclusioun. 12600
To moche folk we ben illusioun,
And borwe gold, be it a pound or two,
Or ten or twelve, or many sommes mo,
And make hem wenen atte leste weye,
That of a pound we conne make tweye.
Yit is it fals; and ay we han good hope.
It for to doon, and after it we grope.
But that science is so fer us biforn,
We mowen nought, although we had it sworn,
It overtake, it slyt away so fast; 12610
It wol us make beggers atte last."
Whil this yeman was thus in his talkyng,
This chanoun drough him ner and herd al thing
Which that this yeman spak, for suspeccioun
Of mennes speche ever hadde this chanoun;
For Catoun saith, that he that gulty is,
Demeth al thing be spoke of him. i-wis;
By cause of that he gan so neigh to drawe
His yeman, that he herde al his sawe;
And thus he sayd unto his yeman tho; 12620
"Hold now thi pees, and spek no wordes mo;
For if thou do, thou schalt it deere abye.
Thow sclaundrest me here in this companye,
And eek discoverest that thou schuldest hide."
"Ye," quod oure ost, "tel on, what so bytyde;
Of alle this thretyng reche the nought a myte."
"In faith," quod he, "no more do I but lite."
And whan this Chanoun seih it wold not be,
But his yeman wold telle his priveté, 12629
He fledde away for verray sorwe and schame.
"A!" quod the yeman, "her schal arise game;
Al that I can anoon now wol I telle,
Sin he is goon; the foule feend him quelle!
For never herafter wol I with him meete
For peny ne for pound, I wol byheete.
He that me broughte first unto that game,
Er that he deye, sorwe have he and schame!
For it is ernest to me, by my faith;
That fele I wel, what so eny man saith;
And yet for al my smert, and al my greef, 12640
For al my sorwe, and labour, and mescheef,
I couthe never leve it in no wise.
Now wolde God my wyt mighte suffise
To tellen al that longeth to that art;
But natheles, yet wil I telle yow part;
Sin that my lord is goon, I wol nought spare,
Such thing as that I knowe, I wol declare.
"With this chanoun I duelled have seven yer,
And of his science am I never the ner;
Al that I hadde, I have lost therby, 12650
And God wot, so hath many mo than I.
Ther I was wont to be right freisch and gay
Of clothing, and of other good array,
Now may I were an hose upon myn heed;
And where my colour was both freissch and reed,
Now it is wan, and of a leden hewe,
(Who so it useth, sore schal he rewe);
And of my swynk yet blended is myn ye;
Lo! such avauntage it is to multiplie!
That slydynge science had me made so bare, 12660
That I have no good, wher that ever I fare;
And yit I am endetted so therby
Of gold, that I have borwed trewely,
That whil I lyve schal I quite never;
Lat every man be war by me for ever.
What maner man that casteth him therto,
If he continue, I holde his thrift i-do;
So help me God, therby schal he not wynne,
But empte his purs, and make his wittes thynne.
And whan he, thurgh his madnes and folye, 12670
Hath lost his owne good in jeupardie,
Than he exciteth other men therto,
To lesse her good, as he himself hath do.
For unto schrewes joy it is and ese
To have here felawes in peyne and desese.
Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk;
Of that no charge; I wol spek of oure werk.
Whan we ben ther as we schal exercise
Oure elvyssh craft, we seme wonder wyse,
Oure termes ben so clergeal and queynte. 12680

12616. *Catoun saith.* The allusion is to *Cato de Morib.* lib. i. distich 17,—

Ne cures si quis tacito sermone loquatur;
Conscius ipse sibi de se putat omnia dici.

I blowe the fuyr til that myn herte feynte.
What schulde I telle ech proporcioun
Of thinges which that we werke up and doun,
As on fyve or six ounces, may wel be,
Of silver, or som other quantité?
And besy me to telle yow the names,
As orpiment, brent bones, yren squames,
That into poudre grounden ben ful smal?
And in an erthen pot how put is al,
And salt y-put in, and also paupere, 12690
Biforn these poudres that I speke of heere,
And wel i-covered with a lamp of glas?
And of moche other thing what that ther was?
And of the pot and glas enlutyng,
That of the aier mighte passe no thing?
And of the esy fuyr, and smert also,
Which that was maad? and of the care and wo,
That we hadde in oure matiers sublymynge,
And in amalgamynge, and calcenynge
Of quyksilver, y-clept mercury crude? 12700
For alle oure sleightes we can nought conclude.
Oure orpiment, and sublyment mercurie,
Oure grounde litarge eek on the porfurye,
Of ech of these of ounces a certayn
Nat helpeth us, oure labour is in vayn.
Ne eek oure spirites ascencioun,
Ne eek oure matiers that lyn al fix adoun,
Mowe in oure werkyng us no thing avayle;
For lost is al oure labour and travayle,
And al the cost on twenty devel way 12710
Is lost also, which we upon it lay.
Ther is also ful many another thing,
That is to oure craft appertenyng,
Though I by ordre hem here reherse ne can,
Bycause that I am a lewed man,
Yet wil I telle hem, as they come to mynde,
Though I ne conne nought sette hem in her [kynde;
As bol armoniak, verdegres, boras;
And sondry vessels maad of erthe and glas,
Oure urinals, and oure descensories, 12720
Viols, croslets, and sublimatories,
Cucurbites, and alembikes eeke,
And othere suche, deere y-nough a leeke,
Nat needith it to rehersen hem alle;
Watres rubifying, and boles galle,
Arsnek, sal armoniak, and brimstoon.
And herbes couthe I telle eek many oon,
As egrimoigne, valirian, and lunarie,
And other suche, if that me list to tarie;
Oure lampes brennyng bothe night and day, 12730
To bringe aboute oure craft if that we may;
Oure fourneys eek of calcinacioun,
And of watres albificacioun,
Unslekked lym, salt, and glayre of an ey,
Poudres dyvers, assches, dong, pisse, and cley,
Cered poketts, sal petre, vitriole;
And dyvers fuyres maad of woode and cole;
Salt tartre, alcaly, and salt preparat,
And combust matieres, and coagulat;
Cley maad with hors or mannes her, and oyle 12740
Of tartre, alym, glas, berm, wort, and argoyle,
Resalgar, and oure matiers enbibing;
And eek of oure matiers encorporing,
And of oure silver citrinacioun,
Oure cementynge and fermentacioun,
Oure yngottes, testes, and many thinges mo.
I wol you telle as was me taught also
The foure spiritz, and the bodies seven,
By ordre, as ofte herd I my lord neven.
The firste spirit quyksilver called is; 12750
The secound orpiment; the thridde i-wis
Sal armoniac, and the ferthe bremstoon.
The bodies seven, eek, lo hem heer anoon.
Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe;
Mars yren, Mercurie quyksilver we clepe;
Saturnus leed, and Jubitur is tyn,
And Venus coper, by my fader kyn.
"This cursed craft who so wol exercise,
He schal no good han that may him suffise;
For al the good he spendeth theraboute 12760
He lese schal, therof have I no doute.
Who so that list outen his folye,
Let him come forth and lerne multiplie;
And every man that hath ought in his cofre,
Let him appere, and wexe a philosofre,
Ascauns that craft is so light to lere.
Nay, nay, God wot, al be he monk or frere,
Prest or chanoun, or eny other wight,
Though he sit at his book bothe day and night
In lernyng of this elvysch nice lore, 12770
Al is in vayn, and parde moche more
Is to lerne a lewed man this subtilté;
Fy, spek not therof, for it wil not be.
Al couthe he letterure, or couthe he noon,
As in effect, he schal fynd it al oon;
For bothe tuo by my salvacioun
Concluden in multiplicacioun
I-liche wel, whan thay han al y-do;
This is to sayn, thay fayle bothe tuo
Yet forgat I to make rehersayle 12780
Of watres corosif, and of lymayle,
And of bodyes mollificacioun,
And also of here enduracioun,
Oyles ablucioun, and metal fusible,
To tellen al, wold passen eny bible
That o wher is; wherfore, as for the best,
Of alle these names now wil I me rest;
For, as I trowe, I have yow told y-nowe
To reyse a feend, al loke he never so rowe.
A, nay, let be; the philosophre stoon, 12790
Elixir clept, we sechen fast echoon,
For had we him, than were we syker y-nough;
But unto God of heven I make avow,
For al oure craft, whan we han al y-do,
And al oure sleight, he wol not come us to.
He hath i-made us spende moche good,
For sorwe of which almost we wexen wood,
But that good hope crepeth in oure herte,
Supposing ever, though we sore smerte,
To ben relieved by him after-ward. 12800
Such supposing and hope is scharp and hard.
I warne you wel it is to seken ever.
That future temps hath made men dissevere,
In trust therof, from al that ever they hadde.
Yet of that art thay conne nought wexe sadde,
For unto hem it is a bitter swete;
So semeth it; for nad thay but a scheete
Which thay mighte wrappe hem in a-night,

12601 *pot and glas* This is the reading of the Harleian and Lansdowne Mss Tyrwhitt reads *pottes and glasses engluting*, which seems to improve the metre.

12702 *sublyment*. The Lansd. Ms , with Tyrwhitt, reads *sublimed*.

12725. *rubifyng*. Ms Harl reads *rubisyng*.

12732 *fourneys* The Ms Harl appears to read *fournes*; but Ms. Lansd reads *forneys* which is adopted by Tyrwhitt, and seems to be correct.

12734. *salt*. The Lansd. Ms., with Tyrwhitt, reads *chalk*.

And a [illegible] to walke inne by day-light, 12809
They [illegible] hem selle, and spenden on this craft;
Thay [illegible] nought stinte, til no thing be laft.
And evermore, wher that ever they goon,
Men may hem knowe by smel of bremstoon;
For al the world thay stynken as a goot;
Her savour is so rammyssch and so hoot,
That though a man fro hem a myle be,
The savour wol infecte him, trusteth me.
Lo, thus by smellyng and by thred-bare array,
If that men list, this folk they knowe may.
And if a man wol aske hem privel, 12820
Why thay ben clothed so unthriftily,
Right anoon thay wol rounen in his eere,
And say, if that thay espied were,
Men wold hem slee, bycause of here science;
Lo, thus this folk bytrayen innocence.
Passe over this, I go my tale unto.
Er than the pot be on the fuyr y-do
Of metals with a certeyn quantité,
My lord hem tempreth, and no man but he;
(Now he is goon, I dar say boldely) 12830
For as men sayn, he can doon craftily;
Algate I wot wel he hath such a name,
And yet ful ofte he renneth in blame;
"And wite ye how? ful ofte it happeth so,
The pot to-breketh, and farwel al is goo.
These metals been of so gret violence,
Oure walles may not make hem resistence,
But if thay were wrought of lym and stoon;
Thay percen so, that thurgh the wal thay goon;
And some of hem synken into the grounde, 12840
(Thus have we lost by tymes many a pounde),
And some are skatered al the floor aboute;
Some lepe into the roof, withouten doute.
Though that the feend nought in oure sight him schewe,
I trowe that he with us be, that schrewe;
In helle, wher that he is lord and sire,
Nis ther no more woo, ne anger, ne ire.
Whan that oure pot is broke, as I have sayd,
Every man chyt, and halt him evel apayde.
Som sayd it was long on the fuyr-makyng; 12850
Some sayde nay, it was on the blowyng;
(Than was I ferd, for that was myn office).
'Straw!' quod the thridde, 'ye been lewed and nyce,
It was nought tempred as it oughte be.'
'Nay,' quod the ferthe, 'stynt and herkne me;
Bycause oure fuyr was nought y-maad of beech,
That is the cause, and other noon, so theech.'
I can not telle wheron it was long,
But wel I woot gret stryf is us among. 12859
'What?' quod my lord, 'ther is no more to doone,
Of these perils I wol be war eftsoone.
I am right siker, that the pot was crased.
Be as be may, be ye no thing amased.
As usage is, let swoope the floor as swithe;
Pluk up your hertes and beth glad and blithe.'
The mullok on an heep i-swoped was,
And on the floor y-cast a canevas,
And al this mulloc in a syve i-throwe,
And sifted, and y-plukked many a throwe.
'Pardé,' quod oon, 'somwhat of oure metal 12870
Yet is ther heer, though that we have nought al.
And though this thing myshapped hath as now,
Another tyme it may be wel y-now.
Us moste putte oure good in adventure.
A marchaunt, pardé, may not ay endure,
Trusteth me wel, in his prosperité;
Som tyme his good is drowned in the see,
And som tyme cometh it sauf unto the londe.'
'Pees!' quod my lord, 'the nexte tyme I wol fonde
To bringe oure craft al in another plyte, 12880
And but I do, sires, let me have the wyte;
Ther was defaute in som what, wel I woot.'
Another sayde, the fuyr was over hoot.
But be it hoot or cold, I dar say this,
That we concluden evermor amys;
We faile of that which that we wolden have,
And in oure madnesse evermore we rave,
And whan we ben togideres everichon,
Everiche man semeth a Salamon.
But al thing which that schineth as the gold, 12890
Is nought gold, as that I have herd told;
Ne every appel that is fair at ye,
Ne is not good, what so men clappe or crye.
Right so, lo, fareth it amonges us.
He that semeth the wisest, by Jesus!
Is most fool, whan it cometh to the preef;
And he that semeth trewest is a theef.
That schul ye knowe, er that I fro yow wende,
By that I of my tale have maad an ende.
"Ther is a chanoun of religioun 12900
Amonges us, wold infecte al a toun,
Though it as gret were as was Ninive.
Rome, Alisaundre, Troye, or other thre.
His sleight and his infinite falsnesse
Ther couthe no man writen, as I gesse,
Though that he mighte lyven a thousand yeer;
Of al this world of falshede nys his peer,
For in his termes he wol him so wynde,
And speke his wordes in so sleygh a kynde,
Whan he comune schal with eny wight, 12910
That he wil make him dote anoon right,
But it a feend be, as him selven is.
Ful many a man hath he bigiled er this,
And wol, if that he lyve may a while;
And yet men ryde and goon ful many a myle
Him for to seeke, and have his aqueintaunce,
Nought knowyng of his false governaunce.
And if yow list to geve me audience,
I wol it telle here in youre presence.
But, worschipful chanouns religious, 12920
Ne demeth not that I sclaundre youre hous,
Although my tale of a chanoun be.
Of every ordre som schrewe is, pardee;
And God forbede that al a companye
Schulde rewe a singuler mannes folye.
To sclaunder yow is no thing myn entent,
But to correcten that is mys i-ment.
This tale was not oonly told for yow,
But eek for other moo; ye woot wel how
That among Cristes apostles twelve 12930
Ther was no traytour but Judas him selve;
Than why schulde the remenaunt have a blame,
That gulteles were? by yow I say the same.
Save oonly this, if ye wol herkene me,
If any Judas in youre covent be,
Remewe him by tyme, I yow rede,
If schame or los may caus[illegible]n eny drede.

12809. [illegible]. This is the reading of the Harl. and Lansd. MSS. Tyrwhitt reads *brat*, which he interprets *a course* [illegible].

12890 *as the gold.* This proverb is taken directly from the *Parabolæ* of Alanus de Insulis, who expresses it thus in two Leonines,—

Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet ut aurum,
Nec pulchrum pomum quodlibet esse bonum.

And beth no thing displesed, I you pray,
But in this caas herkeneth what I say."

THE CHANOUNES YEMANNES TALE.

In Londoun was a prest, an annueler, 12940
That therin dwelled hadde many a yer,
Which was so plesaunt and so servisable
Unto the wyf, wher as he was at table,
That sche wolde suffre him no thing for to pay
For bord ne clothing, went he never so gay;
And spending silver had he right y-nough;
Therof no force; I wol procede as now,
And telle forth my tale of the chanoun,
That brought this prest to confusioun.
This false chanoun cam upon a day 12950
Unto the prestes chambre, wher he lay,
Biseching him to lene him a certeyn
Of gold, and he wold quyt it him ageyn.
"Lene me a mark," quod he, "but dayes thre,
And at my day I wil it quyte the.
And if so be, that thou fynde me fals,
Another day hong me up by the hals."
This prest him took a mark, and that as swithe,
And this chanoun him thankid ofte sithe,
And took his leve, and wente forth his wey; 12960
And atte thridde day brought his money,
And to the prest he took his gold agayn,
Wherof this prest was wonder glad and fayn.
"Certes," quod he, "no thing annoyeth me
To lene a man a noble, or tuo, or thre,
Or what thing were in my possessioun,
Whan he so trewe is of condicioun,
That in no wise he breke wol his day;
To such a man I can never say nay." 12969
"What?" quod this chanoun, "schold I be un-
Nay, that were thing i-fallen of the newe. [trewe?
Trouthe is a thing that I wol ever kepe,
Unto that day in which that I schal crepe
Into my grave, and elles God forbede!
Bilieveth that as siker as your crede.
God thank I, and in good tyme be it sayd,
That ther was never man yet evel apayd
For gold ne silver that he to me lent,
Ne never falshed in myn hert I ment.
And, sire," quod he, "now of my privete, 12980
Syn ye so goodlich have be unto me,
And kythed to me so gret gentilesce,
Som what, to quyte with youre kyndenesse,
I wil yow schewe, and if yow lust to lere
I wil yow teche pleynly the manere,
How I kan werken in philosophie.
Takith good heed, ye schul seen wel at ye,
That I wol doon a maystry er I go."
"Ye?" quod the prest, "ye, sire, and wol ye so?
Mary! therof I pray yow hertily." 12990
"At youre comaundement, sire, trewely,"
Quod the chanoun, "and elles God forbede!"
Lo, how this theef couthe his servise beede.
Ful soth it is that such profred servise
Stynketh, as witnessen these olde wise;
And that ful soone I wol it verefye
In this chanoun, roote of al trecherie,
That evermor delit hath and gladnesse
(Such feendly thoughtes in his hert empresse)
How Cristes peple he may to meschief bringe.
God kepe us from his fals dissimilynge. 13001
What wiste this prest with whom that he delte?
Ne of his harm comyng he no thing felte.
O seely prest, o sely innocent,
With coveytise anoon thou schalt be blent;
O graceles, ful blynd is thy conceyt,
No thing art thou war of the deceyt,
Which that this fox i-schapen hath to the;
His wily wrenches y-wis thou maist not fle.
Wherfor to go to the conclusioun, 13010
That referreth to thy confusioun,
Unhappy man, anoon I wil me hie
To tellen thin unwitte and thy folye,
And eek the falsnesse of that other wrecche,
Als ferforth as my connyng wol strecche.
This chanoun was my lord, ye wolde weene;
Sire ost, in faith, and by the heven queene,
It was another chanoun, and not he,
That can an hundred fold more subtilté.
He hath bitrayed folkes many tyme; 13020
Of his falsnes it dullith me to ryme.
Ever whan I speke of his falshede,
For schame of him my cheekes wexen reede;
Algates thay bygynne for to glowe,
For reednes have I noon, right wel I knowe,
In my visage, for fumes diverse
Of metals, which ye han me herd reherse,
Consumed and wasted han my reednesse.
Now tak heed of this chanouns cursednesse.
"Sire," quod he to the prest, "let your man
goon 13030
For quyksilver, that we it hadde anoon;
And let him bringe ounces tuo or thre;
And whan he cometh, as faste schul ye see
A wonder thing, which ye saugh never er this."
"Sire," quod the prest, "it schal be doon, i-wis."
He bad his servaunt feeche him his thinges,
And he al redy was at his biddynges,
And went him forth, and com anoon agayn
With this quyksilver, schortly for to sayn,
And took these ounces thre to the chanoun;
And he it layde faire and wel adoun, 13041
And bad the servaunt coles for to bringe,
That he anoon might go to his werkynge.
The coles right anoon weren i-fett,
And this chanoun took out a croselett
Of his bosom, and schewed it the prest.
"This instrument," quod he, "which that thou [sest,
Tak in thin hond, and put thiself therinne
Of this quiksilver an unce, and her bygynne
In the name of Crist to wax a philosophre. 13050
Ther ben ful fewe, whiche that I wolde profre

The Chanounes Yemannes Tale. In a preceding tale, Chaucer has touched upon the astrologers and practisers of "magike naturel;" this, and perhaps some temporary occurrences, led him now to satirise bitterly another class who infested society at this period, the alchemists. The Chanounes Yemannes tale may describe an occurrence in Chaucer's time, for the "multipliers" seem to have been very busy deceiving people at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries; and Tyrwhitt has pointed out as a curious coincidence, that an act was passed soon after the poet's death, 5 H. IV. c. iv., making it felony "to multiplie gold or silver, or to use the art of multiplication."

12940 *an annueler*. "They were called *annuelleres*, not from their receiving a yearly stipend, as the gloss. explains it, but from their being employed solely in singing *annuals*, or *anniversary masses*, for the dead, without any cure of souls. See the stat. 36 Edw. III. c. viii., where the *chapelleins parochiels* are distinguished from others *chantanz annuales, et a cure des almes nient entendantz*. They were both to receive yearly stipends, but the former was allowed to take six marks, and the latter only five. Compare stat. 2 H. V., st. 2 c. ii., where the stipend of the *chapellein parochiel* is raised to eight marks, and that of the *chapellein annueler* (he is so named in the statute) to seven."—*Tyrwhitt*.

K

To schewe hem thus moche of my science,
For ye schul seen heer by experience,
That this quiksilver I wol mortifye
Right in youre sight anoon, withouten lye,
And make it as good silver and as fyn
As ther is any in youre purs or myn,
Or elles where; and make it malleable,
And elles holdeth me fals and unable
Amonges folk for ever to appeere. 13060
I have a pouder heer that cost me deere,
Schal make al good, for it is cause of al
My connyng, which that I you schewe schal.
Voydith youre man, and let him be theroute;
And schet the dore, whils we ben aboute
Oure privete, that no man us aspie
Whiles we werken in this philosophie.'
Al as he bad, fulfilled was in dede.
This ilke servaunt anoon right out yede,
And his maister schitte the dore anoon, 13070
And to her labour speedily thay goon.
This prest, at this cursed chanouns biddyng,
Upon the fuyr anoon sette this thing,
And blew the fuyr, and busied him ful fast,
And this chanoun into the crosslet cast
A pouder, noot I wherof that it was
I-maad, outher of chalk, outher of glas,
Or som what elles, was nought worth a flye,
To blynde with this prest; and bad him hye
These coles for to couchen al above 13080
The crosslet; "for in tokenyng I the love,"
Quod this chanoun, "thin oughne handes tuo
Schal wirche al thing which that schal be do."
"Graunt mercy," quod the prest, and was ful glad,
And couchede coles as the chanoun bad.
And whil he besy was, this fendly wrecche,
This false chanoun (the foule feend him fecche!)
Out of his bosom took a bechen cole,
In which ful subtilly was maad an hole,
And therin put was of silver lymaile 13090
An unce, and stopped was withoute fayle
The hole with wex, to kepe the lymail in.
And understondith, that this false gyn
Was not maad ther, but it was maad bifore;
And other thinges I schal telle more
Herafterward, which that he with him brought;
Er he com there, to bigyle him he thought,
And so he dede, er thay wente atwynne;
Til he had torned him, couthe he nought blynne.
It dulleth me, whan that I of him speke, 13100
On his falshede fayn wold I me wreke,
If I wist how, but he is heer and there,
He is so variant, he abit no where.
But taketh heed now, sires, for Goddes love.
He took his cole of which I spak above,
And in his hond he bar it prively
And whiles the preste couched bysily
The coles, as I tolde yow er this,
This chanoun sayde, 'Freend, ye doon amys;
This is not couched as it oughte be, 13110
But soone I schal amenden it,' quod he.
"Now let me melle therwith but a while,
For of yow have I pite, by seint Gile!
Ye been right hoot, I se wel how ye swete,
Have heer a cloth and wype away the wete."
And whiles that this prest him wyped haas,
This chanoun took his cole, I schrewe his faas!

13062 *good* I have ventured to retain Tyrwhitt's reading, which is supported by the Lansdowne Ms. The Harl. Ms. reads *gold*.

And layd it aboven on the myd-ward
Of the croslet, and blew wel afterward,
Til that the coles gonne faste brenne. 13120
"Now geve us drinke," quod the chanoun thenne,
"Als swithe al schal be wel, I undertake.
Sitte we doun, and let us mery make."
And whan that the chanounes bechene cole
Was brent, al the lymail out of the hole
Into the crosselet anoon fel adoun,
And so it moste needes by resoun,
Sins it so even above couched was,
But therof wist the prest no thing, allas!
He demed alle the coles i-liche goode, 13130
For of the sleight he no thing understood.
And whan this alkamister saugh his tyme,
"Rys up, sire prest," quod he, 'and stonde by me,
And for I wot wel ingot have ye noon,
Goth walkith forth and bryngeth a chalk-stoon,
For I wol make it of the same schap,
That is an ingot, if I may have hap.
And bringe with you a bolle or a panne
Ful of water, and ye schul wel se thanne 13139
How that oure besynes schal happe and preve.
And yit for ye schul have no mysbileeve
Ne wrong conceyt of me in youre absence,
I ne wol nought ben out of youre presence,
But go with you, and come with you agayn.'
The chambur dore, schortly for to sayn,
Thay opened and schette, and wente here weye,
And forth with hem they caryed the keye,
And come agayn withouten eny delay.
What schuld I tary al the longe day?
He took the chalk, and schop it in the wise 13150
Of an ingot, as I schal yow devyse.
I say, he took out of his oughne sleve
A teyne of silver (evel moot he cheeve!)
Which that was but an unce of wight.
And taketh heed now of his cursed slight,
He schop his ingot in lengthe and in brede
Of this teyne, withouten eny drede,
So slely that the prest it nought aspyde;
And in his sleeve agayn he gan it hyde;
And fro the fuyr he took up his mateere, 13160
And in-to the ingot put it with mery cheere,
And into the water-vessel he it cast,
Whan that him list, and bad this prest as fast,
'Loke what ther is, put in thin hond and grope,
Thou fynde ther schalt silver, as I hope."
What devel of helle schold it elles be?
Schavyng of silver, silver is parde!
He putte in his hond and tok up a teyne
Of silver fyn, and glad in every veyne
Was this prest, whan he saugh it was so. 13170
"Goddes blessyng, and his modres also,
And alle halwes have ye, sire chanoun!'
Seyde this prest, and I her malisoun,
"But, and ye vouchesauf to teche me
This nobil craft and this subtilite,
I wil be youre in al that ever I may."
Quod this chanoun, "Yet wol I make assay

13124 This line as it stands in the Harl. Ms.,

And whan the chanouns bechene cole,

appears to be imperfect although it is supported by the Lansdowne Ms. I have ventured to add the word *that* from Tyrwhitt and to insert the e in *chanounes*, which had probably slipped out by the inadvertence of a scribe.

13146 *wente here wey*. The Harl. and Lansd. Mss. read *wente forth here weye*, which makes a redundancy in the measure; the superfluous word appears to have been brought in here from the beginning of the next line.

The secound tyme, that ye mow taken heede,
And ben expert of this, and in your neede
Another day assay in myn absence 13180
This dicipline, and this crafty science.
Let take another unce," quod he tho,
"Of quyksilver, withouten wordes mo,
And do therwith as ye have doon er this
With that other, which that now silver is."
The prest him busyeth in al that he can
To doon as this chanoun, this cursed man,
Comaunded him, and faste blew the fuyr,
For to come to theffect of his desyr.
And this chanoun right in the mene while 13190
Al redy was this prest eft to bygile,
And for a countenaunce in his hond bar
An holow stikke (tak keep and be war),
In thende of which an unce and no more
Of silver lymail put was, as bifore
Was in his cole, and stopped with wex wel
For to kepe in his limail every del.
And whil the prest was in his besynesse,
This chanoun with his stikke gan him dresse
To him anoon, and his pouder cast in, 13200
As he dede er, (the devel out of his skyn
Him torne, I pray to God, for his falshede!
For he was ever fals in worde and deede).
And with this stikke above the croslet,
That was ordeyned with that false get,
He styred the coles, til relente gan
The wex agayn the fuyr, as every man,
But it a fool be, woot wel it moot nede
And al that in the hole was out yede,
And into the croslet hastily it fel. 13210
Now, good sires, what wol ye bet than wel?
Whan that this prest thus was begiled agayn,
Supposyng not but trouthe, soth to sayn,
He was so glad, that I can nought expresse
In no maner his myrthe and his gladnesse,
And to the chanoun he profred eft soone
Body and good. "Ye," quod the chanoun, "soone,
Though pore I be, crafty thou schalt me fynde;
I warne the, yet is ther more byhynde.
Is ther any coper her withinne?" quod he. 13220
"Ye, sir," quod this prest, "I trowe ther be.
Elles go bye som, and that as swithe."
"Now good sire, go forth thy way and hy the."
He went his way, and with this coper cam;
And this chanoun it in his hondes nam,
And of that coper weyed out but an ounce.
Al to simple is my tonge to pronounce,
As minister of my witt, the doublenesse
Of this chanoun, roote of al cursednesse. 13229
He semed frendly to hem that knew him nought,
But he was fendly bothe in werk and thought.
It werieth me to telle of his falsnesse;
And natheles yit wol I it expresse,
To that entent men may be war therby,
And for noon other cause trewely.

13180. *assay*. The Harl. Ms. substitutes *your self*, which makes an unintelligible sentence, without a verb. The Lansd. Ms. omits the word, and makes the line imperfect in measure as well as grammatical construction.
13203. *worde*. This, which is the reading of the Lansd. Ms., is perhaps better than that of the Harl. Ms., *oth*. Tyrwhitt has *thought*.
13204. *above*. So Tyrwhitt and the Lansd. Ms., apparently the correct reading. The Harl. Ms. reads *alone*.
13228. *as minister of my witt*. I retain this reading from Tyrwhitt, as apparently furnishing the best meaning. Ms. Harl. reads *the minister and of his witt*; the reading of the Lansd. Ms. is, *his monstre and his witte*.

He put this unce of coper in the croslet,
And on the fuyr als swithe he hath it set,
And cast in pouder, and made the prest to blowe,
And in his worching for to stoupe lowe,
As he dede er, and al nas but a jape; 13240
Right as him list the prest he made his ape.
And afterward in the ingot he it cast,
And in the panne putte it atte last
Of water, and in he put his owne hond.
And in his sleeve, as ye byforn-hond
Herde me telle, he had a silver teyne;
He sleyghly took it out, this cursed heyne,
(Unwitynge this prest of his false craft),
And in the pannes botme he hath it laft;
And in the water rumbleth to and fro. 13250
And wonder prively took up also
The coper teyne, (nought knowyng this prest)
And hidde it, and hent him by the brest,
And to him spak, and thus sayde in his game;
"Stoupeth adoun! by God, ye ben to blame;
Helpeth me now, as I dede yow whil er;
Put in your hond, and loke what is ther."
This prest took up this silver teyne anoon.
And thanne sayde the chanoun, let us goon
With these thre teynes whiche that we han wrought, 13260
To som goldsmyth, and wite if it be ought.
For by my faith I nolde, for myn hood,
But if they were silver fyn and good,
And that as swithe proved schal it be."
Unto the goldsmith with these teynes thre
Thay went, and putte these teynes in assay
To fuyr and hammer; might no man say nay,
But that thay were as hem oughte be.
This sotted prest, who was gladder than he?
Was never brid gladder agayn the day; 13270
Ne nightyngale in the sesoun of May
Was never noon, that liste better to synge;
Ne lady lustier in carolynge;
Or for to speke of love and wommanhede,
Ne knyght in armes doon an hardy deede
To stonde in grace of his lady deere,
Than hadde this prest this craft for to lere;
And to the chanoun thus he spak and seyde;
"For the love of God, that for us alle deyde,
And as I may deserve it unto yow, 13280
What schal this receyt coste? telleth now."
"By oure lady," quod the chanoun, "it is deere,
I warne yow wel, for, save I and a freere,
In Engelond ther can no man it make."
"No fors," quoth he; "now, sire, for Goddes sake,
What schal I paye? telleth me, I pray."
"I wis," quod he, "it is ful dere I say.
Sire, at a word, if that ye lust it have,
Ye schul pay fourty pound, so God me save;
And nere the frendschipe that ye dede er this
To me, ye schulde paye more i-wys." 13291
This prest the somme of fourty pound anoon
Of nobles fette, and tooke hem everychoon
To this chanoun, for this ilk receyt.
Al his werkyng nas but fraude and deceyt.
"Sire prest," he seyde, "I kepe have no loos
Of my craft, for I wold it kept were cloos;
And as ye loveth me, kepeth it secré.
For and men knewe al my sotilté,
By God, men wolden have so gret envye 13300

13283. *for, save*. The Harl. Ms. reads *for, sire*, which is evidently an error: the Lansd. Ms. has *bot, save*, and Tyrwhitt, *that save*.

To me, bycause of my philosophie,
I schulde be deed, ther were noon other weye."
"God it forbede," quoth the prest, "what seye.
Yet had I lever spenden al the good
Which that I have, (and elles wax I wood)
Than that ye schulde falle in such meschief."
"For your good wil, sir, have ye right good preef,"
Quoth the chanoun, "and far wel, *graunt mercy.*"
He went his way, and never the prest him sey
After this day; and whan that this prest scholde
Maken assay, at such tyme as he wolde, 13311
Of this receyt, far wel, it wold not be.
Lo, thus byjaped and bygilt was he;
Thus maketh he his introduccioun
To bringe folk to here destruccioun.
Considereth, sires, how that in ech astaat
Bitwixe men and gold ther is debaat,
So ferforth that unnethe ther is noon.
This multiplying blent so many oon,
That in good faith I trowe that it be 13320
The cause grettest of swich scarseté.
Philosophres speken so mistyly
In this craft, that men conne not come therby,
For any witt that men han now on dayes.
They may wel chiteren, as doon these jayes,
And in here termes sette lust and peyne,
But to her purpos schul thay never atteyne.
A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought,
To multiplie and bringe his good to nought.
Lo, such a lucre is in this lusty game; 13330
A mannes mirthe it wol torne into grame,
And empte also grete and hevy purses,
And make folk for to purchace curses
Of hem, that han her good therto i-lent.
O, fy! for schame, thay that have be brent,
Allas! can thay not fle the fuyres hete?
Ye that it usen, I rede ye it lete,
Lest ye lesen al; for bet than never is late;
Never to thrive, were to long a date.
Though ye prolle ay, ye schul it never fynde;
Ye ben as bolde as is Bayard the blynde, 13341
That blundreth forth, and peril casteth noon;
He is as bold to renne agayn a stoon,
As for to go bysides in the wey;
So fare ye that multiplie, I sey.
If that youre yghen can nought seen aright,
Loke that youre mynde lakke nought his sight.
For though ye loke never so brode and stare,
Ye schul nought wynne a mite on that chaffare,
But wasten al, that thay may rape and renne.
Withdrawe the fuyr, lest it to faste brenne;
Medleth no more with that art, I mene; 13352
For gif ye doon, youre thrift is goon ful clene.
And right as swithe I wol yow telle heere
What philosophres sein in this mateere.
Lo, thus saith Arnold of the Newe-toun,
As his Rosarie maketh mencioun,
He saith right thus, withouten eny lye:
Ther may no man Mercury mortifye,
But it be with his brother knowleching. 13360
Lo, how that he, which that first sayd this thing,
Of philosophres fader was, Hermes;
He saith, how that the dragoun douteles
He dyeth nought, but if that he be slayn
With his brother. And that is for to sayn,
By the dragoun, Mercury, and noon other
He understood, and brimstoun be his brother,
That out of Sol and Luna were i-drawe. [sawe;
"And therfore," sayde he, "take heed to my
Let no man besy him this art to seche, 13370
But if that he thentencioun and speche
Of philosophres understonde can;
And if he do, he is a lewed man.
For this sciens, and this connyng," quod he,
"Is of the Secré of secretz, pardé."
Also ther was a disciple of Plato,
That on a tyme sayde his maister to,
As his book Senior wil bere witnesse,
And this was his demaunde in sothfastnesse:
'Tel me the name of thilke privé stoon." 13380
And Plato answered unto him anoon,
"Take the stoon that titanos men name."
"Which is that?" quod he. "Magnasia is the
Sayde Plato. "Ye, sire, and is it thus? [same,"
This is *ignotum per ignotius.*
What is magnasia, good sir, I you pray?"
"It is a water that is maad, I say,
Of elementes foure," quod Plato.
"Telle me the rote, good sire," quod he tho,
"Of that water, if it be your wille." 13390
"Nay, nay," quod Plato, "certeyn that I nylle.
The philosophres sworn were everichoon,
That thay ne scholde discovere it unto noon,
Ne in no book it write in no manere;
For unto Crist it is so leef and deere,
That he wil not that it discovered be,
But wher it liketh to his deité

13341. *Bayard the blynde.* This appears to have been a very popular old proverb. A number of references illustrative of it will be found in Mr. Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words;* the following passage from Gower's *Confess. Amantis* is nearly parallel to Chaucer:—

Ther is no God, ther is no lawe
Of whom that he taketh eny hede,
But as Bayarde the blynde stede,
Tille he falle in the diche amidde,
He goth ther no man wol him bidde.

13350. *thay.* The Lansd. Ms. and Tyrwhitt read *ye.*

13356. *Arnold.* Arnald de Villeneuve (in Lat. de Villa Nova, or Villanovanus), a distinguished French physician and alchemist of the fourteenth century, whose *Rosarius Philosophorum* was a text-book for the alchemists of the following age.

13361. *Lo.* This word, which seems necessary to the sense, is not found either in Ms. Harl. or in Ms. Lansd.

13362. *Hermes.* The treatise of the philosopher's stone, ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus, was popular in the middle ages; its author being supposed to have been the founder of the Hermetic philosophy.

13375. *the Secré of secretz.* "He alludes to a treatise, entitled *Secreta Secretorum,* which was supposed to contain the sum of Aristotle's instructions to Alexander. See Fabric. Bibl. Gr. v. ii. p. 167. It was very popular in the middle ages. Ægidius de Columna, a famous divine and bishop, about the latter end of the thirteenth century, built upon it his book *De regimine principum,* of which our Occleve made a free translation in English verse, and addressed it to Henry V. while Prince of Wales. A part of Lydgate's translation of the *Secreta Secretorum* is printed in Ashmole's *Theat. Chem. Brit.* p. 397. He did not translate more than about half of it, being prevented by death. See Ms. Harl. 2251, and Tanner, *Bib. Brit.* in v. LYDGATE. The greatest part of the seventh book of Gower's *Conf. Amant.* is taken from this supposed work of Aristotle."—*Tyrwhitt.*

13378. *his book Senior.* The Harl. and Lansd. Mss. read *Somer.* Tyrwhitt observes on this passage, "The book alluded to is printed in the *Theatrum Chemicum,* vol. v. p. 219, under this title: 'Senioris Zadith fil. Hamuelis tabula chymica.' The story which follows of Plato and his disciple, is there told (p. 249), with some variations, of Salomon. 'Dixit *Salomon* rex, Recipe lapidem qui dicitur *Thitarios.*—Dixit sapiens, Assigna mihi illum. Dixit, est corpus *magnesiæ*—Dixit, quid est *magnesia?* Respondit, *Magnesia* est *aqua,* composita, &c.'"

13389. *rote.* The Harl. Ms. reads *rooche.*

Man to enspire, and eek for to defende
Whom that him liketh; lo, this is the ende."
  Than thus conclude I, syn that God of hevene
Ne wol not that the philosophres nevene, 13401
How that a man schal come unto this stoon,
I rede as for the beste, let it goon.
For who so maketh God his adversarie,
As for to werke eny thing in contrarie
Unto his wil, certes never schal he thrive,
Though that he multiplie terme of al his lyve.
And ther a poynt; for ended is my tale.
God send every trewe man boote of his bale!

THE DOCTOURES PROLOGE.

["Ye, let that passen," quod oure hoste, "as
Sire Doctour of Physike, I praye you, [now.
Tel us a tale of som honest matere." 13412
"It schal be don, if that ye wol it here,"
Said this doctour, and his tale began anon.
"Now, good men," quod he, "herkeneth everi-
chon."]

THE TALE OF THE DOCTOR OF PHISIK.

Ther was, as telleth Titus Lyvius,
A knight, that cleped was Virginius,
Fulfild of honours and of worthines,
And strong of frendes, and of gret riches.
This knight a doughter hadde by his wyf, 13420
And never ne hadde he mo in al his lyf.
Fair was this mayde in excellent beauté
Above every wight that men may se;
For nature hath with sovereyn diligence
I-formed hir in so gret excellence,
As though sche wolde say, "Lo, I nature,
Thus can I forme and peynte a creature,
Whan that me lust; who can me counterfete?
Pignalion? nought, though he alwey forge and
Or grave, or peynte; for I dar wel sayn, [bete,
Apelles, Zeuxis, schulde wirche in vayn, 13431
Other to grave, or paynte, or forge or bete,
If thay presumed me to counterfete.
For he that is the former principal,
Hath maad me his viker general
To forme and peynte erthely creature
Right as me lust, al thing is in my cure
Under the moone that may wane and waxe.
And for my werke no thing wol I axe;
My lord and I ben fully at accord. 13440
I made hir to the worschip of my lord;
So do I alle myn other creatures,
What colour that thay been, or what figures."
Thus semeth me that nature wolde say.
  This mayde was of age twelf yer and tway,
In which that nature hath suche delite.
For right as sche can peynte a lili white
And rody a rose, right with such peynture
Sche peynted hath this noble creature
Er sche was born, upon her limes fre, 13450
Wheras by right such colours schulde be;
And Phebus deyed hadde hire tresses grete,
I-lyk to the stremes of his borned hete.
And if that excellent was hir beauté,
A thousand fold more vertuous was sche.
In hire ne lakketh no condicioun,
That is to preyse, as by discrecioun.
As wel in body as goost chaste was sche;
For which sche floured in virginité,
With alle humilité and abstinence, 13460
With alle attemperaunce and pacience,
With mesure eek of beryng of array.
Discret sche was in answeryng alway,
Though sche were wis as Pallas, dar I sayn,
Hir facound eek ful wommanly and playn.
Noon countrefeted termes hadde sche
To seme wys; but after hir degré
Sche spak, and alle hire wordes more and lesse
Sounyng in vertu and in gentilesse.
Schamefast sche was in maydenes schamfastnesse,
Constant in hert, and ever in besynesse, 13471
To dryve hire out of idel slogardye.
Bachus had of hir mouth no maistrye;
For wyn and thought doon Venus encreece,
As men in fuyr wil caste oyle or greece.
And of hir oughne vertu unconstreigned,
Sche hath ful ofte tyme hire seek y-feyned,
For that sche wolde fleen the companye,
Wher likly was to treten of folye,
As is at festes, reveles, and at daunces, 13480
That ben occasiouns of daliaunces.
Suche thinges maken children for to be
To soone rype and bold, as men may se,
Which is ful perilous, and hath ben yore;
For al to soone may sche lerne lore
Of boldenesse, whan sche is a wyf.
And ye maystresses in youre olde lyf

The Doctoures Prologe. Ms. Harl., with others of the best Mss., has no prologue to the tale of the Doctor of Physick. In two MSS. quoted by Tyrwhitt there is a mere colophon to the effect, *Here endeth the Frankeleyns Tale, and biginneth the Phisiciens Tale without a prologe.* Other MSS. have different prologues; that printed above is given by Tyrwhitt from one MS., but it is not much in Chaucer's style; the following, which is given in the Lansd. Ms., is still less so:—

" Now trewly," quod oure oste, " this a prati tale;
For litel merveile it is that thou lokest so pale,
Sethen thou hast medeled with so mony thinges;
With bloweinge att the cole to melte bothe brochez and
And other many jewels dar I undertake. [ringes,
And that thi lorde couthe us tel if we might him overtake.
Bot lat him go a devel waye, the compaigny is never the
And al suche fals harlotes I sette not be hem a kers; [wers;
Bot latt pas overe nowe al thes subtilitees,
And sume worthi man tel us summe veritees,
As ye, worschipful maister of phisike,
Tellith us somme tale that is a cronyke,
That we may of yowe leren sum witte."
Quod the maister of phisik, " A tale that I finde writte
In cronyke passed of olde tyme,
Herkeneth, for I wil tel it yow in rime."

The Tale of the Doctor of Phisik. It is hardly necessary to state that this tale is the common story of Virginius and his daughter, related, as here stated, by Livy, but a little modified in its details to suit medieval notions. Chaucer seems to have followed chiefly the version of the story given in his favourite book the *Roman de la Rose* (vol. ii. p. 74 et seqq. ed. Meon.), and perhaps he had also in his eye Gower, who gives the story of Virginius in the seventh book of his *Confessio Amantis.*

13420. *This knight a doughter.* Mss. Harl. and Lansd omit the first two words, and read the line, *A doughter he hadde by his wyf.*

13431. *Apelles, Zeuxis.* The Harl. and Lansd. Mss. read the names corruptly, *Appollus, Zephirus.* This reference to the painters of antiquity, as well as most of the ideas relating to the personification and operations of nature, are taken from the *Roman de la Rose.* See vol. iii. p. 102-3. ed. Meon.

13451. I have in this line adopted Tyrwhitt's reading. The Harl. Ms. reads *Here als bright as such colour schulde be.* Ms. Lansd. has the same reading.

13474. *wyn and thought.* I have retained *wyn* instead of *wille*, which latter is the reading of the Harl and Lansd. Mss. The sense would seem to require, as Tyrwhitt conjectures, *slouthe* instead of *thought*, but this is not found in the MSS. The Lansd. Ms. reads, with Tyrwhitt, *youthe.*

That lordes doughtres han in governaunce,
Ne taketh of my word no displesaunce;
Thinketh that ye ben set in governynges 13490
Of lordes doughtres, oonly for tuo thinges;
Outher for ye han kept your honesté,
Other elles for ye han falle in freleté,
And knowe wel y-nough the olde daunce,
And conne forsake fully such meschaunce
For evermo; therfore, for Cristes sake,
Kepeth wel tho that ye undertake.
A theof of venisoun, that hath for-laft
His licorousnesse, and al his theves craft,
Can kepe a forest best of every man. 13500
Now kepe hem wel, for and ye wil ye can;
Loke wel, that ye unto no vice assent,
Lest ye be dampned for your wikked entent.
For who so doth, a traytour is certayn;
And taketh keep of that that I schal sayn;
Of al tresoun sovereyn pestilence
Is, whan a wight bytrayeth innocence.
Ye fadres, and ye modres eek also,
Though ye han children, be it oon or mo,
Youre is the charge of al her sufferaunce, 13510
Whiles thay be under your governaunce.
Beth war, that by ensample of youre lyvynge,
Outher by necgligence in chastisynge,
That thay ne perische; for I dar wel seye,
If that thay doon, ye schul ful sore abeye.
Under a schepherd softe and necligent.
The wolf hath many a schep and lamb to-rent.
Sufficeth oon ensample now as here,
For I moot turne agein to my matiere.
This mayde, of which I telle my tale expresse,
So kept hir self, hir neded no maystresse; 13521
For in hir lyvyng maydens mighte rede,
As in a book, every good word and dede,
That longeth unto a mayden vertuous;
Sche was so prudent and so bounteous.
For which the fame outsprong on every syde
Bothe of hir beauté and hir bounté wyde;
That thurgh the lond thay praysed hir ilkoone,
That lovede vertu, save envye alloone,
That sory is of other mennes wele, 13530
And glad is of his sorwe and unhele.
The doctor made this descripcioun.
This mayde wente upon a day into the toun
Toward the temple, with hir moder deere,
As is of yonge maydenes the manere.
Now was ther than a justice in the toun,
That governour was of that regioun.
And so bifel, this juge his eyghen cast
Upon this mayde, avysing hir ful fast,
As sche cam forby ther the juge stood. 13540
Anoon his herte chaunged and his mood,
So was he caught with beauté of this mayde,
And to him self ful prively he sayde,
"This mayde schal be myn for any man."
Anoon the feend into his herte ran,
And taughte him sodeinly, that he by slighte
This mayde to his purpos wynne mighte.
For certes, by no fors, ne by no meede,
Him thought he was not able for to speede;
For sche was strong of frendes, and eek sche 13550
Conformed was in such soverayne beauté,
That wel he wist he might hir never wynne,
As for to make hir with hir body synne.
For which with gret deliberacioun
He sent after a clerk was in the toun,
The which he knew for subtil and for bold.
This juge unto the clerk his tale hath told
In secré wyse, and made him to assure,
He schulde telle it to no creature;
And if he dede he schulde lese his heed. 13560
Whan that assented was this cursed reed,
Glad was the juge, and made him gret cheere,
And gaf him giftes precious and deere.
Whan schapen was al this conspiracye
Fro poynt to poynt, how that his lecherie
Parformed scholde be ful subtilly,
As ye schul here after-ward openly,
Hom goth this clerk, that highte Claudius.
This false juge, that highte Apius,—
(So was his name, for it is no fable, 13570
But knowen for a storial thing notable;
The sentence of it soth is out of doute),—
This false jugge goth now fast aboute
To hasten his delit al that he may.
And so bifel, soone after on a day
This false juge, as telleth us the story,
As he was wont, sat in his consistory,
And gaf his domes upon sondry caas.
This false clerk com forth a ful good paas,
And saide, "Lord, if that it be your wille, 13580
As doth me right upon this pitous bille,
In which I pleyne upon Virginius.
And if he wile seyn it is nought thus,
I wil it prove, and fynde good witnesse,
That soth is that my bille wol expresse."
The juge answerd, "Of this in his absence
I may not give diffinityf sentence.
Let do him calle, and I wol gladly hiere;
Thou schalt have alle right, and no wrong heere."
Virginius com to wite the jugges wille, 13590
And right anoon was red this cursed bille;
The sentence of it was as ye schul heere.
"To yow, my lord sire Apius so deere,
Scheweth youre pore servaunt Claudius,
How that a knight called Virginius,
Ageins the lawe, agens alle equyté,
Holdeth, expresse ageinst the wille of me,
My servaunt, which that my thral is by right,
Which fro myn hous was stolen on a night
Whiles sche was ful yong, that wol I preve 13600
By witnesse, lord, so that ye yow not greve;
Sche is nought his doughter, what so he say.
Wherfore to yow, my lord the jugge, I pray,
Yelde me my thralle, if that it be your wille."
Lo, this was al the sentence of the bille.
Virginius gan upon the clerk byholde;

13497. This line is given from the Harl. and Lansd. Mss., instead of Tyrwhitt's reading, *To teche hem vertu loke that ye ne slake.*

13501. *kepe hem.* The Harl. Ms. reads *hir*, apparently incorrectly.

13510. *sufferaunce.* So the Harl. and Lansd. Mss. Tyrwhitt reads *surveaunce.*

13532. *The doctor.* In the margin of a MS. quoted by Tyrwhitt this description of envy is ascribed to St. Augustine.

13551. *Conformed . . . . beauté.* This is the reading of the Harl. and Lansd Mss Tyrwhitt reads *Conformed* and *bounté*, which seem to make a better sense.

13557. *clerk.* This is the reading of the Harl and Lansd. Mss. Tyrwhitt, who gives the reading *cherl*, says he took it from "the best MSS. and ed. Ca. 2. The common editt. have *client.* In the *Rom. de la R.* where this story is told, ver. 5815—5894, Claudius is called *Sergent* of Appius: and accordingly Chaucer a little lower, ver. 12204, calls him 'servant—unto—Appius.'" *Clerk* seems the better reading, as a *cherl* would hardly possess thrals or bondsmen.

But hastily, er he his tale tolde,
And wolde have proved it, as schold a knight,
And eek by witnessyng of many a wight,
That al was fals that sayde his adversarie, 13610
This cursed juge wold no lenger tarye,
Ne heere a word more of Virginius,
But gaf his jugement, and saide thus;
"I deme anoon this clerk his servaunt have.
Thou schalt no lenger in thin hous hir save.
Go bringe hir forth, and put hir in oure warde.
This clerk schal have his thral; thus I awarde."
And whan this worthy knight Virginius,
Thurgh thassent of this juge Apius,
Moste by force his deere doughter given 13620
Unto the juge, in leechery to lyven,
He goth him hom, and sette him in his halle,
And leet anoon his deere doughter calle;
And with a face deed as aisshen colde,
Upon hir humble face he gan byholde,
With fadres pité stiking thorugh his herte,
Al wolde he from his purpos not converte.
"Doughter," quod he, "Virginia by name,
Ther ben tuo weyes, eyther deth or schame,
That thou most suffre, allas that I was bore! 13630
For never thou deservedest wherfore
To deyen with a swerd or with a knyf.
O deere doughter, ender of my lif,
Which I have fostred up with such plesaunce,
That thou nere never oute of my remembraunce;
O doughter, which that art my laste wo,
And in this lif my laste joye also,
O gemme of chastité in pacience
Tak thou thy deth, for this is my sentence;
For love and not for hate thou must be deed, 13640
My pitous hond mot smyten of thin heed.
Allas that ever Apius the say!
Thus hath he falsly jugged the to day."
And told hir al the caas, as ye bifore
Han herd, it nedeth nought to telle it more.
"Mercy, deere fader," quod this mayde.
And with that word sche bothe hir armes layde
Aboute his nekke, as sche was want to doo,
(The teeres brast out of hir eyghen tuo),
And sayde: "Goode fader, schal I dye? 13650
Is ther no grace? is ther no remedye?"
"No, certeyn, deere doughter myn," quod he.
"Than geve me leve, fader myn," quod sche,
"My deth for to compleyne a litel space;
For pardy Jepte gaf his doughter grace
For to compleyne, er he hir slough, allas!
And God it woot, no thing was hir trespas,
But that sche ran hir fader first to se,
To welcome him with gret solempnité."
And with that word aswoun sche fel anoon, 13660
And after, whan hir swownyng was agoon,
Sche riseth up, and to hir fader sayde;
"Blessed be God, that I schal deye a mayde.
Geve me my deth, er that I have a schame.
Do with your child your wille, a goddes name!"
And with that word sche prayed him ful ofte,
That with his swerd he schulde smyte hir softe;
And with that word on swoune doun sche fel.
Hir fader, with ful sorwful hert and fel,
Hir heed of smoot, and by the top it hente, 13670
And to the juge bigan it to presente,
As he sat in his doom in consistory.
And whan the juge it say, as saith the story,
He bad to take him, and honge him faste.
But right anoon alle the poeple in thraste
To save the knight, for routhe and for pité,
For knowen was the fals iniquité.
The poeple anoon had suspect in this thing,
By maner of this clerkes chalengyng,
That it was by thassent of Apius; 13680
That wiste wel that he was leccherous.
For which unto this Apius thay goon,
And casten him in prisoun right anoon,
Wher as he slough him self; and Claudius,
That servaunt was unto this Apius,
Was demed for to honge upon a tree;
But Virginius of his grete pité
Prayde for him, that he was exiled,
And elles certes he had ben bigiled. 13689
The remenaunt were anhanged, more and lesse,
That were consented to this cursednesse.
Her may men se how synne hath his merite;
Be war, for no man woot how God wol smyte
In no degré, ne in which maner wise
The worm of conscience wol agrise
Of wicked lyf, though it so pryvé be,
That no man woot of it but God and he;
Whether that he be lewed man or lered,
He not how soone that he may be afered.
Therfore I rede yow this counseil take, 13700
Forsakith synne, er synne yow forsake.

THE PROLOGE OF THE PARDONER.

Owre ost gan swere as he were wood;
"Harrow!" quod he, "by nayles and by blood!
This was a cursed thef, a fals justice.
As schendful deth as herte can devise
So falle upon his body and his boones!
The devel I bykenne him al at oones!
Allas! to deere boughte sche hir beauté.
Wherfore I say, that alle men may se,
That giftes of fortune or of nature 13710
Ben cause of deth of many a creature.
Hir beauté was hir deth, I dar wel sayn;
Allas! so pitously as sche was slayn!
[Of bothe giftes, that I speke of now,
Men han ful often more for harm than prow.]
"But trewely, myn owne maister deere,
This was a pitous tale for to heere;
But natheles, pas over, this is no fors.
I pray to God to save thi gentil corps,
And eek thyn urinals, and thy jordanes, 13720
Thyn Ypocras, and eek thy Galianes,

13615 *save.* So Ms. Lansd.; Ms. Harl. reads *have.*
13640. *For love* *Rom. de la R.* vol ii. p. 77.

> Car il *par amors, sans haine*,
> A sa belle fille Virgine
> Tantost a *la teste copée*,
> Et puis *au juge presentée*
> Devant tous *en plaine consistoire:*
> Et li juges, selonc l'estoire,
> Le commanda tantost à prendre, &c.

See below, v. 13670-3.

13655. *Jepte.* The Harl. and Lansd. Mss. read *Jeffa.* This reference to Jephtha's daughter is one of the anachronisms so common in the medieval poets, and which are found so late even as the age of Shakespeare.

13706. *So falle, &c.* Instead of this and the following line, Tyrwhitt reads:—

> Come to thise juges and hir advocas.
> Algate this sely maide is slain, alas!

13714-5 These two lines are omitted in the Harl. Ms., and they seem superfluous. Tyrwhitt has made them up from more than one MS.

13720-1. These two lines are also omitted in the Harl. Ms., but they seem necessary for the sense, and are given

And every boist ful of thi letuarie,
God blesse hem and oure lady seinte Marie!
So mot I then, thou art a propre man,
And y-lik a prelat, by seint Runyan.
Sayde I not wel? can I not speke in terme?
But wel I woot, thou dost myn herte erme,
I have almost y-caught a cardiacle;
By corpus boones, but I have triacle, 13729
Other elles a draught of moyst and corny ale,
Other but I hiere anoon a mery tale,
Myn hert is brost for pité of that mayde.
Thow, pardoner, thou, *belamy*," he sayde,
"Tel us a tale, for thou canst many oon."
"It schal be doon," quod he, "and that anoon.
But first," quod he, "her at this ale-stake
I wil both drynke and byten on a cake."
But right anoon the gentils gan to crie,
"Nay, let him tellen us no ribaudye.
Tel us som moral thing, that we may leere." 13740
"Gladly," quod he, and sayde as ye schal heere.
"But in the cuppe wil I me bethinke
Upon som honest tale, whil I drynke."—
"Lordyngs," quod he, "in chirche whan I preche,
I peyne me to have an hauteyn speche,
And ryng it out, as lowd as doth a belle,
For I can al by rote that I telle.
My teeme is alway oon, and ever was;
Radix malorum est cupiditas.
"First I pronounce whennes that I come, 13750
And thanne my bulles schewe I alle and some;
Oure liege lordes seal upon my patent,
That schewe I first my body to warent,
That no man be so hardy, prest ne clerk,
Me to destourbe of Cristes holy werk.
Bulles of popes, and of cardynales,
Of patriarkes, and of bisshops, I schewe,
And in Latyn speke I wordes fewe
To savore with my predicacioun, 13760
And for to stere men to devocioun.
Thanne schewe I forth my longe cristal stoones,
I-crammed ful of cloutes and of boones,
Reliks thay ben, as wene thei echoon.
Than have I in latoun a schulder boon,
Which that was of an holy Jewes scheep.
Good men," say I, "tak of my wordes keep;
If that this boon be wasche in eny welle,
If cow, or calf, or scheep, or oxe swelle,
That eny worm hath ete, or worm i-stonge, 13770
Tak water of that welle, and waisch his tonge,
And it is hool anoon; and forthermore
Of pokkes, and of scabbe, and every sore,
Schal every scheep be hool, that of this welle
Drynketh a draught; tak heed eek what I telle.
If that the goode man, that the beest oweth,
Wol every wike, er that the cok him croweth,
Fastynge, drynke of this welle a draught,
As thilke holy Jew oure eldres taught,
His beestes and his stoor schal multiplie. 13780
And, sires, also it helith jalousie.

For though a man be ful in jalous rage,
Let make with this water his potage,
And never schal he more his wyf mystrist,
Though he the soth of hir defaute wist;
Al hadde sche take prestes tuo or thre.
Here is a meteyn eek, that ye may see;
He that his honde put in this metayn,
He schal have multiplying of his grayn,
Whan he hath sowen, be it whete or otes, 13790
So that ye offre pans or elles grootes.
And, men and wommen, oon thing warne I yow;
If eny wight be in this chirche now,
That hath doon synne orrible, that he
Dar nought for schame of it schryven be;
Or eny womman, be sche yong or old,
That hath y-maad hir housbond cokewold,
Such folk schal have no power ne grace
To offre to my relikes in this place.
And who so fint him out of suche blame, 13800
Thay wol come up and offre in Goddes name,
And I assoile hem by the auctorité,
Which that by bulle was i-graunted me.
"By this gaude have I wonne every yeer
An hundred mark, syn I was pardoner.
I stonde lik a clerk in my pulpit,
And whan the lewed poeple is doun i-set,
I preche so as ye have herd before,
And telle hem an hondred japes more. 13809
Than peyne I me to streeche forth my necke,
And est and west upon the poeple I bekke,
As doth a dowfe, syttyng on a berne,
Myn hondes and my tonge goon so yerne,
That it is joye to se my busynesse.
Of avarice and of such cursednesse
Is al my preching, for to make hem free
To geve here pans, and namely unto me.
For myn entent is nought but for to wynne,
And no thing for correccioun of synne.
I rekke never whan thay ben i-beryed, 13820
Though that here soules go a blakeberyed.
"For certes many a predicacioun
Cometh ofte tyme of evel entencioun;
Som for plesauns of folk and flaterie,
To ben avaunced by ypocrisie,
And som for veine glorie, and som for hate.
For whan I dar not other weys debate,
Than wil I stynge him with my tonge smerte
In preching, so that he schal not asterte
To be diffamed falsly, if that he
Hath trespast to my bretheren or to me.
For though I telle not his propre name,
Men schal wel knowe that it is the same
By signes, and by other circumstaunces.
Thus quyt I folk, that doon us displesaunces;
Thus put I out my venym under hiewe
Of holynes, to seme holy and trewe.
But schortly myn entent I wol devyse,
I preche no thing but of coveityse.
Therfor my teem is yit, and ever was, 13840
Radix malorum est cupiditas.
"Thus can I preche agayn the same vice
Which that I use, and that is avarice.
But though my self be gulty in the synne,
Yit can I make other folk to twynne
From avarice, and soone to repent.
But that is not my principal entent;
I preche no thing but for coveitise.
Of this matier it ought y-nough suffise.
"Than telle I hem ensamples many oon 13850

here from the Lansd. Ms. For the explanation of the last of those two lines see the note on l. [illegible]

13741-2. Instead of these two lines, Tyrwhitt and the Lansd. Ms. have,

Som wit, and thanne wol we gladly here.
I graunte y-wis quod he, but I must thinke.

13749. *radix malorum* The Harl and Lansd Mss. have *radix omnium malorum*, but the word *omnium* seems to be redundant, and spoils the metre.

13781. *helith.* The Lansd. Ms. has, with Tyrwhitt, *heleth*, which is perhaps the better reading.

Of olde thinges longe tyme agoon.
For lewed poeple loven tales olde;
Which thinges can thay wel report and holde.
What? trowe ye, whiles I may preche
And wynne gold and silver for I teche,
That I wil lyve in povert wilfully?
Nay, nay, I thought it never trewely.
For I wol preche and begge in sondry londes.
I wil do no labour with myn hondes,
Ne make basketis and lyve therby, 13860
Bycause I wil nought begge ydelly.
I wol noon of thapostles counterfete;
I wol have money, wolle, chese, and whete,
Al were it geven of the prestes page,
Or of the porest wydow in a village,
And schold hir children sterve for famyn.
Nay, I wol drinke licour of the wyn,
And have a joly wenche in every toun.
But herkneth, lordynges, in conclusioun,
Youre likyng is that I schal telle a tale. 13870
Now have I dronk a draught of corny ale,
By God, I hope I schal telle yow a thing,
That schal by resoun be at your liking;
For though my self be a ful vicious man,
A moral tale yit I yow telle can,
Which I am wont to preche, for to wynne.
Now hold your pees, my tale I wol byginne."

THE PARDONERES TALE.

In Flaundres whilom was a companye
Of yonge folkes, that haunted folye,
As ryot, hasard, stywes, and tavernes; 13880
Wher as with lutes, harpes, and gyternes,
Thay daunce and play at dees bothe day and night,
And ete also, and drynk over her might;
Thurgh which thay doon the devyl sacrifise
Withinne the develes temple, in cursed wise,
By superfluité abhominable.
Her othes been so greet and so dampnable,
That it is grisly for to hiere hem swere.
Our blisful Lordes body thay to-tere;
Hem thoughte Jewes rent him nought y-nough;
And ech of hem at otheres synne lough. 13891
And right anoon ther come tombesteris
[Fetis and smale, and yonge fruitesteres,
Singers with harpes, baudes, waferers,]
Whiche that ben verray develes officeres,
To kyndle and blowe the fuyr of leccherie,
That is anexid unto glotonye.
The holy wryt take I to my witnesse,
That luxury is in wyn and dronkenesse.
Lo, how that dronken Loth unkyndely 13900
Lay by his doughtres tuo unwityngly,
So dronk he was he niste what he wrought.
Herodes, who so wel the story sought,
Whan he of wyn was repleet at his fest,
Right at his oughne table gaf his host
To sle the baptist Johan ful gilteles.
Seneca seith a good word douteles;
He saith he can no difference fynde
Betuyx a man that is out of his mynde,
And a man the which is dronkelewe; 13910
But that woodnes, fallen in a schrewe,
Persevereth lenger than doth dronkenesse.
O glutonye, ful of corsidnesse;
O cause first of oure confusioun,
O original of oure dampnacioun,
Til Crist had bought us with his blood agayn!
Loketh, how dere, schortly for to sayn,
Abought was first this cursed felonye;
Corupt was al this world for glotonye.
Adam our fader, and his wyf also, 13920
Fro Paradys to labour and to wo
Were dryven for that vice, it is no drede.
For whils that Adam fasted, as I rede,
He was in Paradis, and whan that he
Eet of the fruyt defendit of a tre,
He was out cast to wo and into peyne.
O glotony, wel ought us on the pleyne!
O, wist a man how many maladyes
Folwith of excesse and of glotonyes,
He wolde be the more mesurable 13930
Of his diete, sittyng at his table.
Allas! the schorte throte, the tendre mouth,
Maketh that Est and West, and North and South,
In erthe, in watir, in ayer, man to swynke,
To gete a sely glotoun mete and drynke.
Of this matier, O Poul, wel canstow trete.
Mete unto wombe, and wombe unto mete,
Schal God destroyen bothe, as Powel saith.
Allas! a foul thing is it by my faith
To say this word, and fouler is the dede, 13940
Whan men so drynke of the whyt and rede,
That of his throte he makith his privé
Thurgh thilke cursed superfluité.
Thapostil wepyng saith ful pitously,
Ther walkith many, of which you told have I,
I say it now wepyng with pitous vois,
Thay are enemys of Cristes croys;
Of which the ende is deth, wombe is her God.
O wombe, o bely, o stynkyng is thi cod,
Fulfild of dong and of corrupcioun; 13950
At eyther ende of the foul is the soun
How gret cost and labour is the to fynde!
These cokes how they stamp, and streyn, and grynde,
And torne substaunce into accident,
To fulfille thy licorous talent!
Out of the harde boones gete thay
The mary, for thay caste nought away

13864. *prestes page.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *porest page*, which is the reading adopted by Tyrwhitt.

The Pardoneres Tale. This beautiful moral story appears to have been taken from a fabliau, now lost, but of which the outline is preserved in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, Nov. lxxxii, as well as the story itself by Chaucer.

13889. *to-tere.* The common oaths in the middle ages were by the different parts of God's body; and the popular preachers represented that profane swearers tore Christ's body by their imprecations.

13893-4. These two lines are omitted in the Harl. Ms.

13898. *holy wryt.* Ms. Harl. and others have in the margin the reference, ¶ Nolite inebriare vino, in quo est luxuria.

13900. *dronken Loth.* This transgression of Lot is one of the most favourite examples, in the medieval moralists, of the ill consequences of drunkenness. Compare *Piers Ploughman*, l. 512 et seqq.

13907. *Seneca.* "Perhaps he refers to Epist. lxxxiii. Extende in plures dies illum ebrii habitum: nunquid de furore dubitatis? nunc quoque non est minor sed brevior." —*Tyrwhitt.*

13918. *felonye.* The Lansd. Ms. reads, with Tyrwhitt, *vilanie.*

13923. *whils that Adam.* In the margin of Ms. Harl. is the quotation, Quamdiu jejunavit Adam in Paradyso fuit, comedit et ejectus est; statim duxit uxorem, &c. It is from *Hieronymus contra Jovinianum.*

13937. *Mete unto wombe.* The margin of the Harl. Ms. has the quotation, Esca ventris et venter escis, Deus autem hunc et illam destruet, &c.

13944. *Thapostil . . . saith.* *Philipp.* iii. 18, 19. Multi enim ambulant, quos sæpe dicebam vobis (nunc autem et flens dico) inimicos crucis Christi: quorum finis interitus, quorum deus venter est.

That may go thurgh the golet softe and soote;
Of spicery and levys, barke and roote,
Schal ben his sause maad to his delyt 13960
To make him have a newe appetit.
But certes he that haunteth suche delices,
Is deed ther, whiles that he lyveth in vices.
A licorous thing is wyn, and dronkenesse
Is ful of stryvyng and of wrecchednesse.
O dronke man, disfigured is thi face,
Sour is thy breth, foul artow to embrace;
A thurgh thi dronkenesse sowneth the soun,
As though thou seydest ay, Sampsoun, Sampsoun;
And yit, God wot, Sampson drank never wyn.
Thow fallist, as it were a stiked swyn; 13971
Thy tonge is lost, and al thin honest cure,
For dronkenes is verray sepulture
Of mannes witt and his discrecioun.
In whom that drynk hath dominacioun,
He can no counseil kepe, it is no drede.
Ne keep yow from the white and from the rede,
And namely fro the white wyn of Leepe,
That is to selle in Fleetstreet or in Chepe.
This wyn of Spayne crepith subtily 13980
In other wynes growyng faste by,
Of which ther riseth such fumosité,
That whan a man hath dronke draughtes thre,
And weneth that he be at hom in Chepe,
He is in Spayne, right at the toun of Lepe,
Nought at the Rochel, ne at Burdeaux toun;
And thanne wol thai say, Sampsoun, Sampsoun.
But herken, lordyngs, o word, I you pray,
That alle the soverayn actes, dar I say,
Of victories in the Olde Testament, 13990
That thurgh the verray God omnipotent
Were doon in abstinence and in prayere;
Lokith the Bible, and ther ye may it hiere.
Loke Atthila, the grete conquerour,
Deyd in his sleep, with schame and dishonour,
Bleedyng ay at his nose in dronkenesse;
A captayn schuld ay lyve in sobrenesse.
And over al this, avyse yow right wel,
What was comaunded unto Lamuel;
Nought Samuel, but Lamuel say I. 14000
Redith the Bible, and fyndeth expresly
Of wyn gevyng to hem that han justice.
No more of this, for it may wel suffice.
And now that I have spoke of glotonye,
Now wil I yow defende hasardrye.

Hasard is verray moder of lesynges,
And of deceipt, and cursed forsweringes;
Blaspheme of Crist, manslaught, and wast also
Of catel, and of tyme; and forthermo
It is reproef, and contrair of honour, 14010
For to be halde a comun hasardour.
And ever the heyer he is of astaat,
The more is he holden desolaat.
If that a prince use hasardrie,
In alle governance and policie
He is, as by comun opinioun,
Holde the lasse in reputacioun.
Stilbon, that was a wis embasitour,
Was sent unto Corinthe with gret honour
Fro Lacidome, to make hir alliaunce; 14020
And whan he cam, him happede *par chaunce*,
That alle the grettest that were of that lond
Playing atte hasard he hem fond.
For which, as soone as it mighte be,
He stal him hoom agein to his contré,
And saide ther, "I nyl nought lese my name,
I nyl not take on me so gret diffame,
Yow for to allie unto noon hasardoures.
Sendeth som other wise embasitoures,
For by my trouthe, me were lever dye. 14030
Than I yow scholde to hasardours allye.
For ye, that ben so glorious in honoures,
Schal not allie yow with hasardoures,
As by my wil, ne as by my trete."
This wise philosophre thus said he.
Lo eek how that the king Demetrius
The king of Parthes, as the book saith us,
Sent him a paire dees of gold in scorn,
For he had used hasard ther to-forn;
For which he hield his gloir and his renoun 14040
At no valieu or reputacioun.
Lordes may fynde other maner play
Honest y-nough to dryve away the day.
Now wol I speke of othes fals and grete
A word or two, as other bookes entrete.
Gret swering is a thing abhominable,
And fals swering is more reprovable.
The hyhe God forbad sweryng at al,
Witnes on Mathew; but in special
Of sweryng saith the holy Jeremye, 14050
Thou schalt say soth thin othes, and not lye;
And swere in doom, and eek in rightwisnes;
But ydel sweryng is a cursednes.
Bihold and se, ther in the firste table
Of hihe Goddes heste honurable,
How that the secounde heste of him is this;
Tak not in ydel my name or amys.
Lo, rather he forbedith such swervyng,
Than homicide, or many a corsed thing.
I say that as by order thus it stondith; 14060
This knoweth he that the hestes understondeth,
How that the second hest of God is that.

13968. *dronkenesse*. Tyrwhitt has *dronken nose*, which is perhaps the better reading

13978. *white wyn of Leepe*. "According to the geographers, Lepe was not far from Cadiz. This wine, of whatever sort it may have been, was probably much stronger than the Gascon wines, usually drunk in England. La Rochelle and Bordeaux, the two chief ports of Gascony, were both, in Chaucer's time, part of the English dominions. Spanish wines might also be more alluring on account of their greater rarity. Among the Orders of the Royal Household, in 1604, is the following. (Ms. Harl. 293, fol. 162.) 'And whereas, in tymes past, Spanish wines, called sacke, were little or noe whit use in our courte, and that in later years, though not of ordinary allowance, it was thought convenient, that noblemen, &c. might have a boule or glass, &c. We understanding that it is now used as common drinke, &c., reduce the allowance to twelve gallons a day for the court, &c.'"—*Tyrwhitt*.

13979 *Fleetstreet*. So the Harl. Ms. The Lansd. Ms. reads *Fischestrete*, which is the reading adopted by Tyrwhitt

13993. *hiere*. The Lansd. Ms. and Tyrwhitt have *lere*.

13994. *Atthila*. Attila died in the night suffocated by a haemorrhage, brought on by a debauch, in the year 453, when he was preparing for a new invasion of Italy.

14001. *Redith the Bible*. See *Proverbs* xxiii.

14020 *Lacidome*. The Lansdowne Ms. reads *Calidonye*, and Tyrwhitt adopts *Calidone* in his text; but he observes in the note, "John of Salisbury, from whom our author probably took this story and the following, calls him *Chilon*. Polycrat. lib. i. c. 5. Chilon Lacedæmonius, jungendæ societatis causa missus Corinthum, duces et seniores populi ludentes invenit in alea. Infecto itaque negotio reversus est, &c. Accordingly, in ver. 14020, Ms. C. I. reads very rightly *Lacedomye* instead of *Calidone*, the common reading. Our author has before used *Lacedomie* for *Lacedæmon*."

14038. *hazard*. This is Tyrwhitt's reading, supported by the Lansd. Ms., which reads *hasardry*. The Harl. Ms. reads *tavern*, which does not agree so well with the context.

And forthermore, I wol the telle a plat,
That vengance schal not parte fro his hous,
That of his othes is outrageous.
"By Goddes precious hert, and by his nayles,
And by the blood of Crist, that is in Hayles,
Seven is my chaunce, and also cink and tray!
By Goddes armes, and thou falsly play,
This daggere schal thurgh thin herte goo!" 14070
This fruyt cometh of the bicchid boones tuo,
Forsweryng, ire, falsnes, homicide.
Now for the love of Crist that for us dyde,
Levith youre othis, bothe gret and smale.
But, sires, now wol I telle forth my tale.
These riottoures thre, of which I telle,
Longe erst than prime rong of eny belle,
Were set hem in a tavern for to drynke;
And as thay sat, thay herd a bell clinke
Biforn a corps, was caried to the grave; 14080
That oon of hem gan calle unto his knave,
"Go bet," quoth he, "and axe redily,
What corps is that, that passeth her forthby;
And loke that thou report his name wel."
"Sire," quod he, "but that nedeth never a del;
It was me told er ye com heer tuo houres;
He was, pardy, an old felaw of youres,
And sodeinly he was i-slayn to night;
For-dronk as he sat on his bench upright,
Ther com a privé thef, men clepen Deth, 14090
That in this contré al the peple sleth.
And with his spere he smot his hert a-tuo,
And went his way withoute wordes mo.
He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence.
And, maister, er ye come in his presence,
Me thinketh that it is ful necessarie,
For to be war of such an adversarie;
Beth redy for to meete him evermore.
Thus taughte me my dame, I say nomore."
"By seinte Mary!" sayde this taverner, 14100
"The child saith soth; for he hath slayn this yeer,
Hens over a myle, withinne a gret village,
Bothe man and womman, child, and hyne, and page;
I trowe his habitacioun be there.
To ben avysed gret wisdom it were,
Er that he dede a man that dishonour."
"Ye, Goddis armes!" quod this ryottour,
"Is it such peril with him for to meete?
I schal him seeke by way and eek by strete.
I make avow to Goddis digne boones! 14110
Herkneth, felaws, we thre ben al oones;
Let ech of us hold up his hond to other,
And ech of us bycome otheres brother,
And we wil slee this false traitour Deth;
He schal be slayne, that so many sleeth,
By Goddis dignité, er it be night!"
Togideres han these thre here trouthes plight
To lyve and dye ech of hem with other,
As though he were his oughne sworne brother.
And up thai startyn, al dronke in this rage, 14120
And forth thai goon towardes that village,
Of which the taverner hath spoke biforn,
And many a grisly oth than han thay sworn,
And Cristes blessed body thay to-rent;
Deth schal be deed, if that they may him hent.
Right as thay wolde have torned over a style,
Whan thai han goon nought fully a myle,
An old man and a pore with hem mette.
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,
And saide thus, "Lordynges, God yow se!" 14130
The proudest of the ryotoures thre
Answerd agein, "What? carle, with sory grace,
Why artow al for-wrapped save thi face?
Whi lyvest thou so longe in so gret age?"
This olde man gan loke on his visage
And saide thus, "For that I can not fynde
A man, though that I walke into Inde,
Neither in cité noon, ne in village,
That wol chaunge his youthe for myn age;
And therfore moot I have myn age stille 14140
As longe tyme as it is Goddes wille.
And deth, allas! ne wil not have my lif.
Thus walk I lik a resteles caytif,
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
I knokke with my staf, erly and late,
And saye, 'Leeve moder, let me in.
Lo, how I wane, fleisch, and blood, and skyn.
Allas! whan schuln my boones ben at rest?
Moder, with yow wil I chaunge my chest,
That in my chamber longe tyme hath be, 14150
Ye, for an haire clout to wrap in me.'
But yet to me sche wol not do that grace,
For which ful pale and welkid is my face.
But, sires, to yow it is no curtesye
To speke unto an old man vilonye,
But he trespas in word or elles in dede.
In holy writ ye may your self wel rede,
Agens an old man, hoor upon his hede,
Ye schold arise; wherefor I yow rede,
Ne doth unto an old man more harm now, 14160
Namore than ye wolde men dede to yow
In age, if that ye may so long abyde.
And God be with you, wherso ye go or ryde!
I moot go thider as I have to goo."
"Nay, olde cherl, by God! thou schalt not so,"
Sayde that other hasardour anoon;
"Thou partist nought so lightly, by seint Johan!
Thou spak right now of thilke traitour Deth,
That in this contré alle oure frendes sleth;

14066. *his nayles.* Not his finger-nails, but the nails with which he was nailed to the cross. These were objects of superstition in the middle ages Sir John Maundeville, c. vii. says, "And thereby in the walle is the place where the four nayles of oure Lord weren hidd; for he had two in his hondes, and two in his feet; and of on of theise the emperour of Constantynoble made a brydille to his hors, to bere him in bataylle; and thorghe vertue thereof he overcam his enemyes, &c." He had said before, c. ii. that "on of the nayles that Crist was naylled with on the cros," was at Constantynoble; and "on in France, in the kinges chapelle"

14067. *blood . . . in Hayles* "The abbey of Hailes, in Gloucestershire, was founded by Richard, king of the Romans, brother to Henry III. This precious relic, which was afterwards commonly called 'the blood of Hailes,' was brought out of Germany by the son of Richard, Edmund, who bestowed a third part of it upon his father's abbey of Hailes, and some time after gave the other two parts to an abbey of his own foundation, at Ashrug, near Berkhamsted Hollinsh. v. ii. p. 275."—*Tyrwhitt.*

14071. *bicchid boones.* This is the general reading of the manuscripts, and Tyrwhitt acted unadvisedly in changing it to *bicchel. Byched bones* appears to have been not an uncommon term for dice: in the Towneley mystery of the *Processus Talentorum,* where the executioners are deciding their right to Christ's tunic by throwing the dice, one of them (p. 241), who has lost, exclaims,—

I was falsly begylyd withe thise *byched bones,*
Ther cursyd thay be!

14103. *and hyne.* I have inserted these two words, which are not in Mss. Harl. and Lansd, from Tyrwhitt; they appear necessary to complete the line.

14119. *sworne* Tyrwhitt reads *boren;* but he does not appear to have been aware of the frequency of this sworn fraternity in medieval story.

Have her my trouth, as thou art his aspye, 14170
Tel wher he is, or elles thou schalt dye,
By God and by that holy sacrament!
For sothly thou art oon of his assent
To slen us yonge folk, thou false theef."
"Now, sires, than if that yow be so leef
To fynde Deth, torn up this croked way,
For in that grove I laft him, by my fay!
Under a tree, and ther he wil abyde;
Ne for your bost he nyl him no thing hyde.
So ye that ook? right ther ye schuln him fynde.
God save yow, that bought agein mankynde, 14181
And yow amend." Thus sayde this olde man,
And everich of these riotoures ran,
Til thay come to the tre, and ther thay founde
Of florins fyn of gold y-coyned rounde,
Wel neygh a seven busshels, as hem thought.
No lenger thanne after Deth thay sought;
But ech of hem so glad was of that sight,
For that the florens so faire were and bright,
That doun thai sette hem by that precious hord.
The yongest of hem spak the firste word. 14191
"Bretheren," quod he, "take keep what I schal say;
My witte is gret, though that I bourde and play.
This tresour hath fortune to us given
In mirth and jolyté our lif to lyven,
And lightly as it comth, so wil we spende.
Ey, Goddis precious dignité! who wende
To day, that we schuld have so fair a grace?
But might this gold be caried fro this place
Hom to myn hous, or ellis unto youres, 14200
(For wel I wot that this gold is nought oures),
Than were we in heyh felicité.
But trewely by day it may not be;
Men wolde say that we were theves stronge,
And for oure tresour doon us for to honge.
This tresour moste caried be by night
As wysly and as slely as it might.
Wherfore I rede, that cut among us alle
We drawe, and let se wher the cut wil falle;
And he that hath the cut, with herte blithe 14210
Schal renne to the toun, and that ful swithe,
And bring us bred and wyn ful prively;
And tuo of us schal kepe subtilly
This tresour wel; and if he wil not tarie,
Whan it is night, we wol this tresour carie
By oon assent, ther as us liketh best."
That oon of hem the cut brought in his fest,
And bad hem drawe and loke wher it wil falle;
And it fel on the yongest of hem alle;
And forth toward the toun he went anoon. 14220
And al so soone as he was agoon,
That oon of hem spak thus unto that other;
"Thow wost wel thou thou art my sworne brother,
Thy profyt wol I telle the anoon.
Thow wost wel that our felaw is agoon,
And her is gold, and that ful gret plenté,
That schal departed be among us thre.
But natheles, if I can schape it so,
That it departed were bitwix us tuo,
Had I not doon a frendes torn to the?" 14230
That other answerd, "I not how that may be;
He wot wel that the gold is with us tway.
What schulde we than do? what schuld we say?"
"Schal it be counsail?" sayde the ferste schrewe,
"And I schal telle the in wordes fewe
What we schul doon, and bringe it wel aboute."
"I graunte," quod that other, "withoute doute,
That by my trouthe I wil the nought bywray."
"Now," quod the first, "thou wost wel we ben tway,
And two of us schuln strenger be than oon.
Lok, whanne he is sett, thou right anoon 14241
Arys, as though thou woldest with him pleye;
And I schal ryf him thurgh the sydes tweye,
Whils that thou strogelest with him as in game,
And with thi dagger loke thou do the same;
And than schal al the gold departed be,
My dere frend, bitwixe the and me;
Than may we oure lustes al fulfille,
And play at dees right at our owne wille."
And thus accorded ben these schrewes twayn,
To sle the thridde, as ye herd me sayn. 14251
This yongest, which that wente to the toun,
Ful fast in hert he rollith up and doun
The beauté of the florins newe and bright;
"O Lord!" quod he, "if so were that I might
Have al this gold unto my self alloone,
Ther is no man that lyveth under the troone
Of God, that schulde lyve so mery as I."
And atte last the feend oure enemy
Put in his thought, that he schuld poysoun beye,
With which he mighte sle his felaws tweye. 14261
For why, the feend fond him in such lyvynge,
That he had leve to sorwe him to brynge.
For this witterly was his ful entent
To slen hem bothe, and never to repent.
And forth he goth, no lenger wold he tary,
Into the toun unto a potecary,
And prayde him that he him wolde selle
Som poysoun, that he might his rattis quelle.
And eek ther was a polkat in his hawe, 14270
That, as he sayde, his capouns had i-slawe;
And said he wold him wreke, if that he might,
On vermyn, that destroyed him by night.
Thapotecary answerd: "And thou schalt have
A thing that, also God my soule save,
In al this world ther nys no creature,
That ete or dronk had of this confecture,
Nought but the mountaunce of a corn of whete,
That he ne schuld his lif anoon for-lete;
Ye, sterve he schal, and that in lasse while, 14280
Than thou wilt goon a paas not but a myle;
The poysoun is so strong and violent."
This cursed man hath in his hond i-hent
This poysoun in a box, and sins he ran
Into the nexte stret unto a man,
And borwed of him large botels thre,
And in the two his poysoun poured he;
The thrid he keped clene for his drynke,
For al the night he schop him for to swynke
In carying the gold out of that place. 14290
And whan this riotour, with sory grace,
Hath fillid with wyn his grete botels thre,
To his felaws agein repaireth he.
What nedith it therof to sermoun more?
For right as thay had cast his deth bifore,
Right so thay han him slayn, and that anoon.
And whan this was i-doon, thus spak that oon:
"Now let us drynk and sitte, and make us mery
And siththen we wil his body bery."
And afterward it happed him *par cas*, 14300
To take the botel ther the poysoun was,
And drank, and gaf his felaw drink also,
For which anoon thay storved bothe tuo.
But certes I suppose that Avyeen

14188. *a seven busshels.* So Mss. Harl. and Lansd. Tyrwhitt reads *an eighte busshels.*

14304. *Avyeen.* The Harl. Ms. reads *Amycen.* Avicenna

Wrot never in canoun, ne in non fen,
Mo wonder sorwes of empoisonyng,
Than hadde these wrecches tuo or here endyng.
Thus endid been these homicides tuo,
And eek the fals empoysoner also.
O cursed synne ful of cursednesse! 14310
O traytorous homicidy! O wikkednesse!
O glotony, luxurie, and hasardrye!
Thou blasphemour of Crist with vilanye,
And othes grete, of usage and of pride!
Allas! mankynde, how may it bytyde,
That to thy creatour, which that the wrought,
And with his precious herte-blood the bought,
Thou art so fals and so unkynde, allas! [pas,
"Now, good men, God forgeve yow your tres-
And ware yow fro the synne of avarice. 14320
Myn holy pardoun may you alle warice,
So that ye offren noblis or starlinges,
Or elles silver spones, broches, or rynges.
Bowith your hedes under this holy bulle.
Cometh forth, ye wyves, and offreth your wolle;
Your names I entre her in my rolle anoon;
Into the blis of heven schul ye goon;
I yow assoile by myn heyh power,
If ye woln offre, as clene and eek als cler 14329
As ye were born. And, sires, lo, thus I preche;
And Jhesu Crist, that is oure soules leche,
So graunte yow his pardoun to receyve;
For that is best, I wil not yow disceyve.
But, sires, o word forgat I in my tale;
I have reliks and pardoun in my male,
As fair as eny man in Engelond,
Which were me geve by the popes hond.
If eny of yow wol of devocioun
Offren, and have myn absolucioun,
Cometh forth anon, and knelith her adoun, 14340
And ye schul have here my pardoun.
Or elles takith pardoun, as ye wende,
Al newe and freissch at every townes ende,
So that ye offren alway new and newe
Nobles and pens, which that ben good and trewe.
It is an honour to every that is heer,
That ye may have a suffisaunt pardoner
Tassoile yow in contré as ye ryde,
For aventures which that may bytyde.
For paraunter ther may falle oon, or tuo, 14350
Doun of his hors, and breke his nekke a-tuo.
Loke, such a seurcté is to you alle
That I am in your felaschip i-falle,
That may assoyle you bothe more and lasse,
Whan that the soule schal fro the body passe.
I rede that oure hoste schal bygynne,
For he is most envoliped in synne.
Com forth, sire ost, and offer first anoon,
And thou schalt kisse the reliquis everichoon,
Ye, for a grote; unbocle anon thi purs." 14360
"Nay, nay," quod he, "than have I Cristes curs!
Let be," quod he, "it schal not be, so theech.
Thou woldest make me kisse thin olde breech,
And swere it were a relik of a seynt,
Though it were with thy foundement depeynt.
But by the cros, which that seynt Heleyn fond,
I wold I had thy coylons in myn hond,
In stede of reliks, or of seintuary.
Let cut hem of, I wol help hem to cary;
Thay schul be schryned in an hogges tord." 14370
This Pardoner answerde nat o word;
So wroth he was, he wolde no word say.
"Now," quod oure host, "I wol no lenger play
With the, ne with noon other angry man."
But right anoon the worthy knight bygan,
(Whan that he saugh that al the peple lough)
"No more of this, for it is right y-nough.
Sir Pardoner, be glad and mery of cheere;
And ye, sir host, that ben to me so deere,
I pray yow that ye kisse the Pardoner; 14380
And Pardoner, I pray yow draweth yow ner,
And as we dede, let us laugh and play."
Anon thay kisse, and riden forth her way.

THE SCHIPMANNES PROLOGE.

[Our hoste upon his stirrops stode anon,
And saide, "Good men, herkeneth everichon,
This was a thrifty tale for the nones.
Sire parish preest," quod he, "for Goddes bones,
Tell us a tale, as was thy forward yore;
I see wel that ye lerned men in lore
Can mochel good, by Goddes dignitee." 14390
The Person him answerd: "*Benedicite!*
What eileth the man, so sinfully to swere?"
Our hoste answerd: "O Jankin, be ye there?
Now, good men," quod our hoste, "kerkneth to
I smell a loller in the wind," quod he. [me.
"Abideth for Goddes digne passion,
For we schul han a predication;
This loller here wol prechen us somwhat."
"Nay by my fathers soule! that schal he nat."
Sayde the Schipman, "here schal he nat preche,
He schal no gospel glosen here ne teche. 14401
We leven al in the gret God," quod he.

was one of the most distinguished physicians of the Arabian school of the eleventh century, and enjoyed great popularity in the middle ages.

14341. *And ye schul have here.* Tyrwhitt reads *And meekly receiveth.* The Lansd. Ms. reads this and following line on a different rhyme,—

Commeth for anone, and kneleth adowne here,
And ye schal have my pardon that is dere.

The Schipmannes Prologe. The Shipman's tale has no prologue in the Harl. Ms., and in other of the best copies of the Canterbury Tales. The prologue here given is from Tyrwhitt, who observes,—"The tale of the Shipman in the best MSS. has no prologue. What has been printed as such in the common editions is evidently spurious. To supply this defect I have ventured, upon the authority of one MS. (and, I confess, not one of the best) to prefix to this tale the prologue which has usually been prefixed to the tale of the Squier. As this prologue was undoubtedly composed by Chaucer, it must have had a place somewhere in this edition, and if I cannot prove that it was really intended by him for this place, I think the reader will allow that it fills the vacancy extremely well. The Pardoneres tale may very properly be called *a thrifty tale*, and he himself *a learned man* (ver. 14475,8); and all the latter part, though highly improper in the mouth of the *curteis Squier*, is perfectly suited to the character of the Shipman." The following short and doggerel prologue to the Shipman's tale, from the Lansd Ms., is given only as an example of the way in which different persons attempted to supply the deficiencies in Chaucer's unfinished work:—

Bot than spak oure oste unto maister Schipman,
"Maister," quod he, "to us summe tale tel ye can,
Wherewithe ye myght glad al this company,
If it were youre pleseinge, I wote wele sekurlye."
"Sertes," quod this Schipman, "a tale I can telle,
And therfore herkeneth hynderward how that I will spelle."

14395. *a loller.* "This is in character, as appears from a treatise of the time. *Harl. Catal.* n. 1666. 'Now in Engelond it is a comun protectioun ayens persecutiouns—if a man is customable to swere nedeles and fals and unavised, by the bones, nailes, and sides, and other members of Crist.—And to absteyne fro othes nedeles and unleful,—and repreve sinne by way of charite, is mater and cause now, why prelates and some lordes sclaundren men, and clepen hem *lollards*, eretikes,' etc."—*Tyrwhitt.*

"He wolden sowen som difficultee,
Or springen cockle in our clene corne.
And therfore, hoste, I warne thee beforne,
My joly body schal a tale telle,
And I schal clinken you so mery a belle,
That I schal waken al this compagnie;
But it schal not ben of philosophie,
Ne of physike, ne termes queinte of lawe; 14410
Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe."]

THE SCHIPMANNES TALE.

A MARCHAUNT whilom dwelled at Seint Denys,
That riche was, for which men hild him wys.
A wyf he had of excellent beauté,
And companable, and reverent was sche;
Which is a thing that causeth more despence,
Than worth is al the cher and reverence
That men doon hem at festes or at daunces.
Such salutaciouns and continaunces
Passeth, as doth the schadow on a wal; 14420
But wo is him that paye moot for al.
The sely housbond algat moste pay,
He most us clothe in ful good array
Al for his oughne worschip richely;
In which array we daunce jolily.
And if that he may not, paraventure,
Or elles wil not such dispens endure,
But thynketh it is wasted and i-lost,
Than moot another paye for oure cost,
Or lene us gold, that is perilous. 14430
This worthy marchaunt huld a noble hous,
For which he hadde alday gret repair
For his largesse, and for his wyf was fair.
What wonder is? but herkneth to my tale.
Amonges al these gestes gret and smale,
Ther was a monk, a fair man and a bold,
I trowe, thritty wynter he was old,
That ever in oon was drawyng to that place.
This yonge monk, that was so fair of face,
Aqueynted was so with the goode man, 14440
Sith that her firste knowleche bygan,
That in his hous as familier was he
As it possibil is a frend to be.
And for as mochil as this goode man
And eek this monk, of which that I bygan,
Were bothe tuo i-born in oon village,
The monk him claymeth, as for cosynage;
And he agein him saith nat oones nay,
But was as glad therof, as foul of day;
For to his hert it was a gret plesaunce. 14450
Thus ben thay knyt with eterne alliaunce,
And ilk of hem gan other to assure
Of brotherhed, whil that her lif may dure.
Fre was daun Johan, and namely of despence
As in that hous, and ful of diligence
To do plesaunce, and also gret costage;
He nought forgat to geve the leste page
In al that hous; but, after her degré,
He gaf the lord, and siththen his meyné, 14459
Whan that he com, som maner honest thing;
For which thay were as glad of his comyng
As foul is fayn, whan that the sonne upriseth.
No mor of this as now, for it suffiseth.
But so bifel, this marchaunt on a day
Schop him to make redy his array
Toward the toun of Bruges for to fare,
To byen ther a porcioun of ware;
For which he hath to Paris sent anoon
A messanger, and prayed hath dan Johan
That he schuld come to Seint Denys, and play
With him, and with his wyf, a day or tway, 14471
Er he to Brigges went, in alle wise.
This nobil monk, of which I yow devyse,
Hath of his abbot, as him list, licence,
(Bycause he was a man of heih prudence,
And eek an officer out for to ryde,
To se her graunges and her bernes wyde);
And unto Seint Denys he cometh anoon.
Who was so welcome as my lord dan Johan,
Oure deere cosyn, ful of curtesie? 14480
With him brought he a jubbe of Malvesie,
And eek another ful of wyn vernage,
And volantyn, as ay was his usage;
And thus I lete him ete, and drynk, and play,
This marchaunt and his monk, a day or tway.
The thridde day this marchaund up he riseth,
And on his needes sadly him avyseth;
And up into his countour hous goth he,
To rekyn with him self, as wel may be,
Of thilke yer, how that it with him stood, 14490
And how that he dispended had his good,
And if that he encresced were or noon.
His bookes and his bagges many oon
He hath byforn him on his counter bord,
For riche was his tresor and his hord;
For which ful fast his countour dore he schette;
And eek he wolde no man schold him lette
Of his accomptes, for the mene tyme;
And thus he sat, til it was passed prime.
Dan Johan was risen in the morn also, 14500
And in the gardyn walkith to and fro,
And hath his thinges said ful curteisly.
This good wyf com walkyng ful prively
Into the gardyn, ther he walketh softe,
And him salueth, as sche hath doon ful ofte.
A mayde child com in hir compaignie,
Which as hir list sche may governe and gye,
For yit under the yerde was the mayde.
"O dere cosyn myn, dan Johan," sche sayde,
"What ayleth yow so rathe to arise?" 14510
"Nece," quod he, "it aught y-nough suffise
Fyve houres for to slepe upon a night;
But it were for eny old palled wight,
As ben these weddid men, that lye and dare,
As in a forme lith a wery hare,
Were al for-straught with houndes gret and smale.
But, dere nece, why be ye so pale?
I trowe certis, that oure goode man
Hath on yow laborid, sith the night bygan,
That yow were nede to resten hastiliche." 14520
And with that word he lowgh ful meriliche,
And of his owne thought he was al reed.

14404. *Or springen cockle.* This alludes to a punning derivation of *Lollard*, from the Latin *lolium.*

The Schipmannes Tale. In this tale also Chaucer probably gives an English version of an earlier French fabliau. The same story probably formed the groundwork of the first story in the *Eighth Day of the Decameron*, which differs little from Chaucer's tale, and was frequently imitated by subsequent *conteurs.*

14454. *namely.* I have adopted this reading from the Lansd. Ms. and Tyrwhitt, as giving apparently the best sense. The Harl. Ms. reads *manly.*

14466. *Bruges.* Bruges was the grand central mart of European commerce in the middle ages, until its decline in consequence of the wars and troubles of the sixteenth century.

14483. *volantyn.* So the Harl. Ms. The Lansd. Ms. has *volatile*, which is the reading adopted by Tyrwhitt, and is probably the correct one

This faire wyf bygan to schake hir heed,
And sayde thus, "Ye, God wot al," quod sche.
"Nay, cosyn myn, it stant not so with me.
For by that God, that gaf me soule and lif,
In al the reme of Fraunce is ther no wyf
That lasse lust hath to that sory play;
For I may synge allas and waylaway
That I was born, but to no wight," quod sche, 14530
"Dar I not telle how it stont with me.
Wherfor I think out of this lond to wende,
Or elles of my self to make an ende,
So ful am I of drede and eek of care."
This monk bygan upon this wyf to stare;
And sayd, "Allas! my nece, God forbede,
That ye for eny sorw, or eny drede,
For-do your self; but telleth me your greef,
Paraventure I may in youre mescheef
Councel or help; and therfor telleth me 14540
Al your annoy, for it schal be secré.
For on my portos here I make an oth,
That never in my lif, for lief ne loth,
Ne schal I of no counseil you bywray."
"The same agein," quod sche, "to yow I say.
By God and by this portos wil I swere,
Though men me wolde al in peces tere,
Ne schal I never, for to go to helle,
Bywreye word of thing that ye me telle,
Not for no cosynage, ne alliaunce, 14550
But verrayly for love and affiaunce."
Thus ben thay sworn, and herupon i-kist,
And ilk of hem told other what hem list.
"Cosyn," quod sche, "if that I had a space,
As I have noon, and namly in this place,
Then wold I telle a legend of my lyf,
What I have suffred sith I was a wyf
With myn housbond, though he be your cosyn."
"Nay," quod this monk, "by God and seint Martyn!
He is no more cosyn unto me, 14560
Than is this leef that hongeth on the tre;
I cleped him so, by seint Denis of Fraunce,
To have the more cause of acqueyntaunce
Of yow, which I have loved specially
Aboven alle wommen sikerly;
This swere I yow on my professioun.
Tellith youre greef, lest that he come adoun,
And hasteth yow; and goth your way anoon."
"My deere love," quod sche, "o dan Johan,
Ful leef me were this counseil for to hyde, 14570
But out it moot, I may no more abyde.
Myn housbond is to me the worste man,
That ever was siththe the world bigan;
But sith I am a wif, it sit nought me
To telle no wight of oure priveté,
Neyther a bedde, ne in noon other place;
God schilde I scholde telle it for his grace.
A wyf ne schal not say of hir housbonde
But al honour, as I can understonde.
Save unto yow thus moche telle I schal; 14580
As help me God, he is nought worth at al,
In no degré, the valieu of a flie.
But yit me greveth most his nigardye.
And wel ye wot, that wymmen naturelly
Desiren sixe thinges, as wel as I.
They wolde that here housbondes scholde be
Hardy, and wys, and riche, and therto fre,
And buxom to his wyf, and freisch on bedde.
But by the Lord that for us alle bledde,
For his honour my selven to array, 14590
A sonday next comyng yit most I pay
An hundred frank, or elles I am lorn.
Yit were me lever that I were unborn,
Than me were doon a sclaunder or vilenye.
And if myn housbond eek might it espie,
I ner but lost; and therfor I yow pray
Lene me this summe, or elles mot I dey.
Dan Johan, I seye, lene me this hundred frankes;
Pardé I wil nought faile yow my thankes,
If that yow list to do that I yow pray. 14600
For at a certein day I wol yow pay,
And do to yow what pleasaunce and servise
That I may do, right as you list devyse;
And but I do, God take on me vengeaunce,
As foul as hadde Geneloun of Fraunce!"
This gentil monk answard in this manere;
"Now trewely, myn owne lady deere,
I have on yow so gret pite and reuthe,
That I yow swere, and plighte yow my treuthe,
Than whan your housbond is to Flaundres fare,
I schal deliver yow out of youre care, 14611
For I wol bringe yow an hundred frankes."
And with that word he caught hir by the schankes,
And hir embraced hard, and kist hir ofte.
"Goth now your way," quod he, "al stille and softe,
And let us dyne as sone as ye may,
For by my chilindre it is prime of day;
Goth now, and beth as trew as I schal be."
"Now elles God forbede, sire!" quod sche.
And forth sche goth, as joly as a pye, 14620
And bad the cookes that thai schold hem hye,
So that men myghte dyne, and that anoon.
Up to hir housbond this wif is y-goon,
And knokketh at his dore boldely.
"*Quy est là?*" quod he. "Peter! it am I,"
Quod sche. "How longe, sire, wol ye fast?
How longe tyme wol ye reken and cast
Your sommes, and your bokes, and your thinges?
The devel have part of alle such rekenynges.
Ye have i-nough pardy of Goddes sonde. 14630
Com doun to day, and let your bagges stonde.
Ne be ye not aschamed, that daun Johan
Schal alday fastyng thus elenge goon?
What? let us hiere masse, and gowe dyne."
"Wif," quod this man, "litel canstow divine
The curious besynesse that we have;
For of us chapmen, al so God me save,
And by that lord that cleped is seint Ive,
Scarsly amonges twelve, two schuln thrive
Continuelly, lastyng into her age. 14640
We may wel make cheer and good visage,
Aud dryve forth the world, as it may be,
And kepen our estat in priveté,
Til we be deed, or elles that we play
A pilgrimage, or goon out of the way.
And therfor have I gret necessité
Upon this queynte world to avyse me.

14566. This line is omitted in Ms. Harl. and is here given from Ms. Lansdowne.

14597-14600. These four lines are also omitted in the Harl. Ms., by an evident error of the scribe, arising from a similar termination of lines 14596 and 14600. They are here supplied from the Lansd. Ms.

14605. *Geneloun.* Geneloun, or Ganelon, in the old romances, was the person whose treason led to the disastrous battle of Roncesvalles.

14617. *chilindre.* This is the reading of the Harl. and Lansd. Mss. Tyrwhitt has substituted *kalend r.*

14639. *twelve, two.* This is the reading of the Harl. and Lansd. Mss., except that the latter has *tweyne* for *two.* Tyrwhitt reads *amonges twenty, ten.*

14640. *her.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *our.*

For evermor we moste stond in drede
Of hap and fortun in our chapmanhede.
To Flaundres wil I go to morw at day, 14650
And come agayn as soone as I may;
For which, my deere wif, I the bysecke
As be to every wight buxom and meeke,
And for to kepe oure good be curious,
And honestly governe wel our hous.
Thou hast y-nough, in every maner wise,
That to a thrifty housbond may suffise.
The lakketh noon array, ne no vitaile;
Of silver in thy purs thou mayst not faile." 14659
And with that word his countour dore he schitte,
And doun he goth; no lenger wold he lette;
And hastily a masse was ther sayd,
And spedily the tables were i-layd,
And to the dyner faste thay hem spedde,
And rychely this chapman the monk fedde.
And after dyner daun Johan sobrely
This chapman took on part, and prively
Sayd him thus: "Cosyn, it stondeth so,
That, wel I se, to Brigges wol ye go;
God and seint Austyn spede you and gyde. 14670
I pray yow, cosyn, wisly that ye ryde;
Governeth yow also of your diete
Al temperelly, and namely in this hete.
Bitwix us tuo nedeth no straunge fare;
Far wel, cosyn, God schilde you fro care.
If eny thing ther be by day or night,
If it lay in my power and my might,
That ye wil me comaunde in eny wise,
It schal be doon, right as ye wol devyse.
O thing er that ye goon, if it might be, 14680
I wolde pray yow for to lene me
An hundred frankes for a wyke or tweye,
For certeyn bestis that I moste beye,
To store with a place that is oures;
(God help me so, I wolde it were youres!)
I schal not faile seurly of my day,
Nought for a thousand frankes, a myle way.
But let this thing be secré, I yow pray,
For for the bestis this night most I pay.
And fare now wel, myn owne cosyn deere. 14690
Graunt mercy of your cost and of your cheere."
This noble merchaunt gentilly anoon
Answerd and sayde: "O cosyn daun Johan,
Now sikerly this is a smal request;
My gold is youres, whanne that yow lest,
And nought oonly my gold, but my chaffare;
Tak what yow liste, God schilde that ye spare!
But oon thing is, ye know it wel y-nough
Of chapmen, that her money is here plough.
We may creaunce whils we have a name, 14700
But goldles for to be it is no game.
Pay it agayn, whan it lith in your ese;
After my might ful fayn wold I yow plese."
This hundred frankes he set forth anoon,
And prively he took hem to daun Johan;
No wight in al this world wist of this loone,
Savyng this marchaund, and daun Johan alloone.
Thay drynke, and speke, and rome a while and [play,
Til that dan Johan rydeth to his abbay.
The morwe cam, and forth this marchaund rideth
To Flaundres-ward, his prentis wel him gydeth,
Til that he cam to Brigges merily. 14712
Now goth this marchaund faste and busily
Aboute his neede, and bieth, and creaunceth;
He neither pleyeth atte dys, ne daunceth;
But as a marchaund, schortly for to telle,
He lad his lyf, and ther I let him dwelle.
The sonday next the marchaund was agoon,
To Seint Denys i-come is daun Johan,
With croune and berd al freisch and newe i-schave.
In al the hous ther nas so litel a knave, 14721
Ne no wight elles, that he nas ful fayn,
For that my lord dan Johan was come agayn.
And schortly to the poynte for to gon,
This faire wif acordith with dan Johan,
That for these hundred frank he schuld al night
Have hir in his armes bolt upright;
And this acord parformed was in dede.
In mirth al night a bisy lif thay lede 14729
Til it was day, than dan Johan went his way,
And bad the meigné far wel, have good day.
For noon of hem, ne no wight in the toun,
Hath of dan Johan noon suspeccioun;
And forth he rideth hom to his abbay,
Or wher him list, no more of him say.
This marchaund, whan that ended was the faire,
To Seynt Denys he gan for to repeire,
And with his wif he maketh fest and cheere,
And tellith hir that chaffar is so deere,
That needes most he make a chevisaunce, 14740
For he was bounde in a reconisaunce,
To paye twenty thousand scheldes anoon.
For which this marchaund is to Paris goon,
To borwe of certeyn frendes that he hadde
A certein frankes, and some with him he ladde.
And whan that he was come into the toun,
For gret chiertee and gret affeccioun
Unto dan Johan he first goth him to play,
Nought for to borwe of him no kyn monay,
But for to wite and se of his welfare, 14750
And for to telle him of his chaffare,
As frendes doon, whan thay ben met in fere.
Dan Johan him maketh fest and mery cheere;
And he him told agayn ful specially,
How he had bought right wel and graciously
(Thanked be God!) al hole his marchaundise,
Save that he most in alle manere wise
Maken a chevyssaunce, as for his best;
And than he schulde be in ioye and rest.
Dan Johan answerde, "Certis I am fayn, 14760
That ye in hele are comen hom agayn;
And if that I were riche, as have I blisse,
Of twenty thousand scheld schuld ye not mysse,
For ye so kyndely this other day
Lente me gold; and as I can and may
I thanke yow, by God and by seint Jame.
But natheles I took it to oure dame,
Youre wif at home, the same gold agein
Upon your bench, sche wot it wel certeyn,
By certein toknes that I can hir telle 14770
Now by your leve, I may no lenger duelle;
Oure abbot wol out of this toun anoon,
And in his compaignye moot I goon.
Grete wel oure dame, myn owen nece swete,

[illegible]. *housbond.* This is the reading of the Harl. and Lansd. Mss. Tyrwhitt reads *houshold* I think the reading of the mss is the best—thou hast enough money, consistent with a thrifty husband.

14742. *scheldes.* The literal version of the French *écus*, or crowns They are said to have received their name from bearing the figure of a shield on one side.

14756. *hole* I have added this word from the Lansd. Ms. It is omitted in the Harl. Ms.

14768. *at home.* These words also are added from the Harl. Ms., as being evidently necessary to complete the metre.

And far wel, dere cosyn, til that we meete."
This marchaunnd, which that was bothe war and
Creaunced hath, and payed eek in Parys [wys,
To certeyn Lombardes redy in hir hond
This somme of gold, and took of hem his hond,
And hom he goth, as mery as a popinjay. 14780
For wel he knew he stood in such array,
That needes most he wynne in that viage
A thousand frankes, above al his costage.
His wyf ful redy mette him at the gate,
As sche was wont of old usage algate;
And al that night in mirthe thay ben sette,
For he was riche, and clerly out of dette.
Whan it was day, this marchaund gan embrace
His wyf al newe, and kist hir on hir face,
And up he goth, and maketh it ful tough 14790
"No more," quod sche, "by God, ye have
y-nough,"
And wantounly with him sche lay and playde,
Till atte laste thus this marchaund sayde —
"By God," quod he, "I am a litel wroth
With yow, my wyf, although it be me loth;
And wite ye why? by God, as that I gesse,
Ye han i-maad a maner straungenesse
Bitwixe me and my cosyn dan Johan.
Ye schold have warned me, er I had goon,
That he yow had an hundred frankes payd 14800
By redy tokne; and huld him evil appayd,
For that I to him spak of chevysaunce,
(Me semed so as by his countenaunce),
But natheles, by God of heven king!
I thoughte nought to axe him no thing.
I pray the, wyf, do thou no more so.
Tel me alway, er that I fro the go,
If eny dettour hath in myn absence
I-payed the, lest in thy necgligence
I may him axe a thing that he hath payed"
This wyf was not afferred ne affrayed, 14811
But boldely sche sayde, and that anoon
"Mary! I deffy that false monk, dan Johan,
I kepe not of his tokenes never a del,
He took me a certeyn gold, that wot I wel.
What? evel thedom on his monkes snowte!
For, God it wot! I wende withoute doute,
That he had geve it me, bycause of yow,
To do therwith myn honour and my prow,
For cosynage, and eek for *bele cheer* 14820
That he hath had ful ofte tyme heer
But synnes that I stonde in this disjoynt,
I wol answer yow schortly to the poynt.
Ye han mo slakke dettours than am I,
For I wol pay yow wel and redily
Fro day to day, and if so be I faile,
I am your wif, score it upon my taile,
And I schal paye it as soone as I may
For by my trouthe, I have on myn array,
And nought on wast, bistowed it every del.
And for I have bistowed it so wel 14831
For youre honour, for Goddes sake, I say,
As beth nought wroth, but let us laugh and play;
Ye schul my joly body have to wedde;
By God, I wol not pay yow but on bedde;
Forgeve it me, myn owne spouse deere;
Turne hider-ward and make better cheere."
This marchaund saugh noon other remedy;
And for to chide, it nas but foly,
Sith that the thing may not amendid be. 14840
"Now, wif," he sayde, "and I forgive it the;
And by thi lif, ne be no more so large;
Keep better my good, this give I the in charge."
Thus endeth now my tale, and God us sende
Talyng y-nough, unto our lyves ende!"

THE PRIORESSES PROLOGE.

"WEL sayd, by corpus boones!" quod oure
"Now longe mot thou sayle by the cost, [host,
Sir gentil maister, gentil mariner.
God give the monk a thousand last quade yer.
Haha! felaws, be war for such a jape 14850
The monk put in the mannes hood an ape,
And in his wyves eek, by seint Austyn.
Draweth no monkes more unto your in.
But now pas over, and let us loke aboute,
Who schal now telle first of al this route
Another tale;" and with that word he sayde,
As curteisly as it had ben a mayde,
"My lady Prioresse, by your leve,
So that I wist I scholde yow not greve,
I wolde deme, that ye telle scholde 14860
A tale next, if so were that ye wolde.
Now wol ye vouche sauf, my lady deere?"
"Gladly," quod sche, and sayd in this manere.

THE PRIORESSES TALE.

O LORD, oure Lord, thy name how merveylous
Is in this large world i-sprad! (quod sche)
For nought oonly thy laude precious
Parformed is by men of heih degré,
But by mouthes of children thy bounté
Parformed is, on oure brest soukynge
Som tyme schewe thay thin heriynge. 14870
Wherfore in laude, as I best can or may,
Of the and of thy white lily flour,
Which that the bar, and is a mayde alway,
To telle a story I wil do my labour;
Nought that I may encresce youre honour,
For sche hir silf is honour and roote
Of bounté, next hir sone, and soules boote.
O moodir mayde, o mayde mooder fre,
O bussh unbrent, brennyng in Moises sight,
That ravysshedest doun fro the deité, 14880
Thurgh thin humblesse, the gost that in the
Of whos vertu, he in thin herte pight, [alight;
Conceyved was the fadres sapience;
Help me to telle it in thy reverence.
Lady, thi bounté, and thy magnificence,
Thy vertu and thi gret humilité,
Ther may no tonge expres in no science;
For som tyme, lady, er men pray to the,
Thow gost biforn of thy benignité, 14889
And getist us the light, thurgh thy prayere,
To gyden us the way to thy sone so deere.
My connyng is so weyk, o blisful queene,
For to declare thy grete worthinesse,

14778 *Lombardes* It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that the Lombard merchants were the chief money-dealers in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, after the Jews had been placed under a ban Lombard Street in London seems to have preserved traditionally the peculiar character given to it by its former inhabitants from whom it was named.

The Prioresses Tale The subject of this story was a very popular legend in the middle ages, told in a variety of forms, and located in as many different places, but tending and perhaps intended to keep up a strong prejudice against the Jews. It is not necessary to enumerate these different stories.

14864. *O Lord, oure Lord.* This is a translation of the first words of the eighth Psalm, *Domine, Dominus noster,* &c.

L

That I may not this in my wyt susteene,
But as a child of twelf month old or lesse,
That can unnethes eny word expresse,
Right so fare I, and therfor I you pray,
Gydeth my song, that I schal of yow say.
Ther was in Asy, in a greet citee
Amonges Cristen folk a Jewerye, 14900
Susteyned by a lord of that contre,
For foul usure, and lucre of felonye,
Hateful to Crist and to his companye;
And thurgh the strete men might ride and wende,
For it was fre, and open at eyther ende.
A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood
Doun at the forther ende, in which ther were
Children an heep y-comen of Cristen blood,
That lered in that scole yer by yere
Such maner doctrine as men used there, 14910
This is to say, to synge and to rede,
As smale childer doon in her childhede.
Among these children was a widow sone,
A litel clergeoun, that seve yer was of age,
That day by day to scole was his wone,
And eek also, wherso he saugh thymage
Of Cristes moder, had he in usage,
As him was taught, to knele adoun and say
His *Ave Maria*, as he goth by the way.
Thus hath this widow her litel child i-taught
Oure blisful lady, Cristes moder deere, 14921
To worschip ay, and he forgat it nought;
For cely child wil alway soone leere.
But ay whan I remembre of this matere,
Seint Nicholas stont ever in my presence,
For he so yong to Crist dede reverence.
This litel child his litel book lernynge,
As he sat in the scole in his primere,
He *O alma redemptoris* herde synge,
As children lerned her antiphonere; 14930
And as he durst, he drough him ner and neere,
And herkned ever the wordes and the note,
Til he the firste vers couthe al by rote.
Nought wist he what this Latyn was to say,
For he so yong and tender was of age;
But on a day his felaw gan he pray
To expoune him the song in his langage,
Or telle him what this song was in usage;
This prayd he him to construe and declare
Ful often tyme upon his knees bare. 14940
His felaw, which that elder was than he,
Answerd him thus: "This song, I have herd seye,
Was maked of our blisful lady fre,
Hire to salue, and eek hire to preye
To ben our help and socour whan we deye.
I can no more expoune in this matere;
I lerne song, I can no more gramere."
"And is this song i-maad in reverence
Of Cristes moder?" sayde this innocent;
"Now certes I wol do my diligence 14950
To conne it al, er Cristemasse be went,
Though that I for my primer schal be schent,
And schal be beten thries in an hour,
I wol it conne, oure lady to honoure."
His felaw taught him hom-ward prively
From day to day, til he couthe it by rote,
And than he song it wel and boldely,
Twyes on the day it passed thurgh his throte,
From word to word accordyng with the note,
To scole-ward and hom-ward whan he went,
On Cristes moder was set al his entent. 14961
As I have sayd, thurghout the Jewerye
This litel child as he cam to and fro,
Ful merily than wold he synge and crie,
O alma redemptoris evermo,
The swetnes hath his herte persed so
Of Cristes moder, that to hir to pray
He can not stynt of syngyng by the way.
Oure firste foo, the serpent Sathanas,
That hath in Jewes hert his waspis nest, 14970
Up swal and sayde, "O Hebreik peple, allas!
Is this a thing to yow that is honest,
That such a boy schal walken as him lest
In youre despyt, and synge of such sentence,
Which is agens youre lawes reverence?"
Fro thennes forth the Jewes han conspired
This innocent out of this world to chace;
An homicide therto han thay hired,
That in an aley had a prive place,
And as the child gan forthby to pace, 14980
This false Jew him hent, and held him faste,
And kut his throte, and in a put him caste.
I say in a wardrobe thay him threwe,
Wher as the Jewes purgen her entraille.
O cursed folk of Herodes al newe,
What may youre evyl entente yow availle?
Morther wol out, certeyn it wol nought faile,
And namly ther thonour of God schuld sprede;
The blood out crieth on youre cursed dede.
O martir souded to virginite, 14990
Now maystow synge, folwyng ever in oon
The white lamb celestial, quod sche,
Of which the grete evaungelist seint John
In Pathmos wroot, which saith that thay that goon
Biforn the lamb, and synge a song al newe,
That never fleischly wommen thay ne knewe."
This pore widewe waytith al that night,
After this litel child, but he cometh nought;
For which as soone as it was dayes light,
With face pale in drede and busy thought, 15000
Sche hath at scole and elles wher him sought,
Til fynally sche gan of hem aspye
That he was last seyn in the Jewerie.
With modres pite in hir brest enclosed,
Sche goth, as sche were half out of hir mynde,
To every place, wher sche hath supposed
By liklihede hir child for to fynde;
And ever on Cristes mooder meke and kynde
Sche cried, and atte laste thus sche wrought,
Among the cursed Jewes sche him sought. 15010
Sche freyned, and sche prayed pitously
To every Jew that dwellid in that place,
To telle hir, if hir child wente ther by;
Thay sayden nay; but Jesu of his grace
Gaf in hir thought, withinne a litel space,
That in that place after hir sone sche cryde,

14898. *Gydeth.* The Harl. Ms. [illegible]

14899. *Asy.* The Laud Ms. reads *A*[illegible] Tyrwhitt [illegible] Asia.

14902. *felonye.* The Laud Ms. and Tyrwhitt have *vilanye.* These two words are not unfrequently interchanged in the mss.

14925. *Seint Nicholas.* We have an amusing account of the very early piety of this saint in his lesson [illegible] Roman. vi. Decemb. "Cujus viri sanctitas quanta futura esset, jam ab incunabulis apparuit. Nam infans cum [illegible] dies [illegible] (Wednesdays and Fridays) semel duntaxat, idque vespere, sugebat."

14947. *no more gramer.* The Laud Ms. and Tyrwhitt read *but smal grammere.*

14982. *and in a put him caste.* This is the reading of the Laud Ms. The Harl. Ms. reads *and threw him in atte laste.*

Wher as he was cast in a put bysyde.
O grete God, that parformedist thin laude
By mouth of innocentz, lo, here thy might!
This gemme of chastité, this emeraude, 15020
And eek of martirdom the ruby bright,
Ther he with throte y-corve lay upright,
He *Alma redemptoris* gan to synge
So lowde, that al the place bigan to rynge.
The Cristen folk, that thurgh the strete went,
In comen, for to wonder upon this thing;
And hastily for the provost thay sent.
He cam anoon, withoute tarying,
And heriede Crist, that is of heven king,
And eek his moder, honour of mankynde, 15030
And after that the Jewes let he bynde.
This child with pitous lamentacioun
Up taken was, syngyng his song alway;
And with honour of gret processioun,
Thay caried him unto the next abbay.
His modir swownyng by the beere lay;
Unnethe might the poeple that was there
This newe Rachel bringe fro the beere.
With torment and with schamful deth echon
This provost doth these Jewes for to sterve, 15040
That of this moerder wist, and that anoon;
He wolde no such cursednesse observe;
Evel schal have, that evyl wol deserve.
Therfore with wilde hors he dede hem drawe,
And after that he heng hem by the lawe.
Upon his beere ay lith the innocent
Biforn the chief auter whiles the masse last;
And after that, thabbot with his covent
Han sped hem for to burie him ful fast;
And whan thay halywater on him cast, 15050
Yet spak this child, whan spreynde was the water,
And song, *O alma redemptoris mater.*
This abbot, which that was an holy man,
As monkes ben, or elles oughte be,
This yonge child to conjure he bigan,
And sayd: "O deere child, I halse the,
In vertu of the holy Trinité,
Tel me what is thy cause for to synge,
Sith that thy throte is kit at my semynge."
"My throte is kit unto my nekke-boon," 15060
Sayde this child, "and as by way of kynde
I schulde han ben deed long tyme agoon;
But Jhesu Crist, as ye in bookes fynde,
Wol that his glorie laste and be in mynde;
And for the worschip of his moder deere,
Yet may I synge *O alma* lowde and cleere.
"This welle of mercy, Cristes moder swete,
I loved alway, as after my connynge;
And whan that I my lyf schulde leete,
To me sche cam, and bad me for to synge 15070
This antym verraily in my deyinge,
As ye have herd, and, whan that I had songe,
Me thought sche layde a grayn under my tonge.
"Wherfor I synge, and synge moot certeyne
In honour of that blisful mayden fre,
Til fro my tonge taken is the greyne.
And after that thus saide sche to me:
'My litil child, now wil I fecche the,
Whan that the grayn is fro thi tonge i-take;
Be nought agast, I wol the nought forsake.'" 15080
This holy monk, this abbot him mene I,
His tonge out caught, and took awey the greyn;
And he gaf up the gost ful softely.
And whan the abbot hath this wonder seyn,
His salte teres striken doun as reyn;
And gruf he fel adoun unto the grounde,
And stille he lay, as he had ben y-bounde.
The covent eek lay on the pavyment
Wepyng and herying Cristes moder deere,
And after that thay rise, and forth thay went, 15090
And took away this martir fro his beere,
And in a tombe of marble stoones cleere
Enclosed thay this litil body sweete;
Ther he is now, God lene us for to meete!
O yonge Hughe of Lyncoln, slayn also
With cursed Jewes (as it is notable,
For it nys but a litel while ago),
Pray eek for us, we synful folk unstable,
That of his mercy God so merciable
On us his grete mercy multiplie, 15100
For reverence of his modir Marie.

PROLOGE TO SIRE THOPAS.

Whan sayd was this miracle, every man
As sober was, that wonder was to se,
Til that oure host to jape he bigan,
And than at erst he loked upon me,
And sayde thus: "What man art thou?" quod he.
"Thou lokest as thou woldest fynde an hare,
For ever upon the ground I se the stare.
"Approche ner, and loke merily.
Now ware you, sires, and let this man have space.
He in the wast is schape as well as I; 15111
This were a popet in an arm to embrace
For any womman, smal and fair of face.
He semeth elvisch by his countenaunce,
For unto no wight doth he daliaunce.
"Say now som what, sins other folk han said;
Telle us a tale and that of mirthe anoon."
"Host," quod I, "ne beth nought evel apayd,
For other tale certes can I noon,
But of a rym I lerned yore agoon." 15120
"Ye, that is good," quod he, "now schul we heere
Som deynté thing, me thinketh by thy cheere."

THE TALE OF SIR THOPAS.

Lesteneth, lordyngs, in good entent,
And I wol telle verrayment
Of myrthe and solas,
Al of a knyght was fair and gent
In batail and in tornament,
His name was Sir Thopas.

15022. *y-corve.* I have substituted this reading (from the Lansd. Ms.) for *i-kut*, the reading of the Harl. Ms.

15095. *Hughe of Lyncoln.* The story of Hugh of Lincoln, which was made the subject of a variety of ballads, &c., is placed by the historians in the year 1255. The ballads, in English and French, were collected together by M. Michel, and published at Paris in a small volume in 1834.

15104. *he bigan.* I have ventured to add the personal pronoun, which is wanting in the Harl. and Lansd. Mss., from Tyrwhitt.

The Tale of Sir Thopas. The introduction of this story by Chaucer is clearly intended as a satire on the dull metrical romances, then so popular, but of which Chaucer fully saw the absurdity. It is in fact a protest against the literary taste of his day. It is made up of phrases from the common metrical romances, if it be not a fragment of a romance dragged in by Chaucer. It has been stated that such a romance existed under the title of *The giant Olyphant and chylde Thopas*; but literary historians have not yet been able to find any traces of such a romance. This notion is, however, somewhat favoured by the circumstance that all the mss. do not end with the same line, the Lansd. Ms. concluding with l. 15322, and the Harl. wanting the last fragment of a line, as though different scribes omitted some, or added as from a poem which they had in memory.

I-bore he was in fer contré,
In Flaundres, al byyonde the se, 15130
At Poperyng in the place;
His fader was a man ful fre,
And lord he was of that contré;
As it was Goddes grace.
Sir Thopas wax a doughty swayn;
Whyt was his face as payndemayn,
His lippes reed as rose;
His rode is lik scarlet en grayn,
And I yow telle in good certayn
He had a semly nose. 15140
His heer, his berd, was lik safroun,
That to his girdil raught adoun;
His schoon of cordewane;
Of Brigges were his hosen broun;
His robe was of sicladoun,
That coste many a jane.
He couthe hunt at wilde deer,
And ride on haukyng for ryver
With gray goshauk on honde;
Therto he was a good archeer, 15150
Of wrastelyng was noon his peer,
Ther eny ram schal stonde.
Ful many mayde bright in bour
Thay mourne for him, *par amour*,
Whan hem were bet to slepe;
But he was chast and no leechour,
And sweet as is the brembre flour
That bereth the reede heepe.
And so it fel upon a day,
For soth as I yow telle may, 15160
Sir Thopas wold out ryde;
He worth upon his steede gray,
And in his hond a launcegay,
A long sword by his syde.
He priketh thurgh a fair forest,
Therin is many a wilde best,
Ye, bothe buk and hare;
And as he priked north and est,
I tel it yow, hym had almest
Bityd a sory care. 15170
Ther springen herbes greet and smale,
The licorys and the cetewale,
And many a clow gilofre,
And notemuge to put in ale,
Whethir it be moist or stale,
Or for to lay in cofre.
The briddes synge, it is no nay,
The sperhauk and the popinjay,
That joye it was to heere,
The throstilcok maad eek his lay, 15180
The woode dowve upon the spray
Sche song ful lowde and cleere.
Sir Thopas fel in love-longing,
Whan that he herde the briddes synge,
And priked as he were wood;
His faire steede in his prikynge
So swette, that men might him wrynge,
His sydes were al blood.
Sir Thopas eek so wery was
For priking on the softe gras, 15190
So feers was his corrage,
That doun he layd him in that place
To make his steede som solace,
And gaf him good forage.
"O, seinte Mary, *benedicite*,
What eylith this love at me
To bynde me so sore?
Me dremed al this night, pardé,
An elf queen schal my lemman be,
And slepe under my gore. 15200
An elf queen wol I have i-wis,
For in this world no womman is
Worthy to be my make
In toune;
Alle othir wommen I forsake,
And to an elf queen I me take
By dale and eek by doune."
Into his sadil he clomb anoon,
And priked over stile and stoon
An elf queen for to spye; 15210
Til he so longe hath ryden and goon.
That he fond in a privé woon
The contré of fairye,
So wylde;
For in that contré was ther noon,
That to him dorste ride or goon,
Neither wif ne childe.
Til that ther cam a greet geaunt,
His name was sir Olifaunt,
A perilous man of dede, 15220
He swar, "Child, by Termagaunt,
For if thou prike out of myn haunt,
Anoon I slee thy stede,
With mace.
Heer is the queen of fayerie,
With harp, and pipe, and symphonye,
Dwellyng in this place."
The child sayd: "A! so mote I the,
To morwe wil I meete with the,

15131. *Poperyng.* Poppering or Poppeling was a parish in the marches of Calais.

15146 *jane.* A coin of Genoa (*Janua*), some of which, apparently of inferior value, are called in the English statutes *galley halfpence.* The *siglaton*, or *sicladoun*, was a rich cloth or silk brought from the East, and is therefore appropriately mentioned as bought with Genoese coin.

15148. *on haukyng for ryver.* The river side is commonly described in the romances as the scene of hawking. Thus in the Squier of Low Degree,—

Homward thus schal ye ryde
On haukyng by the ryvers syde,
With goshauke and with gentil fawcon,
With buglehorn and merlyon.

See also before, l. 6463.

15152. *eny ram.* See before, line 550, and the Tale of *Gamelyn*, l. 172.

15182. *Sche song.* The Harl. Ms. reads *so* for *sche.* Tyrwhitt gives *he.* The reading of the text is taken from the Lansd. Ms.

15214. *so wylde.* This and the following lines, with the whole of this stanza, are given as they stand in the Harl. and Lansd. Mss., which I believe to be correct. I do not think, with Tyrwhitt, that there is any thing necessarily wanting: he closes one stanza with line 15213, and gives as another stanza (the supplementary lines have been taken from a late and bad Ms.),—

Wherin he soughte north and south,
And oft he spied with his mouth
In many a forest wilde,
For in that contree n'as ther non,
That to him dorst ride or gon,
Neither wif ne childe.

15219. *sir Olifaunt.* *Olifaunt* means an elephant, and is not an inappropriate name for a pagan giant.

15221. *Termagaunt.* Termagant or Tervagant is the name of one of the favourite gods of the Saracens and pagans, in the popular literature of the middle ages. From the way in which he was made to bluster and rant, arose our modern use of the word *termagant.*

15222. *For.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *But*, which is perhaps better.

15223. *thy stede.* This reading is adopted from the Lansd. Ms., as being evidently the correct one. The Harl. Ms. reads as one line, *Anon I slee the with mace.*

Whan I have myn armure. 15230
And yit I hope, par ma fay,
That thou schalt with this launcegay
Abyen it ful sore;
Thy mawe
Schal I persyn, if that I may,
Er it be fully prime of day,
For heer schalt thou be slawe."
Sir Thopas drough on bak ful fast;
This geaunt at him stoones cast
Out of a fell staf slynge; 15240
But faire eschapeth child Thopas,
And al it was thurgh Goddis gras,
And thurgh his faire berynge.
Yet lesteneth, lordynges, to my tale,
Merier than the nightyngale
I wol yow roune,
How sir Thopas with sides smale,
Prikynge over hul and dale,
Is come ageyn to toune.
His mery men comaunded he, 15250
To make him bothe game and gle,
For needes most he fight
With a geaunt with heedes thre,
For paramours and jolité
Of oon that schon ful bright.
"Do come," he sayde, "my mynstrales
And gestours for to telle tales
Anoon in myn armynge,
Of romaunces that ben reales,
Of popes and of cardinales, 15260
And eek of love-likynge."
Thay fet him first the swete wyn,
And made him eek in a maselyn
A real spicerye,
Of gyngebred that was so fyn,
And licorys, and eek comyn,
With sugre that is trye.
He dede next his white leere
Of cloth of lake whyt and cleere
A brech and eek a schert;
And next his schert an aketoun,
And over that an haberjoun,
For persying of his hert; 15270
And over that a fyn hauberk,
Was al i-wrought of Jewes werk,
Ful strong it was of plate;
And over that his cote-armour,
As whyt as is a lily flour,
In which he wold debate.
His scheld was al of gold so red,
And therinne was a bores heed,
A charbocle by his syde;
And ther he swor on ale and bred 15280
How that the geaunt schal be deed,
Bytyde what betyde.
His jambeux were of quirboily,
His swerdes schethe of yvory,
His helm of latoun bright.
His sadel was of rowel boon.
His bridel as the sonne schon,
Or as the moone light
His spere was of fine cipres.
That bodeth werre, and no thing pees, 15290
The heed ful scharp i-grounde.
His steede was al dappul gray,
It goth an ambel in the way
Ful softely and rounde
In londe.
Lo, lordes, heer is a fyt;
If ye wil eny more of it,
To telle it wol I fonde.

[FIT II.]

Now hold your mouth for charité,
Bothe knight and lady fre, 15300
And herkneth to my spelle;
Of batail and of chivalry,
Of ladys love and drewery,

15243. *faire.* I have added this word from the Lansd. Ms.

15257. *gestours for to telle tales.* "The proper business of a *gestour* was to recite tales, or *gestes*; which was only one of the branches of the minstrel's profession. Minstrels and gestours are mentioned together in the following lines, from William of Nassington's translation of a religious treatise by John of Waldby. Ms. Reg 17 C. viii, p. 2.

I warne you furst at the begynninge,
That I will make no vain carpinge
Of dedes of armys ne of amours,
As dus mynstrelles and jestours,
That makys carpinge in many a place
Of *Octouiane* and *Isumbrase*,
And of many other jestes,
And namely whan they come to festes;
Ne of the life of *Beves of Hampton*,
That was a knight of gret renoun,
Ne of *Sir Gye of Warwyke*,
Al if it might sum men lyke—

I cite these lines to shew the species of tales related by the ancient gestours, and how much they differed from what we now call jestes."—*Tyrwhitt.*

15259. *romaunces . . reales.* "So in the rom. of *Ywain and Gawain*, Ms. Cott. Galb. E. ix.

He fund a knight under a tre;
Upon a cloth of gold he lay;
By for him sat a ful fayr may:
A lady sat with tham in fere;
The maiden red, that thai might here,
A *real romance* in that place.—

The original of this title, which is an uncommon one, I take to be this. When the French romances found their way into Italy (not long before the year 1300, *Crescimb.* t. i. p. 336), some Italian undertook to collect together all those relating to Charlemagne and his family, and to form them into a regular body of history. The six first books of this work come down to the death of Pepin. They begin thus: Qui se comenza la hystoria el *Real di Franza* comenzando a Constantino imperatore secondo molte lezende che io ho attrovate e racolte insieme. Edit. *Mutinæ*, 1491, fol. It was reprinted in 1537 under this title, '*I reali di Franza*, nel quale si contiene la generazione di tutti i Re, Duchi, Principi e Baroni di Franza, e delli Paladini, colle Battaglie da loro fatte, etc.' *Quadrio*, t. vi. p. 530. Salviati had seen a ms. of this work written about 1350 (*Crescimb.* t. i. p. 330), and I do not believe that any mention of a *real*, or *royal, romance* is to be found, in French or English, prior to that date."—*Tyrwhitt.*

15261. *love-likynge.* The Lansd. Ms. reads, with Tyrwhitt, *love-longyng.*

15263. Tyrwhitt reads this and the next line,—

And mede eke in a masellin,
And real spicerie.

But I prefer much the reading of Harl. Ms., as mead was not a very romantic liquor to be served to a knight adventurous.

15272. *Jewes werk.* I have not met with any passage in medieval writers explaining the nature of this *Jewes werk*, but I am not quite prepared to think with Tyrwhitt that a *Jew* means here a magician.

15286. *rowel boon.* This material, whatever it may be, is mentioned elsewhere as that of which rich saddles were made; as in the early ballad of *Thomas and the Elf queen*, speaking of the latter,—

Hir sadille was of *reuylle bone*,
Semely was that sight to se,
Stifly sette with precious stone,
Compaste aboute with crapoté.

15289. *fine.* I have added this word from the Lansd. Ms.

15296. *a fyt.* This was a common English term for the different parts or divisions of a metrical romance.

Anoon I wol yow telle.
Men speken of romauns of pris,
Of Horn child, and of Ypotis,
Of Bevys, and sir Gy,
Of sir Libeaux, and Pleyndamour,
But sir Thopas bereth the flour
Of real chivalry. 15310
His goode steede he bistrood,
And forth upon his way he glood,
As spark out of the bronde;
Upon his crest he bar a tour,
And therin stiked a lily flour,
God schilde his corps fro schonde.
And for he was a knyght auntrous,
He nolde slepen in noon hous,
But liggen in his hood.
His brighte helm was his wonger, 15320
And by him baytith his destrer
Of herbes fyne and goode.
Him self drank water of the welle,
As dede the knight sir Percivelle
So worthy under wede,
[Til on a day]——————

PROLOGE TO MELIBEUS.

"No mor of this, for Goddes dignité!"
Quod our hoste, "for thou makest me
So wery of thy verrey lewednesse,
That al so wisly God my soule blesse, 15330
Myn eeres aken for thy drasty speche.
Now such a rym the devel I byteche!
This may wel be rym dogerel," quoth he.
"Why so," quod I, "why wilt thou lette me
More of my tale than another man,
Syn that it is the beste rym that I can?"
"By God!" quod he, "for pleinly at o word,
Thy drasty rymyng is not worth a tord;
Thou dost nought elles but despendist tyme.
Sir, at o word, thou schalt no lenger ryme. 15340
Let se wher thou canst tellen ought in gest,
Or telle in prose som what atte lest,
In which ther be som merthe or doctrine."
"Gladly," quod I, "by Goddes swete pyne,
I wol yow telle a litel thing in prose,
That oughte like yow, as I suppose,
Or elles certes ye be to daungerous.
It is a moral tale vertuous,
Al be it told som tyme in sondry wise
Of sondry folk, as I schal yow devyse. 15350
As thus, ye woot that every evaungelist,
That telleth us the peyne of Jhesu Crist,
Ne saith not alle thing as his felawes doth;
But natheles here sentence is al soth,
And alle accorden as in here sentence,
Al be ther in her tellyng difference.
For some of hem sayn more, and some lesse,
Whan thay his pitous passioun expresse;
I mene of Mark and Mathew, Luk and Johan,
But douteles her sentence is al oon. 15360
Therfor, lordynges alle, I yow biseche,
If yow think that I varye as in my speche,
As thus, though that I telle som what more
Of proverbes, than I have herd bifore
Comprehended in this litel tretys here,
To enforcen with theffect of my matiere,
And though I not the same wordes say
As ye have herd, yit to yow alle I pray,
Blameth me nought, for, in my sentence,
Schul ye no wher fynde difference 15370
For the sentence of this tretys [illegible].
After the which this litil tale I w[illegible]e.
And therfor herkeneth what I schal say,
And let me tellen al my tale, I pra[illegible]."

[illegible] TALE OF MELIBEUS.

A YONG man called Melibeus, mighty and riche, bygat upon his wif, that called was Prudens, a doughter which that called was Sophie.[1] Upon a day byfel, that for his desport he is went into the feldes him to play. His wif and his doughter eek hath he laft within his hous, of which the dores were fast i-schitte. Thre[2] of his olde foos han it espyed, and setten laddres to the walles of his hous, and by the wyndowes ben entred, and betyn his wyf, and woundid his doughter with fyve mortal woundes, in fyve sondry places, that is to sayn, in here feet, in here hondes, in here eeres, in here nose, and in here mouth; and lafte her for deed, and went away.

Whan Melibeus retourned was into his hous, and seigh al this meschief, he, lik a man mad, rendyng his clothes, gan wepe and crie. Prudens his wyf, as ferforth as sche dorste, bysought him of his wepyng to stynte. But not forthi he gan to crie ever lenger the more.

This noble wyf Prudence remembred hire upon the sentens of Ovide,[3] in his book that cleped is the Remedy of Love, wher as he seith: He is a

15305—*romauns of pris*. Nearly all the romances here enumerated are extant. The romance of Horn is preserved in Anglo-Norman and in English, the latter version is printed in Ritson's *Metrical Romances*. Ypotis is found in a Cottonian Ms. (Calig. A. II) and in the Vernon Ms. at Oxford. Bevis of Hampton and Guy of Warwick are too well known to need any explanation. Sir Libeaux, or Libeaus Desconus (the fair unknown), is printed also in Ritson's *Metrical Romances*.

15324. *sir Percyvelle*. I have adopted Tyrwhitt's reading instead of that of the Harl. Ms., *of Pertinelle*, because I remember no romance or tale of a *knight of Pertinelle*, and the romance of *Percival* is well known. Tyrwhitt observes, "The romance of *Perceval le Galois*, or *de Galis*, was composed in octosyllable French verse by Chrestien de Troyes, one of the oldest and best French romancers, before the year 1191. *Fauchet*, l. ii. c. x. It consisted of above sixty thousand verses (*Bibl. des Rom.* t. ii. p. 250), so that it would be some trouble to find the fact which is, probably, here alluded to. The romance, under the same title, in French prose, printed at Paris, 1530, fol. can only be an abridgement, I suppose, of the original poem."

15325. *So worthy under wede*. "This phrase occurs repeatedly in the romance of *Emaré*.

fol. 70, b. Than sayde that *worthy unther wede*.
74. b. The childe was *worthy unther wede*,
And sate upon a nobyl stede.

See also fol. 71, b. 73, a."—*Tyrwhitt*.

15326. *Til on a day*. These words are not in the Harl. Ms.

15364. *I have*. The Lansd. Ms. and Tyrwhitt read *ye*.

The Tale of Melibeus. This is a literal translation from a French story, of which there are two copies in the British Museum, Ms. Reg. 19, C. vii. and Ms. Reg. 19, C. xi., both of the fifteenth century. The former, as apparently the best copy, is quoted in the following notes. (Since these notes were first written, the French text of Melibeus has been printed in *le Ménagier de Paris*, published by the Sociéte des Bibliophiles François.)

[1] *Sophie*. The name of the daughter is omitted in both the French MSS.

[2] *Thre*. The Lansd. Ms. and Tyrwhitt read *foure*. The reading of both the French MSS., however, is *trois*, which is in all probability correct. *Three* was a favourite number in the medieval tales and apologues.

[3] *the sentens of Ovide*. The allusion is to the *Remed. Am.* l. 125.—

Quis matrem, [illegible] matris inops, in funere nati
Flere vetet? &c.

fool that distourbeth the moder to wepe in the deth of hir childe, til sche have i-wept hir fille, as for a certeyn tyme; and than schal man doon his diligence as with amyable wordes hire to recomforte and praye hire of hire wepyng to stinte. For which resoun this noble wif Prudens suffred hir housbonde for to wepe and crie, as for a certeyn space; and whan sche seigh hir tyme, sche sayd him in this wise: "Allas! my lord," quod sche, "why make ye youre self for to be lik a fool? Forsothe it apperteyneth not to a wys man, to make such sorwe. Youre doughter, with the grace of God, schal warischt be and eschape. And al were it so that sche right now were deed, ye ne oughte nought as for hir deth youre silf destroye. Senec saith, The wise man schal not take to gret discomfort for the deth of his children, but certes he schulde suffren it in pacience, as wel as he abydeth the deth of his owne persone."

This Melibeus answerde anoon and sayde: "What man," quod he, "schuld of his wepynge stynte, that hath so gret a cause for to wepe? Jhesu Crist, oure Lord, him self wepte for the deth of Lazarus his frend." Prudens answerde: "Certes, wel I wot, attemperel wepyng is no thing defended to him that sorwful is, amonges folk in sorwe, but it is rather graunted him to wepe. The apostel Poule unto the Romayns writeth, A man schal rejoyce with hem that maken joye, and wepe with such folk as wepen. But though attemperel wepyng be graunted, outrageous wepynge certes is defended. Mesure of wepynge schuld be conserved,[4] after the lore of Crist that techeth us Senec; Whan that thi frend is deed, quod he, let nought thin yen to moyste ben of teres, ne to moche drye; although the teeres come to thine eyghen,[5] let hem not falle. And whan thou hast for-gon thy frend, do diligence to gete another frende; and this is more wisedom than to wepe for thy frend, which that thou hast lorn, for therin is no boote. And therfore if ye governe yow by sapience, put away sorwe out of youre hert. Remembreth yow that Jhesus Sirac saith, A man that is joyous and glad in herte, it him conserveth florischinge in his age; but sothly sorwful herte maketh his boones drye. He saith eek thus, that sorwe in herte sleth ful many a man. Salamon saith, that right as motthes in schepes flees annoyeth the clothes, and the smale wormes to the tre, right so annoyeth sorwe to the herte. Wherfore us oughte as wel in the deth of oure children, as in the losse of oure goodes temporales, have pacience. Remembreth yow upon the pacient Job, whan he hadde lost his children and his temporal substance, and in his body endured and receyved ful many a grevous tribulacioun, yit sayde he thus: Oure Lord it sent unto me, oure Lord it hath raft fro me; right so as oure Lord wil, right so be it doon; i-blessed be the name of oure Lord!" To these forsayde thinges answerith Melibeus unto his wif Prudens: "Alle thine wordes ben soth," quod he, "and therto profytable, but sothly myn herte is so troubled with this sorwe, that I noot what to doone." "Let calle," quod Prudence, "thy trewe frendes alle, and thy linage, whiche that ben trewe and wise; telleth hem youre grevaunce, and herken what thay say in counseilynge, and yow governe after here sentence. Salamon saith, werke al thi thing by counseil, and the thar never rewe."

Than, by the counseil of his wyf Prudens, this Melibeus let calle a gret congregacioun of peple, as surgiens, phisiciens, olde, and yonge,[6] and some of his olde enemyes recounsiled (as by her semblaunt) to his love and to his grace; and therwithal ther come some of his neighebours, that deden him reverence more for drede than for love, as happeth ofte. Ther comen also ful many subtil flaterers, and wise advoketes lerned in the lawe. And whan these folk togidere assemblid were, this Melibeus in sorwful wyse schewed hem his caas, and by the maner of his speche, it semed that in herte he bar a cruel ire, redy to do vengeance upon his foos, and sodeynly desirede that the werre schulde bygynne, but natheles yit axed he her counseil in this matier. A sirurgien, by licens and assent of suche as were wyse, up ros, and to Melibeus sayde, as ye may hiere.

"Sire," quod he, "as to us sirurgiens apperteneth, that we do to every wight the beste that we can, wher as we ben withholde, and to oure pacient that we do no damage; wherfore it happeth many tyme and ofte, that whan tweye han everich wounded other, oo same surgien heleth hem bothe, where unto oure art it is not perteyned to norische werre, ne parties to supporte. But certes, as to warisching of youre doughter, al be it so that sche perilously be woundid, we schullen do so ententyf besynes fro day to night, that with the grace of God sche schal be hool and sound, als soone as it is possible." Almost right in the same wise the phisiciens answerden, save that thay sayden a fewe wordes more; that ryght as maladies ben cured by her contraries, right so schal men warissch werre by vengeaunce.[7] His neygheboures ful of envy, his feyned freendes that semede recounsiled, and his flatereres, maden semblaunt of wepyng, and appaired and aggregged moche of this matiere, in preisyng gretly Melibé of might, of power, of riches, and of frendes, despisinge the power of his adversaries; and sayden outerly, that he anoon schulde wreke him on his adversaries be bygynnynge of werre.

Up roos thanne an advocate that was wys, by leve and by counseil of othere that were wise, and sayde: "Lordynges, the needes for whiche we ben assemblit in this place, is ful hevy thing, and an heigh matier, bycause of the wrong and of the wikkednes that hath ben doon, and eek by resoun of the grete damages that in tyme comyng ben possible to falle for the same, and eek bycause of the grete richesse and power of the partes

[4] *conserved.* The Lansd. Ms and Tyrwhitt read *considered*; but the reading of the Harl. Ms., representing the word *garder*, is correct. The original is, "E pour ce on doit paine mettre et garder la mesure, que Senesques dist."

[5] *come to thine eyghen.* I have kept the reading of Tyrwhitt, as most accordant with the original "Car jà soit ce que la lerme viengne à l'euel, elle ne doit point yssir dehors" The Harl. Ms. has *come out of thine eyghen*; the Lansd. Ms. *comen of*.

[6] *olde, yonge.* This is literal from the French original. Tyrwhitt reads *olde folk and yonge.*

[7] *warissch werre by vengeaunce.* So the Harl and Lansd. Mss. read correctly. Tyrwhitt omits the words *by vengeaunce.* The original is, "aussi doit on guerir guerre par vengence."

bothe, for the whiche resouns, it were a ful gret peril to erren in these materes. Wherfore, Melibeus, this is oure sentence; we counseile yow, aboven alle thinges, that right anoon thou do diligence in kepyng of thy body in such a wyse that thou ne wante noon espye ne wacche thy body for to save. And after that, we counseile that in thin hous thou sette suffisaunt garnisoun, so that thay may as wel thy body as thin hous defende. But certes for to moeve werre, ne sodeynly for to doo vengeance, we may not deme in so litel tyme that it were profitable. Wherfore we axen leysir and a space to have deliberacioun[8] in this caas to demen; for the comune proverbe saith this; He that soone demeth, soone schal repente. And eek men sayn, that thilke juge is wys, that soone understondeth a matier, and juggeth by leysir. For al be it so, that alle taryinge is anoyful, algates it is no reproef in gevynge of juggement, ne of vengaunce takyng, whan it is suffisaunt and resonable. And that schewed oure Lord Jhesu Crist by ensample, for whan that the womman that was i-take in advoutrie, was brought in his presence to knowen what schulde be doon of hir persone, al be it that he wist him self what that he wolde answere, yit wolde he not answere sodeynly, but he wolde have deliberacioun, and in the ground hem wrot twyes. And by these causes we axe deliberacioun; and we schul thanne by the grace of God counseile the thing that schal be profytable." Upstarten thenne the yonge folkes anoon at oones, and the moste parte of that companye han skorned these olde wise men, and bygonne to make noyse and sayden: "Right so as whil that iren is hoot men scholden smyte, right so schulde men wreke here wronges, whil that thay ben freische and newe;" and with lowde vois thay cryde, "Werre, werre."

Uproos tho oon of these olde wise, and with his hond make countenaunce that men schulde holde hem stille, and given him audience. "Lordyngs," quod he, "ther is ful many a man that crieth werre, werre, that wot ful litel what werre amounteth. Werre at his bygynnyng hath so greet an entre and so large, that every wight may entre whan him liketh, and lightly fynde werre; but certes what ende schal falle therof, it is not lightly to knowe. For sothly whan that werre is oones bygonne, ther is ful many a child unbore of his mooder that schal sterve yong, bycause of thilke werre, or elles lyve in sorwe and deye in wrecchidnes; and therfore er that eny werre be bygonne, men moste have gret counseil and gret deliberacioun." And whan this olde man wende to enforce his tale by resouns, wel neigh alle at oones bygonne thay to rise, for to breke his tale, and beden him ful ofte his wordes to abrigge. For sothly he that precheth to hem that liste not to heere his wordes, his sermoun hem anoyeth. For Jhesus Sirac saith, that musik in wepyng[9] is a noyous thing. This is to say, as moche avayleth to speke to-fore folk to whiche his speche annoyeth, as it is to synge byfore hem whiche that wepith. And whan this wise man saugh him wanted audience, al schamefast he sette him doun agayn. For Salamon saith, Ther as thou may have noon audience, enforce the not to speke. "I se wel," quod this wise man, "that the comune proverbe is soth, that good counseil wantith, whan it is most neede." Yit hadde this Melibeus in his counseil many folk, that prively in his eere counseled him certein thinges, and counseled him the contrarie in general audience.

Whan Melibeus hadde herd that the grettest party of his counseil were accorded that he schulde make werre, anoon he consented to here counseilyng, and fully affermed here sentence. Thanne dame Prudence, whan that sche saugh that hir housbonde schop him to wreke him of his enemyes, and to gynne werre, sche in ful humble wise, whan sche saugh hire tyme, sayde him these wordes; "My lord," quod sche, "I yow biseche[10] as hertily as I dar and kan, ne haste yow nought to faste, and for alle guerdouns as geve me audience. For Peres Alfons[11] saith, Who that doth to the outher good or harm, haste the nought to quyten him, for in this wise thy freend wil abyde, and thin enemy schal the lenger lyve in drede. The proverbe saith, He hastith wel that wisly can abyde; and in wikked haste is no profyt." This Melibeus answerde unto his wyf Prudens; "I purpose not," quod he, "to werke by thy counseil, for many causes and resouns; for certes every wight wolde holde me thanne a fool; this is to sayn, if I for thy counseil wolde chaunge thinges that affermed ben by so many wise. Secoundly, I say that alle wommen be wikked, and noon good of hem alle. For of a thousand men, saith Salamon, I fond oon good man; but certes of alle wommen good womman fond I never oon. And also certes, if I governede me by thy counseil, it schulde seme that I hadde given to the over me the maistry; and God forbede er it so were. For Jhesus Sirac saith, that if a wif have maistrie, sche is contrarious to hir housbond. And Salamon saith, Never in thy lif to thy wyf, ne to thy child, ne to thy freend, ne geve no power over thi self, for better it were that thy children axen of thy persone thinges that been needful to hem, than thou se thi self in the hondes of thy children. And also, if I wolde werke by thy counselynge, certes it most som tyme be secré, til it were tyme that it moste be knowe; and this ne may not be."[12]

[8] *Space to have deliberacioun.* I have added the three last words from the Lansd. Ms., as they are authorised by the French original. They are omitted in the Harl Ms.

[9] *Musik in wepyng.* The Harl. Ms reads *wepyng in musik*; but the other reading, taken from the Lansd. Ms., is authorised not only by the French original, but it is required by the context.

[10] *I yow biseche.* "Sire, dist elle, je vous prie que vous ne vous hastez, et que vous pour tous dons me donnez espace."

[11] *Peres Alfons.* Peter Alfonsus, or Alfonsi, was a converted Spanish Jew, who flourished in the twelfth century, and is well known for his *disciplina clericalis*,—a collection of stories and moralisations in Latin prose, which was translated afterwards into French verse under the title of the *Castoiement d'un pere à son fils*. It was a book much in vogue among the preachers from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century.

[12] *Ne may not be.* After this paragraph, Chaucer has omitted to translate a passage of the French original, which, as it is requisite to understand some parts of the lady's reply, is here given. Melibeus concludes his discourse with the observation, "Car il est escript, la genglerie des femmes ne puet riens celler fors ce qu'elle ne scet. Aprés le philozophe dit, en mauvais conseil les femmes vainquent les hommes. Et par ces raisons je ne dois point user de ton conseil."

Whan dame Prudence, ful debonerly and with gret pacience, hadde herd al that hir housbonde liked for to seye, thanne axed sche of him licence for to speke, and sayde in this wise; "My lord," quod sche, "as to youre firste resoun, certes it may lightly be answered; for I say it is no foly to chaunge counsel whan the thing is chaungid, or elles whan the thing semeth otherwise than it was biforn. And moreover I say, though that ye han sworn and i-hight to parforme youre emprise, and natheles ye wayve to parforme thilke same emprise by juste cause, men schulde not say therfore that ye were a lyere, ne for-sworn; for the book seith, that the wise man maketh no lesyng, whan he torneth his corrage to the better. And al be it so that youre emprise be establid and ordeyned by gret multitude of peple, yet thar ye not accomplise thilke same ordinaunce but you like; for the trouthe of a thing, and the profyt, ben rather founde in fewe folk that ben wise and ful of resoun, than by gret multitude of folk, ther every man crieth and clatereth what that him liketh; sothely such multitude is not honest. And to the secounde resoun, wher as ye sayn, that alle wommen ben wikke; save youre grace, certis ye despise alle wommen in this wise, and he that alle despysith, saith the book, alle despleseth.[13] And Senec saith, Who so wil have sapience, schal no man disprayse, but he schal gladly teche the science that he can, withoute presumpcioun or pryde; and suche thinges as he nought can, he schal not ben aschamed to lerne hem, and enquere of lasse folk than himself. And, sire, that ther hath be ful many a good womman, may lightly be proeved; for certes, sire, our Lord Jhesu Crist nolde never han descended to be borne of a womman,[14] if alle wommen hadde ben wikke. And after that, for the grete bounté that is in wommen, oure Lord Jhesu Crist, whan he was risen fro deth to lyve, apperede rather to a womman than to his apostles. And though that Salamon say, he fond never good womman, it folwith nought therfore, that alle wommen ben wikke; for though that he fonde noone goode wommen, certes many another man hath founden many a womman ful goode and trewe. Or elles paraventure thentent of Salamon was this, as in sovereyn bounté he fond no womman; this is to say, that ther is no wight that hath sovereyn bounté, save God aloone, as he him self recordeth in his Evaungelie. For ther nys no creature so good, that him ne wantith som what of the perfeccioun of God that is his makere. Youre thridde resoun is this; ye seyn that if ye governed yow by counsel of me, it schulde seme that ye hadde geve me the maystry and the lordschipe over youre persone. Sire, save youre grace, it is not so; for if so were that no man schulde be counseiled but by hem that hadde maystrie and lordschipe of his persone, men wolde nought be counseiled so ofte; for sothly thilke man that axeth counseil of a purpos, yet hath he fre chois whether he wil werke by that purpos or non. And as to youre ferthe resoun, ther ye sayn that the janglerie of wommen can hyde thinges that thay wot not of; as who saith, that a womman can nought hyde that sche woot; sire, these wordes ben understonde of wommen that ben jangelers and wikke; of whiche wommen men sayn that thre thinges dryven a man out of his oughne hous; that is to say, smoke, droppyng of reyn, and wikked wyfes. Of suche wommen saith Salamon, that it were better to a man to dwelle in desert, than with a womman that is riotous. And, sire, by youre leve, that am not I; for ye han ful ofte assayed my grete silence and my grete pacience, and eek how wel that I can hyde and hele thinges that ben secrely to hyde. And sothly, as to youre fyfte resoun, wher as ye sayn, that in wikkede counseil wommen venquisscheth men, God wot thilke resoun stont here in no stede; for understondith now, ye axen counseil to do wickidnes; and if ye wil wirke wickidnes, and youre wyf restreyne thilke wicked purpos, and overcome you by resoun and by good counseil, certes youre wyf oweth rather be preised than y-blamed. Thus schulde ye understonde the philosopher that seith, In wicked counseil wommen venquyschen her housbondes. And ther as ye blame alle wymmen and here resouns, I schal schewe by many resouns and ensamples that many a womman hath ben ful good, and yit been and here counseiles ful holsome and profitable. Eke some men han sayd, that the counseilyng of wommen is outher to dere, or to litel of pris. But al be it so that ful many a womman is badde, and hir counseil vile and not worth, yet han men founde many a ful good womman, and ful discret and wys in counseilyng. Lo, Jacob, by counseil of his moder Rebecca, wan the blessyng of his fader Ysaac, and the lordschipe of alle his bretheren. Judith, by hire good counseil, delyvered the citee of Bethulie, in which sche dwellid, out of the honde of Olophernus, that had byseged it, and wolde it al destroye. Abigayl delivered Nabal hir housbond fro David the king, that wolde have i-slayn him, and appesed the ire of the kyng by hir witte, and by hir good counseilynge. Hester by good counseil enhaunsed gretly the poeple of God, in the regne of Assuerus the kyng. And the same bounté in good counseilyng of many a good womman may men rede and telle. And moreover, whan oure Lord had creat Adam oure forme fader, he sayde in this wise: It is not good to be a man aloone; make we to him an help semblable to him self. Here may ye se that if that a womman were not good, and hir counseil good and profytable, oure Lord God of heven wolde neither have wrought hem, ne called hem help of man, but rather confusioun of man And ther sayde oones a clerk in two versus,[15] What is better that gold? Jasper.

[12] *Ne may not be.* After this paragraph, Chaucer has omitted to translate a passage of the French original, which, as it is requisite to understand some parts of the lady's reply, is here given. Melibeus concludes his discourse with the observation—"Car il est escript, la genglerie des femmes ne puet riens celler fors ce qu'elle ne scet. Après le philozophe dit, en mauvais conseil les femmes vainquent les hommes. Et par ces raisons je ne dois point user de ton conseil."

[13] *And he that alle despysith.* "Car il est escript, qui tout desprise, à tous desplaist." The words *alle displeseth* are omitted in the Harl. Ms.

[14] *May lightly . . . of a womman.* The whole of this passage has been accidentally omitted by the scribe of the Harl. Ms. It is here supplied from the Lansd. Ms.

[15] *In two versus.* I have not met with the two verses in question; but they seem to be a modification of a distich

And what is better than jasper? Wisedom. And what is better than wisedom? Womman. And what is better than a good womman? No thing. And, sire, by many other resouns may ye se, that many wommen ben goode, and eek her counseil good[16] and profitable. And therfore, if ye wil truste to my counseil, I schal restore you youre doughter hool and sound; and eek I wil doon you so moche, that ye schul have honour in this cause."

Whan Melibé had herd these wordes of his wif Prudens, he seide thus: "I se wel that the word of Salamon is soth; he seith, that the wordes that ben spoken discretly by ordinaunce, been honycombes, for thay geven swetnes to the soule, and holsomnes[17] to the body. And, wyf, bycause of thy swete wordes, and eek for I have assayed and proved thi grete sapiens and thi grete trouthe, I wil governe me by thy counseil in alle thinges."

"Now, sire," quod dame Prudens, "and syn ye vouchen sauf to be governed by my counseilyng, I wil enforme you how ye schul governe youre self, in chesyng of youre conseil. Ye schul first in alle youre werkes mekely biseche to the hihe God, that he wol be your counseilour; and schape you to that entent that he give you counseil and confort, as taughte Toby his sone: At alle tymes thou schalt blesse God, and pray him to dresse thy wayes; and loke that alle thi counseiles be in him for evermore. Seint Jame eek saith: If eny of yow have neede of sapiens, axe it of God. And aftirward, thanne schul ye take counseil in youre self, and examine wel youre thoughtes, of suche thinges as you thinkith that is best for youre profyt. And thanne schul ye dryve fro youre herte thre thinges[18] that ben contrarie to good counseil; that is to say, ire, coveytise, and hastynes. First, he that axeth counseil of him self, certes he moste be withoute ire, for many cause. The first is this: he that hath gret ire and wraththe in him self, he weneth alwey he may do thing that he may not doo. And secoundly, he that is irous and wroth, he may not wel deme; and he that may not wel deme, may nought wel counseile. The thridde is this: that he that is irous and wroth, as saith Senec, may not speke but blameful thinges, and with his vicious wordes he stireth other folk to anger and to ire. And eek, sire, ye moste dryve coveitise out of youre herte. For thapostle saith that coveytise is roote of alle harmes. And trusteth wel, that a coveitous man ne can not deme ne thinke, but oonly to fulfille the ende of his coveitise; and certes that may never ben accomplised; for ever the more abundaunce that he hath of riches, the more he desireth. And, sire, ye moste also dryve out of your herte hastynes; for certes ye may nought deme for the beste a sodein thought that falleth in youre herte, but ye moste avyse you on it ful ofte. For as ye herde here biforn, the commune proverbe is this: that he that soone demeth, soone repentith. Sire, ye ben not alway in lik disposicioun, for certis som thing that som tyme semeth to yow that it is good for to doo, another tyme it semeth to you the contrarie. Whan ye han taken counseil in youre selven, and han demed by good deliberacioun such thing as yow semeth best, thanne rede I you that ye kepe it secré. Bywreye nought youre counseil to no persone, but it so be that ye wene sicurly, that thurgh youre bywreyinge youre condicioun schal be to yow the more profytable. For Jhesus Syrac saith, Neither to thi foo ne to thi freend discovere not thy secré ne thy foly; for they wil give you audience and lokyng and supportacioun in thi presence, and scorn in thin absence. Another clerk saith, that skarsly schal thou fynde eny persone that may kepe counseil secreely. The book saith: Whil thou kepist thi counsail in thin herte, thou kepest it in thi prisoun; and whan thou bywreyest thi counseil to any wight, he holdeth the in his snare. And therfore yow is better hyde youre counseil in youre herte, than prayen him to whom ye have bywryed youre counseil, that he wol kepe it clos and stille. For Seneca seith, If so be that thou ne maist not thin owne counseil hyde, how darst thou preyen any other wight thy counseil secreely to kepe? But natheles, if thou wene securly that thy bywreying of thy counseil to a persone wol make thy condicioun stonde in the better plite, thanne schalt thou telle him thy counseil in this wise. First, thou schalt make no semblaunt wher the were lever werre or pees, or this or that; ne schewe him not thi wille and thin entent; for truste wel that comunly these counseilours ben flaterers, namely the counseilours of grete lordes, for thay enforcen hem alway rather to speke plesaunt wordes enclynyng to the lordes lust, than wordes that been trewe and profytable. And therfore men say, that the riche man hath selden good counseil, but if he have it of him self. And after that thou schalt consider thy frendes and thine enemyes. And as touching thy frendes, thou schalt considere which of hem beth most faithful and most wise, and eldest and most approvyd in counsaylinge; and of hem schalt thou axe thy counsail, as the caas requireth.

"I say, that first ye schul clepe to youre counseil youre frendes that ben trewe. For Salamon saith, that right as the hert of a man delitith in savour that is soote, right so the counseil of trewe frendes geveth swetnes to the soule. He saith also, ther may no thing be likened to the trewe freend; for certes gold ne silver beth nought so moche worth as the goode wil of a trewe freend. And eek he sayde, that a trewe frend is a strong defens; who that it fyndeth, certes he fyndeth a gret tresour. Thanne schul ye eek considere if that youre trewe frendes ben

which is not uncommon in MSS., and which are printed thus in the Reliq. Antiq. i. p. 19:—

> Auro quid melius? jaspis. Quid jaspide? sensus.
> Sensu quid? ratio. Quid ratione? nihil.

In the manuscript from which this distich is there printed, it is coupled with another much less favourable to the fair sex than the version given by dame Prudence:—

> Vento quid levius? fulgur. Quid fulgure? flamma.
> Flamma quid? mulier. Quid muliere? nihil.

[16] *And eek her counseil good.* These words have been accidentally omitted in the Harl. Ms.

[17] *Holsomnes.* The Harl Ms. reads erroneously *holines*. The French original has *et santé au corps*.

[18] *Dryve fro youre herte thre thinges.* The Harl. Ms. reads imperfectly *hertes the that ben*, and the Lansd. Ms. omits the word *thre*, which, however, is requisite to give the full sense of the original,—"Et lors tu dois oster de toy troix choses qui sont contraires à conseil."

discrete and wyse; for the book saith, Axe thi counseil alwey of hem that ben wyse. And by this same resoun schul ye clepe to youre counseil of youre frendes that ben of age, suche as have i-seye sightes and ben expert in many thinges, and ben approvyd in counseylinges. For the book saith,[19] that in olde men is the sapience, and in longe tyme the prudence. And Tullius saith, that grete thinges ben not ay accompliced by strengthe, ne by delyvernes of body, but by good counseil, by auctorité of persones, and by science; the whiche thre thinges ne been not feble by age, but certis thay enforsen and encresen day by day. And thanne schul ye kepe this for a general reule. First schul ye clepe to youre counseil a fewe of youre frendes that ben especial. For Salamon saith, many frendes have thou, but among a thousand chese the oon to be thy counseilour. For al be it so, that thou first ne telle thy counseil but to a fewe, thou mayst afterward telle it to mo folk, if it be neede. But loke alwey that thy counseilours have thilke thre condiciouns that I have sayd bifore; that is to say, that they ben trewe, and olde, and of wys experiens. And werke nought alwey in every neede by oon counseilour alloone; for som tyme byhoveth it be counseiled by many. For Salamon saith, Salvacioun of thinges is wher as there beth many counseilours.

"Now sith that I have told yow of whiche folk ye schul be counseiled, now wil I telle yow which counseil ye ought eschiewe. First, ye schal eschiewe the counseil of fooles; for Salamon seith, Take no counseil of a fool, for he ne can not counseile but after his oughne lust and his affeccioun. The book seith, that the proprelé of a fool is this: he troweth lightly harm of every wight, and lightly troweth alle bounté in him self. Thow schalt eschiewe eek the counseil of alle flaterers, suche as enforcen hem rathere to prayse youre persone by flaterie, than for to telle yow the sothfastnesse of thinges. Wherfore Tullius saith, Amonges alle pestilences that ben in frendschipe, the grettest is flaterie. And therfore is it more neede that thou eschiewe and drede flaterers, more than eny other peple. The book saith, Thou schalt rather drede and flee fro the swete wordes of flaterers, then fro the egre wordes of thy frend that saith the thi sothes. Salamon saith, that the wordes of a flaterer is a snare to cacche in innocentz. He saith also, He that speketh to his frend wordes of swetnesse and of plesaunce, setteth a nette byfore his feet to cacchen him. And therfore saith Tullius, Encline not thin eeres to flaterers, ne tak no counseil[20] of the wordes of flaterers. And Catoun[21] saith, Avyse the wel, and eschiewe wordes of swetnes and of plesaunce. And eek thou schalt eschiewe the counselyng of thin olde enemys that ben recounsiled. The book saith, that no wight retorneth saufly[22] into the grace of his olde enemyes. And Ysope[23] saith, Ne truste not to hem, with which thou hast had som tyme werre or enmyté, ne telle not hem thy counseil. And Seneca telleth the cause why; it may not be, saith he, that wher as a greet fuyr hath longe tyme endured, that there ne leveth som vapour of hete. And therfore saith Salamon, In thin olde enemy truste thou nevere. For sicurly, though thin enemy be reconsiled, and make the cheer of humilité, and lowteth to the his heed, ne trist him never; for certes he makith thilke feyned humilité more for his profyt, than for eny love of thi persone; bycause he demyth to have victorie over thi persone by such feyned countynaunce, the which victorie he might nought have by stryf and werre. And Petir Alphons saith: Make no felaschipe with thine olde enemyes, for if thou do hem bounté, they wil perverten it into wikkednes. And eek thou most eschiewe the counseilynge of hem that ben thy servauntz, and beren the gret reverence; for paraventure thai say it more for drede than for love. And therfore saith a philosophre in this wise: Ther is no wight parfytly trewe to him that he to sore dredeth. And Tullius saith, Ther is no might so gret of any emperour that longe may endure, but if he have more love of the peple than drede. Thow schalt also eschiewe the counseil of folk that ben dronkelewe, for thay ne can no counsel hyde. For Salamon saith, Ther is no privaté ther as regneth dronkenesse.[24] Ye schul also have in suspect the counseil of such folk as counseileth you oon thing prively, and counseile yow the contrarie openly. For Cassiodorie saith, It is a maner sleighte to hindre,[25] whan he schewith to doon oon thing openly, and werkith prively the contrarie. Thou schalt also eschiewe the counseil of wikked folkes; for the book saith, The counselyng of wikked folk is alway ful of fraude. And David saith, Blisful is that man that hath not folwed the counseilyng of wikked men or schrewes. Thow schalt also eschiewe the counseilynge of yonge folk, for here counseil is nought rype.

"Now, sire, syn I have schewed yow of what folk ye schul take youre counsail, and of whiche folk ye schullen eschiewe the counseil, now schal I teche yow how ye schul examyne youre counseil after the doctrine of Tullius. In examynyng of youre counseiloures, ye schul considre many thinges. Althirfirst ye schul considre that in thilke thing that thou proposist, and up what thing thou wilt have counseil, that verray trouthe be sayd and considerid; this is to sayn, telle trewely thy tale. For he that saith fals, may not wel be counseled in that cas of which he lyeth. And after this, thou schalt considere the thinges that accorden to that purpos for to do by thy counseil, if resoun accorde therto, and eek if

[19] *For the book saith.* The original refers for this maxim to the book of Job,—"Car il est escript en Job."

[20] *counseil.* I have retained this reading on the authority of Ms. Lansd. and the original French. The Harl. Ms. reads *confort.*

[21] *Catoun.* Lib. iii. dist 6,—

Sermones blandos blæsosque cavere memento.

[22] *Saufly.* In the French original, *seurement.* The Harl. Ms. reads *soone.*

[23] *Ysope.* Several collections of fables in the middle ages went under the name of Ysope, or Æsop; so that it would not be easy to point out the one from which this moral aphorism is taken.

[24] *dronkenesse.* Nul secret n'est où regne yvresse. *Fr. orig.*

[25] *to hindre.* Tyrwhitt, with the Lansd. Ms., reads *to hinder his enemy,* which conveys a meaning totally different from that of the original French, which has: "Cassiodoire dit, une maniere de grever *son amy* est quant on lui conseille une chose en secret et monstre en appert que on veult le contraire."

thy might may accorde therto, and if the more part and the better part of thy counseilours accorde therto or noon. Thanne schalt thou considere what thing schal folwe of that consailynge; as hate, pees, werre, grace, profyt, or damage, and many other thinges; and in alle these thinges thou schalt chese the beste, and weyve alle other thinges. Thanne schalt thou considre of what roote engendred is the matier of thy counseil, and what fruyt it may conceve and engendre. Thow schalt also consider al these causes, from whens thai ben sprongen. And whan ye have examined youre counseil, as I have said, and which party is the better and more profitable, and han approved by many wise folk and olde, than schalt thow considre, if thou maist parforme it and make of it a good ende. For resoun wol nought that any man schuld bygynne a thing, but if he mighte parforme it and make therof a good ende; ne no wight schulde take upon him so hevy a charge, that he mighte not bere it. For the proverbe seith, He that moche embrasith destroyeth[26] litel. And Catoun[27] seith, Assay to do such thing as thou hast power to doon, lest that thy charge oppresse the so sore, that the bihove to wayve thing that thou hast bygonne. And if so be that thou be in doubte, wher thou maist performe a thing or noon, chese rather to suffre than bygynne. And Petre Alfons saith, If thou hast might to doon a thing, of which thou most repente, it is better nay than yee; this is to sayn, that the is better holde thy tonge stille than to speke. Than may ye understonde by strenger resouns, that if thou hast power to performe a werk, of which thou schalt repente, thanne is it better that thou suffre than bigynne. Wel seyn thay that defenden every wight to assaie thing of which he is in doute, whethir he may performe it or noon. And after whan ye han examyned youre counseil, as I have sayd biforn, and knowen wel ye may performe youre emprise, conferme it thanne sadly til it be at an ende.

"Now is it tyme and resoun that I schewe yow whanne, and wherfore, that ye may chaunge youre counseil withouten reproof. Sothly, a man may chaunge his purpos and his counseil, if the cause cesseth, or whan a newe cause bytydeth. For the lawe seith, upon thinges that newely bitydeth, bihoveth newe counseil. And Seneca seith, If thy counseil be comen to the eeres of thin enemy, chaunge thy counsail. Thow maist also chaunge thy counseil, if so be that thou fynde that by errour, or by other processe, harm or damage may bytyde. Also thou chaunge thy counseil,[28] if thy counseil be dishonest, or elles cometh of dishoneste; for the lawes sayn, that alle the hestes that ben dishoneste ben of no valieu: and eek, if it so be that it be impossible, or may not goodly be performed or kept. And take this for a general reule, that every counseil that is affermed or strengthed so strongly that it may not be chaunged for no condicioun that may bitide, I say that thilke counseil is wikked."

This Melibeus, whan he had herd the doctrine of his wyf dame Prudens, answerde in this wise. "Dame," quod he, "yit as into this tyme ye han wel and covenably taught me, as in general, how I schal governe me in the chesynge and in the withholdynge of my counseiloures; but now wold I fayn ye wolde condescende as in especial, and telleth me what semeth or how liketh yow by oure counseiloures that we han chosen in oure present neede."

"My Lord," quod sche, "I byseke yow in al humblesce, that ye wil not wilfully repplye ageinst my resouns, ne distempre youre herte, though I say or speke thing that yow displesith, for God woot that, as in myn entent, I speke it for youre beste, for youre honour, and for your profyt eek, and sothly I hope that youre benignite wol take it into pacience. For trusteth me wel," quod sche, "that youre counseil as in this caas ne schulde not (as for to speke propurly) be called a counseilyng, but a mocioun or a moevynge of foly, in which counseil ye han erred in many a sondry wise. First and forward, ye han erred in the gaderyng of youre counseilours; for ye schulde first han cleped a fewe folkes if it hadde be neede. But certes ye han sodeinly cleped to your counseil a gret multitude of poeple, ful chargeous and ful anoyous for to hiere. Also ye han erred, for ther as ye schulde oonly have clepid to youre counseil youre trewe frendes, olde and wise, ye have i-cleped straunge folk, yonge folk, false flatereres, and enemyes reconsiled, and folk that doon yow reverence withoute love. And also ye han erred, for ye han brought with yow to youre counseil ire, coveitise, and hastynes, the whiche thre thinges ben contrarious to every counsail honest and profitable; the whiche thre thinges ye have nought annentissched or destroyed, neyther in youre self ne in youre counseiloures, as ye oughte. Also ye have erred, for ye have schewed to youre counseilours youre talent and youre affeccioun to make werre, and for to doon vengeaunce anoon, and thay han espyed by youre wordes to what thinge ye ben enclined; and therfore have thay counseiled yow rather to youre talent than to youre profyt. Ye have erred also, for it semeth that yow sufficeth to have been counseiled by these counseilours only, and with litel avys, wher as in so gret and so heigh a neede, it hadde be necessarious mo counseilours and more deliberacioun to performe youre emprise. Ye have erred also,[29] for ye have maked no divisioun bytwixe youre counseilours; this is to seyn, bitwix youre frendes and youre feyned counseilours; ne ye ne have nought i-knowe the wille of youre frendes, olde and wise. but ye have cast alle here wordes in an hochepoche, and enclyned youre herte to the more part and to the gretter nombre, and there

[26] *destroyeth.* The Lansd. Ms. and Tyrwhitt read *distreineth.* The original has, "Car on dit ou proverbe, Qui trop embrasse, pou estraint."

[27] *Catoun.* This is from the *De Morib.* lib. iii. dist. 16,—

> Quod potes, id tentato; operis ne pondere pressus
> Succumbat labor, et frustra tentata relinquas.

[28] *also thou chaunge.* The original gives this briefly, "Après, quant le conseil est deshonneste ou vient de cause deshonneste, il est de nulle value."

[29] *Ye have erred also.* Tyrwhitt has here added a short paragraph, apparently made up from more than one MS. The original is: "Après tu as erré quant tu as feit la division de ton conseil; tu n'as mie suivy la voulenté de tes loyaux amis saiges et anciens, mais as seulement regardé le grant nombre, et tu sces que tousjours li fol sont en plus grant nombre que les saiges."

be ye condescendid; and syn ye wot wel men schal alway fynde a gretter nombre of fooles than of wyse men, and therfore the counsailes that ben at congregaciouns and multitudes of folk, ther as men taken more reward to the nombre than to the sapience of persones, ye se wel that in suche counseilynges fooles have maystrie."

Melibeus answerde agayn and sayde: "I graunte wel that I have erred; but ther as thou hast told me to-forn, that he is nought to blame that chaungeth his counseilours in certeyn caas, and for certeyn juste causes, I am al redy to chaunge my counseilours right as thou wilt devyse. The proverbe saith, that for to do synne is mannysch, but certes for to persevere longe in synne is werk of the devyl."

To this sentence anoon answerde dame Prudens, and saide: "Examineth," quod sche, "youre counsail, and let us se which of hem hath spoke most resonably, and taught you best counsail. And for as moche as the examinacioun is necessarie, let us byginne at the surgiens and at the phisiciens, that first speken in this matiere. I say you that the surgiens and the phisiciens han sayd yow in youre counseil discretly, as hem ought; and in here speche sayden ful wisely, that to the office of hem appendith to doon to every wight honour and profyt, and no wight to annoy, and after here craft to do gret diligence unto the cure of hem whiche that thay have in here governaunce. And, sire, right as thay answerde wisely and discretly, right so rede I that thay be heighly and soveraignly guerdoned for here noble speche, and eek for thay schullen do the more ententyf besynes in the curyng of youre doughter dere. For al be it so that thai be youre frendes, therfore schul ye nought suffre that thay schul serve yow for nought, but ye oughte the rathere to guerdoune hem and schewe hem youre largesse. And as touchynge the proposiciouns whiche the phisiciens han schewed you in this caas, this is to sayn, that in maladyes oon contrarie is warisshed by another contrarie, I wolde fayn knowe thilke text and how thay understonde it, and what is youre entente." "Certes," quod Melibeus, "I understonde it in this wise; that right as thay han do me a contrarie, right so schold I do hem another; for right as thai han venged hem on me and doon me wrong, right so schal I venge me upon hem, and doon hem wrong; and thanne have I cured oon contrarie by another." "Lo, lo," quod dame Prudence, "how lightly is every man enclyned to his oughne plesaunce and to his oughne desir! Certes," quod sche, "the wordes of the phisiciens ne schulde nought have ben understonde sone in that wise; for certes wikkednesse is no contrarie to wickednesse, ne vengauns to vengeaunce, ne wrong to wrong, but thai ben semblable; and therfore a vengeaunce is nought warisshed by another vengeaunce, ne oon wrong by another wrong, but everych of hem encreseth and engreggith other. But certes the wordes of the phisiciens schul ben understonde in this wise; for good and wikkednesse ben tuo contraries, and pees and werre, vengeaunce and sufferaunce, discord and accord, and many other thinges; but, certes, wikkednes schal be warrisshed by goodnesse, discord by accord, werre by pees, and so forth of other thinges. And herto accordith seint Paul the apostil in many places; he saith, Ne yeldith nought harm for harm, ne wikked speche for wikked speche; but do wel to him that doth the harm, and blesse him that saith the harme. And in many other places he amonesteth pees and accord. But now wil I speke to yow of the counseil, which was give to yow by the men of lawe, and the wise folk, and olde folk,[30] that sayde alle by oon accord as ye have herd byfore, that over alle thinges ye schal do youre diligence to kepe youre persone, and to warmstore youre house; and seyden also, that in this yow aughte for to wirche ful avysily and with gret deliberacioun. And, sire, as to the firste poynt, that touched to the kepinge of youre persone, ye schul understonde, that he that hath werre, schal evermore devoutly and mekely prayen biforn alle thinges, that Jhesu Crist wil of his mercy have him in his proteccioun, and ben his soverayn helpyng at his neede; for certes in this world ther nys no wight that may be counseiled or kept sufficauntly, withoute the kepinge of oure lord Jhesu Crist. To this sentence accordeth the prophete David, that seith: If God ne kepe not the citee, in ydel wakith he that kepith it. Now, sire, thanne schul ye committe the keping of youre persone to youre trewe frendes, that ben approved and y-knowe, and of hem schul ye axen help, youre persone to kepe. For Catoun[31] saith: If thou have neede of help, axe it of thy freendes, for ther is noon so good a phisicien at neede as is a trewe frend. And after this than schal ye kepe you fro alle straunge folkes, and fro lyeres, and have alway in suspect here compaignye. For Pieres Alfons saith: Ne take no compaignie by the way of a straunge man, but so be that thou knowe him of a lenger tyme; and if so be he falle into thy compaignye paraventure withouten thin assent, enquere thanne, as subtilly as thou maist, of his conversacioun, and of his lyf bifore, and feyne thy way, and say that thou wilt go thider as thou wolt nought goon; and if he bere a spere, hold the on the right syde, and if he bere a swerd, holde the on the lyft syde. And so after this, thanne schul ye kepe you wisely from al such peple as I have sayd bifore, and hem and here counseil eschiewe. And after this, thanne schul ye kepe yow in such manere, that for eny presumpcioun of youre strengthe, that ye despise not the might of youre adversarie so lite, that ye lete the kepinge of youre persone for your presumpcioun; for every wis man dredeth his enemy. And Salamon saith, Weleful is he that of alle hath drede; for certes he that thurgh hardynes of his herte, and thurgh the hardinesse of himself, hath to gret presumpcioun, him schal evyl bitide. Thanne schal ye evermore counterwayte embusshementz and alle espiaille. For Senec saith, that the wise man that dredith harmes, eschiewith harmes, ne he ne fallith into noone perils, that perils eschieweth. And al be it so that the seme that thou art in

[30] *and olde folk.* These three words are omitted in the Harl. Ms., but I have restored them from the Ms. Lansd. and the French original.

[31] *Catoun.* The passage alluded to is found in the Distich. de Morib. lib. iv. dist. 14.

Auxilium a notis petito, si forte laboras,
Nec quisquam melior medicus quam fidus amicus.

siker place, yit schaltow alway do thy diligence in kepyng of thy persone; this is to say, be not negligent to kepe thy persone, nought oonly for thy grettest enemyes, but fro thy lest enemyes. Senec saith, 'A man that is wel avysed, he dredith his lest enemy.' Ovide seith,[32] that the litel wesil wol sle the grete bole and the wilde hert. And the book saith, a litel thorn wol prikke a kyng ful sore, and an hound wol holde the wilde boore. But natheles, I say not that ye schul be so moche a coward, that ye doute where is no neede or drede. The book saith,[33] that som folk have gret lust to disceyve, but yit thay dreden hem to be deceyved. Yet schal ye drede to ben emposoned. And kepe the fro the companye of scorners, for the book saith, with scorners make no compaignye, but flee hem and here wordes as venym.

"Now as to the secounde poynt, where as youre wise counseilours warnede yow to warnstore youre hous with gret diligence, I wolde fayn wite how that ye understoode thilke wordes, and what is your sentence." Melibeus answerde and saide: "Certes, I understonde it in this wise, that I schal warnstore myn hous with toures, suche as han castiles and other maner edifices, and armure, and artilries, by suche thinges I may my persone and myn hous so kepen and edifien and defenden, that myn enemyes schul be in drede myn hous to approche."

To this sentence answerde dame Prudence: "Warnstorynge," quod sche, "of heihe toures and grete edifices is with grete costages and grete travaile; and whan that thay ben accomplised, yit beth thay nought worth a straw, but if they be defended by trewe frendes, that beth olde and wise. And understondeth that the grettest strength or garnisoun that the riche man may have, as wel to kepe his persone as his goodes, is that he be biloved with his subgites and with his neighebours. For thus saith Tullius, that ther is a maner garnisoun that no man may venquisshe ne discomfite, and that is a lord to be biloved with his citezeins and of his peple.

"Now thanne as to youre thridde poynt, where as youre olde and wyse counseillours sayde, ye oughte nought sodeinly ne hastily procede in this neede, but that ye oughte purveyen yow and appareile yow in this caas with greet diligence and gret deliberacioun; trewely, I trowe, that thay sayden soth and right wisely. For Tullius saith: 'In every nede, er thou bigynne it, appareile the with gret diligence.' Thanne say I, that in vengeance takinge, in werre, in bataile, and in warnstoringe of thin hous, er thou bygynne, I rede that thou appareille the therto, and do it with gret deliberacioun. For Tullius saith, that long appareylyng byfore the bataille, maketh schort victorie. And Cassidorus saith, the garnisoun is stronger whan it is long tyme avysed.

"But now let us speke of the counseil that was accorded by youre neighebours, suche as doon you reverence withoute love, youre olde enemyes reconsiled, your flaterers, that counseile yow certeyn thinges pryvely, and openly counseile yow the contrarie, the yonge also, that counsaile yow to make werre and venge yow anoon. And certes, sire, as I have sayd byforn, ye have gretly erred to have cleped such maner folk to youre counseil, which be now repreved by the resouns byfore sayd. But natheles let us now descende to the purpos special. Ye schul first procede after the doctrine of Tullius. Certes, the trouthe of this matier or this counseil nedeth nought diligently enquere, for it is wel wist whiche it ben that doon to yow this trespas and vilenye, and how many tresspasoures, and in what maner thay han to yow doon al this wrong and al this vilonye. And after that schul ye examyne the secounde condicioun which Tullius addith therto in this matier. Tullius put a thing, which that he clepeth consentynge,[34] this is to sayn, who ben thay and whiche ben thay, and how many, that consented to this matiere, and to thy counseil in thy wilfulnesse to do hasty vengeaunces. And let us considere also who ben tho and how many ben tho that consented[35] to youre adversaries. And certes, as to the first poynt, it is wel knowen whiche folk ben thay that consented to youre first wilfulnes. For trewly, alle tho that counseilled yow to make sodeyn werre, beth nought youre frendes. Let us considre whiche ben tho that ye holde so gretly youre frendes as to youre persone; for al be it so that ye be mighty and riche, certes ye ben allone, for certes ye have no child but a doughter, ne ye have no bretheren, ne cosyns germayns, ne noon other neigh kynrede, wherfore that youre enemyes for drede schulde stynte for to plede with yow, and struye youre persone. Ye knowe also, that youre richesses mooten in divers parties be departed, and whan that every wight hath his part, they wol take but litel reward to venge thy deth. But thyne enemyes ben thre, and thay have many children, bretheren, cosynes, and other neigh kynrede, and though it so were ye hadde slayn of hem tuo or thre, yit dwellen ther y-nowe to wreke her deth, and to slee thi persone. And though so were that youre kynrede were more sekir and stedefast than the kynrede of youre adversaries, yit natheles youre kynrede nis but a fer[36] kynrede, and litel sib to yow, and the kyn of youre enemyes ben neigh sibbe to hem. And certes as in that, here condicioun is bet than youres. Thanne let us considere also if the counseilyng of hem that counseiled yow to take sodeyn vengeaunce, whether it accorde to resoun. And certes ye knowe wel, nay; for as by right and resoun, ther may no man taken vengeaunce upon no wight, but the jugge that hath jurediccioun of it, whan it is y-graunted him to take thilke vengeaunce hastily, or attemperelly, as the lawe requireth. And yit moreover of thilke word that Tullius clepith con-

[32] *Ovide seith.* The original quotes more fully, "Et Ovide, ou livre du Remede d'Amours." The maxim is not found, as far as I can discover, in Ovid de Remed. Amor.

[33] *The book seith.* "Car il est escript, aucunes gens ont [illegible] de decevoir, car ils ont trop doubte que on ne les deceust." Tyrwhitt has what he calls "patched up" this passage in his edition, by the insertion of some words of his own. I have followed the Harl. Ms. exactly. Chaucer simplifies and alters his original in this part, which makes it difficult to correct it by the French.

[34] *Consentynge.* The Harl. Ms. reads [illegible], by an error of the scribe, as appears by the sequel.

[35] *Consentiden.* I have restored this reading from Ms. [illegible] and the French original, instead of the reading of the Harl. Ms. *that [illegible] counseilled.*

[36] *A fer.* This is Tyrwhitt's reading, which seems to agree better with the context, than the reading of the Harl. Ms., *litel.*

sentynge, thou schalt considre, if thy might and thy power may consente and suffice to thy wilfulnes and to thy counseillours. And certes, thou maist wel say, that nay, for sicurly, as for to speke properly, we may do no thing but oonly oon thing which we may do rightfully, and certes rightfully may ye take no vengeance, as of youre owne auctorite. Than may ye se that youre power consentith not, ne accordith not, with youre wilfulnesse.

"Let us now examyne the thridde poynt, that Tullius clepeth consequente. Thou schalt understonde, that the vengeance that thou purposiddest for to take, is consequent, and therof folweth another vengeaunce, peril, and werre, and other damages withoute nombre, of whiche we be nought war, as at this tyme. And as touching the fourthe poynt, that Tullius clepeth engendrynge, thou schalt considre that this wrong which that is doon to the, is engendrid of the hate of thin enemyes, and of the vengeaunce takinge up that wolde engendre another vengeaunce, and mochel sorwe and wastynge of riches, as I sayde. Now sire, as to the poynt that Tullius clepeth causes, which that is the laste poynt, thou schalt understonde that the wrong that thou hast receyved hath certeyn causes, which that clerkes calle *oriens* and *efficiens*, and *causa longinqua*, and *causa propinqua*, this is to say, the fer cause and the neigh cause. The fer cause is almighty God, that is cause of alle thinges; the nere cause is thi thre enemyes; the cause accidental was hate; the causes material been the fyve woundes of thy doughter; the cause formal is the maner of here werkyng, that brought in laddres and clomben in at thin wyndowes; the cause final was for to sle thy doughter; it letted nought in as moche as was in hem. But for to speke of the fer cause, as to what ende thay schal come, or what schal finally betyde of hem in this cause, can I not deme, but by conjectyng and by supposyng; for we schul suppose that thay schul come to a wikked ende, bycause that the book of Decrees saith, Selden, or with gret peyne, been causes i-brought to a good ende, whan thay been evyl bygonne.

"Now sire, if men wolde axe me why that God suffrede men to do yow this wrong and vilenye, certes I can not wel answere, as for no sothfastnes. For the apostil saith, that the sciences and the juggements of oure Lord God almyghty been ful deep, ther may no man comprehende ne serchen hem sufficiauntly. Natheles by certeyn presumpciouns and conjectinges I holde and bileve, that God, which that is ful of justice and of rightwisnesse, hath suffred this to bityde, by juste cause resonable. Thy name, Melibe, is to say, a man that drynketh hony. Thou hast y-dronke so moche hony of swete temporel richesses and delices and honours of this world, that thou art dronke, and hast forgete Jhesu Crist thy creatour; thou hast not doon him such honour and reverence as the oughte to doone, ne thou hast nought wel taken keep to the wordes of Ovide,[37] that saith, Under the hony of thy goodes of thy body is hid the venym that sleeth thi soule. And Salamon saith, If thou have founde hony, ete of it that sufficeth, for if thou ete of it out of mesure, thou schalt spewe, and be nedy and povre. And peraventure Crist hath the in despit, and hath torned away fro the his face and his eeres of misericorde, and also he hath suffred that thou hast ben punysshed in the maner that thou hast i-trespassed. Thou hast doon synne ageinst oure Lord Crist, for certes thi thre enemyes of mankynde, that is to say, thy flessche, the feend, and the world, thou hast y-suffred hem to entre into thin herte wilfully, by the wyndow of thy body, and hast nought defended thiself sufficiently agayns here assautes,[38] and here temptaciouns, so that thay have woundid thi soule in fyve places, this is to sayn, the dedly synnes that ben entrid into thin herte by thy fyve wittes; and in the same maner oure Lord Crist hath wolde and suffred, that thy thre enemyes ben entred into thin hous by the wyndowes, and have i-woundid thi doughter in the forsayde maner."

"Certes," quod Melibeus, "I se wel that ye enforce yow moche by wordes to overcome me, in such manere, that I schal not venge me on myn enemyes, schewynge me the perils and the yveles that mighten falle of this vengeaunce. But who so wolde considre in alle vengeaunces the periles and the yveles that mighten folwe of vengeaunces takynge, a man wolde never take vengeaunce, and that were harm; for by vengeaunce takynge be wikked men destruyed and dissevered fro the goode men. And thay that have wille to wikkednes, restreignen here wikked purpos, whan thay seen the punysshyng and the chastisyng of trespasours."

And yit[39] sey I more, that right so as a single persone synneth in takyng of vengeaunce, right so the jugge synneth if he doo no vengeaunce of him that it hath deserved. For Senec saith thus: That maister, he saith, is good that reproveth schrewes.[40] And as Cassodore saith: A man dredeth to doon outrage, whan he woot and knoweth that it displeseth to the jugges and the soverayns. And another saith: The jugge that dredeth to demen right, maketh schrewes. And seint Poul thappostil saith in his epistil, whan he writeth to the Romayns: The jugges bere not the spere withoute cause, but they beren it to punysshe the schrewes and mysdoers, and for to defende with the goode men. If ye wol take vengeaunce on youre enemyes, ye schul retourne or have recours to the jugges, that have jurediccioun upon hem, and he schal punissche hem, as the lawe axeth and requireth." "A!" quod

[37] *Ovid.* I presume the allusion is to *Ovid. Amor.* lib. i. el. viii. 104:

Impia sub dulci melle venena latent.

[38] *Assautes.* The Harl. MS. reads *ascentis* and the Lansd. MS. [illegible]. The reading here adopted from Tyrwhitt is authorised by the French original, which has *assaux*.

[39] *And yit.* The commencement of this paragraph, which is very necessary for the sense, is not found in Chaucer's translation in any of the MSS. In the French original it stands thus:— "Et ce respont dame Prudence, Certes, dit elle, je t'octroye que de vengence vient molt de maulx et de biens; mais vengence n'appartient pas à un chascun fors seulement aux juges et à ceux qui ont la juridiction sur les malfaitteurs. Et dit plus que," &c.

[40] *For Senec . . . schrewes.* I give this reading adopted by Tyrwhitt, instead of that of the Harl. MS. *He that maister is, he saith good to reprove schrewes*, which neither offers any apparent sense nor represents the French original: "Car Senesque dit, Cellui nuit aux bons qui espargne les mauvis."

Melibeus, "this vengeaunce liketh me no thing. I bythenke me now, and take heed, how fortune hath norissched me fro my childhode, and hath holpe me to passen many a strayt passage; now wol I aske her that sche schal, with Goddes help, helpe me my schame for to venge."

"Certes," quod Prudence, "if ye wil wirche by my counseil, ye schul not assaye fortune by no maner way, ne schul not lene ne bowe unto hire, after the word of Senec; for thinges that beth folly, and that beth in hope of fortune, schul never come to good ende. And as the same Senek saith: The more cleer and the more schynynge that fortune is, the more brutil, and the sonner breketh sche. So trusteth nought in hire, for sche is nought stedefast ne stable: for whan thou wenest or trowest to be most seur of hir help, sche wol fayle and deceyve the. And wher as ye say, that fortune hath norisshed yow fro youre childhode, I say that in so mochel ye schul the lasse truste in hire and in hire witte. For Senek saith: What man that is norissched by fortune, sche maketh him to gret a fool. Now siththe ye desire and axe vengeaunce, and the vengeaunce that is doon after the lawe and byforne the jugge ne liketh yow nought, and the vengeaunce that is doon[41] in hope of fortune, is perilous and uncerteyn, thanne haveth ye noon other remedye, but for to have recours unto the soveraigne jugge, that vengith alle vilonies and wronges; and he schal venge yow, after that himself witnesseth, where as he saith: Leveth the vengeaunce to me, and I schal yelde it." Melibeus answerd: "If I ne venge me nought of the vilonye that men have doon unto me, I schal sonnere warne hem that han doon to me that vilonye, and alle othere, to doo me another vilonye. For it is writen: If thou tak no vengeaunce of an old vilonye, thou somnest thin adversarie do the a newe vilonye. And also, for my suffraunce, men wolde do me so moche vilonye, that I mighte neither bere it ne susteyne it; and so schulde I be put over lowe. For men say, in moche sufferynge schal many thinges falle unto the, whiche thou schalt nought nowe suffre." "Certes," quod Prudence, "I graunte yow wel, that over mochil suffraunce is nought good, but yit folwith it nought therof, that every persone to whom men doon vilonye, take of it vengeaunce. For it appertieneth and longeth al oonly to the jugges, for thay schul venge the vilonyes and injuries; and therfore the auctoritees that ye have sayd above been oonly understonden in the jugges; for whan thay suffre to mochil the wronges and the vilonyes that ben doon withoute punysshyng, thay somne not a man oonly to doo newe wronges, but thay comaunde it. Also the wise man saith: The jugge that correcteth not the synnere, comaundith him and byddith him doon another synne. And the jugges and soveraignes mighten in here lond so mochil suffren of the schrewes and mysdoeres, that thay schulde by such suffraunce, by proces of tyme, wexen of such power and might, that thay schulde put out the jugges and the sovereignes from here places, and atte laste do hem lese here lordschipes. But lete us now putte, that ye han leve to venge yow; I say ye ben nought of might ne power as now to venge you; for if ye wolde make comparisoun as to the might of youre adversaries, ye schulde fynde in many thinges, that I have i-schewed yow er this, that here condicioun is bettre than youres, and therfore say I, that it is good as now, that ye suffre and be pacient.

"Forthermore ye knowe that after the commune sawe, it is a woodnesse, a man to stryve with a strenger or a more mighty man than him selven is; and for to stryve with a man of evene strengthe, that is to say, with as strong a man as he is, it is peril; and for to stryve with a weykere, is is folye; and therfore schulde a man fle stryvynge as moche as he mighte. For Salamon seith: It is a gret worschipe, a man to kepe him fro noyse and stryf. And if it so bifalle or happe that a man of gretter might and strengthe than thou art, do the grevaunce, studie and busye the rather to stille the same grevaunce, than for to venge the. For Senec saith, he putteth him in a gret peril that stryveth with a gretter man than he him selven is. And Catoun[42] saith: If a man of heiher estat or degre, or more mighty than thou, do the anoye or grevaunce, suffre him; for he that hath oones don the a grievaunce, may another tyme relieve the and helpe the.

"Yit sette I a caas, ye have both might and licence for to venge yow, I say ther ben ful many thinges that schulde restreigne yow of vengeaunce takynge, and make yow to encline to suffre, and to have pacience of the wronges that han ben doon to yow. First and forward, ye wol considre the defautes that been in youre owne persone, for whiche defautes God hath suffred yow to have this tribulacioun, as I have sayd yow herbyfore. For the poete saith, We oughten paciently to suffre the tribulacioun that cometh to us, whan that we thenken and consideren, that we han deserved to have hem. And seint Gregorie saith, that whan a man considereth wel the nombre of his defautes, and of his synnes, the peynes and the tribulaciouns that he suffereth semen the lasse unto him. And in as moche as him thenkith his synnes the more hevy and grevous, in so moche his peyne is the lighter and the more esier unto him. Also ye oughten to encline and bowe youre herte, to take the pacience of oure Lord Jhesu Christ, as saith seint Peter in his Epistles. Jhesu Crist, he seith, hath suffred for us, and given ensample unto every man to folwe and sewe him, for he dede never synne, ne never cam vileyns worde out of his mouth. Whan men cursed him, he cursed hem not; and whan men beete him, he manased hem not. Also the grete pacience which that seintes that been in Paradys han had in tribulaciouns that thay have had and suffred withoute desert or gult, oughte moche stire yow to pacience. Forthermore, ye schuld enforce yow to have pacience, consideringe that the tribulaciouns of this world but litel while enduren, and soon passed ben and goon, and the joye that a man secheth to have

[41] *After the lawe . . . that is doon.* These words are omitted in the Harl. Ms. by an evident error of the scribe, who skipped from the first *doon* to the second. They have their representative in the original French, and are here given from the Lands. Ms.

[42] *Catoun.* Lib. iv. dist. 40:–

"Cede locum læsus, fortunæ cede potentis;
Lædere qui potuit, prodesse aliquando valebit."

by pacience in tribulaciouns is perdurable; after that the apostil seith in his Epistil: the joye of God, he saith, is perdurable, that is to say, evermore lastynge. Also troweth and believeth stedefastly, that he is not wel norisched and taught, that can nought have pacience, or wil nought receyve pacience. For Salamon saith, that the doctrine and the witte of a man is i-knowe by pacience. And in another place he seith: He that hath pacience governeth him by gret prudence. And the same Salamon seith, that the wrathful and the angry man maketh noyses, and the pacient man attempereth and stilleth him. He seith also: It is more worth to be pacient than for to be right strong. And he that may have his lordschipe of his oughne herte, is more worth and more to preise than he that by his force and by his strengthe taketh grete citees. And therfore saith seint Jame in his Epistil, that pacience is a gret vertu of perfeccioun."

"Certes," quod Melibeus, "I graunte yow, dame Prudence, that pacience is a grete vertue of perfeccioun;[43] but every man may not have the perfeccioun that ye sekyn, ne I am not of the nombre of right parfyte men; for myn herte may never be in pees, unto the tyme it be venged. And al be it so, that it was a gret peril to myne enemyes to don me a vilonye in takinge vengeaunce upon me, yit tooken thay noon heede of the peril, but fulfilden here wikked desir and her corrage; and therfore me thenketh men oughten nought repreve me, though I putte me in a litel peril for to venge me, and though I do a gret excesse, that is to say, that I venge oon outrage by another."

"A!" quod dame Prudence, "ye say youre wille and as yow likith; but in noon caas in the world a man ne schulde nought doon outrage ne excesse for to venge him. For Cassidore saith, as evel doth he that avengith him by outrage, as he that doth the outrage. And therfore ye schul venge yow after the ordre of right, that is to sayn, by the lawe, and nought by excesse, ne by outrage. And also if ye wil venge yow of the outrage of youre adversaries, in other maner than right comaundeth, ye synnen. And therfore saith Senec, that a man schal never venge schrewednes by schrewednes. And if ye say that right axeth a man to defende violence by vyolence, and fightyng by fightynge; certes, ye say soth, whan the defence is doon anoon withouten intervalle, or withouten taryinge or dilay, for to defenden him, and nought for to venge him. And it bihoveth a man putte such attemperance in his defence, that men have no cause ne matiere to repreven him, that defendith him, of excesse and outrage. Pardé! ye knowe wel, that ye make no defence as now for to defende yow, but for to venge yow; and so semeth it, that ye have no wille to do youre wille attemperelly; and therfore me thenkith that pacience is good. For Salamon saith, that he that is not pacient schal have gret harm." "Certes," quod Melibeus, "I graunte you wel, that whan a man is impacient and wroth of that that toucheth him nought, and that apperteineth nought to him, though it harme him it is no wonder.[44] For the lawe saith, that he is coupable that entremettith him or mellith him with such thing, as aperteyneth not unto him. Dan Salamon saith, He that entremetteth him of the noyse or stryf of another man, is lik him that takith the straunge hound[45] by the eeres; for right as he that takith a straunge hound by the eeres is other while biten with the hound, right in the same wise, it is resoun that he have harm, that by his impacience melleth him of the noise of another man, where it aperteyneth not to him. But ye schul knowe wel, that this dede, that is to sayn, myn disease and my grief, toucheth me right neigh. And therfore, though I be wroth, it is no mervayle; and (savynge your grace) I can not see that it mighte gretly harme me, though I toke vengeaunce, for I am richer and more mighty that myne enemyes been; and wel knowe ye, that by money and by havynge of grete possessiouns, ben alle the thinges of this world governede. And Salamon saith, that alle thinges obeyen to moneye."

Whan Prudence had herd hire housbond avaunte him of his richesse and of his moneye,[46] dispraisynge the power of his adversaries, tho sche spak and sayde in this wyse: "Certes, deere sire, I graunte yow that ye ben riche and mighty, and that richesse is good to hem that wel have geten it, and that wel conne use it. For right as the body of a man may not be withoute the soule, no more may a man lyve withoute temperel goodes, and by richesse may a man gete him greet frendschipe. And therfore saith Pamphilles:[47] If a neethurdes doughter, he saith, be riche, sche may cheese of a thousand men, which sche wol take to hir housbonde; for of a thousand men oon wil not forsake hir ne refuse hire. And this Pamphilles seith also: If thou be right happy, that is to sayn, if thou be right riche, thanne schalt thou fynde a gret nombre of felawes and frendes; and if thy fortune chaunge, that thou waxe pore, fare wel frendschipe, for thou schalt ben aloone withouten eny companye, but if it be the compaignye of pore folk. And yit saith this Pamphillus moreover, that they that ben thral and bonde of linage, schullen ben maad worthy and noble by richesse. And right so as by richesse ther come many goodes, right so by povert comen ther many harmes and yvels; for grete poverte constreigneth a man to doon many yvels.[48] And therfore clepeth Cassidore povert

[43] *Certes. . . perfeccioun.* These words have been omitted by the scribe of the Harl. Ms., whose eye ran on from the word *perfeccioun* which closes the preceding paragraph to the words *but every man, etc.* They are here restored from the Lansd. Ms.

[44] *of that . . . no wonder.* This passage is omitted in the Harl. Ms., but it is restored from the Lands. Ms., supported by the French original.

[45] *the straunge hound.* The word *straunge* is omitted in the Harl. and Lansd. Mss., the latter of which is somewhat confused here. It is, however, evidently necessary; the French has "le chien qui ne congnoist." In the next line the Harl Ms. reads *the strong hound.*

[46] *Whan Prudence . . his moneye.* This is also omitted in the Harl. Ms. by an oversight of the scribe, who passed on from the word *moneye* at the end of the preceding paragraph.

[47] *Pamphilles.* This poem has already been mentioned in the note on line 11422 Tyrwhitt has given from a Bodleian Ms. the lines here alluded to,—

Dummodo sit dives cujusdam nata bubulci,
Eligit e mille quemlibet illa virum, etc.

[48] *and yvels . . . many yvels.* The passage, omitted in the Harl. Ms., is restored from the Lansd. Ms.

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the moder of[49] ruyne, that is to sayn, the moder of overthrowyng or fallynge doun. And therfore saith Pieres Alphons: Oon of the grettest adversités of this world, is whan a freeman by kyn or burthe is constreigned by povert to eten the almes of his enemyes. And the same seith Innocent in oon of his bookes, that sorweful and unhappy is the condicioun of a povere begger, for if he axe nought his mete, he deyeth for hungir, and if he axe, he deyeth for schame; and algates the necessité constreigneth hym to axe. And therfore saith Salamon, that bettre is it to dey, than to have such povert. And as the same Salamon saith: Bettir is to deye on bitter deth, than for to lyve in such a wyse.

"By these resouns that I have sayd unto yow, and by many another resoun that I know and couthe say, I graunte yow that richesses ben goode to hem that gete hem wel, and to hem that hem wel usen; and therfore wol I schewe yow how ye schulde bere yow in getyng of riches, and in what maner ye schulde use hem. First, ye schulde gete hem withoute gret desir, by good leysir, sokyngly, and nought over hastily; for a man that is to desirynge for to gete riches, abandouneth him first to thefte and to alle othere yveles. And therfore saith Salamon: He that hastith him to bisyly to waxe riche, schal ben noon innocent. He saith also, that the riches that hastily cometh to a man, soone and lightly goth and passeth fro a man, but that richesse that cometh alway litel and litel, waxeth alway and multiplieth. And, sire, ye schal gete richesse by youre witte and by youre travayle, unto youre profyt, and that withoute wrong or harm doynge to eny other persone. For the lawe saith, that no man maketh him self riche, that doth harm to another wight; that is to say, that nature defendeth and forbedith by right, that no man make him self riche unto the harm of another persone. Tullius saith, that no sorwe ne drede of deth, ne no thing that may falle to a man, is so moche ageinst nature, as a man to encresce his oughne profyt to the harm of another man. And though the grete men and the riche men gete richesse more lightly than thou, yit schalt thou not be ydil ne slowe to thy profyt, for thou schalt in alle wise flee ydilnes. For Salamon saith, that ydelnesse techith a man to do many yveles. And the same Salamon saith, that he that travaileth and besieth him to tilye the lond, schal ete breed; but he that is ydil, and casteth him to no busynesse ne occupacioun, schal falle into povert, and deye for hunger. And he that is ydel and slough, can never fynde him tyme for to do his profyt. For ther is a versifiour saith, the ydel man excuseth him in wynter, bycause of the grete colde, and in somer by enchesoun of the grete hete. For these causes, saith Catoun, waketh,[50] and enclineth yow nought over moche for to slepe, for over moche reste norischeth and causeth many vices. And therfore saith seint Jerom: Doth some goode deedes, that the devel, which that is oure enemy, ne fynde yow unoccupied; for the devel ne takith not lightly unto his werkes suche as he fyndeth occupied in goode werkes. Thanne thus in getynge of riches ye moot flee ydelnesse. And afterward ye schul use the richesses, the whiche ye han geten by youre witte and by youre travaile, in such a maner, that men holde yow not skarce ne to sparynge, ne to fool large, that is to say, over large a spender. For right as men blamen an averous man, bycause of his skarseté and chyncherie, in the same manere is he to blame, that spendeth over largely. And therfore saith Catoun: Use, he saith, thi richesses that thou hast y-geten in such a manere, that men have no matier ne cause to calle the neither wreeche ne chynche; for it is gret schame to a man to have a pover herte and a riche purse. He saith also: The goodes that thou hast i-geten, use hem by mesure, that is to say, spende hem mesurably; for thay that folily wasten and spenden the goodes that thay have, whan thay have no more propre of here oughne, thay schape hem to take the goodes of another man. I say thanne ye schul flee avarice, usynge youre richesse is such manere, that men seyn nought that youre richesse[51] be buried, but that ye have hem in youre might and in youre weldynge. For the wise man reproveth the averous man, and saith thus in tuo versus: Wherto and why burieth a man his goodes by his gret avarice, and knowith wel, that needes most he deye, for deth is the ende of every man, as in this present lif? and for what cause or enchesoun joyneth he him, or knetteth him so fast unto his goodes, that alle his wittes mowe nought dissever him, or departe him fro his goodes, and knowith wel, or oughte knowe wel, that whan he is deed, he schal no thing bere with him out of this world? And therfore seith seint Austyn, that the averous man is likned unto helle, that the more that it swolwith, the more it desireth to swolwe and devoure. And as wel as ye wolde eschewe to be cleped an averous man or chinche, as wel schulde ye kepe yow and governe yow, in such a wise, that men clepe yow nought fool large. Therfore saith Tullius: The goodes, he saith, of thin hous schulde nought ben hidde ne kepte so clos, but that thay might ben opened by pité and by bonaireté;[52] that is to sayn, to give hem part that han gret neede; ne thy goodes schul not be so open, to be every mannes goodes.

"Aftirward, in getynge of youre richesses, and in usynge hem, ye schul alway have thre thinges in youre herte, that is to say, oure lord God, conscience, and good name. First, ye schul have God in youre herte, and for no riches ye schul in no manere doo no thing which might displese God that is your creatour and youre maker. For after the word of Salamon, it is better to have litil good with love of God, than to have mochil good and tresor, and lese the love of his lord God. And the prophete saith:

[49] *the moder of.* These three words are omitted in the Harl. Ms., by an oversight of the scribe. The original is *mere des crismes*, mother of crimes.

[50] *waketh.* "I can find nothing nearer to this in Cato than the maxim, lib. iii. dist. 7, 'Segnitiem fugito' For the quotations from the same author a few lines below, see lib. iv. dist. 17, and lib. iii. dist. 23."—*Tyrwhitt.*

[51] *men seyn nought that youre richesse.* These words, omitted in the Harl. Ms., are restored from the Lansd. Ms.

[52] *bonaireté.* This seems to be altogether an English form of the word, and occurs elsewhere in English writers. The French had only *debonnaire*. Tyrwhitt here reads *debonairetee*, and the French original has "que pitié et debonnaireté ne les puissent ouvrir."

Better is to ben a good man, and have litel good and tresore, than to ben holden a schrewe, and have gret riches. And yit say I forthermore, that ye schuln alway doon youre businesse to gete yow riches, so that ye gete hem with good conscience. And the apostil seith, ther nys thing in this world of which we schuln have so gret joye, as whan oure conscience bereth us good witnes. And the wise man saith: The substaunce of a man is ful good, whan synne is not in his conscience. Afterward, in getynge of youre richesses, and in usynge of hem, you most have gret busynesse and gret diligence, that youre good name be alway kept and conserved. For Salamon saith: Better it is, and more aveylith a man, for to have a good name, than for to have gret riches. And therfore he saith in another place: Do gret diligence, saith Salamon, in kepynge of thy frend, and of thy good name, for it schal lenger abyde with the, than eny tresor, be it never so precious. And certes, he schulde nought be cleped a gentil man, that after God and good conscience, alle thinges left, ne doth his diligence and busynesse, to kepe his good name. And Cassidore saith, that it is signe of a good man and a gentil, or of a gentil herte, whan a man loveth or desireth to have a good name. And therfore saith seint Augustyn, that ther ben tuo thinges that ben necessarie and needful; and that is good conscience and good loos; that is to sayn, good conscience in thin oughne persone in-ward, and good loos of thin neghebor out-ward. And he that trusteth him so moche in his good conscience, that he despiseth and settith at nought his good name or loos, and rekketh nought though he kepe not his good name, nys but a cruel churl.

"Sire, now have I schewed yow how ye schulde doon in getyng of good and riches, and how ye schulde use hem; I see wel that for the trust that ye have in youre riches, ye wolde meve werre and bataile. I counseile yow that ye bygynne no werre in trust of youre riches, for thay suffisen not werres to mayntene. And therfore saith a philosophre: That man that desireth and wol algate have werre, schal never have suffisaunce; for the richere that he is, the gretter dispenses most he make, if he wol have worschipe or victorie. And Salamon saith: The gretter riches that a man hath, the moo despendours he hath. And, deere sire, al be it so that for youre riches ye mowe have moche folk, yit byhoveth it not ne it is not good to bygynne werre, ther as ye may in other maner have pees unto youre worschipe and profyt; for the victorie of batailles that ben in this world, lith not in gret nombre or multitude of poeple, ne in vertu of man, but it lith in the wille and in the hond of oure lord God almighty. And Judas Machabeus, which was Goddes knight, whan he schulde fighte ageinst his adversaries, that hadde a gretter nombre and a gretter multitude of folk and strengere than was the poeple of this Machabé, yit he reconforted his litel poeple, and sayde ryght in this wise: As lightly, quod he, may oure lord God almighty give victory to fewe folk, as to many folk;[53] for the victorie of batailles cometh nought by the grete nombre of poeple, but it cometh fro oure lord God of heven. And, deere sire, for as moche as ther is no man certeyn, if it be worthi that God give him victorie or nought, after that that Salamon saith, therfore every man schulde gretly drede werres to bygynne. And bycause that in batailles falle many mervayles and periles, and happeth other while, that as soone is the grete man slayn as the litel man; and, as it is writen in the secounde book of Kynges, the deedes of batayles be aventurous, and no thing certeyn, for as lightly is oon hurt with a spere as another; and for ther is gret peril in werre, therfore schulde a man flee and eschewe werre in as moche as a man may goodly. For Salamon saith: He that loveth peril, schal falle in peril."

After that dame Prudens hadde spoke in this maner, Melibé answerde and sayde: "I se wel, dame, that by youre faire wordes and by youre resouns, that ye have schewed me, that the werre liketh yow no thing; but I have not yit herd youre counseil, how I schall doo in this neede." "Certes," quod sche, "I counseile yow that ye accorde with youre adversaries, and that ye have pees with hem. For seint Jame saith in his Epistles, that by concord and pees, the smale ryches wexen grete, and by debaat and discord the gret richesses fallen doun. And ye knowe wel, that oon of the moste grettest and soveraign thinges that is in this world, is unité and pees. And therfore saith oure lord Jhesu Crist to his apusteles in this wise: Wel happy and blessed be thay that loven and purchacen pees, for thay ben called children of God."[54] "A!" quod Melibé, "now se I wel, that ye loven not myn honour, ne my worschipe. Ye knowe wel that myne adversaries han bygonne this debate and brige by here outrage, and ye see wel that thay require ne praye me not of pees, ne thay askyn nought to be recounseild; wol ye thanne that I goo and meke me unto hem, and crie hem mercy? For sothe that were not my worschipe; for right as men seyn, that over gret pryde engendreth despisyng, so fareth it by to gret humbleté or mekenes." Thanne bygan dame Prudence to make semblant of wraththe, and sayde: "Certes, sire, save youre grace, I love youre honour and youre profyt, as I doo myn owne, and ever have doon: ye ne mowe noon other seyn; and yit if I hadde sayd, ye scholde have purchaced pees and the reconciliacioun, I ne hadde not moche mystake in me, ne seyd amys. For the wise man saith: The discencioun bigynneth by another man, and the reconsilynge bygynneth by thy self. And the prophete saith: Flee schame and schrewednesse and doo goodnesse; seeke pees and folwe it, as moche as in the is. Yet seith he not, that ye schul rather pursewe to youre adversaries for pees, than thei schul to yow; for I knowe wel that ye be so hard-herted, that ye wil doo no thing for me; and Salamon saith: He that is over hard-herted, atte laste he schal myshappe and mystyde."

Whan Melibé had seyn dame Prudence make

[53] *as to many folk.* These words are omitted in the Harl. Ms., evidently by a mere oversight of the scribe.

[54] *God.* The Harl. Ms. reads *Crist;* but the reading adopted in the text is not only supported by the Lansd. Ms and the original French, but by the words of St. Matthew v. 9: "Beati pacifici, quoniam filii Dei vocabuntur."

semblaunce of wraththe, he sayde in this wise: "Dame, I pray yow that ye be not displesed of thinges that I say, for ye knoweth wel that I am angry and wroth, and that is no wonder; and thay that ben wroth, wot not wel what thay doon, ne what thay say. Therfore the prophete saith, that troublit eyen have no cleer sight. But sayeth and counsaileth me forth as yow liketh, for I am redy to doo right as ye wol desire. And if ye reprove me of my folye, I am the more holde to love yow and to prayse yow. For Salamon saith, that he that repreveth him that doth folie, he schal fynde gretter grace than he that deceyveth him by swete wordes." Thanne sayde dame Prudence: "I make no semblant of wraththe ne of anger, but for youre grete profyt. For Salamon saith: He is more worth that reproveth or chydeth a fool for his folie, schewynge him semblant of wraththe, than he that supporteth him and prayseth him in his mysdoyng, and laugheth at his folie. And this same Salamon saith afterward, that by the sorweful visage of a man, that is to sayn, by sory and hevy countenaunce of a man, the fool corretteth himself and amendeth." Thanne sayde Melibeus: "I schal not conne answere to so many faire resouns as ye putten to me and schewen; sayeth schortly youre wille and youre counseil, and I am al redy to fulfille and perfourme it."

Thanne dame Prudence discovered al hire counsail and hire will unto him and sayde: "I counseile yow," quod sche, "above alle thinges, that ye make pees bitwen God and yow, and beth reconsiled unto him and to his grace, for as I have sayd yow herbiforn, God hath suffred yow have this tribulacioun and disease[55] for youre synnes; and if ye do as I say yow, God wol sende youre adversaries unto yow, and make hem falle at youre feet, al redy to doo youre wille and youre comaundment. For Salamon saith: Whan the condicioun of man is plesant and likyng to God, he chaungeth the hertes of the mannes adversaries, and constreigneth hem to biseke him of pees and of grace. And I pray yow let me speke with youre adversaries in privé place, for thay schul not knowe it by youre wille or youre assent;[56] and thanne, whan I knowe here wille and here entent, I may counseile yow the more seurly."

"Dame," quod Melibeus, "doth youre wille and youre likyng, for I putte me holly in youre disposicioun and ordinaunce." Thanne dame Prudence, whan sche seih the good wille of hir housbond, sche delibered and took avis by hir self, thenkynge how sche mighte bringe this neede unto good conclusioun and to a good ende. And whan sche saugh hire tyme, sche sente for these adversaries to come unto hire into a privé place, and schewed wysly unto hem the grete goodes that comen of pees, and the grete harmes and perils that ben in werre; and sayde to hem, in goodly manere, how that hem aughte to have gret repentaunce of the injurie and wrong that thay hadde doon to Melibé hire lord, and unto hire and hire doughter. And whan thay herden the goodly wordes of dame Prudence, they were tho surprised and ravysched, and hadden so gret joye of hire, that wonder was to telle. "A lady!" quod thay, "ye have schewed unto us the blessyng of swetnes, after the sawe of David the prophete; for the recounsilyng, which we be nought worthy to have in no manere, but we oughten require it with gret contricioun and humilité, ye of youre grete goodnes have presented unto us. Now we se wel, that the science of Salamon is ful trewe: he saith, that swete wordes multiplien and encrescen frendes, and maken schrewes to ben debonaire and meke. Certes," quod thay, "we putten oure deede, and al oure matier and cause, al holly in youre good wille, and ben redy to obeye to the speche and to the comaundement of my lord Melibé. And therfore, deere and benigne lady, we pray yow and byseke yow, as meekely as we conne and may, that it like to yowre grete goodnes to fulfille in deede youre goodliche wordes. For we considere and knowleche wel that we have offended and greved my lord Melibé out of resoun and out of mesure, so ferforth that we ben nought of power to make his amendes; and therfore we oblie us and bynde us and oure frendes, for to doo al his wille and his comaundmentz. But peraventure he hath such hevynes and such wraththe to usward, bycause of oure offence, that he wol enjoyne us such peyne as we mowe not bere ne susteyne; and therfore, noble lady, we biseke to youre wommanly pité to take such avysement in this neede, that we, ne oure frendes, ben not disherited and destroyed thurgh oure folye." "Certes," quod dame Prudence, "it is an hard thing, and right a perilous, that a man put him al outrely in the arbitracioun and juggement and the might and power of his enemyes. For Salamon saith: Leeveth and geveth credence to that that I schal say: I say, quod he, geve poeple and governours of holy chirche,[57] to thy sone, to thi wyf, to thy frend, ne to thy brother, ne geve thou never might ne maystry of thy body, whil thou lyvest. Now, sith he defendith that a man schulde not give to his brother, ne to his frend, the might of his body, by a strenger resoun he defendeth and forbedith a man to give his body to his enemye. But natheles, I counseile yow that ye mystruste nought my lord; for I wot wel and knowe verraily, that he is debonaire and meke, large, curteys, and no thing desirous ne coveytous of good ne richesse: for there is no thing in this world that he desireth, save oonly worschipe and honour. Forthermore I knowe, and am right seure, that he wol no thing doo in this neede withoute counsail of me; and I schal so worche in this cause, that by the grace of oure lord God ye schul be recounsiled unto us." Thanne sayde thay, with oon voys: "Worschipful lady, we putte us and oure goodes al fully in youre wille and disposicioun, and ben redy to come, what day that it like yow and unto youre noblesse to limite us or assigne us, for to make

[55] *Tribulacioun and disease.* The Harl. Ms. omits the two first words, which are given from the Lands. Ms. The French original has *ceste tribulacion* only.

[56] *For thay schul not knowe . . . youre assent.* "Sans faire semblant que ce viengne de vostre consentement."

[57] *I say, quod he, geve poeple and governours of holy chirche.* These words are not found in the Lansd. Ms., and are omitted by Tyrwhitt. They are confused; but the word *heed* or *ear* appears to be omitted after *geve.* The French has, "Car Salmon dit: Oiez moy, dist-il, tous peuples, toutes gens et gouverneurs de gloire, à ton filz," &c.

oure obligacioun and bond, as strong as it liketh to youre goodnes, that we mowe fulfille the wille of yow and of my lord Melibé." Whan dame Prudence had herd the answeres of thise men, sche bad hem go agayn pryvely, and sche retourned to hir lord Melibé, and tolde him how sche fond his adversaries ful repentant, knowlechinge ful lowely here synnes and trespasses, and how thay were redy to suffre alle peyne, requiring and praying him of mercy and pité.

Thanne saide Melibeus, "He is wel worthy to have pardoun and forgevenes of his synne, that excusith not his synne, but knowlecheth and repentith him, axinge indulgence. For Senek saith: Ther is the remissioun and forgevenesse, wher as the confessioun is; for confessioun is neighebor to innocence. And he saith in another place, He that hath schame of his synne, knowlechith it. And therfore I assente and conferme me to have pees, but it is good that we doo it nought withoute assent and the wille of oure frendes." Thanne was Prudence right glad and jolyf, and sayde: "Certes, sire," quod sche, "ye ben wel and goodly avysed; for right as by the counsail and assent and help of youre frendes, ye have be stired to venge yow and make werre, right so withoute here counseil schul ye nought acorde yow ne have pees with youre adversaries. For the lawe saith: Ther nys no thing so good by way of kinde, as thing to be unbounde by him that it was bounde." And thanne dame Prudence, withoute delay or taryinge, sente anoon messageres for here kyn and for here olde frendes, whiche that were trewe and wyse; and tolde hem by ordre, in the presence of Melibé, of this matier, as it is above expressed and declared; and praide hem that thay wolde give here avys and counseil what best were to doon in this matiere. And whan Melibeus frendes hadde take here avys and deliberacioun of the forsayde matier, and hadden examyned it by greet besynes and gret diligence, they gafe him ful counsail to have pees and reste, and that Melibeus schulde with good hert resceyve his adversaries to forgivenes and mercy.

And whan dame Prudence had herd thassent of hir lord Melibeus, and counseil of his frendes acorde with hire wille and hire entencioun, sche was wonderly glad in herte, and sayde: "Ther is an olde proverbe that saith, the goodnesse that thou maist do this day abyde not ne delaye it nought unto to morwe; and therfore I counseile yow ye sende youre messageres, whiche that ben discrete and wise, unto youre adversaries, tellynge hem on youre bihalve, that if thay wol trete of pees and of accord, that thay schape hem withoute dilay or taryinge to come unto us." Which thing was parformed in dede; and whan these trespasours and repentynge folk of here folies, that is to sayn, the adversaries of Melibé, hadden herd what the messangeres sayden unto hem, thay were right glad and jolif, and answerden ful mekely and benignely, yeldynge graces and thankinges to here lord Melibé, and to al his compaignye; and schope hem withoute delay to go with the messangeres, and obeye hem to the comaundement of here lord Melibé. And right anoon thay token here way to the court of Melibé, and token with hem some of here trewe frendes, to make faith for hem, and for to ben here borwes. And whan thay were comen to the presence of Melibeus, he seyde hem thise wordes: "It stondith thus," quod Melibeus, "and soth it is, that ye causeles, and withouten skile and resoun, have doon gret injuries and wronges to me, and to my wyf Prudence, and to my doughter also, for ye have entred into myn hous by violence, and have doon such outrage, that alle men knowe wel that ye have deserved the deth; and therfore wil I knowe and wite of yow, whether ye wol putte the punyschment and the chastisement and the vengeaunce of this outrage, in the wille of me and of my wyf, dame Prudence, or ye wil not." Thanne the wisest of hem thre answerde for hem alle, and sayde: "Sire," quod he, "we knowe wel, that we be unworthy to come to the court of so gret a lord and so worthy as ye be, for we han so gretly mystake us, and have offendid and giltid in such a wise ageins youre heighe lordschipe, that trewely we have deserved the deth. But yit for the greete goodnes and debonaireté that al the world witnesseth of youre persone, we submitten us to the excellence and benignité of youre gracious lordschipe, and ben redy to obeye to alle youre comaundementz, bisechynge yow that of youre mercyable pité ye wol considre oure grete repentaunce and lowe submissioun, and graunte us forgivenes of oure outrage, trespas, and offence. For wel we knowen, that youre liberal grace and mercy strechen forthere into goodnesse than doth oure outrage, gilt, and trespas, into wikkednes; al be it that cursedly and dampnably we have agilt ageinst youre highe lordschipe." Thanne Melibé took hem up fro the ground ful benignely, and resceyved here obligaciouns, and here bondes, by here othes upon here plegges and borwes, and assigned hem a certeyn day to retourne unto his court for to accepte and receyve the sentence and juggement that Melibé wolde comaunde to be doon on hem, by these causes aforn sayde; which thing ordeyned, every man retourned home to his hous. And whan that dame Prudence saugh hire tyme, sche freyned and axed hire lord Melibé, what vengeance he thoughte to take upon his adversaries. To which Melibeus answerd and saide: "Certes," quod he, "I thenke and purpose me fully to desherite hem of al that ever thay have, and for to putte hem in exil for evermore."

"Certes," quod dame Prudence, "this were a cruel sentence, and mochil ageinst resoun. For ye ben riche y-nough, and have noon neede of other mennes good; and ye mighte lightly gete yow a coveitous name, which is a vicious thing, and oughte to ben eschewed of every man; for after the sawe of thapostil, covetise is roote of alle harmes. And therfore it were bettre for yow to lese so moche good of youre oughne, than for to take of here good in this manere. For bettir it is to lese good with worschipe, than it is to wynne good with vilonye and schame. And every man oughte to do his diligence and his busynesse, to gete him a good name. And yit schal he nought oonly busie him in kepinge of his good name,[58] but he schulde enforce him

[58] *And yit schal . . . good name.* This passage, omitted in the Harl. Ms., is restored from the Lansd. Ms.

alway to do som thing, by which he may renovele his good name; for it is writen, that the olde goode loos of a man is soone goon and passed, whan it is not newed ne renoveled. And as touchinge that ye sayn, that ye wol exile youre adversaries, that thinketh me mochil ageinst resoun, and out of mesure, considered the power that thay han gyve to yow upon here body and on hem self. And it is writen, that he is worthy to lese his privelege, that mysuseth the might and the power that is geve to him. And yit I sette the caas, ye mighte enjoyne hem that peyne by right and lawe (which I trowe ye mow nought do), I say, ye mighte nought putte it to execucioun peraventure, and thanne were it likly to torne to the werre, as it was biforn. And therfore if ye wol that men do yow obeissaunce, ye moste deme more curteisly, that is to sayn, ye moste give more esyere sentence and juggement. For it is writen: He that most curteysly comaundeth, to him men most obeyen. And therfore I pray yow, that in this necessite and in this neede ye caste yow to overcome youre herte. For Senek saith, he that overcometh his herte, overcometh twyes. And Tullius saith: Ther is no thing so comendable in a gret lord, as whan he is debonaire and meeke, and appesith him lightly. And I pray yow, that ye wol forbere now to do vengeaunce, in such a manere, that youre goode name may be kept and conserved, and that men mowe have cause and matiere to prayse yow of pité and of mercy; and that ye have noon cause to repente yow of thing that ye doon. For Senec saith: He overcometh in an evel manere, that repenteth him of his victorie. Wherfore I pray yow let mercy be in youre herte, to theffect and thentent, that God almighty have mercy and pité upon yow in his laste juggement. For seint Jame saith in his Epistil: juggement withoute mercy schal be doon to him, that hath no mercy of another wight."

Whan Melibé had herd the grete skiles and resouns of dame Prudens, and hir wys informacioun and techynge, his herte gan enclyne to the wille of his wyf, consideryng hir trewe entent, confermed him anoon and consented fully to werke after hir reed and counseil, and thankid God, of whom procedeth al goodnes, that him sente a wif of so gret discrecioun. And whan the day cam that his adversaries schulden appere in his presence, he spak to hem ful goodly, and sayde in this wise: "Al be it so, that of youre pryde and heigh presumpcioun and folye, and of youre negligence and unconnynge, ye have mysbore yow, and trespassed unto me, yit forasmoche as I se and biholde youre humilité, that ye ben sory and repentaunt of youre giltes, it constreigneth me to do yow grace and mercy. Wherfore I receyve yow to my grace, and forgeve yow outerly alle the offenses, injuries, and wronges, that ye have don to me and agayns me and myne, to this effect and to this ende, that God of his endeles mercy wole at the tyme of oure deyinge forgive us oure giltes, that we have trespased to him in this wreeched world; for douteles and we ben sory and repentaunt of the synnes and giltes whiche we have trespassed inne in the sight of oure lord God, he is so free and so merciable, that he wil forgive us oure gultes, and bringe us to the blisse that never hath ende." *Amen.*

THE PROLOGE OF THE MONKES TALE.

WHAN ended was my tale of Melibé,
And of Prudence and hire benignité,
Oure hoste sayde, "As I am faithful man,
And by the precious corpus Madryan!
I hadde lever than a barel ale
That gode leef my wyf had herd this tale. 15380
For sche is no thing of such pacience
As was this Melibeus wyf dame Prudence.
By Goddes boones! whan I bete my knaves,
Sche bringeth me forth the grete clobbet staves,
And crieth, 'slee the dogges everychon!
And breke of hem bothe bak and bon!'
And if that eny neghebour of myne
Wol nought to my wyf in chirche enclyne,
Or be so hardy to hir to trespace,
Whan sche comth hom, sche rampeth in my face,
And crieth, 'false coward, wreke thy wyf! [15391
By corpes bones! I wil have thy knyf,
And thou schalt have my distaf and go spynne.'
Fro day to night right thus sche wil bygynne;
'Allas!' sche saith, 'that ever I was i-schape,
To wedde a mylk-sop or a coward ape,
That wil be over-lad with every wight!
Thou darst nought stonde by thy wyves right.'
This is my lif, but if that I wil fight,
And out atte dore anoon I most me dight, 15400
And ellis I am lost, but if that I
Be lik a wilde leoun fool-hardy.
I wot wel sche wol do me slee som day
Som neighebor, and thanne renne away.
For I am perilous with knyf in honde,
Al be it that I dar not hir withstonde.
For sche is big in armes, by my faith!
That schal he fynde that hir mysdoth or saith.
But let us passe away fro this matiere.
My lord the monk," quod he, "be mery of chere,
For ye schul telle a tale trewely. 15411
Lo, Rowchestre stant heer faste by. [game!
Ryde forth, myn oughne lord, brek nought oure
But, by my trouthe, I can not youre name;
Whether schal I calle yow my lord dan Johan,
Or daun Thomas, or elles dan Albon?
Of what hous be ye, by your fader kyn?
I vow to God thou hast a ful fair skyn!
It is a gentil pasture ther thou gost;
Thow art not like a penaunt or a goost. 15420
Upon my faith, thou art an officer,
Som worthy sexteyn, or some celerer;
For, by my fader soule, as to my doome,
Thou art a maister whan thou art at hoom,
No pover cloysterer, ne non novys,
But a governour bothe wily and wys;
And therwithal of brawne and of bones
A wel faryng persone for the noones.
I praye God give him confusioun,
That first the broughte to religioun! 15430

15378 *corpus Madryan*. Urry explains this as referring to the relics of St. Materne of Treves.

15424. *a maister*. The Harl. Ms. reads *an officer*, which probably slipped in by the negligence of a scribe, who had those words on his ear from line 15421. The present reading is given from the Lansd. Ms. and Tyrwhitt.

15426. *bothe*. I have added this word as apparently necessary to the metre, though found neither in the Harl. Ms. nor Lansd. Ms.

Thow woldist han be a trede-foul aright;
Haddist thou as gret a leve as thou hast might
To performe al thi wil in engendrure,
Thow haddist bigeten many a creature.
Allas! why werest thou so wyd a cope?
God gif me sorwe! and I were a pope,
Nought only thou, but every mighty man,
Though he were schore brode upon his pan,
Schuld han a wif; for al this world is lorn,
Religioun hath take up al the corn
Of tredyng, and we burel men ben schrympes;
Of feble trees ther cometh feble ympes.
This makith that oure heires ben so sclender
And feble, that thay may not wel engender.
This maketh that oure wyfes wol assaye
Religious folk, for thay may bettre paye
Of Venus payementes than may we.
God woot, no lusscheburghes paye ye!
But beth nought wroth, my lorde, though I play,
For oft in game a soth I have herd say." 15450
This worthy monk took al in pacience,
And saide, "I wol doon al my diligence,
Als fer as souneth into honesté,
To telle yow a tale, or tuo or thre;
And if yow lust to herken hider-ward,
I wil yow say the lif of seint Edward.
Or elles first tregedis wil I yow telle,
Of which I have an hundred in my celle.
Tregedis is to sayn a certeyn storie,
As olde bookes maken us memorie. 15460
Of hem that stood in greet prosperité,
And is y-fallen out of heigh degré
Into miserie, and endith wrecchedly;
And thay ben versifyed comunly
Of six feet, which men clepe exametron.
In prose ben eek endited many oon;
In metre eek, in many a sondry wise;
Lo, this declaryng ought y-nough suffise.
Now herkneth, if yow likith for to heere;
But first I yow biseche in this matiere, 15470
Though I by ordre telle not thise thinges,
Be it of popes, emperours, or kynges,
After her age, as men may write fynde,
But telle hem som bifore and som byhynde,
As it cometh now to my remembraunce,
Haveth me excused of myn ignoraunce.

THE MONKES TALE.

I wol bywaile, in maner of tregedye,
The harm of hem that stood in heigh degré,
And fallen so ther is no remedye
To bring hem out of her adversité; 15480
For certeynly, whan fortune lust to flee,
Ther may no man the cours of hir whiel holde;
Let no man truste in blynd prosperité,
Beth war by these ensamples trewe and olde.

Lucifer.

At Lucifer, though he an aungil were,
And nought a man, at him wil I bygynne;
For though fortune may non aungel dere,
From heigh degré yit fel he for his synne
Doun into helle, wher he yet is inne.
O Lucifer! brightest of aungels alle, 15490
Now art thou Sathanas, thou maist nought
twynne
Out of miserie in which thou art falle.

Adam.

Lo Adam, in the feld of Damassene
With Goddes oughne fynger wrought was he,
And nought bigeten of mannes sperma unclene,
And welt al paradys, savyng oon tre.
Had never wordly man suche degré
As Adam, til he for mysgovernance
Was dryven out of heigh prosperité,
To labour, and to helle, and to meschaunce. 15500

Sampson.

Lo Sampson, whiche that was annunciate
By thangel, long er his nativité,
And was to God Almighty consecrate,
And stood in nobles whil that he might se.

15432. *Yow hast.* These words are added from the Lansd. Ms., and seem necessary to the sense and metre.

15448. *lusscheburghes.* A somewhat similar comparison occurs in Piers Ploughman, l 10322.

> "Ac there is a defaute in the folk
> That the feith kepeth;
> Wherfore folk is the febler,
> And noght ferm of bileve.
> As in *luscheburwes* is a luther alay,
> And yet loketh he like a sterlyng.
> The merk of that monee is good,
> Ac the metal is feble."

In fact, the coin alluded to was a base money (a *luther*, or bad, *alay*) which was brought into this country in considerable quantities in the times of the first Edwards, and, as we see from the specimens existing, it must when new have easily passed for the sterling money of the English kings. The name appears to have been derived from its being struck at Luxemburg, by the counts.

All sorts of false money appear to have been continually brought into this country in the middle ages; but these *lusscheburghes* seem to have been the greatest cause of annoyance. In the year 1346 the petition of the Commons in the parliament assembled at Westminster pointed out several mal-practices which were supposed to be the cause of the scarcity of good money at that time, and began with stating, that many merchants and others carried the good money out of the realm, and brought in its room false money called *lusshebournes*, which were worth only eight shillings the pound, or less; by which means the importers, and they who took them at a low price to utter again, were suddenly, wrongfully, and beyond measure enriched; whilst they who were unable to distinguish the said money were cheated and impoverished, and the whole realm was fraudulently filled with those base coins. In 1347, the false lusshebournes still continued to be brought into the kingdom in great quantities, and the Commons petitioned that the guilty might suffer the punishment of drawing and hanging. In 1348, it was again necessary to forbid the circulation of lusshebourghs; and in 1351, the Statute of Purveyors was passed, which (cap. 11) declares what offences shall be adjudged treason, amongst which is this: if a man counterfeit the king's seal on his money, and if a man bring false money into the realm, counterfeit of the money of England, *as the money called lushburgh*, or other like to the said money of England, etc.

15467. I have ventured to emendate this line from the Lansd Ms. The Harl Ms. has, "And in metre eek, and in sondry wise," in which both sense and metre suffer.

The Monkes Tale. This tale is evidently founded upon Boccaccio's celebrated work *De casibus virorum illustrium;* but Chaucer has introduced the several stories according to his own fancy, and has often taken them from other sources They are not contained in the same order in all the manuscripts of Chaucer

15482. *the cours of hir whiel holde.* Tyrwhitt has adopted a reading which is far less natural and expressive, in the language of Chaucer's age, "of hire the course witholde." The wheel of fortune is a well-known emblem, not only in medieval literature, but in medieval art.

15493. *Lo Adam.* Adam comes first in the stories of Boccaccio. Lydgate, in his translation of Boccace, says of Adam and Eve,—

> "Of slime of the erth in *Damascene the felde*
> God made them above eche creature."

15501. *Lo Sampson.* Chaucer appears to have taken the story of Samson directly from the book of Judges, which he quotes in express words a few lines further on.

Was never such another as was he,
To speke of strength, and therto hardynesse;
But to his wyfes told he his secré, [nesse.
Thurgh which he slough himselfe for wrecchid-
Sampson, this noble and myhty champioun,
Withouten wepen save his hondes tweye, 15510
He slowhe and al to-rent the lyoun
To-ward his weddynge walkinge be the waie.
The false wif couthe him plese and preie
Til sche his counseile knewe, and sche untrewe
Unto his foos his consel gan bewreye,
And him for-soke, and toke another newe.
Thre hundred foxis took Sampson for ire,
And alle her tayles he togider bond;
And sette the foxes tailes alle on fuyre,
For he in every tail hath knyt a brond; 15520
And thay brent alle the cornes of that lond,
And alle her olyvers and vynes eeke.
A thousand men he slough eek with his hond,
And hadde no wepen but an asses cheeke.
Whan thay were slayn, so thursted him that he
Was wel ner lorn, for which he gan to preye
That God wolde of his peyne have som pité,
And send him drynk, and elles must he deye.
And out of this asses cheke, that was so dreye,
Out of a woung toth sprong anon a welle, 15530
Of which he dronk y-nough, schortly to seye;
Thus halp him God, as Judicum can telle.
By verray fors at Gasan, on a night,
Maugré the Philistiens of that cité,
The gates of the toun he hath up plight,
And on his bak caried hem hath he,
Heigh upon an hil, wher men might hem se.
O noble almighty Sampson, leef and deere,
Haddest thou nought to wommen told thy secré,
In al the world ne hadde be thy peere. 15540
This Sampson neyther siser dronk ne wyn,
Ne on his heed com rasour noon ne schere,
By precept of the messager divyn,
For alle his strengthes in his heres were.
And fully twenty wynter, yer by yere,
He hadde of Israel the governaunce.
But soone he schal wepe many a teere,
For wymmen schuln him bringe to meschaunce.
Unto his lemman Dalida he tolde
That in his heres al his strengthe lay; 15550
And falsly to his foomen sche him solde,
And slepyng in hir barm upon a day
Sche made to clippe or schere his heres away
And made his foomen al his craft espien.
And whan thay fonde him in this array,
They bound him fast, and put out bothe his yen.
But er his heer clipped was or i-schave,
Ther was no bond with which men might him
But now is he in prisoun in a cave, [bynde;
Ther as thay made him at the querne grynde. 15560
O noble Sampson, strengest of al mankynde!
O whilom jugge in glory and in richesse!
Now maystow wepe with thine eyghen blynde,
Sith thou fro wele art falle to wrecchednesse?
Thend of this caytif was, as I schal say,
His foomen made a fest upon a day,
And made him as here fool biforn hem play;
And this was in a temple of gret array.
But atte last he made a foul affray; 15569
For he two pilers schook, and made hem falle,
And doun fel temple and al, and ther it lay,
And slough himsilf and eek his fomen alle;
This is to sayn, the princes everichon;
And eek thre thousand bodies were ther slayn,
With fallyng of the grete temple of stoon.
Of Sampson now wil I no more sayn;
Be war by these ensamples, olde and playn,
That no man telle his counseil to his wyf,
Of such thing as he wold have secré fayn,
If that it touche his lymes or his lif. 15580

De Ercule.

Of Ercules, the sovereyn conquerour,
Singen his werkes laude and heigh renoun;
For in his tyme of strength he bar the flour.
He slough and rafte the skyn fro the leoun;
He of Centaures layde the bost adoun;
He Arpies slough, the cruel briddes felle;
The gold appul he raft fro the dragoun;
He drof out Cerbures the fend of helle;
He slough the cruel tyrant Buserus,
And made his hors to frete him flesch and boon;
He slough the verray serpent venemous; 15591
Of Achiloyus tuo hornes he raft oon.
He slough Cacus in a cave of stoon;
He slough the geaunt Anteus the stronge;
He slough the grisly bore, and that anoon;
And bar the hevene upon his necke longe.

15509. This stanza has been accidentally omitted in the Harl. Ms., and is here inserted from the Lansd Ms. It represents the fourteenth chapter of the book of Judges.

15533. *at Gasan.* The Harl. Ms. reads, by an evident mistake of the scribe, *of Algason.*

15541. *neyther siser.* *Sicera*; a general term for other intoxicating drinks than wine. The Lansd. Ms. reads *sither.* Tyrwhitt has substituted *sider.*

15546. *Israel.* I have substituted this from the other manuscripts, in place of *Jerusalem*, which is the reading of the Harl. Ms.

15560. *at the querne grynde.* Et clausum in carcere molere fecerunt. Jud. xvi. 21.

15581. *Of Ercules.* The account of the labours of Hercules is almost literally translated from Boethius *De Consol. Philos.*, lib. iv. metr. 7, though Chaucer has changed the order of some of them.

Herculem duri celebrant labores:
Ille Centauros domuit superbos;
Abstulit sævo spolium leoni;
Fixit et certis volucres sagittis;
Poma cernenti rapuit draconi
Aureo læva gravior metallo;
Cerberum traxit triplici catena;
Victor immitem posuisse fertur
Pabulum sævis dominum quadrigis;
Hydra combusto periit veneno;
Fronte turpatus Achelous amnis
Ora demersit pudibunda ripis;
Stravit Antheum Libycis arenis;
Cacus Evandri satiavit iras,
Quosque pressurus foret altus orbis
Setiger spumis humeros notavit.
Ultimus cœlum labor irreflexo
Sustulit collo, pretiumque rursus
Ultimi cœlum meruit laboris.

I restore the names from the Lansdowne Ms., as they are very incorrectly written in the Harl. Ms.

15588. *drof*, drew. The Land. Ms. reads *drouhe.*

15595. *bore.* Substituted from the Land. Ms. for *leoun*, the reading of the Harl. Ms.

15596. *hevene.* I have retained Tyrwhitt's reading, which he found in other MSS., because it represents the Latin of Boethius, as quoted above, and which in Chaucer's prose version of that writer is translated thus, "And the last of his labors was that he susteined the heven upon his necke unbowed." The Harl. and Lansd. Mss. read *the heed*, evidently supposing it refers to the head of the bore; the printed editions, with the same notion, read "and bare his hed upon his spere longe."

—— *longe.* It may be observed that the final *e* marks the adverbial form of the word: it is not "upon his long neck," but "long upon his neck." One of the MSS. used by Tyrwhitt contains the Latin marginal gloss *diu.*

Was never wight, siththen the world bigan,
That slough so many monstres as dede he;
Thurghout the wide world his name ran,
What for his strengthe and for his bounté, 15600
And every roialme went he for to se;
He was so strong, ther might no man him lette.
At bothe the worldes endes, as saith Trophé,
In stede of boundes he a piler sette.
A lemman hadde this noble campioun,
That highte Dejanire, freissh as May;
And as these clerkes maken mencioun,
Sche hath him sent a schurte fresch and gay.
Alas! this schirt, allas and wailaway!
Envenymed was subtily withalle, 15610
That er he hadde wered it half a day,
It made his fleisch al fro his bones falle.
But natheles som clerkes hir excusen,
By oon that highte Nessus, that it makyd.
Be as be may, I wil nought hir accusyn;
But on his bak he wered this schirt al naked,
Til that his fleisch was for the venym blaked.
And whan he saugh noon other remedye,
In hote colis he hath himself i-raked;
For no venym deyned him to dye. 15620
Thus starf this mighty and worthy Ercules.
Lo! who may truste fortune eny throwe?
For him that folweth al this world of pres,
Er he be war, is oft y-layd ful lowe.
Ful wys is he that can himselven knowe!
Be war, for whan that fortune lust to glose,
Than waytith sche hir man to overthrowe,
By suche way as he wolde lest suppose.

De rege Nabugodonosor.

The mighty trone, the precious tresor,
The glorious ceptre and real mageste, 15630
That had the king Nabugodonosore,
With tonge unnethes may descryved be.
He twyes wan Jerusalem that cité;
The vessel out of the temple he with him ladde;
At Babiloyne was his sovereyn see,
In which his glorie and his delyt he ladde.
The fairest children of the blood roial
Of Israel he dede gelde anoon,
And made ylk of hem to ben his thral;
Amonges othre Daniel was oon, 15640
That was the wisest child of everychoon,
For he the dremes of the king expouned,
Ther as in Caldeyn was ther clerkes noon
That wiste to what fyn his dremes souned.
This proude king let make a stain of gold,
Sixty cubites long and seven in brede,
To which ymage bothe yonge and olde
Comaunded he to love and have in drede,
Or in a fornays ful of flames rede
He schulde be brent that wolde not obeye. 15650
But never wolde assente to that dede
Danyel ne his felawes tweye.
This king of kinges preu was and elate;
He wende God that sit in mageste
Ne might him nought bireve of his estate.
But sodeynly he left his dignité,
I-lik a best him semed for to be,
And eet hay as an oxe, and lay ther-oute
In rayn, with wilde bestes walkyd he,
Til certein tyme was i-come aboute. 15660
And lik an eglis fetheres were his heres,
His hondes like a briddes clowes were,
Til God relessed him a certeyn yeres,
And gaf him witte, and thanne with many a tere
He thanked God, and ever he is afere
To doon amys or more to trespace.
And er that tyme he layd was on bere,
He knew wel God was ful of might and grace.

Balthazar.

His sone, which that highte Balthazar,
That huld the regne after his fader day, 15670
He by his fader couthe nought be war,
For proud he was of hert and of array;
And eek an ydolaster was he ay.
His heigh astate assured him in pryde;
But fortune cast him doun, and ther he lay,
And sodeynly his regne gan divide.
A fest he made unto his lordes alle
Upon a tyme, he made hem blithe be;
And than his officeres gan he calle, 15679
"Goth, bringeth forth the vessealx," quod he,
"The which my fader in his prosperité
Out of the temple of Jerusalem byraft;
And to oure hihe goddis thanke we
Of honours that oure eldres with us laft!"
His wif, his lordes, and his concubines
Ay dronken, whiles her arriont last,
Out of this noble vesseals sondry wynes.
And on a wal this king his yhen cast,
And saugh an hond armles, that wroot fast;
For fere of which he quook and siked sore. 15690
This hond, that Balthazar made so sore agast,
Wrot, *Mane, techel, phares*, and no more.
In al the lond magicien was noon
That couthe expounde what this lettre ment.
But Daniel expoundith it anoon,
And sayde, "King, God to thy fader sent
Glori and honour, regne, tresor, and rent;
And he was proud, and nothing God ne dredde,
And therfor God gret wreche upon him sent,
And him biraft the regne that he hadde. 15700
"He was out cast of mannes compaignye,
With asses was his habitacioun,
And eete hay in wet and eek in drye,
Til that he knew by grace and by resoun
That God of heven had dominacioun
Over every regne and every creature;
And than had God of him compassioun,
And him restored to his regne and his figure.
"Eke thou that art his sone art proud also,
And knowest al this thing so verrayly, 15710
And art rebel to God and art his fo;
Thou dronk eek of his vessel bodily,
Thy wyf eek and thy wenche sinfully

15603. *Trophé.* It is not clear to what writer Chaucer intended to refer under this name. In the margin of one of the Cambridge Mss. collated by Tyrwhitt, we find the gloss, *Ille vates Chaldæorum Tropheus.*

15653. *preu was and elate.* I have added the conjunction from Tyrwhitt, who reads *proud was and elate.*

15662. *hondes.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *nayles*, which is adopted by Tyrwhitt.

15665. *he is afere.* The Lansd. Ms., which is followed by Tyrwhitt, reads,—

. . . and his life in fere
Was he to doon amys.

15669. *His sone.* This story and the preceding are taken from Daniel, i. 5; the latter only is given in Boccaccio.

15686. *arriont.* This is the reading of the Harl. Ms., it is a word which occurs nowhere else, as far as I am aware, but I have not ventured to alter it. The Lansd. Ms. reads *appetites*, which Tyrwhitt adopts.

Dronke of the same vessel sondry wynes,
And heriest false goddes cursedly,
Therfore to the schapen ful gret pyne es
"This hond was send fro God, that in the wal
Wrot, *Mane, techel, phares*, truste me
Thy regne is doon, thou weyist nought at al,
Divided is thy regne, and it schal be 15720
To Meedes and to Perses geven, quod he
And thilke same night the king was slawe,
And Darius occupied his degre,
Though therto neyther had he right ne lawe
Lordynges, ensample heer-by may ye take
How that in lordschip is no sikernesse,
For whan fortune wil a man forsake
Sche bereth away his regne and his richesse,
And eek his frendes bothe more and lesse
And what man hath of frendes thurgh fortune 15730
Mishap wil make hem enemyes I gesse
This proverbe is ful soth and ful commune

Zenobia

Cenobia of Palmire the queene
As writen Perciens of hir noblesse,
So worthy was in armes and so kene
That no wight passed hir in hardynesse
Ne in lynage, ne in other gentilnesse
Of the kinges blood of Perse she is descended
I say that sche had not most fairnesse
But of hir schap sche might nought be amended 15740
Fro hir childhod I fynde that sche fledde
Office of wommen, and to wode sche went
And many a wilde hertes blood sche schedde
With arwes brode that sche to hem sent
Sche was so swyft, that sche anon hem hent
And whan that sche was elder, sche wolde kille
Leouns, lebardes, and beres al torent
And in hir armes weld hem at hir wille
Sche dorste wilde bestes dennes seke
And renne in the mounteyns al the night 15750
And slepe under a bussh and sche couthe eek
Wrastil by verray force and verray might
With eny yong man, were he never so wight
Ther mighte no thing in hir armes stonde
Sche kept hir maydenhed from every wight
To no man deyned hir to be bonde
But atte last hir frendes han hir maried
To Odenake, prince of that citee
Al were it so that sche him longe taried
And ye schul understonde how that he 15760
Had suche fantasies as hadde sche
But natheles whan thay were knyt in fere
Thay lyved in joye and in felicitee
For ech of hem had other lief and deere
Save oon thing, sche wolde never assente
By no way that he schulde by hir lye
But ones, for it was hir playn entent
To have a child the world to multiplie
And also soone as sche might espye
That sche was not with childe yit in dede, 15770
Than wold sche suffre him doon his fantasie
Eftsones, and nought but ones, out of drede
And if sche were with child at thilke cast
No more schuld he playe thilke game
Til fully fourty dayes were ypast,
Than wold sche suffre him to do the same

Al were this Odenake wilde or tame,
He gat no more of hir, for thus sche sayde,
Hit nas but wyves lecchery and schame,
In other caas if that men with hem playde 15780
Tuo sones by this Odenak had sche,
The which sche kept in vertu and lettrure
But now unto our purpos torne we,
I say, so worschipful a creature,
And wys, worthy, and large with mesure,
So penyble in the werre and curteys eeke,
Ne more labour might in werre endure,
Was nowher noon in al this world to seeke
Hir riche array, if it might be told,
As wel in vessel as in hir clothing, 15790
Sche was al clothed in perre and gold
And eek sche lafte nought for hir huntyng
To have of sondry tonges ful knowing
Whan sche had leyser and might therto entent,
To lerne bookes was al hir likyng,
How sche in vertu might hir lif dispent
And schortly of this story for to trete
So doughty was hir housbond and eek sche,
That thay conquered many regnes grete
In the orient with many a fair citee 15800
Appertienant unto the magestee
Of Rome, and with strong hond held hem ful fast,
Ne never might her fomen doon hem flee
Ay whil that Odenakes dayes last
Hir batailes, whoso lust hem for to rede
Agayn Sapor the king and other mo
And how that al this proces fel in dede
Why sche conquered and what title therto
And after of hir meschief and hir wo,
How that sche was biseged and i-take 15810
Let him unto my maister Petrark go
That writeth ynough of this I undertake
Whan Odenake was deed, sche mightily
The regnes held and with hir propre hond
Agayn hir foos sche faught so faithfully
That ther nas king ne prince in al that lond
That he nas glad if he that grace fond
That sche ne wold upon his lond werreye
With hir thay maden alliance by bond
To ben in pees, and let hir ryde and pleye
The emperour of Rome Claudius
Ne him bifore the Romayn Galiene,
Ne dorste never be so corageous,
Ne noon Ermyn, ne Egipciene
Ne Surrien, ne noon Arabiene,
Withinne the feld that durste with hir fight
Lest that sche wold hem with hir hondes slen
Or with hir meyne putten hem to flight
In kinges habyt wente hir sones tuo,
As heires of her fadres regnes alle, 15830
And Hermanno and Themaleo
Here names were, and Parciens men hem calle
But ay fortune hath in hir hony galle
This mighty queene may no while endure,
Fortune out of hir regne made hir falle
To wrecchednesse and to mysadventure
Aurilian, whan that the governaunce
Of Rome cam into his hondes tway,
He schop him of this queen to do vengeaunce,

15719 *weyist* This reading is taken from [illegible] Ms The Harl Ms reads [illegible]

15733. *Cenobia* The story of Zenobia is taken [illegible] from Boccaccio's work, *De claris mulieribus*

15810 *ben yet* [illegible] adopted from the Lansd Ms is best suited to the context The Harl Ms has [illegible]

15815 [illegible] The [illegible] I have examined agree in [illegible] Tyrwhitt reads [illegible]

15832 *and Parciens* [illegible] The Lansd Ms and Tyrwhitt read *as Persians hem calle*.

And with his legiouns he took the way 15840
Toward Cenoby; and schortly to say
He made hir flee, and atte last hir hent,
And feterid hir, and eek hir children tweye,
And wan the lond, and home to Rome he went.
Amonges other thinges that he wan,
Hir chaar, that was with gold wrought and perré,
This grete Romayn, this Aurilian,
Hath with him lad, for that men schulde se.
Bifore this triumphe walkith sche,
And gilte cheynes in hir necke hongynge; 15850
Corouned sche was, as aftir hir degré,
And ful of perré chargid hir clothyng.
Allas! fortune! sche that whilom was
Dredful to kinges and to emperoures,
Now gaulith al the pepul on hir, alas!
And sche that helmyd was in starke stoures,
And wan bifore tounes stronge and toures,
Schal on hir heed now were a wyntermyte;
And sche that bar the cepter ful of floures,
Schal bere a distaf hirself for to quyte. 15860

De Petro Hispanie rege.

O noble Petro, the glori of Spayne,
Whom fortune held so heigh in mageste,
Wel oughte men thy pitous deth complayne;
Thy bastard brother made the to fle,
And after at a sege by subtilté
Thow were bytrayed, and lad to his tent,
Wher as he with his oughne hond slough the,
Succedyng in thy lond and in thy rent.
The feld of snow, with thegle of blak ther-inne,
Caught with the leoun, reed coloured as is the gleede, 15870
He brewede the cursednesse and synne,
The wikked nest werker of this neede.
Nought Oliver, ne Charles that ay took heede
Of trouthe and honour, but of Armoryk
Geniloun Oliver, corruptid for mede,
Broughte this worthy king in such a bryk.

De Petro Cipre rege.

O worthy Petro king of Cipres, also,
That Alisaunder wan by heigh maistrye,
Ful many an hethen wroughtest thou ful wo,
Of which thin oughne lieges had envye; 15880
And for no thing but for thy chivalrie,
Thay in thy bed han slayn the by the morwe.
Thus can fortune the whel governe and gye,
And out of joye bringe men into sorwe.

De Barnabo comite Mediolano.

Of Melayn grete Barnabo Viscount,
God of delyt and scourge of Lumbardye,
Why schuld thyn infortune I nought accounte,
Syn in astaat thou clombe were so hye;
Thy brother sone, that was thy double allie,
For he thy nevew was and sone in lawe, 15890
Withinne his prisoun made the to dye;
But why ne how, not I, that thou were slawe.

De Hugilino comite Pise.

Of the erl Hugilin of Pise the langour
Ther may no tonge telle for pité.
But litil out of Pise stant a tour,
In whiche tour in prisoun put was he;
And with him been his litil children thre,
Theldest skarsly fyf yer was of age;
Allas! fortune! it was gret cruclté
Suche briddes to put in such a cage. 15900
Dampnyd he was to deye in that prisoun,
For Roger, which that bisschop was of Pise,
Had on him maad a fals suggestioun;
Thurgh which the peple gan on him arise,
And putte him in prisoun in such wise
As ye han herd, and mete and drynk he hadde
So smal that wel unnethe it may suffise,
And therwithal it was ful pore and badde.
And on a day bifel that in that hour
Whan that his mete was wont to be brought, 15910
The gayler schet the dores of that tour.
He herd it wel, but he saugh it nought,
And in his hert anoon ther fel a thought
That thay for hungir wolde doon him dyen.
"Alas!" quod he, "allas! that I was wrought!"

15855 *gaulith*, yelleth, howleth, shouteth. Tyrwhitt follows other MSS. in reading *gaureth*, shouteth.

15857. *perre.* Other MSS read *by jora.*

15858 *wyntermyte.* This word, the exact meaning of which seems not to be known, is given differently in the MSS *vitrymite*, *wtermyte*, *wintermite*, *vitryle*, and in the old printed editions, *autremite*; the latter of which is probably a mere error of the printers.

15860. *hirself.* Other MSS., followed by Tyrwhitt, read *hir cost.*

15861. *O noble Petro.* Tyrwhitt has adopted a different arrangement from some of the manuscripts, so as to place the histories more nearly in chronological order, by inserting after Zenobia, Nero, Holofernes, Antiochus, Alexander, Cæsar, and Cresus, and the monk's tale is made to end with the story of Hugolin of Pisa I retain, however, the arrangement of the Harl. Ms., not only because I think it the best authority, but because I think this to be the order in which Chaucer intended to place them. The conclusion of the monk's tale, as it here stands, seems to be the natural one. When Chaucer wrote his grand work, the eventful history of Pedro the Cruel of Aragon was fresh in people's memories, and possessed a special interest in this country, from the part taken in the events connected with him by the Black Prince; we can easily suppose the monk, who professes to disregard chronological order, wandering from the story of Zenobia to some events of his own time, and then recalling other examples from antiquity. Tyrwhitt adopts from the reading of other MSS., *O noble a worthy Petro, glorie of Spaine.* It may be observed, that the cause of Pedro, though he was no better than a cruel and reckless tyrant, was popular in England from the very circumstance that Prince Edward had embarked in it.

15864. Other MSS. read for this line, *Out of thy lond thy brother made the flee.*

15868. *lond.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *regne*, which is adopted by Tyrwhitt, and is perhaps the better reading.

15870 *leoun, reed coloured.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *lime rodde colours*, and Tyrwhitt has adopted *limerod coloured.* The arms here described are probably those of Duguesclin, who must be the person alluded to below as the Oliver of Armoryk, for it was notoriously Duguesclin who betrayed Pedro into his brother's tent, where he was slain.

15873. *Nought Oliver, ne Charles.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *Charles and Olyver*, and Tyrwhitt has *Not Charles Oliver*, which he explains, "Not the Oliver of Charles (Charlemagne), but an Oliver of Armorica, a second Guenelon."

15877. *Petro king of Cypres.* Pierre de Lusignan, king of Cyprus, who captured Alexandria in Egypt in 1365, an event before alluded to at the beginning of the *Canterbury Tales* (l. 51). This prince was assassinated in 1639.

15885. *Of Melayn grete Barnabo.* Bernabo Visconti, duke of Milan, was deposed by his nephew and thrown into prison, where he died in 1385. This tragedy must have occurred so recently when Chaucer wrote, that we do not wonder at his not knowing the circumstances of his death.

15886. *scourge.* I have adopted this reading from the Lansd. Ms., in place of *strength*, given by the Harl. Ms., which seems evidently incorrect.

15893. *Of the erl Hugilin.* The story of Hugolin of Pisa had been told by Dante, in the *Inferno*, canto 33, whom Chaucer quotes directly as his authority.

Therwith the teeres felle fro his eyen.
His yongest sone, that thre yer was of age,
Unto him sayde, "Fader, why do ye wepe?
Whan wil the gayler bringen oure potage?
Is ther no morsel bred that ye doon kepe? 15920
I am so hongry that I may not sleepe.
Now wolde God that I might slepe ever!
Than schuld not hunger in my wombe crepe.
Ther is no thing save bred that me were lever."
Thus day by day this child bigan to crie,
Til in his fadres barm adoun he lay,
And sayde, "Far wel, fader, I moot dye!"
And kist his fader, and dyde the same day.
And whan the woful fader deed it say,
For wo his armes tuo he gan to byte, 15930
And sayde, "Fortune, alas and waylaway!
Thin false querel al my woo I wyte."
His childer wende that it for hongir was,
That he his armes gnew, and nought for wo,
And sayden, "Fader, do nought so, allas!
But rather et the fleisch upon us tuo.
Oure fleisch thou gave us, oure fleissh thou take [us fro,
And ete y-nough;" right thus thay to him seyde.
And after that, withinne a day or tuo,
Thay layde hem in his lappe adoun and deyde.
Himself despeired eek for honger starf. 15941
Thus ended is this mighty eorl of Pise;
For his estate fortune fro him carf.
Of this tregede it ought y-nough suffise;
Who so wil it hiere in lenger wise,
Rede the gret poet of Itaile
That highte Daunt, for he can it devise,
Fro poynt to poynt nought oon word wil he fayle.

De Nerone.

Although Nero were als vicious
As any fend that lith ful lowe adoun, 15950
Yit he, as tellith us Swethoneus,
This wyde world had in subjeccioun,
Bothe est and west and septemtrioun.
Of rubies, safers, and of perles white,
Were alle his clothes embroudid up and doun;
For he in gemmis gretly gan delite.
More delycat, more pompous of array,
More proud was never emperour than he.
That ylke cloth that he had wered a day,
After that tyme he nolde it never se. 15960
Nettis of gold thred had he gret plenté,
To fissche in Tyber, whan him lust to pleye.
His willes were as lawe in his degré,
For fortune as his frend wold him obeye.

He Rome brent for his delicacie;
The senatours he slough upon a day,
To here how men wolde wepe and crye;
And slough his brother, and by his suster lay.
His modir made he in pitous array,
For hire wombe slyt he, to byholde 15970
Wher he conceyved was, so waylaway!
That he so litel of his moodir tolde.
No teer out of his eyen for that sight
Ne came; but sayde, a fair womman was sche.
Gret wonder is that he couthe or might
Be domesman on hir dede beauté.
The wyn to bringen him comaundid he,
And drank anoon, noon other wo he made.
Whan might is torned unto cruelté,
Allas! to deepe wil the venym wade. 15980
In youthe a maister had this emperour,
To teche him letterure and curtesye;
For of moralité he was the flour,
And in his tyme, but if bokes lye.
And whil his maister had of him maistrie,
He made him so connyng and so souple,
That long tyme it was or tyrannye
Or ony vice dorst on him uncouple.
This Seneca, of which that I devyse,
Bycause Nero had of him such drede, 15990
For fro vices he wol him chastise
Discretly as by word, and nought by dede.
"Sir," wold he sayn, "an emperour mot neede
Be vertuous and hate tyrannye."
For which he in a bath made him to bleede
On bothe his armes, til he moste dye.
This Nero hadde eek a custumance
In youthe agein his maister for to ryse,
Which after-ward him thought a gret grevaunce;
Therfore he made him deye in this wise. 16000
But natheles this Seneca the wise
Ches in a bath to deye in this manere,
Rather than to have another tormentise;
And thus hath Nero slayn his maister deere.
Now fel it so that fortune lust no lenger
The highe pride of Nero to cherice;
For though he were strong, yit was sche strenger,
Sche thoughte thus, "By God! I am to nyce,
To set a man that is ful sad of vice
In high degré, and emperour him calle; 16010
By God! out of his sete I wil him trice;
Whan he lest weneth, sonnest schal byfalle.
The poeple ros on him upon a night
For heigh defaute, and whan he it aspyed,
Out of his dores anoon he hath him dight
Aloone, and ther he wende have ben allyed,
He knokked fast; and ay the more he cried,
The faster schette thay the dores alle.
Than wist he wel he had himself mysgyed,

15932. *querel.* The Lansd. Ms. has *whele*, which is perhaps the better reading.

15949. *Although Nero.* Although Chaucer quotes Suetonius, his account of Nero is really taken from the *Roman de la Rose*, and from Boethius *de Consolat. Philos.*, lib. ii, met. 6.

15953. *and septemtrioun.* This line stands as here printed in the Harl. and Lansd. Mss. Tyrwhitt inserts *south* (south and septemtrion), and observes: "The MSS. read *north*; but there can be no doubt of the propriety of the correction, which was made, I believe, in ed. Urr. In the *Rom. de la R.*, from whence great part of this tragedy of Nero is translated, the passage stands thus, 6501:

Ce desloyal, que je te dy,
Et d'Orient et de *Midy*,
D'Occident, de Septentrion,
Tint-il la jurisdicion."

15963. *willes.* The Lansd. Ms. has *lustes*, the reading adopted by Tyrwhitt. I am inclined to prefer the reading of the Harl. Ms., which avoids the repetition of the word from the previous line.

15970. *hire wombe slyt he.* So the Harl. and Lansd. Mss.; Tyrwhitt reads *he hire wombe let slitte.*

15976. *on hir dede beauté.* The word *dede*, omitted in the Harl. Ms., is evidently necessary for the sense and measure. Chaucer is translating the words of Boethius, lib. ii. met. 6,—

"Ora non tinxit lacrymis, sed esse
Censor *extincti* potuit *decoris*;"

which he has given thus in his prose version of Boethius, "Ne no tere wette his face, but he was so harde harted, that he might be domesman, or judge, of her *dedde beauté*." In both, *domesman* represents the Latin *censor*.

16003. *tormentise.* I have substituted this reading from Tyrwhitt, in place of that of the Harl. Ms., *tyrannie*. The Lansd. Ms. has *tormentrie*.

16009. *sad.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *ful filled*, which is the reading adopted by Tyrwhitt.

And went his way, no lenger durst he calle. 16020
The peple cried, and rumbled up and doun,
That with his cris herd he how thay sayde,
"Her is this fals traitour, this Neroun!"
For fere almost out of his witte he brayde,
And to his goddes pitously he prayde
For socour, but it mighte nought betyde;
For drede of this him thoughte that he dyde,
And ran into a gardyn him to hyde.
And in this gardyn fond he cherlis twayo
Sittynge by a fuyr ful greet and reed. 16030
And to these cherles tuo he gan to praye
To sleen him, and to girden of his heed,
That to his body, whan that he were deed,
Were no despyt y-doon for his defame.
Himself he slough, he couthe no better reed;
Of which fortune thai lough and hadde game.

De Olipherno.

Was never capitaigne under a king
That regnes mo put in subjeccioun,
Ne strenger was in feld of alle thing
As in his tyme, ne gretter of renoun, 16040
Ne more pompous in heih presumpcioun,
Than Oliphern, which that fortune ay kist
So licorously, and ladde him up and doun,
Til that his heed was of, er he it wist.
Nought oonly that the world had of him awe,
For lesyng of riches and liberté,
But he made every man reneye his lawe;
Nabugodonosor was lord, sayde he;
Noon other god schuld honoured be.
Ageinst his heste dar no wight trespace, 16050
Save in Betholia, a strong cité,
Wher Eliachim a prest was of that place.
But tak keep of that dethe of Olipherne;
Amyd his ost he dronke lay on night
Withinne his tente, large as is a berne,
And yit. for all his pomp and al his might,
Judith, a womman, as he lay upright
Slepying, his heed of smot, and fro his tent
Ful prively sche stal from every wight,
And with his heed unto hir toun sche went. 16060

De rege Antiochie illustri.

What needith it of king Antiochius,
To telle his heye real mageste,
His heyhe pride, his werke venemous?
For such another was ther noon as he.
Redeth which that he was in Machabé,
And redith the proude wordes that he sayde,
And why he fel fro his prosperité,
And in an hil how wrecchidly he deyde.
Fortune him hath enhaunced so in pryde,
That verraily he wend he might atteyne 16070
Unto the sterris upon every syde;
And in a balaunce weyen ech mounteyne;
And alle the floodes of the see restreyne.
And Goddes peple had he most in hate;
Hem wold he slee in torment and in peyne,
Wenyng that God ne might his pride abate.
And for that Nichanor and Thimothé
With Jewes were venquist mightily,
Unto the Jewes such an hate had he,
That he bad graithe his chaar hastily, 16080
And swor, and sayde ful despitously,
Unto Jerusalem he wold eftsoone,
To wreke his ire on it full cruelly;
But of his purpos he was let ful soone.
God, for his manace, him so sore smoot
With invisible wounde incurable,
That in his guttes carf it so and bot,
That his peynes were importable.
And certeynly the wreche was resonable;
For many a mannes guttes dede he peyne; 16090
But fro his purpos cursed and dampnable,
For al his smert, he nolde him nought restreyne.
But bad anoon apparailen his host,
And sodeynly, er he was of it ware,
God daunted al his pride and al his bost
For he so sore fel out of his chare.
That it his lymes and his skyn to-tare,
So that he nomore might go ne ryde;
But in a chare men aboute him bare
Al for-brosed, bothe bak and syde. 16100
The wreche of God him smot so cruely,
That in his body wicked wormes crept,
And therwithal he stonk so orribly,
That noon of al his meyné that him kepte,
Whether that he wook or elles slepte,
Ne mighte nought the stynk of him endure.
In this meschief he weyled and eek wepte,
And knew God lord of every creature.
To al his host and to himself also
Ful wlatsom was the stynk of his carayne; 16110
No man ne might him bere to ne fro;
And in his stynk and his orrible payne
He starf ful wrecchedly in a mountayne.
Thus hath this robbour and this homicide,
That many a man made wepe and playne,
Such guerdoun as that longeth unto pryde.

De Alexandro Magno, Philippi regis Macedonie filio.

The story of Alisaunder is so comune,
That every wight that hath discrecioun
Hath herd som-what or al of this fortune;
Thys wyde world as in conclusioun 16120
He wan by strengthe, or for his heigh renoun,
Thay were glad for pees unto him sende.
The pride of man and bost he layd adoun,
Wher so he cam, unto the worldes ende.
Comparisoun yit mighte never be maked
Bitwen him and noon other conquerour;
For al this world for drede of him hath quaked.
He was of knyghthod and of fredam flour;
Fortune him made the heir of hir honour;
Save wyn and wymmen, no thing might aswage
His heigh entent in armes and labour, 16131
So was he ful of leonyne corage.
What pité were it to him, though I yow tolde
Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo

16037. *Was never capitaigne.* This story is of course taken from the book of Judith. Tyrwhitt has committed a singular oversight in his note on line 16037,—"I cannot find any priest of this name (Eliachim) in the book of Judith. The high priest of Jerusalem is called Joachim in c. iv., which name would suit the verse better than Eliachim." In the vulgate Latin version of the book of Judith, which, of course, was the one used by Chaucer, the high priest's name is *Eliachim.*

16061. *king Antiochius.* This story is taken from 2 Maccabees, c. ix.

16072. *atteyne.* 16072. *weyen ech mounteyne.* I have not hesitated in correcting the Harl. Ms in this instance by others; the former reads, by an evident error of the scribe, *have teyned* and *weyen whet ech mounteyned.*

16132. *leonyne.* I have adopted this reading from Tyrwhitt. That of the Harl. Ms., *lumyne*, seems to make no sense; and the reading of the Lansd. Ms., *louinge*, is no better.

Of kynges, princes, dukes, and eorles bolde,
Which he conquered and brought unto wo?
I say, as fer as men may ryde or go,
The world was his, what schold I more devyse?
For though I write or tolde you evermo,
Of his knighthood it mighte nought suffise. 16140
Twelf yer he regned, as saith Machabé;
Philippes son of Macedon he was,
That first was king in Grece that contré.
O worthy gentil Alisaundre, alas!
That ever schulde falle such a caas!
Empoysoned of thin oughne folk thou were;
Thyn sis fortune is torned into an aas,
And right for the ne wepte sche never a teere.
Who schal me give teeres to compleigne
The deth of gentiles and of fraunchise, 16150
That al the worlde had in his demeigne;
And yit him thought it mighte nought suffice,
So ful was his corage of high emprise.
Allas! who schal helpe me to endite
Fals infortune, and poysoun to devyse,
The whiche two of al this wo I wyte.

Julius Cesar.

By wisedom, manhod, and by gret labour,
Fro humblehede to royal mageste
Up roos he, Julius the conquerour,
That wan al thoccident by land and see, 16160
By strengthe of hond or elles by trete,
And unto Rome made hem contributarie,
And siththe of Rome themperour was he,
Til that fortune wax his adversarie.
O mighty Cesar, that in Thessalie
Agains Pompeus, fader thin in lawe,
That of the orient had al the chivalrie,
Als fer as that the day bigynnes to dawe,
Thorugh thi knighthod thou hast him take and slawe,
Save fewe folk that with Pompeus fledde; 16170
Thurgh which thou puttist al thorient in awe;
Thanke fortune that so wel the spedde.
But now a litel while I wil bywaile
This Pompeus, the noble governour
Of Rome, which that flowe fro this bataile;
Alas! I say, oon of his men, a fals traitour,
His heed of smoot, to wynne his favour
Of Julius, and him the heed he brought.
Alas! Pompeus, of the orient conquerour,
That fortune to such a fyn the brought. 16180
To Rome agayn repaireth Julius,
With his triumphe laurial ful hye.
But on a tyme Brutus and Cassius,
That ever had to his estat envye,
Ful prively hath made conspiracie
Agains this Julius in subtil wise;
And cast the place in which he schulde dye
With boydekyns, as I schal yow devyse.
This Julius to the capitoile went
Upon a day, as he was wont to goon; 16190
And in the capitoil anoon him hent
This false Brutus, and his other foon,
And stiked him with boydekyns anoon
With many a wounde, and thus thay let him lye.
But never gront he at no strook but oon,
Or elles at tuo, but if the storie lye.
So manly was this Julius of hert,
And so wel loved estatly honesté,
That though his deedly woundes sore smert,
His mentil over his hipes caste he, 16200
For no man schulde seen his privేté.

And as he lay deyinge in a traunce,
And wiste wel that verrayly deed was he,
Of honeste yet had he remembraunce.
Lucan, to the this story I recomende,
And to Swetoun and to Valirius also,
That al the story writen word and ende,
How to these grete conquerours tuo
Fortune was first frend and siththen fo.
No man trust upon hir favour longe, 16210
But have hir in awayt for evermo,
Witnesse on alle thise conqueroures stronge.

Cresus.

This riche Cresus, whilom king of Lyde,
Of which Cresus Cirus him sore dradde,
Yet was he caught amyddes al his pride,
And to the fuyr to brenne him men him ladde.
But such a rayn doun fro the heven schadde,
That slough the fuyr and made him to eschape.
But to be war yet grace noon he hadde,
Til fortune on the galwes made him gape 16220
Whan he was eschaped, he couth nought stent
For to bygynne a newe werre agayn;
He wende wel, for that fortune him sent
Such hap that he eschaped thurgh the rayn,
That of his foos he mighte not be slayn.
And eek a sweven upon a night he mette,
Of which he was so proud and eek so fayn,
That in vengeaunce he al his herte sette.
Upon a tree he was set, as him thought,
Wher Jubiter him wissch bothe bak and side,
And Phebus eek a fair towail him brought 16231
To drye him with, and therfore was his pride;
And to his doughter that stood him biside,
Which that he knew in heigh science abounde,
And bad hire telle what it signifyde,
And sche his dreem right thus gan expounde.
"The tree," quod sche, "the galwes is to mene,
And Jubiter betokeneth snow and rayn,
And Phebus with his towail so clene,
Tho ben the sonne stremes, soth to sayn 16240
Thow schalt enhangid ben, fader, certayn.
Rayn shal the wasch, and sonne schal the drye."
Thus warned sche him ful plat and eek ful playn,
His doughter, which that called was Phanie
And hanged was Cresus this proude king,
His real trone might him not availe.
Tregedis, ne noon other maner thing,
Ne can I synge, crie, ny biwayle,
But for that fortune wil alway assayle 16249
With unwar strook the regnes that ben proude;
For whan men trusteth hir, than wil sche faile,
And cover hir brighte face with a clowde.

16213. *Cresus.* The Harl Ms has *Cresus* all through, which I have not thought it necessary to retain Tyrwhitt observes that,—"In the opening of this story, our author has plainly copied the following passage of his own version of Boethius, B. ii. Pro 2: 'Wiste thou not how Cresus, king of Lydiens, *of whiche king Cyrus was ful sore agaste* a litel before, etc.' But the greatest part is taken from the *Rom. de la Rose*, ver 6847—6912"

16217. *heven.* The Lansd Ms has *walkyn*, and Tyrwhitt *welkin*.

16247. *Tregedis.* These two lines are given differently in Tyrwhitt, and perhaps better, as follows:

"Tragedie is non other maner thing,
Ne can in singing crien ne bewaile."

And he observes, "This reflection seems to have been suggested by one which follows soon after the mention of Croesus in the passage just quoted from Boethius. 'What other thing bewaylen the cryinges of tragedyes but onely the dedes of fortune, that with an aukewarde stroke overtourneth the realmes of grete nobleye?'"

THE PROLOGE OF THE NONNE PRESTES TALE.

"Ho, sire!" quod the knight, "no more of this;
That ye han said is right y-nough y-wys,
And mochil mor; for litel hevynesse
Is right i-nough for moche folk, I gesse.
I say for me, it is a gret disease,
Wher as men han ben in gret welthe and ease,
To hieren of her sodeyn fal, allas!
And the coutraire is joye and gret solas; 16260
As whan a man hath ben in pore estate,
And clymbith up, and wexeth fortunate,
And ther abydeth in prosperité;
Such thing is gladsom, and it thinkith me,
And of such thing were goodly for to telle."
"Ye," quod oure host, "by seint Paules belle,
Ye say right soth; this monk hath clappid lowde;
He spak, how fortune was clipped with a clowde
I not never what, and als of tregedie
Right now ye herd; and pardy! no remedye
It is for to bywayle or compleyne 16271
That that is doon; and also it is a peyne,
As ye han said, to hiere of hevynesse.
Sire monk, no more of this, so God yow blesse;
Your tale anoyeth al this compaignie;
Such talkyng is nought worth a boterflye,
For therinne is noon disport ne game.
Wherfor, sir monk, damp Pieres by your name,
I pray yow hertly, tel us somwhat ellis,
For sicurly, ner gingling of the bellis 16280
That on your bridil hong on every syde,
By heven king, that for us alle dyde,
I schold er this han falle doun for sleep,
Although the slough had never ben so deep;
Than had your tale have be told in vayn.
For certeynly, as these clerkes sayn,
Wher as a man may have noon audience,
Nought helpith it to tellen his sentence.
And wel I wot the substance is in me,
If eny thing schal wel reported be. 16290
Sir, say somwhat of huntyng, I yow pray."
"Nay," quod the monk, "I have no lust to play;
Now let another telle, as I have told."
Then spak our ost with rude speche and bold,
And said unto the n nnes prest anoon,
"Com ner, thou prest, com ner, thou sir Johan,
Tel us such thing as may our hertes glade;
Be blithe, although thou ryde upon a jade.
What though thin hors be bothe foul and lene?
If he wil serve the, rek not a bene; 16300
Lok that thin hert be mery evermo."
"Yis, sire, yis, hoste," quod he, "so mot I go,
But I be mery, i-wis I wol be blamed."
And right anoon he hath his tale tamyd;
And thus he sayd unto us everichoon,
This sweete prest, this goodly man sir Johan.

THE NONNE PREST HIS TALE.

A pore wydow, somdel stope in age,
Was whilom duellyng in a pore cotage,
Bisyde a grove, stondyng in a dale.
This wydowe, of which I telle yow my tale,
Syn thilke day that sche was last a wif, 16311
In paciens ladde a ful symple lyf.
For litel was hir catel and hir rent;
For housbondry of such as God hir sent,
Sche fond hirself, and eek hir doughtres tuo.
Thre large sowes had sche, and no mo,
Thre kyn, and eek a scheep that highte Malle.
Ful sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle,
In which sche eet ful many a sclender meel.
Of poynaunt saws hir needid never a deel. 16320
Noon deynteth morsel passid thorugh hir throte;
Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.
Repleccioun ne made hir never sik;
Attempre dyete was al hir phisik,
And exercise, and hertes suffisaunce.
The goute lette hir nothing for to daunce,
Ne poplexie schente not hir heed;
No wyn ne drank sche, nother whit ne reed;
Hir bord was servyd most with whit and blak,
Milk and broun bred, in which sche fond no lak,
Saynd bacoun, and som tyme an ey or tweye;
For sche was as it were a maner deye.
A yerd sche had, enclosed al aboute
With stikkes, and a drye dich withoute,
In which sche had a cok, hight Chaunteclere,
In al the lond of crowyng was noon his peere.
His vois was merier than the mery orgon,
On masse dayes that in the chirche goon;
Wel sikerer was his crowyng in his logge,
Than is a clok, or an abbay orologge. 16340
By nature knew he ech ascencioun
Of equinoxial in thilke toun;
For whan degrees fyftene were ascendid,
Thanne crewe he, it might not ben amendid.
His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batayld, as it were a castel wal.
His bile was blak, and as the geet it schon;
Lik asur were his legges and his ton;
His nayles whitter than the lily flour,
And lik the burnischt gold was his colour. 16350
This gentil cok had in his governaunce
Seven hennes, for to do al his plesaunce,
Whiche were his sustres and his paramoures,
And wonder lik to him, as of coloures.
Of whiche the fairest hiewed on hir throte,
Was cleped fayre damysel Pertilote.
Curteys sche was, discret, and debonaire,
And companable, and bar hirself ful faire,
Syn thilke day that sche was seven night old,
That sche hath trewely the hert in hold 16360
Of Chaunteclere loken in every lith;
He loved hir so, that wel him was therwith.
But such a joye was it to here him synge,
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to springe,
In swete accord, "my liefe is faren on londe."
Fro thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
Bestis and briddes cowde speke and synge.
And so byfel, that in a dawenynge,
As Chaunteclere among his wyves alle
Sat on his perche, that was in his halle, 16370
And next him sat this faire Pertelote,
This Chaunteceler gan gronen in his throte,

16268. *was clipped.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *covered was*, which is adopted by Tyrwhitt

16280. *gingling.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *clynkeing*, the reading which Tyrwhitt adopts. Compare, however, the Prologue, l. 170, and the note.

The nonne prest his tale. This tale was taken from the fifth chapter of the old French metrical *Roman de Renart*, entitled *Si comme Renart prist Chantecler le coc* (ed. Meon. tom. i. p. 49). The same story forms one of the fables of Marie of France, where it stands as fab. 51, *Dou coc et dou werpil:* see Roquefort's edition of the works of Marie, tom. ii. p. 240.

16359. *seven night.* I adopt this reading from the Lansd. Ms; the reading of the Harl. Ms. *seven yer* is certainly wrong.

Who so wol seke actes of sondry remys,
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.
Lo Cresus, which that was of Lydes king,
Mette he not that he sat upon a tre,
Which signified he schuld hanged be?
Lo hir Andromachia, Ectors wif,
That day that Ector schulde lese his lif,
Sche dremed on the same night byforn,
How that the lif of Ector schuld be lorn, 16630
If thilke day he wente to batayle;
Sche warned him, but it might nought availe;
He wente forth to fighte natheles,
And he was slayn anoon of Achilles.
But thilke tale is al to long to telle,
And eek it is neigh day, I may not duelle.
Schortly I say, as for conclusioun,
That I schal have of this avisioun
Adversité; and I say forthermore,
That I ne telle of laxatifs no store, 16640
For thay ben venemous, I wot it wel;
I hem defye, I love hem never a del.
"Now let us speke of mirthe, and lete al this;
Madame Pertilot, so have I blis,
Of o thing God hath me sent large grace;
For whan I se the beauté of your face,
Ye ben so scarlet hiew about your eyghen,
It makith al my drede for to deyghen,
For, al so siker as *In principio,*
Mulier est hominis confusio. 16650
(Madame, the sentence of this Latyn is,
Womman is mannes joye and mannes blis.)
For whan I fiele a-night your softe syde,
Al be it that I may not on you ryde,
For that your perche is mad so narow, allas!
I am so ful of joye and solas,
That I defye bothe sweven and drem."
And with that word he fleigh doun fro the beem,
For it was day, and eek his hennes alle;
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle, 16660
For he had found a corn, lay in the yerd.
Real he was, he was nomore aferd;
He fetherid Pertelote twenty tyme,
And trad as ofte, er that it was prime.
He lokith as it were a grim lioun;
And on his toon he rometh up and doun,
Him deyned not to set his foot to grounde.
He chukkith, whan he hath a corn i-founde,
And to him rennen than his wifes alle.
Thus real, as a prince is in his halle, 16670
Leve I this Chaunteclere in his pasture;
And after wol I telle his aventure.
Whan that the moneth in which the world bigan,
That highte March, whan God maked first man,
Was complet, and y-passed were also,
Syn March bygan, tway monthes and dayes tuo,
Byfel that Chaunteclere in al his pride,
His seven wyves walkyng by his syde,
Cast up his eyghen to the brighte sonne,
That in the signe of Taurus had i-ronne 16680
Twenty degrees and oon, and somwhat more;
He knew by kynde, and by noon other lore,
That it was prime, and crew with blisful steven.
"The sonne," he sayde, "is clomben up on heven
Twenty degrees and oon, and more i-wis.
Madame Pertelot, my worldes blis,
Herknith these blisful briddes how thay synge,
And seth these freissche floures how thay springe;
Ful is myn hert of revel and solaas."
But sodeinly him fel a sorwful caas; 16690
For ever the latter end of joye is wo.
God wot that worldly joye is soone ago;
And if a rethor couthe faire endite,
He in a chronique saufly might he write,
As for a soverayn notabilité.
Now every wys man let him herkne me;
This story is al so trewe, I undertake,
As the book is of Launcelot the Lake,
That womman huld in ful gret reverence.
Now wol I torne agayn to my sentence. 16700
A cole-fox, ful sleigh of iniquité,
That in the grove had woned yeres thre,
By heigh ymaginacioun forncast,
The same nighte thurgh the hegge brast
Into the yerd, ther Chaunteclere the faire
Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire;
And in a bed of wortes stille he lay,
Til it was passed undern of the day,
Waytyng his tyme on Chaunteclere to falle;
As gladly doon these homicides alle, 16710
That in awayte lyn to morther men.
O false mordrer lurckyng in thy den!
O newe Scariot, newe Genilon!
Fals dissimulour, o Greke Sinon,
That broughtest Troye al utrely to sorwe!
O Chauntecler, accursed be the morwe,
That thou into the yerd flough fro the bemys!
Thow were ful wel warned be thy dremys,
That thilke day was perilous to the.
But what that God forwot most needes be, 16720
After the opynyoun of certeyn clerkis.
Witnesse on him, that eny parfit clerk is,
That in scole is gret altercacioun
In this matier, and gret disputesoun,
And hath ben of an hundred thousend men.
But yit I can not bult it to the bren,
As can the holy doctor Augustyn,
Or Boece, or the bischop Bradwardyn,
Whether that Goddis worthy forwetyng
Streigneth me needely for to do a thing, 16730
(Needely clepe I simple necessité);
Or elles if fre choys be graunted me
To do that same thing, or to do it nought,
Though God forwot it, er that it was wrought;

16627. *Lo hir Andromachia.* Andromache's dream is related in the twenty-fourth chapter of *Dares Phrygius:* the authority for the history of the Trojan war most popular in the middle ages.

16676. *Syn March bygan, tway monthes and dayes tuo.* This is the reading of the Harleian Ms., and I see no reason to change it. Tyrwhitt reads *Sithen March ended, thritty dayes and two,* and observes, "I have ventured to depart from the MSS. and edit. in this passage. They all read *began* instead of *ended.* At the same time Ms. c. 1, has this note in the margin, '1 2° die Maii,' which plainly supposes that the thirty-two days are to be reckoned from the end of March. As the vernal equinox (according to our author's hypothesis, Discourse, &c. p. 163) happened on the 12th of March, the place of the sun (as described in ver. 16680, 1.) in 22° of Taurus agrees very nearly with his true place on the second of May, the fifty-third day incl. from the equinox. Ms. C. reads thus,—

"Syn March began tway monthes and dayes two;

which brings us to the same day, but, I think, by a less probable correction of the faulty copies"

16685 *Twenty degrees.* "The reading of the greatest part of the MSS is *fourty degrees.* But this is evidently wrong; for Chaucer is speaking of the altitude of the sun at or about prime, i.e. six o'clock A.M. See ver. 15208. When the sun is in 22° of Taurus, he is 21° high about three-quarters after six A.M."—*Tyrwhitt.*

16712. *lurckyng.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *roukeing,* and Tyrwhitt has *rucking.*

Or of his wityng streyneth never a deel,
But by necessité condicionel.
I wol not have to do of such matiere;
My tale is of a cok, as ye schal hiere,
That took his counseil of his wyf with sorwe
To walken in the yerd upon the morwe, 16740
That he had met the dreme, that I tolde.
Wymmens counseiles ben ful ofte colde;
Wommannes counseil brought us first to woo,
And made Adam fro paradys to go,
Ther as he was ful mery, and wel at ease.
But for I not, to him it might displease,
If I counseil of womman wolde blame,
Pas over, for I sayd it in my game.
Red auctours, wher thay trete of such matiere,
And what thay sayn of wommen ye may heere.
These been the cokkes wordes, and not myne;
I can noon harme of womman divine. 16752
  Faire in the sond, to bathe hir merily,
Lith Pertelot, and alle hir sustres by,
Agayn the sonne; and Chaunteclere so free
Sang merier than the meremayd in the see;
For Phisiologus seith sicurly,
How that thay syngen wel and merily.
And so byfel that as he cast his ye
Among the wortes on a boterflye, 16760
He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe.
No thing ne list him thanne for to crowe,
But cryde anon, "cok, cok," and up he stert,
As man that was affrayed in his hert.
For naturelly a beest desireth flee
Fro his contrarie, if he may it see,
Though he never er had sayn it with his ye.
  This Chaunteclere, whan he gan it aspye,
He wold han fled, but that the fox anon
Said, "gentil sire, allas! why wol ye goon? 16770
Be ye affrayd of me that am youre frend?
Certes, I were worse than eny feend,
If I to yow wold harm or vilonye.
I am nought come your counsail to espye.
But trewely the cause of my coming
Was only for to herken how ye sing.
For trewely ye have als mery a steven,
As eny aungel hath, that is in heven;
Therwith he han of musik more felynge,
Than had Boece, or eny that can synge. 16780
My lord your fader (God his soule blesse)
And youre moder of her gentilesse
Han in myn hous been, to my gret ease;
And certes, sire, ful fayn wold I yow please.
But for men speke of syngyng, I wol say,
So mot I brouke wel myn yen tway,
Save ye, I herde never man so synge,
As dede your fadir in the morwenynge.
Certes it was of hert al that he song.
And for to make his vois the more strong, 16790
He wold so peynen him, that with bothe his yen
He moste wynke, so lowde he wolde crien,
And stonden on his typtoon therwithal,
And streche forth his necke long and smal.
And eek he was of such discressioun,
That ther nas no man in no regioun
That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.
I have wel rad in daun Burnel thasse
Among his verses, how ther was a cok,
That, for a prestes sone gaf him a knok 16800
Upon his leg, whil he was yong and nyce,
He made him for to lese his benefice.
But certeyn ther is no comparisoun
Betwix the wisdom and discressioun
Of youre fader, and of his subtilté.
Now syngeth, sire, for seinte Charité;
Let se, can ye your fader countrefete?"
This Chaunteclere his wynges gan to bete,
As man that couthe his tresoun nought espye,
So was he ravyssht with his flaterie. 16810
  Allas! ye lordlynges, many a fals flatour
Is in your hous, and many a losengour,
That pleasen yow wel more, by my faith,
Than he that sothfastnesse unto yow saith.
Redith Ecclesiast of flaterie;
Beth war, ye lordes, of her treccherie.
  This Chaunteclere stood heighe upon his toos,
Streeching his necke, and held his yhen cloos,
And gan to crowe lowde for the noones;
And daun Russel the fox stert up at oones, 16820
And by the garget hente Chaunteclere,
And on his bak toward the woode him bere.
For yit was there no man that him sewed.
O desteny, that maist not ben eschiewed!
Allas, that Chaunteclere fleigh fro the bemis!
Allas, his wif ne roughte nought of dremis!
And on a Friday fel al this mischaunce.
O Venus, that art goddes of pleasaunce,
Syn that thy servant was this Chaunteclere,
And in thy service did al his powere, 16830
More for delit, than the world to multiplie,
Why woldest thou suffre him on thy day to dye?
O Gaufred, dere mayster soverayn,
That, whan the worthy king Richard was slayn
With schot, compleynedist his deth so sore,

16757. *Phisiologus.* This was the title given to a popular metrical Latin treatise on the natures of animals, in the middle ages, which is frequently quoted by the early writers when alluding to subjects of natural history. The chapter *de Sirenis* begins thus,—

> "Sirenæ sunt monstra maris resonantia magnis
> Vocibus et modulis cantus formantia multis,
> Ad quas incaute veniunt sæpissime nautæ,
> Quæ faciunt sompnum nimia dulcedine vocum."

16770. *why wol ye goon?* Tyrwhitt follows the reading of some of the other MSS., and prints it, *what wol ye don?*

16775. Two lines omitted here by accident in the Harl. Ms. are supplied from the Lansd. Ms.

16798. *in daun Burnel.* The reference, of course, is to the celebrated satirical poem of Nigellus Wireker, entitled *Burnellus.* It was one of the most popular Latin poems of the middle ages.

16812. *hous.* The Lansdowne Ms. reads *courte*, which is adopted by Tyrwhitt.

16820. *daun Russel.* Russel was a common name given to the fox, from his colour.

16833. *O Gaufred.* Geoffrey de Vinsauf, the author of a celebrated medieval treatise on writing poetry, entitled *Nova Poetria.* Tyrwhitt has quoted the bombastic lines on the death of Richard I., which are given as a specimen of the plaintive style, and are here ridiculed by Chaucer. They are,—

> "Neustria, sub clypeo regis defensa Ricardi,
> Indefensa modo, gestu testare dolorem.
> Exundent oculi lacrymas; exterminet ora
> Pallor; connodet digitos tortura; cruentet
> Interiora dolor, et verberet æthera clamor.
> Tota peris ex morte sua. Mors non fuit ejus,
> Sed tua; non una, sed publica mortis origo.
> *O Veneris lacrymosa dies!* o sydus amarum!
> Illa dies tua nox fuit, et Venus illa venenum.
> Illa dedit vulnus," &c.

These lines are sufficient to shew the object, and the propriety, of Chaucer's ridicule. The whole poem is printed in Leyser's *Hist. Po. Med. Ævi*, p. 862—978.

16836. *sentence.* This is the reading of the Harl. and Lansd. Mss.; Tyrwhitt prints *science*, which weakens the sense.

Why ne had I nought thy sentence and thy lore,
The Friday for to chiden, as dede ye?
(For on a Fryday sothly slayn was he).
Than wold I schewe how that I couthe pleyne,
For Chaunteclercs drede, and for his peyne. 16840
  Certis such cry ne lamentacioun
Was never of ladies maad, whan Ilioun
Was wonne, and Pirrus with his strit swerd,
Whan he had hente kyng Priam by the berd,
And slaugh him (as saith us *Eneydos*),
As maden alle the hennes in the clos,
Whan thay had sayn of Chauntecler the sight.
But soveraignly dam Pertelote schright,
Ful lowder than did Hasdrubaldes wyf,
Whan that hir housebond had lost his lyf, 16850
And that the Romayns had i-brent Cartage,
Sche was so ful of torment and of rage,
That wilfully unto the fuyr sche stert,
And brend hirselven with a stedfast hert.
O woful hennes, right so cride ye,
As, whan that Nero brente the cité
Of Rome, criden the senatoures wyves,
For that her housbondes losten alle here lyves;
Withouten gult this Nero hath hem slayn.
  Now wol I torne to my matier agayn. 16860
The sely wydow, and hir doughtres tuo,
Herden these hennys crie and maken wo,
And out at dores starte thay anoon,
And sayden the fox toward the woode is goon,
And bar upon his bak the cok away;
They criden, "out! harrow and wayleway!
Ha, ha, the fox!" and after him thay ran,
And eek with staves many another man;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Garlond,
And Malkyn, with a distaf in hir hond; 16870
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray hogges
So were they fered for berkyng of dogges,
And schowtyng of the men and wymmen eke,
Thay ronne that thay thought her herte breke.
Thay yelleden as feendes doon in helle;
The dokes criden as men wold hem quelle;
The gees for fere flowen over the trees;
Out of the hyve came the swarm of bees;
So hidous was the noyse, a *benedicite!*
Certes he Jakke Straw, and his meyné, 16880
Ne maden schoutes never half so schrille,
Whan that thay wolden eny Flemyng kille,
As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
Of bras thay broughten hornes and of box,
Of horn and boon, in which thay blew and powped,
And therwithal thay schryked and thay howped;
It semed as that heven schulde falle.
  Now, goode men, I pray herkneth alle;
Lo, how fortune torneth sodeinly
The hope and pride eek of her enemy. 16890
This cok that lay upon this foxes bak,
In al his drede, unto the fox he spak,
And saide, "sire, if that I were as ye,
Yet schuld I sayn (as wis God helpe me),
Turneth agein, ye proude cherles alle;
A verray pestilens upon yow falle.
Now am I come unto this woodes syde,
Maugré youre hede, the cok schal heer abyde;
I wol him ete in faith, and that anoon." 16899
The fox answerd, "in faith, it schal be doon."
And whil he spak that word, al sodeinly
This cok brak from his mouth delyverly,
And heigh upon a tree he fleigh anoon.
And whan the fox seigh that he was i-goon,
"Allas!" quod he, "o Chaunteclere, allas!
I have to yow," quod he, "y-don trespas,
Inasmoche as I makid yow aferd,
Whan I yow hent, and brought out of the yerd;
But, sire, I dede it in no wicked entent;
Com doun, and I schal telle yow what I ment. 16910
I schal say soth to yow, God help me so."
"Nay than," quod he, "I schrew us bothe tuo.
And first I schrew myself, bothe blood and boones,
If thou bigile me any ofter than oones.
Thou schalt no more thurgh thy flaterye
Do me to synge and wynke with myn ye.
For he that wynkith, whan he scholde see,
Al wilfully, God let him never the."
"Nay," quod the fox, "but God give him meschaunce,
That is so undiscret of governaunce, 16920
That jangleth, whan he scholde holde his pees."
  Lo, such it is for to be recheles,
And neegligent, and trust on flaterie.
But ye that holde this tale a folye,
As of a fox, or of a cok or hen,
Takith the moralité therof, goode men.
For seint Poul saith, that all that writen is,
To oure doctrine it is i-write i-wis.
Takith the fruyt, and let the chaf be stille.
  Now, goode God, if that it be thy wille, 16930
As saith my lord, so make us alle good men;
And bring us alle to his blisse. *Amen.*

THE PROLOGE OF THE MAUNCIPLES TALE.

Wot ye not wher ther stont a litel toun,
Which that cleped is Bob-up-and-doun,

16884. *hornes.* Tyrwhitt reads *beemes.*

16890. *enemy.* The Harl. Ms. reads *envy;* but as this does not seem to make good sense, I have taken the reading printed by Tyrwhitt.

16931. *As saith my lord.* "Opposite to this verse, in the margin of Ms. c. 1, is written *Cauntuar.*, which means, I suppose, that some Archbishop of Canterbury is quoted." —*Tyrwhitt.*

16932. In the MS. in which the Nun's Priest's Tale is followed by that of the Nun, sixteen lines are inserted here, which are given as follows by Tyrwhitt,—

> Sire Nonnes Preest, our hoste sayde anon,
> Yblessed be thy breche and every ston,
> This was a mery tale of Chaunteclere.
> But by my trouthe, if thou were seculere,
> Thou woldest ben a tredefoule aright:
> For if thou had corage as thou hast might,
> Thee were nede of hennes, as I wene,
> Ye mo than seven times seventene.
> Se, whiche braunes hath this gentil preest,
> So gret a necke, and swiche a large breest!
> He loketh as a sparhauk with his eyen;
> Him nedeth not his colour for to dien
> With Brasil, ne with grain of Portingal.
> But, sire, faire falle you for your tale.
> And after that, he with ful mery chere
> Sayd to another, as ye shulen here.

Whatever be the authority of these lines, they are evidently imperfect at the end, and Tyrwhitt printed them as being so; but two MSS. which he examined gave the last of them thus,—

> "Seide unto *the nunne* as ye shul heer."

And added the following lines to fill up the apparent vacuum,—

> "Madame, and I dorste, I wolde you pray
> To telle a tale in fortheringe of our way.
> Than mighte ye do unto us grete ese.
> Gladly, sire, quoth she, so that I might plese
> You and this worthy company,
> And began hire tale riht thus ful sobrely."

16934. *Bob-up-and-doun.* This appears to have been the popular name for the village of Harbledown, a short distance from Canterbury which by its situation on a hill,

Under the Ble, in Caunterbury way?
Ther gan our hoste for to jape and play,
And sayde, "sires, what? Dun is in the myre.
Is ther no man for prayer ne for hyre,
That wol awake our felawe al byhynde?
A theef mighte ful lightly robbe and bynde. 16940
Se how he nappith, se, for Goddes boones,
That he wol falle fro his hors at ones.
Is that a cook of Londoune, with meschaunce?
Do him come forth, he knoweth his penaunce;
For he schal telle a tale, by my fay,
Although it be nought worth a botel hay.
Awake, thou cook, sit up, God gif the sorwe!
What eyleth the, to slepe by the morwe?
Hast thou had fleen al night or artow dronke?
Or hastow with som quen al night i-swonke, 16950
So that thou maist not holden up thyn heed?"
This cook, that was ful pale and nothing reed,
Sayd to our host, "So God my soule blesse,
As ther is falle on me such hevynesse,
Not I nought why, that me were lever slepe,
Than the beste galoun wyn that is in Chepe."
"Well," quod the Maunciple, "if that I may doon ease
To the, sir Cook, and to no wight displease
Which that her rydeth in this compaignye,
And our host wolde of his curteisie, 16960
I wol as now excuse the of thy tale;
For in good faith thi visage is ful pale.
Thyn eyen daswen eek, al so me thinkith,
And wel I woot, thy breth ful foule stynkith,
That scheweth eek thou art nought wel disposid;
Of me certeyn thou schalt nought ben i-glosed.
Se how he ganith, lo, this dronken wight,
As though he wolde swolwe us anoon right.
Hold clos thy mouth, man, by thy fader kynne!
The devel of helle sette his foot therinne! 16970
Thy cursed breth effecte wil us alle.
Fy, stynkyng swyne! foule mot the falle!
A! takith heed, sires, of this lusty man.
Now, swete sir, wol ye joust atte fan?
Therto, me thinkth, ye beth right wel i-schape.
I trowe that ye dronken han wyn of ape,
And that is whan men playen with a straw."
And with his speche the Cook wax angry and wraw,
And on the Maunciple bygan he nodde fast
For lak of speche; and doun the hors him cast,
Wher as he lay, til that men him up took. 16981
This was a fair chivaché of a cook!
Allas! that he nad hold him by his ladil!
And er that he agayn were in his sadil,
Ther was gret schowvyng bothe to and fro
To lift him up, and moche care and wo,
So unwelde was this sory pallid gost.
And to the Maunciple thanne spak oure host:
"Bycause drink hath dominacioun
Upon this man, by my savacioun 16990
I trow he lewedly tel wol his tale.
For were it wyn, or old moysty ale,
That he hath dronk, he spekith in his nose,
And snesith fast, and eek he hath the pose.
He also hath to do more than y-nough
To kepe him and his capil out of the slough;
And if he falle fro his capil eftsone,
Than schal we alle have y-nough to doone
In liftyng up his hevy dronken cors.
Tel on thy tale, of him make I no fors. 17000
But yit, Maunciple, in faith thou art to nyce,
Thus openly reproeve him of his vice;
Another day he wil *par adventure*
Reclayme the, and bringe the to lure;
I mene, he speke wol of smale thinges,
As for to pynchyn at thy rekenynges,
That were not honest, if it cam to pref."
Quod the Maunciple, "That were a gret meschief;
So might he lightly bringe me in the snare.
Yit had I lever payen for the mare 17010
Which he ryt on, than he scnuld with me stryve.
I wil not wrath him, al so mot I thrive;
That that I spak, I sayd it in my bourde.

and the ups and downs on the road, merits well such an appellation. It stands on the edge of the Ble, or Blean Forest, which was formerly celebrated for its wildness. Erasmus, in one of his colloquies, the *Pilgrimage for religion's sake*, describes this place exactly, when he tells us that, "those who journey to London, not long after leaving Canterbury, find themselves in a road at once very hollow and narrow, and besides the banks on either side are so steep and abrupt that you cannot escape." See Mr. J. G. Nichols's translation of the Pilgrimage of Erasmus, p. 60.

16944. *Do him come forth.* Tyrwhitt observes on this,—"The common reading is—do him *comfort*. The alteration is material, not only as it gives a clearer sense, but as it intimates to us that the narrator of a tale was made to come out of the crowd, and to take his place within hearing of the host during his narration. Agreeably to this notion when the host calls upon Chaucer, ver. 13628, he says,

> Approche nere, and loke up merily.
> Now ware you, sires, and let this man have place.

It was necessary that the host, who was to be "juge and reportour" of the tales (ver. 816), should hear them all distinctly. The others might hear as much as they could, or as they chose, of them. It would have required the lungs of a Stentor to speak audibly to a company of thirty people, trotting on together in a road of the fourteenth century." We must, however, not take things too literally in the *Canterbury Tales*, for it is evident that the Manciples tale, and the long discourse of the parson, would require more time than could be allowed by the distance between Harbledown and Canterbury, and we might suppose they proceeded very slowly, and such as listened to the tale kept round the speaker, and probably halted from time to time.

16948. *To slepe by the morwe.* "This must be understood generally for the *day-time:* as it was then afternoon."—*Tyrwhitt.*

16967. *ganith*, i. e. *yawns*. This is certainly a better reading than Tyrwhitt's *galpeth*. The Lansd. Ms. reads *goth*.

16971. *effecte.* Tyrwhitt has *enfecten*, which is perhaps the better reading.

16974. *wol ye joust atte fan?* Some MSS. read *van*. The sense of both words is the same. "The thing meant is the quintaine, which is called a fan or vane, from its turning round like a weathercock."—*Tyrwhitt.*

16976. *wyn of ape.* "This is the reading of the best manuscripts, and I believe the true one. The explanation in the Gloss. of this and the preceding passage, from Mr. Speght, is too ridiculous to be repeated. *Wine of ape* I understand to mean the same as *vin de singe* in the old *Calendrier des Bergiers*, sign. l. ii. b. The author is treating of physiognomy, and in his description of the four temperaments he mentions, among other circumstances, the different effects of wine upon them. The choleric, he says, *a vin de lyon; cest a dire, quant a bien beu veult tanser, noyser, et battre*—the sanguine, *a vin de singe; quant a plus beu tant est plus joyeux*—in the same manner the phlegmatic is said to have *vin de mouton*, and the melancholic *vin de porceau*. I find the same four animals applied to illustrate the effects of wine in a little Rabbinical tradition, which I shall transcribe here from Fabric. Cod. Pseudepig. V. T. vol. i. p. 275. *Vineas plantanti Noacho Satanam se junxisse memorant, qui, dum Noa vites plantaret, mactaverit apud illas* ovem, leonem, simiam, *et* suem: *quod principio potus vini homo sit instar* ovis, *vinum sumptum efficiat ex homine* leonem, *largius haustum mutet eum in saltantem* simiam, *ad ebrietatem infusum transformet illum in pollutam et prostratam* suem. See also *Gesta Romanorum*, c. 159, where a story of the same purport is quoted from Josephus, *in libro de casu rerum naturalium*."—*Tyrwhitt.*

And wite ye what? I have heer in a gourde
A draught of wyn, is of a ripe grape,
And right anoon ye schal se a good jape.
This cook schal drinke therof, if I may;
Up peyn of deth he wol nought say me nay,"
And certeinly, to tellen as it was,
Of this vessel the cook dronk fast, (allas! 17020
What needid it? he drank y-nough biforn);
And whan he hadde pouped in his horn,
To the Maunciple he took the gourd agayn.
And of that draught the cook was wonder fayn,
And thanked him in such wise as he couthe.
Than gan our host to laughe wonder louthe,
And sayd, "I se wel it is necessarie
Wher that we go good drynk with us to carie;
For that wol torne rancour and desese
To accord and love, and many a wrong apese.
O thou Bacus, i-blessid be thin name, 17031
That so canst torne ernest into game;
Worschip and thonke be to thy deité!
Of that matier ye get no more of me.
Tel on thi tale, Mauncipel, I the pray."
"Wel, sir," quod he, "now hearkyn what I say."

THE MAUNCIPLES TALE.

WHAN Phebus duelt her in this erthe adoun.
As olde bookes maken mencioun,
He was the moste lusty bachiler
Of al this world, and eek the best archer. 17040
He slough Phiton the serpent, as he lay
Slepyng agayn the sonne upon a day;
And many another noble worthy dede
He with his bowe wrought, as men may rede.
Pleyen he couthe on every mynstralcye,
And syngen, that it was a melodye
To heren of his cleere vois the soun.
Certes the kyng of Thebes, Amphioun,
That with his singyng wallid that citee,
Couth never synge half so wel as he. 17050
Therto he was the semlieste man,
That is or was, siththen the world bigan;
What nedith it his fetures to descrive?
For in this worlde, is noon so faire on lyve.
He was therwith fulfild of gentilesce,
Of honour, and of parfyte worthinesse.
This Phebus, that was flour of bachilerie,
As wel in fredom, as in chivalrie,
For to disport, in signe of victorie
Of Phiton, so as telleth us the storie, 17060
Was wont to bere in his hond a bowe.
Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,
Which in a cage he fostred many a day.
And taught it speken, as men doon a jay.
Whit was this crowe, as is a snow-whyt swan,
And countrefete the speche of every man
He couthe, whan he schulde telle a tale.
Ther is withinne this world no nightingale
Ne couthe by an hundred thousend del
Singe so wonder merily and wel. 17070
Now had this Phebus in his hous a wyf,
Which that he loved more than his lif,
And night and day did evermor diligence
Hir for to please, and doon hir reverence;
Sauf oonly, if the soth that I schal sayn,
Jalous he was, and wold have kept hir fayn,
For him were loth bijaped for to be;
And so is every wight in such degré;
But al for nought, for it availeth nought. 17079
A good wyf, that is clene of werk and thought,
Schuld not be kept in noon awayt certayn;
And trewely the labour is in vayn
To kepe a schrewe, for it wil nought be.
This hold I for a verray nyceté,
To spille labour for to kepe wyves;
Thus olde clerkes writen in her lyves.
But now to purpos, as I first bigan.
This worthi Phebus doth al that he can
To pleasen hir, wenyng by such plesaunce,
And for his manhod and his governaunce, 17090
That no man schuld han put him fro hir grace.
But God it woot, ther may no man embrace
As to distroy a thing, the which nature
Hath naturelly set in a creature.
Tak any brid, and put him in a cage,
And do al thin entent, and thy corrage,
To foster it tenderly with mete and drynk,
And with alle the deyntees thou canst think,
And keep it al so kyndly as thou may;
Although his cage of gold be never so gay, 17100
Yit hath this brid, by twenty thousand fold,
Lever to be in forest, wyld and cold,
Gon ete wormes, and such wrecchidnes.
For ever this brid wil doon his busynes
To scape out of his cage whan he may;
His liberté the brid desireth aye.
Let take a cat, and foster him wel with mylk
And tender fleisch, and mak his bed of silk,
And let him see a mous go by the wal,
Anoon he wayveth mylk and fleisch, and al, 17110
And every deynté which is in that hous,
Such appetit hath he to ete the mous.
Lo, heer hath kynd his dominacioun,
And appetit flemeth discretioun.
Al so a sche wolf hath a vilayns kynde;
The lewidest wolf that sche may fynde,
Or lest of reputacioun, him wol sche take
In tyme whan hir lust to have a make.
Alle this ensamples tel I by this men
That ben untrewe, and nothing by wommen.
For men han ever a licorous appetit 17121
On lower thing to parforme her delit
Than on her wyves, ben thay never so faire,
Ne never so trewe, ne so debonaire.
Fleissch is so newfangil, with meschaunce,

17030. *a wrong apese.* I take Tyrwhitt's reading of this passage, because no better reading presents itself. The Mss. seem in general more or less corrupt. The Harl. Ms. reads *many racour pese;* while in the Lansd. Ms. it stands *mony words to pese.*

The Maunciples Tale. This tale is, of course, a medieval version of an old classic story, the original of which will be found in the *Metamorphoses of Ovid* It is found in medieval writers under a variety of forms One of them occurs in the old collection of tales entitled the *Seven Sages;* another version is given in Gower.

17058. *fetures.* The Harl. Ms. reads *fortune;* but the reading I have here adopted from the Lansd. Ms. is evidently the more correct one.

17064. *so faire.* The Harl. Ms. has here, again, what appears to be an incorrect reading, *noon such on lyve,* and I have again followed the Lansd. Ms.

17093. *distroy.* The Lansd. Ms. has *discryve,* and Tyrwhitt has adopted *distreine,* which may perhaps be the best reading.

17095. *Tak any brid.* This and the following examples are all taken, as observed by Tyrwhitt, from the *Roman de la Rose,* but it is hardly necessary to give particular references to each.

17108. *his bed.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *couche,* which is adopted by Tyrwhitt It may be observed that Tyrwhitt's text speaks of the cat in the feminine gender, whereas the Harl and Lansd. Mss. use the masculine, as in the present text.

That we can in no thinge have plesaunce
That souneth into vertue eny while.
This Phebus, which that thought upon no gile,
Deceyved was for al his jolité;
For under him another hadde sche, 17130
A man of litil reputacioun,
Nought worth to Phebus in comparisoun;
Mor harm it is; it happeth ofte so;
Of which ther cometh bothe harm and woo.
And so bifel, whan Phebus was absent,
His wif anoon hath for hir lemman sent.
Hir lemman? certes, this is a knavisch speche.
Forgiveth it me, and that I yow biseche.
The wise Plato saith, as ye may rede,
The word mot neede accorde with the dede,
If men schal telle propurly a thing, 17141
The word mot corde with the thing werkyng.
I am a boystous man, right thus say I;
Ther is no difference trewely
Bytwix a wyf that is of heigh degré,
(If of hir body dishonest sche be)
And a pore wenche, other then this,
(If so be thay werke bothe amys)
But that the gentil in estat above
Sche schal be cleped his lady as in love; 17150
And, for that other is a pore womman,
Sche schal be cleped his wenche and his lemman;
And God it wot, my goode lieve brother,
Men layn that oon as lowe as lith that other.
Right so bitwixe a titleles tirant
And an outlawe, or a thef erraunt,
The same I say, there is no difference.
(To Alisaunder told was this sentence)
But, for the tiraunt is of greter might
By force of meyné for to sle doun right, 17160
And brenne hous and home, and make al playn,
Lo, therfor is he cleped a capitayn;
And, for an outlawe hath so smal meyné,
And may not doon so gret an harm as he,
Ne bringe a contré to so gret meschief,
Men clepen him an outlawe or a theef.
But, for I am a man not texted wel,
I wil not telle of textes never a del;
I wol go to my tale, as I bigan.
Whan Phebus wyf had sent for hir lemman,
Anon thay wroughten al her wil volage. 17171
This white crow, that heng alway in cage,
Bihild her werk, and sayde never a word.
And whan that hom was come Phebus the lord,
This crowe song, "cuckow, cuckow, cuckow!"
"What? brid," quod Phebus, "what song syng-
Ne were thou wont so merily to synge, [istow now?
That to myn hert it was a rejoysynge
To here thi vois? allas! what song is this?"
"By God," quod he, "I synge not amys. 17180
Phebus," quod he, "for al thy worthynes,
For al thy beauté, and thy gentiles,
For alle thy songes, and thy menstralcie,
For al thy waytyng, blered is thin ye,
With oon of litel reputacioun,
Nought worth to the as in comparisoun
The mountauns of a gnat, so mot I thrive;
For on thy bed thy wif I saugh him swyve."
What wol ye more? the crowe anoon him tolde,
By sadde toknes, and by wordes bolde, 17190
How that his wyf had doon hir leccherie
Him to gret schame, and to gret vilonye;
And told him oft he saugh it with his yen.
This Phebus gan away-ward for to wryen;
Him thought his sorwful herte brast on tuo.
His bowe he bent, and sett therin a flo;
And in his ire he hath his wif i-slayn;
This is theffect, ther is no more to sayn.
For sorw of which he brak his menstralcye,
Bothe harp and lute, gitern, and sauterie; 17200
And eek he brak his arwes, and his bowe;
And after that thus spak he to the crowe;
"Traytour," quod he, "with tunge of scorpioun,
Thow hast me brought to my confusioun;
Allas that I was born! why nere I deed?
O dere wyf, O gemme of lustyhed,
That were to me so sad, and eek so trewe,
Now list thou deed, with face pale of hewe,
Ful gulteles, that dorst I swere y-wis.
O racle hond, to do so foule amys. 17210
O trouble wit, O ire recheles,
That unavysed smytest gulteles.
O wantrust, ful of fals suspeccioun,
Wher was thy wit and thy discrecioun?
O, every man be ware of raclenesse,
Ne trowe no thing withoute gret witnesse.
Smyt nought to soone, er that thou wite why,
And be avysed wel and sobrely,
Er ye doon eny execucioun
Upon your ire for suspeccioun. 17220
Allas! a thousand folk hath racle ire
Fordoon, or Dun hath brought hem in the myre.
Allas! for sorw I wil myselven sle."
And to the crowe, "O false theef," sayd he,
"I wil the quyt anoon thy false tale.
Thow songe whilom, as any nightyngale,
Now schaltow, false thef, thy song forgoon,
And eek thy white fetheres, everichoon,
Ne never in al thy lyf ne schaltow speke;
Thus schal men on a fals theef ben awreke. 17230
Thou and thin ofspring ever schuln be blake,
Ne never sweete noyse schul ye make,
But ever crye agayn tempest and rayn,
In tokenyng that thurgh the my wyf was slayn."
And to the crowe he stert, and that anoon,
And puld his white fetheres everychoon,
And made him blak, and raft him al his song,
And eek his speche, and out at dore him slong
Unto the devel, which I him bytake;
And for this cause ben alle crowes blake. 17240
Lordyngs, by this ensample I yow pray,
Beth war, and taketh kepe what ye say;
Ne tellith never man in al youre lif,
How that another man hath dight his wyf;
He wol yow hatin mortelly certeyn.
Daun Salamon, as wise clerkes seyn,
Techeth a man to kepe his tonge wel.
But, as I sayd, I am nought tixted wel
But natheles thus taughte me my dame; 17249
"My sone, thenk on the crowe, in Goddes name.
My son, keep wel thy tonge, and kep thy frend;
A wicked tonge is worse than a feend;

17142. *mot corde with the thing werkyng.* This is the reading of the Harl. Ms., which makes perfectly good sense. Tyrwhitt, like the Lansd. Ms., reads *must cosin be to the werking*

17155. *a titeles.* This is Tyrwhitt's reading; the Harl. Ms. has *atticles*, which is evidently corrupt, and the Lansd. *a titles.*

17222. *Dun.* See before, l. 16987. It is said that this proverbial expression arose from a popular game, which was in use as late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is alluded to in the early dramatists. Dun, of course, is the name of a horse.

My sone, fro a feend men may hem blesse.
My sone, God of his endeles goodnesse
Wallid a tonge with teeth, and lippes eek,
For man schal him avyse what he speek
My sone, ful ofte for to mochil speche
Hath many a man be spilt, as clerkes teche,
But for a litil speche avisily
Is no man schent, to speke generally. 17260
My sone, thy tonge scholdest thou restreigne
At alle tyme, but whan thou dost thy peyne
To speke of God in honour and prayere
The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreigne and kepe wel thy tonge,
Thus lerne clerkes, whan that thay ben yonge
My sone, of mochil speking evel avised,
Ther lasse speking had y-nough suffised, [taught
Cometh mochil harm, thus was me told and
In mochel speche synne wantith nought 17270
Wost thou wherof a rakle tonge serveth?
Right as a swerd for-kutteth and for-kerveth
An arm atuo, my dere sone, right so
A tonge cutteth frendschip al atuo
A jangler is to God abhominable
Red Salomon, so wys and honurable,
Red David in his Psalmes, reed Senek
My sone, spek not, but with thy heed thou bek,
Dissimul as thou were deed, if that thou heere
A jangler speke of perilous mateere 17280
The Flemyng saith, and lerne it if thee lest,
That litil jangling causeth mochil rest
My sone, if thou no wikked word hast sayd,
The thar not drede for to be biwrayd,
But he that hath myssayd, I dar wel sayn,
He may by no way clepe his word agayn
Thing that is sayd is sayd, and forth it goth,
Though him repent, or be him never so loth,
He is his thral, to whom that he hath sayd
A tale, of which he is now yvel apayd 17290
My sone, be war, and be noon auctour newe
Of tydynges, whether thay ben fals or trewe,
Wher so thou comest, amonges heih or lowe
Kep wel thy tonge, and thenk upon the crowe

THE PROLOGE OF THE PERSONES TALE

By that the Maunciple had his tale endid,
The sonne fro the south line is descendid
So lowe, that it nas nought to my sight
Degrees nyne and twenty as in hight
Ten on the clokke it was, as I gesse,
For enleven foote, or litil more or lesse, 17300
My schadow was at thilk tyme of the yere,
Of which feet as my lengthe parted were
In sixe feet equal of proporcioun
Therwith the mones exaltacioun,
In mena Libra, alway gan ascende,
As we were entryng at a townes ende
For which our host, as he was wont to gye,
As in this caas, our joly compaignye,
Sayd in this wise "Lordings, everichoon,
Now lakketh us no moo tales than oon, 17310
Fulfilled is my sentens and my decree,
I trowe that we han herd of ech degree
Almost fulfilled is myn ordynaunce,
I pray to God so geve him right good chaunce,
That telleth to us his tale lustily
Sir prest," quod he, "artow a vicory?
Or artow a persoun? say soth, by thy fay
Be what thou be, ne breke nought oure play,
For every man, save thou, hath told his tale
Unbokel, and schew us what is in thy male 17320
For trewely me thinketh by thy chere
Thou scholdist wel knyt up a gret matere
Tel us a tale anoon, for cokkes boones!"
This Persoun him answerde al at oones
"Thow getist fable noon i-told for me,
For Poul, that writes unto Thimothe,
Repreveth hem that weyveth sothfastnesse,
And tellen fables, and such wrecchednesse
Why schuld I sowen draf out of my fest,
Whan I may sowe whete, if that me lest? 17330
For which I say, if that yow lust to heere
Moralite and vertuous matiere,
And thanne that ye wil give me audience,
I wol ful fayn at Cristis reverence
Do yow plesaunce leful, as I can
But trusteth wel, I am a sothern man,

17264 *The firste vertue* This is taken from *Cato de Moribus* lib i dist 3

Virtutem primam esse puta compescere linguam

Cato was one of the first books put into the hands of young scholars, which explains the remarks here made in line 17268

17291 *be noon auctour newe* This also is taken from *Cato*, lib i dist 2—

Rumores fuge, ne incipias novus auctor haberi,

Which Chaucer seems to have read —

Rumoris fuge ne incipias novus auctor haberi

17299 *Ten* I have not ventured to change the reading of the Harl Ms, which is partly supported by that of the Lansd Ms *Then* Tyrwhitt, who reads *foure*, makes the following observation on this passage "In this Prologue which introduces the last tale upon the journey to Canterbury, Chaucer has again pointed out to us the time of the day, but the hour by the clock is very differently represented in the mss In some it is *ten* in others *two* in most of the best mss *foure*" (Tyrwhitt's judgment of the mss is not to be depended upon), "and in one *five* According to the phaenomena here mentioned the sun being 29° high, and the length of the shadow to the projecting body as eleven to six it was [illegible] And by the same reckoning there were at least [illegible] hours left to sunset, [illegible] not well see with what propriety the [illegible] stand in [illegible] the poet [illegible] because [illegible] and in [illegible] knowing probably how much time he had [illegible] have [illegible] the least regard to his admonition [illegible] his tale that it may be called [illegible] twice as long as any of the other It is entitled in some mss [illegible] and I much suspect that it is a translation of some such treatise

17305 *In mena Libra* This is a very obscure passage Some of the mss read *I mene Libra* According to the reading which I have followed *exaltacion* is not to be considered as a technical term but as signifying simply [illegible] and the sense will be that the moon [illegible] was rising in the [illegible] It exaltacion [illegible] be taken in its technical meaning as explained in a former note it will be impossible to make any sense of either of the readings for the *exaltacion of the mone* was not in *Libra* but in *Taurus* [illegible] sign I [illegible] Mr Speght I suppose being aware of this, altered *Libra* into *Taurus* but he did not consider that the sun which was just been said to be *descending* was at that time in [illegible] and that consequently *Taurus* must also have been *descending* *Libra* therefore should be no means be parted with Being in that part of the zodiac which is nearly opposite to *Taurus* the place of the sun, it is very properly represented as *ascending* above the horizon toward the time of the sun's setting If an alteration were to be admitted, I should be for reading,

Therwith *Saturnes* exaltation
I mene Libra, alway gan ascende —

The exaltation of *Saturn* was in *Libra* [illegible] sign [illegible] —*Tyrwhitt*

17306 *a townes* The Lansd Ms reads *at the thropes ende*

17323 *tale* The Lansd Ms reads *fable* which is the reading adopted by Tyrwhitt, and it seems to be authorised by the parson's reply

I can not geste, rum, raf, ruf, by letter,
Ne, God wot, rym hold I but litel better.
And therfor, if yow lust, I wol not glose,
I wol yow telle a mery tale in prose, 17340
To knyt up al this fest, and make an ende,
And Jhesu for his grace wit me sende
To schewe yow the way, in this viage,
Of thilke perfyt glorious pilgrimage
That hatte Jerusalem celestial
And if ye vouchesauf, anoon I schal
Bygynne my tale, for which I yow pray
Telle your avis, I can no better say
But natheles this meditacioun
I put it ay under correccioun 17350
Of clerkes, for I am not textuel,
I take but the sentens, trusteth wel
Therfor I make protestacioun,
That I wol stonde to correccioun"

Upon this word we han assented soone
For, as it semed, it was for to done,
To enden in som vertuous sentence,
And for to geve him space and audience,
And bad oure host he schulde to him say,
That alle we to telle his tale him pray 17360
Our host hadde the wordes for us alle
'Sir prest,' quod he, 'now faire yow bifalle,
Say what yow lust, and we wil gladly here'
And with that word he sayd in this manere,
"Telleth," quod he, "your meditacioun,
But hasteth yow, the sonne wol adoun
Beth fructuous and that in litel space
And to do wel God sende yow his grace'

THE PERSONES TALE

Jer 6° *State super vias, et videte et interrogate de semitis antiquis que sit via bona, et ambulate in ea, et invenietis refrigerium animabus vestris, etc*

Oure swete Lord God of heven, that no man wil perische, but wol that we comen alle to the knowleche of him, and to the blisful lif that is perdurable, ammonestith us by the prophet Jeremye, that saith in this wise Stondeth upon the weyes, and seeth and axeth of olde pathes, that is to sayn, of old sentence, which is the good way, and walketh in that way, and ye schul fynde refresshyng for youre soules, etc Many ben the wayes espirituels that leden folk to oure Lord Jhesu Christ, and to the regne of glorie, of whiche weyes, ther is a ful noble way, and ful covenable, which may not faile to man ne to womman, that thorugh synne hath mysgon fro the right way of Jerusalem celestial, and this wey is cleped penitence Of which men schulden gladly herken and enquere with al here herte, to wyte what is penitence, and whens it is cleped penitence, and in what maner, and in how many maneres been the acciones or workynges of penance, and how many spieces ben of penitences, and whiche thinges apperteynen and byhoven to penitence, and whiche thinges destourben penitence.

Seint Ambrose saith, that penitence is the pleynyng of man for the gult that he hath doon, and no more to do ony thing for which him oughte to pleigne And som doctour saith, penitence is the waymentynge of man that sorweth for his synne, and peyneth himself for he hath mysdoon Penitence, with certeyn circumstaunces, is verray repentaunce of man, that holt himself in sorwe and in woo for his giltes, and for he schal be verray penitent, he schal first bywaile the synnes that he hath do, and stedfastly purposen in his hert to haven schrifte of mouth, and to doon satisfaccioun, and never to do thing for which him oughte more to bywayle or to compleyne, and to continue in goode werkes, or elles his repentaunce may nought avayle For, as saith seint Isidor, he is a japere and a gabber and no verray repentaunt, that eftsoone doth thing for which him oughte to repente. Wepynge, and nought for to stynte to doon synne may nought avayle • But natheles, men schal hope that at every tyme that men fallith, be it never so ofte, that he may arise thorugh penitence, if he have grace, but certeyn it is gret doute For as saith seint Gregory, unnethe arist he out of his synne that is charged with the charge of yvel usage And therfore repentaunt folk that stinte for to synne and forlete synne er that synne forlete hem, holy chirche holt hem siker of her savacioun And he that synneth, and verraily repentith him in his last ende, holy chirche yit hopeth his savacioun, by the grete mercy of oure Lord Jhesu Crist, for his repentaunce but take ye the siker way

And now sith that I have declared yow, what thing is penitence, now schul ye understonde, that ther ben thre acciouns of penitence The first is, that if a man be baptized after that he hath synned Seint Augustyn saith, but if he be penitent for his olde synful lif, he may not bygynne the newe clene lif For certes, if he be baptized withoute penitence of his olde gilt, he receyveth the mark of baptisme, but nought the grace, ne the remissioun of his synnes, til he have repentaunce verray Another defaute is this, that men doon deedly synne after that thay have receyved baptisme The thridde defaute is, that men fallen into venial synne after here baptisme fro day to day Therof saith seint Austyn, that penitence of goode men, and of humble folk, is the penitens of every day

The spieces of penitence ben thre That oon of hem is solempne, another is comune, and the thridde is pryve Thilke penaunce that is solempne, is in tuo maners, as is to be put out of holy chirche in leute, for slaughtre of childre, and such maner thing Another is, whan a man hath synned openly, of which synne the fame is openly spoken in the contre, and thanne holy chirche by juggement streyneth him to doon open penaunce Comune penaunce is, that prestes enjoynen men comunly in certeyn caas, as for to goon peradventure naked in pilgrimage, or barfot Prive penaunce is thilk that men doon alday for prive synnes, of whiche we schryve us prively, and receyven prive penaunce.

17337 *rum, raf ruf* This seems generally to be understood as an ironical allusion to the popular alliterative verse of Chaucer's age, in contradistinction to rhyme, which is spoken of in the line following

The Persones Tale In all probability this is a free translation of some treatise on penitence but it is hardly worth our while to look far after the original Tyrwhitt's opinion has been given in the note on l 17299 The references to Scripture and to the theological writers of the Romish Church, are so numerous that I shall not attempt to verify them

Now schalt thou understonde what bihoveth and is necessarie to verray perfyt penitence; and this stondith in thre thinges, contricioun of hert, confessioun of mouth, and satisfaccioun. For whiche saith seint Johan Crisostom, penitence distreyneth a man to accepte benignely every peyne that him is enjoyned with contricioun of herte, and schrift of mouth, with satisfaccioun, and werking of alle maner humbleté. And this is fruytful penitence agayn tho thre thinges, in whiche we wraththe oure Lord Jhesu Crist; this is to sayn, by delit in thinking, by recheleснes in speking, and by wicked synful werkyng. Agayn these thre wickid gultes is penitence, that may be likned unto a tre.

The roote of this tre is contricioun, that hydith him in the hert of him that is verray repentaunt, right as the roote of a tree hidith him in the eorthe. Of the roote of contricioun springeth a stalk, that bereth braunches and leeves of confessioun and fruyt of satisfaccioun. For whiche Crist saith in his Gospel, doth digne fruyt of penitence, for by this fruyt may men knowe this tree, and nought by the roote that is hyd in the hert of a man, ne by the braunches ne the levys of confessioun. And therfore oure Lord Jhesu Christ saith thus, by the fruyt of hem schul ye knowe hem. Of this roote eek springeth a seed of grace, the which seed is mooder of sikurnes, and this seed is egre and hoote. The grace of this seed springeth of God, thorugh remembraunce of the day of doom, and of the peynes of helle. Of this mater saith Salomon, that in the drede of God man forleteth his synne. The hete of this seed is the love of God, and the desiring of the joye perdurable. This hete draweth the hert of man to God, and doth him hate his synne. For sothe, ther is nothing that serveth so wel[1] to a child, as the milk of his norice ne nothing is to him more abhominable than the milk whan it is melled with other mete.[2] Right so the synful man that loveth his synne, him semeth it is to him most swete of eny thing; but fro that tyme that he loveth sadly oure Lord Jhesu Crist, and desireth the lif perdurable, ther nys to him nothing more abhominable. For sothly the lawe of God is the love of God. For which Davyd saith, I have loved thy lawe, and hated wikkednesse and hate; he that loveth God, keepeth his lawe and his word. This tree saugh the prophete Daniel in spirit, upon the avysioun of Nabugodonosor, whan he counseiled him to do penaunce. Penaunce is tre of lif to hem that it receyven; and he that holdeth him in verray penitence, is blessed, after the sentence of Salomon

In this penitence or contricioun men schal understonde foure thinges, that is to sayn, what is contricioun, and whiche ben the causes that moeven men to contricioun, and how he schulde be contrit, and what contricioun availeth to the soule. Thanne it is thus, that contricioun is the verray sorwe that a man receyveth in his herte for his synnes, with sad purpos to schryve him, and to doo penaunce, and never more to don synne. And this sorwe schal be in this maner, as saith seint Bernard; it schal ben hevy and grevous, and ful scharp and poynaunt in herte; first, for man hath agilted his Lord and his creatour; and more scharp and poynaunt, for he hath agiltid his fader celestial; and yit more scharp and poynaunt, for he hath wratthed and agilt him that bought him with his precious blood, and hath delyvered us fro the bondes of synne, and fro the cruelté of the devel, and fro the peynes of helle.

The causes that oughten to moeve a man to contricioun ben vj. First, a man schal remembre him of his synnes. But loke that thilke remembraunce be to no delyt of him by no way, but gret schame and sorwe for his gilt. For Job saith that synful men doon werkes worthy of confessioun. And therfor saith Ezechiel, I wol remembre alle the yeres of my lif, in bitternesse of myn herte. And God saith in thapocalips, remembre yow from whens that ye ben falle, for bitorn that tyme that ye synned, ye were the children of God, and lymme of the regne of God;[3] but for youre synne ye be woxe thral, and foul, and membres of the feend, hate of aungels, sclaunder of holy chirche and foode of the fals serpent, perpetuel mater of the fuyr of helle, and yet more foule and abhominable, for ye trespassen so ofte tyme, as doth the hound that torneth to ete his spewyng and yet ye ben fouler for youre longe continuyng in synne, and youre synful usage, for whiche ye ben roten in youre synne, as a beest in his donge. Suche maner of thoughtes make a man have schame of his synne, and no delit; and God saith, by the prophete Ezechiel, ye schul remembre yow of youre weyes, and thay schal displese yow. Sothly, synnes ben the weyes that leden folk to helle.

The secounde cause that oughte make a man to have disdeyn of his synne is this, that, as saith seint Petre, who so doth synne, is thral of synne, and synne put a man in gret thraldom. And therfore saith the prophete Ezechiel, I wente sorwful, in disdeyn of myself. Certes, wel oughte a man have disdeyn of synne, and withdrawe him fro that thraldom and vilonye, And lo what saith Seneca in this matere. He saith thus, though I wiste, that nere God ne man schulde never knowe it, yit wold I have disdeyn for to do synne. And the same Seneca also saith, I am born to gretter thinges than to be thral to my body, or than for to make of my body a thral. Ne a fouler thral may no man, ne wommman, make of his body, than give his body to synne. And were it the foulest cherl, or the foulest wommman, that lyveth, and lest of value, yet is thanne synne[4] more foul, and more in servitude. Ever fro the heigher degre that man fallith, the more is he thral, and more to God and to the world[5] vile and abhominable. O goode God! wel oughte a man have gret disdayn of such a thing that thorugh synne, ther he was

[1] *serveth so wel.* Tyrwhitt adopts the reading *savoureth so sote.*

[2] *melled with other mete.* The words *with other* which seem necessary for the sense, although omitted in the Harl. Ms., are adopted from the Lansd. Ms.

[3] *and lymme . . . God* These words, omitted in the Harl. Ms., are supplied from the Lansd Ms

[4] *thanne synne.* Tyrwhitt reads *yet is he the more foule.*

[5] *and to the world* These words, taken from the Lansd. Ms., are not in the Harl. Ms.

free, now is he maked bonde. And therfore saith seint Austyn, if thou hast disdayn of thy servaunt, if he agilte or synne, have thou than disdeigne[6] that thou thiself schuldist do synne. Tak reward of thy value, that thou be nought to foul in thiself. Allas! wel oughte men have disdeyn to be servauntes and thralles to synne, and sore ben aschamed of hemself, that God of his endeles goodnes hath set hem in heigh estate, or geven hem witte, strength of body, hele, beauté, or prosperité, and bought hem fro the deth with his herte blood, that thay so unkindely ageinst his gentilesce quyten him so vileynsly, to slaughter of her oughne soules. O goode God, ye wommen that ben of so gret beauté, remembreth yow of the proverbe of Salomon, that saith he likeneth a fair womman, that is a fool of hir body, to a ryng of gold that were in the groyn of a sowe; for right as a sowe wroteth in everich ordure, so wrootith sche hir beauté in stynkyng ordure of synne.

The thridde cause, that oughte to moeve a man to contricioun, is drede of the day of doome, and of the orrible peynes of helle. For as seint Jerom saith, at every tyme that I remembre of the day of doom, I quake; for whan I ete or drinke, or what so that I doo, ever semeth me that the trompe sowneth in myn eere, riseth ye up that ben deede, and cometh to the juggement. O goode God! mochil ought a man to drede such a juggement, ther as we schul be alle, as seith seint Poul, biforn the sete of our Lord Jhesu Crist; wher as he schal make a general congregacioun, wher as no man may ben absent; for certes ther avayleth non essoyne ne excusacioun; and nought oonly, that oure defaute schal be juged, but eek that alle oure werkes schul[7] be openly knowen. And, as seint Bernard saith, ther schal no pleynyng avayle, ne no sleight; we schuln give rekenyng of every ydel word. Ther schulle we have a juge that may nought be disceyved ne corrupt; and why? for certes, alle oure thoughtes ben descovered as to him, ne for prayer ne for meede he nyl not be corupt. And therfore saith Salomon, the wraththe of God ne wol nought spare no wight, for praier ne for gift. And therfore at the day of doom ther is noon hope to eschape. Wherfore, as seint Anselm seith, ful greet anguisch schuln the synful folk have at that tyme; there schal be the sterne and the wroth juge sitte above, and under him the horrible put of helle open, to destroye him that wolde not byknowe his synnes, which synnes openly ben schewed biforn God and biforn every creature; and on the lift syde, mo divelis than herte may thynke, for to hary and to drawe the synful soules to the pyne of helle; and withinne the hertes of folk schal be the bytyng conscience, and withoute forth schal be the world al brennyng. Whider schal thanne the wrecche synful man flee to hyden him? Certes he may not hyde him, he moot come forth and schewe him. For certes, as seith seynt Jerom, the erthe schal caste him out of him, and the see also, and the aer also, that schal be ful of thunder clappes and lightnynges. Now sothly, who so wel remembrith him of these tydynges, I gesse his synne schal not torne him to delit, but to gret sorw, for drede of the peyne of helle. And therfore saith Job to God, suffre, Lord, that I may a while biwayle and wepe, or I go withoute retournynge to the derk lond, covered with derknes of deth, to the lond of mysese and of derknesse, wher as is the schadow of deth, wher as is noon order ne ordinaunce, but grislich drede that ever schal last. Loo, her may ye see, that Job prayde respit a while, to wepe and biwayle his trespas; for forsothe oon day of respit is bettre than al the tresor in this world. And for as moche as a man may aquyte himself byforn God by penaunce in this world, and not by tresor, therfore schuld he praye to God give him respit a while, to wepe and to waile his trespas. For certes, al the sorwe that a man myght make fro the begynnynge of the[8] world, nys but a litel thing, at regard of the sorwe of helle. The cause why that Job calleth helle the lond of derknes, understondith, that he clepith it lond or eorthe, for it is stable and never schal fayle, and derk, for he that is in helle hath defaut of light material; for certes the derke light that schal come out of the fuyr that ever schal brenne, schal torne him to peyne that is in helle, for it schewith him to thorrible develes that him tormenten. Covered with the derknes of deth; that is to sayn, that he that is in helle, schal have defaute of the sight of God; for certes the sight of God is the lif perdurable. The derknes of deth, ben the synnes that the wrecchid man hath doon, whiche that stourben him to see the face of God, right as a derk cloude doth bitwixe us and the sonne. Lond of myseyse; bycause that there ben thre maner of defautes agains thre thinges that folk of this world han in this present lif, that is to sayn, honures, delices, and richesses. Agayns honours han they in helle schame and confusioun; for wel ye witen, that men clepyn honure the reverence that men doon to the man; but in helle is noon honour ne reverence: for certes no more reverence schal ben doon ther to a kyng, than to a knave. For which God saith by the prophete Jeremie, thilke folk that me displesen, schul be despit. Honour is eke cleped gret lordschipe. There schal no wight serven othir, but of harm and torment. Honour eek is cleped gret dignité and heighnes; but in helle schulle thay be al for-trode of develes. And God saith, thorrible develes schuln goon and comen upon the heedes of dampned folk; and this is, for als moche as the heyher that thay were in this present lif, the more schuln thay ben abatid and defouled in helle. Agayns riches of this world schuln thay han mysese of povert, and this povert schal be in iiij. thinges: in defaut of tresor; of which, as David saith, the riche folk that embraseden and onedin in al here herte the tresor of this world, schuln slepen in the slepyng of deth, and nothing schuln thay fynde in her hondes of al her tresor. And moreover, the mysease of helle schal be in the defaut of mete

[6] *of thy servaunt . . . disdeigne.* These words, omitted by an evident error of the scribe in the Harl. Ms., are supplied from the Lansd. Ms.

[7] *be juged . . . schul.* These words have been accidentally omitted in the Harl. Ms. They are supplied from the Lansd. Ms.

[8] *sorwe . . . the.* Omitted in the Harl. Ms. They are supplied from the Lansd. Ms.

and drink. For God saith thus by Moyses, thay schul be wasted by hunger, and the briddes of helle schuln devoure hem with bittir teeth, and the galle of the dragoun schal be her drink, and the venym of the dragoun here morsels. And forther-moreover her misease schal be in defaut of clothing, for thay schul be naked in body, as of clothing, save of fuyr in which thay brenne, and other filthis; and naked schuln thay be of soule, of alle maner vertues, which that is the clothing of the soule. Wher ben thanne the gaye robes, and the softe scheetis, and the smale schirtes? Lo, what saith of hem the prophete Isaye, under hem schuln be strawed motthis, and here covertours schuln ben of wormes of helle. And forther-morover here disease schal be in defaute of frendes, for he is not povere that hath goode frendes; but here is no frend, for neither God ne no creature schal be frend unto hem, and everich of hem schal hate other with dedly hate. The sones and the doughtres schuln rebellen agayns the fader and the mooder, and kynrede agayns kynrede, and chiden and despisen everich of hem other, bothe day and night, as God saith by the prophete Michias, and the lovyng children that whilom loveden so fleisschlich everych other wolden everych of hem eten other if thay mighten. For how schulden thay loven hem togider in the peyne of helle, whan thay hated everich of hem other in the prosperité of this lif? For trustith wel, her fleisshly love was dedly hate; as saith the prophete David, who so that loveth wickidnes, he hateth his soule, and who so hatith his oughne soule, certis he may love noon other wight in no manere. And therfore in helle is no solace ne frendschipe, but ever the more fleshly kynredes that ben in helle, the more cursynge, the more chydynges, and the more deedly hate ther is among hem. And fortherover thay schul have defaute of alle manere delices, for certis delices ben the appetites of thy fyve wittes; as sight, hieryng, smellyng, savoring, and touching. But in helle here sight schal be ful of derknes and of smoke, and her eyen[9] ful of teeris; and her hieryng ful of waymentynge, and of gruntynge of teeth, as saith Jhesu Crist, her nosethurles schuln ben ful of stynkyng stynk; and, as saith Ysaye the prophete, here savoringe schal be ful of bitter galle; and touchyng of al here body schal be y-covered with fuyr that never schal quenche, and with wormes that never schuln deyen, as God saith by the mouth of Ysaie. And for al so moche as thay schuln nought wene that thay may deyen for peyne, and by here deth fle fro peyne, that may thay understonde in the word of Job, that saith, ther as is the schadow of deth. Certes a schadow hath the liknesse of the thing of which it is a schadow, but the schadowe is nought the same thing of whiche it is schadowe;[10] right so fareth the peyne of helle; it is lik deth, for the horrible anguisshe; and why? for it peyneth hem ever as though men scholden deye anon; but certes thay schul not deye. For as saith seint Gregory, to wrecchid caytifs schal be give deth withoute deth, and ende withouten ende, and defaute withouten faylinge; for here deth schal alway lyven, and here ende schal evermore bygynne, and here defaute schal not fayle. And therfor saith seint Johan the Evaungelist, thay schul folwe deth, and thay schuln nought fynde him, and thay schul desire to deyen, and deth schal flee fro hem. And eek Job saith, that in helle is noon ordre of rule. And al be it that God hath creat al thing in right ordre, and no thing withoute ordre, but alle thinges ben ordeyned and noumbred, yit natheles thay that ben dampned been nought in ordre, ne holden non ordre. For the eorthe schal bere hem no fruyt; (for, as the prophete David saith, God schal destroye the fruyt of the eorthe, as for hem) ne watir schal give hem no moysture, ne the aier non refreisching, ne fuyr no light. For as seith seint Basile, The brennyng of the fuyr of this world schal God give in helle to hem that ben dampnyd, but the light and the clernesse schal be geve in hevene to his children; right as the goode man geve flesch to his children, and bones to his houndes. And for thay schul have noon hope to eschape, saith seint Job atte laste, that ther schal horrour and grisly drede duelle withouten ende. Horrour is alwey drede of harm that is to come, and this drede schal ever duelle in the hertes of hem that ben dampnyd. And therfore han thay lorn al here hope for vij. causes. First, for God that is here jugge schal be withoute mercy to hem, ne thay may not please him, ne noon of his halwes: ne they may give no thing for here raunsoun; ne thay have no voice to speke to him; ne thay may not fle fro peyne; ne thay have no goodnes in hem that thay may schewe to delivere hem fro peyne. And therfore saith Salomon, The wikked man deyeth, and whan he is deed, he schal have noon hope to eschape fro peyne. Who so wolde thanne wel understonde these peynes, bythynke him wel that he hath deserved thilke peynes for his synnes, certes he schulde have more talent to sikyn and to wepe, than for to synge or pleye. For as that Salomon saith, Who so that had the science to knowe the peynes that ben establid and ordeynt for synne he wolde make sorwe. Thilke science, as saith seint Austyn, maketh a man to wayment in his herte.

The fourthe poynt, that oughte make a man have contricioun, is the sorwful remembraunce of the good that he hath left to doon heer in eorthe, and eek the good that he hath lorn. Sothly the goode werkes that he hath left, eyther thay been the goode werkes that he wrought er he fel into deedly synne, or elles thai ben the goode werkes that he wroughte whil he lay in synne. Sothly the goode werkes that he dede er he fel into synne ben amortised, and astoneyed, and dullid by ofte synnynge: that othere goode werkes that he wroughte whil he lay in dedly synne, been outrely deede, as to the lif perdurable in heven.

Thanne thilke goode werkes that ben mortified by ofte synnyng, whiche goode werkes he dede whiles he was in charité, ne mow never quyken agayn withouten verray penitence. And thereof saith God by the mouth of Ezechiel that if the rightful man retourne agayn fro his rightwisnesse

[9] *her eyen.* These words, which seem to give better sense, are adopted from Tyrwhitt; the Harl. Ms. reads *and therfore ful of teeris.*

[10] *but schadowe . . . schadowe.* Omitted in the Harl. Ms., and restored from the Lansd. Ms.

and werke wikkednesse, schal he live? nay; for alle the goode werkes that he hath wrought, ne schuln never be in remembraunce, for he schal dye in his synne. And upon thilke chapitre saith seint Gregory thus, that we schuln understonde this principally, that whan we doon dedly synne, it is for nought thanne to reherse or to drawe into memorie the goode werkes that we han wrought biforn; for certis in the werkyng of the dedly synne, ther is no trust to no good werkes that we han don biforne this tyme; that is to say, as for to have therby the lif perdurable in heven. But natheles, the goode werkes quiken agayn and comen again, and helpen and availen to have the lif perdurable in heven whan we han contricioun; but sothly the goode werkes that men doon whil that thai ben in deedly synne, for as moche as thay were doon in dedly synne, thay may never quyken. For certes, thing that never hadde lif, may never quyken;[11] and al be it so that thay availen not to have the lif perdurable, yit avaylen thay to abrigging of the peyne of helle, or elles to gete temporal riches, or elles that God wol the rather enlumyne and lightene the hert of the synful man to have repentaunce; and eek thay availen for to usen a man to do goode werkes, that the feend have the lasse power of his soule. And thus the curteys Lord Jhesu Crist ne wolde nought no good werk be lost, for in somwhat it schal availe. But for als moche as the goode werkes that men don whil thay ben in good lif ben amortised by synne folwyng, and eek sith that alle the goode werkes that men doon whil thay ben in dedly synne, been outrely deede as for to have the lif perdurable, wel may that man, that no goode werkes werkith, synge thilke newe freisch song, *J'ay tout perdu moun temps et moun labour*. For certis synne byreveth a man bothe goodnes of nature, and eek the goodnes of grace. For sothly the grace of the holy gost fareth lik fyre that may not ben ydel; for fuyr as it forletith his werkyng, and faileth anoon, and right so when the grace faileth anoon as it forleteth his werkyng, than lesith the synful man the goodnes of glorie, that oonly is byhight to goode men that labouren and werken. Wel may he be sory thanne, that oweth al his lif to God, as longe as he hath lyved, and eek as longe as he schal lyve, that no goodnes ne hath to paye with his dette to God, to whom he oweth al his lyf; for trusteth wel he schal give accompt, as saith seint Bernard, of alle the goodes that han be geven him in his present lif, and how he hath hem dispendid, nat so moche that ther schal not perische an heer of his heed, ne a moment of an hour ne schal not perische of his tyme, that he ne schal give of it a rekenyng.

The fifte maner of contricioun, that moeveth a man therto, is the remembraunce of the passioun that oure Lord Jhesu Crist suffred for us and for oure synnes. For as seith seint Bernard, whil that I lyve, I schal have remembraunce of the passioun that oure Lord Jhesu Crist suffred for us in preching, his werynesse in travayling, his temptacioun whan he fastid, his longe wakinges whan he prayde, his teeres whan he wepte for pité of good peple; the wo and the schame and the filthe that men saide to him; of the foul spittyng that men spitten on his face; of the buffettis that men gaf him; of the foule mowes and of the reproves that men to him saiden; of the nayles with whiche he was nayled to the cros; and of al the remenaunt of his passioun, that he suffred for my synnes and no thing for his gilt. And ye schal understonde that in mannes synne is every maner ordre of ordinaunce turned up-so-doun. For it is soth, that God, and resoun, and sensualité, and the body of man, be so ordeyned, that everich of thise foure schulde have lordschipe over that other, as thus: God schulde have lordschipe over resoun, and resoun over sensualité, and sensualité over the body of man. But sothly whan man synneth, al this ordre, or ordinaunce, is torned up-so-doun; and thanne, for as moche as the resoun of a man ne wol not be subject ne obeissant to God, that is his lord by right, therfore lesith it the lordschipe that it schulde have over sensualité, and eek over the body of man; and why? for sensualité rebellith thanne agayns resoun; and by that way lesith resoun the lordschipe over sensualité, and over the body. For right as resoun is rebel to God, right so is bothe sensualité rebel to resoun and the body also. And certis this disordynaunce, and this rebellioun, oure Lord Jhesu Crist bought upon his precious body ful deere; and herkeneth in which wise. For as moche as resoun is rebel to God, therfore is man worthy to have sorwe, and to be deed. This suffred oure Lord Jhesu Crist for man, after that he was bytraysed of his disciple, and distreyned and bounde, so that the blood brast out at every nayl of his hondes, as saith seint Austyn. And fortherover, for as mochil as resoun of man wol nought daunte sensualité when it may, therfore is man worthy to have schame; and this suffered oure Lord Jhesu Crist for man, whan thay spitten in his face. And fortherover thanne, for as moche as the caytif body of man is rebelle bothe to resoun and to sensualité, therfore it is worthy the deth; and this suffred oure Lord Jhesu Crist for us upon the croys, wher as ther was no part of his body fre, withoute gret peyne and bitter passioun. And al this suffred oure Lord Jhesu Crist that never forfeted; and thus sayd he, to mochil am I streyned, for the thinges that I never deservyd; and to moche defouled for schendschip that man is worthy to have. And therfore may the synful man wel seye, as saith seint Bernard, acursed be the bitternesse of my synne, for which ther moste be suffered so moche bitternesse. For certis, after the dyvers discordaunces of oure wickednes was the passioun of oure Lord Jhesu Crist ordeyned in divers thinges; as thus. Certis sinful mannes soule is bytraysid of the devel, by coveitise of temporal prosperité; and scorned by disceyt, whan he cheseth fleischly delytes; and yit is it tormentid by impacience of adversité, and byspit by servage and subjeccioun of synne, and atte last it is slayn finally. For this discordaunce of synful man, was Jhesu Crist first bytraised; and after was he bounde, that com for to unbynden us fro

[11] *For certes . . . quyken.* These words, not in the Harl. Ms., are added from the Lansd. Ms. These omissions are so frequent that I shall not again point them out. English prose manuscripts are always much more incorrect than the verse, from causes which it would not be difficult to explain.

synne and of peyne Than was he scorned that oonly schulde be honoured in alle thing of alle thinges. Than was his visage, that oughte be desired to be say of al mankynde (in which visage aungels desiren to loke) vilaynusly byspit Thanne was he scorned [2] that nothing had agilt and fynally, thanne was he crucified and slayn Thanne was accomplised the word of Ysaye He was woundid for oure misdede, and defouled by oure felonyes Now sith Jhesu Crist tok upon him thilke peyne of alle oure wikkednes mochil oughte synful men wepe and bywayle, that for his synnes schulde Goddes sone of hevene al this endure

The sixte thing that oughte to moeve a man to contricioun is the hope of thre thinges, that is to sayn forgevenes of synne, and the gifte of grace wel for to do, and the glorie of heven, with which God schal guerdoun man for his goode deedis And for als moche as Jhesu Crist geveth us these giftes of his largesse and of his soverayn bounte, therfore is he cleped *Jhesus Nazarenus rex Judæorum* Jhesus is for to say, saveour or savacioun, of whom men schal hope to have forgevenes of synnes, which that is proprely savacioun of synnes And therfore seyde the aungel to Joseph, thow schalt clepe his name Jhesus that schal save his peple of here synnes And herof saith seint Petir ther is noon other name under heven that is geve to any man by which a man may be savyd but oonly Jhesus Nazarenus is as moche to say as florisching in which a man schal hope, that he that geveth him remissioun of synnes, schal give him grace wel to doo For in the flour is hope of fruyt in tyme comynge, and in forgivenes hope of grace wel to do I was at the dore of thin herte saith Jhesus and cleped for to entre he that openith to me schal have forgevenes of synne, I wol entre into him by my grace, and soupe with him by the goode werkes that he schal doon, whiche werkes ben the foode of God, and he schal soupe with me by the grete joye that I schal give him Thus schal man hope, that for his werkis of penaunce God schal give him his regne, as he biheteth him in the Gospel

Now schal man understonde, in what maner schal be his contricioun I say it schal be universal and total this is to say a man schal be verray repentaunt for alle his synnes that he hath doon in delyt of his thought, for delit is ful perilous For ther ben tuo maners of consentyng, that oon of hem is cleped consentyng of affeccioun whan a man is moeved to synne, and delitith him longe for to thinke on that synne, and his resoun aparceyveth wel that it is synne agayns the lawe of God, and yit his resoun refreyneth not his foule delit or talent, though he seth wel apertly that it is agenst the reverence of God, although his resoun consente not to do the synne in dede, yit sayn some doctours, delyt that duellith longe it is ful perilous, al be it never so lite And also a man schulde sorwe, namely for al that he hath desired agayn the lawe of God, with parfyt consentyng of his hert and of his resoun, for therof is no doute, that it is dedly synne in consentyng, for certis ther is no dedly synne but that it was first in mannes thought, and after that in his delit, and so forth into consentyng, and into dede. Wherfore say I, that many men repente hem never of suche thoughtes and delites, ne never schrive hem of it, but oonly of the dede of grete synnes outward Wherfore I say, that suche wikkid delitis and wikkid thoughtes ben subtile bigilours of hem that schuln be dampned Moreover man oughte to sorwe for his wikked wordes, as wel as his wikked dedes, for certis the repentaunce of a singuler synne, and nought repente of alle his other synnes, or elles repente him of alle his othere synnes, and not of a singuler synne, may nought availe For certis God Almighty is al good, and therfore he forgeveth al, or elles right nought And herof saith seint Augustin, I wot certeynly, that God is enemy to every synnere, and how thanne he that observith oon synne, schal he have remissioun of the remenant of his othere synnes? Nay And forthermore contricioun schulde be wonder sorwful and anguisschous, and therfore giveth him God pleinly his mercy And therfore whan my soule was anguisschous withinne me I hadde remembraunce of God that my prayer mighte come to him And forthermore, contricioun moste be continuelly and that a man have stedefast purpos to schryve him and for to amende him of his lyf For sothly whil contricioun lastith, man may ever hope of forgevenes And of this cometh hate of synne that destroyeth synne bothe in him elf and eek in other folk at his power And therfore saith David ye that loven God hatith wikkidnesse for trustith wel for to love God is for to love that he loveth, and hate that he hatith

The laste thing that a man schuld understonde in contricioun is this, wher of availeth contricioun? I say that somtyme contricioun delivereth man fro synne of which that David saith, I say quod David I purposid fermely to schryve me and thou, Lord relesedist my synne And right so as contricioun availith nat withoute sad purpos of schrift if man have oportunite, right so litil worth is schrifte or satisfaccioun withoute contricioun And moreover contricioun destruyeth the prisoun of helle and makith wayk and feble the strengthes of the develes, and restorith the gift of the holy gost and of alle vertues, and it clensith the soule of synnes and delivereth the soule fro the peynes of helle and fro the companye of the devel, and fro the servage of synne, and restorith it to alle goodes espiritueles, into the companye and communioun of holy chirche. And forther over, it makith him that somtyme was sone of ire, to be the sone of grace, and alle these thinges he provith by holy writte And therfore he that wil sette his herte to these thinges, he were ful wys For sothly he scholde not thanne in al his lyf have corage to synne, but given his body and al his herte to the service of Jhesu Crist, and therof do him homage. For certis oure swete Lord Jhesu Crist hath sparid us so debonairly in oure folyes, that if he ne hadde pite of mannes soule, sory songe mighte we alle synge

Explicit prima pars Penitentiæ, et incipit secunda pars ejusdem

The secounde partye of penitence is confes-

[2] *scorned* Tyrwhitt reads *scourged* with the Lansd. Ms.

sioun, that is, signe of contricioun. Now schul ye understonde what is confessioun; and whethir it oughte needes be doon or noon; and whiche thinges ben convenable to verray confessioun. First schalt thou understonde, that confessioun is verrey schewyng of synnes to the prest; this is to sayn verray, for he moot schewe him of alle the condiciouns that ben longynge to his synne, as ferforth as he can; al mot be sayd, and nought excused, ne hyd, ne forwrappid; and nought avaunte him of his goode werkis. And forthermore it is necessary to understonde whens that synnes springe, and how thay encresen, and whiche they ben.

Of the springing of synnes as seint Poul saith, in this wise; that right as by a man synne entred first into this world, and thorugh that synne deth, right so thilke deth entred into alle men that synneden; and this man was Adam, by whom that synne entred into this world, whan he brak the comaundement of God. And therfore he that first was so mighty, that he schulde not have deyed, bicam siththe suche on that he moste needis deye, whethir he wolde or noon, and al his progenie that is in this world, that in thilke manner synneden. Loke that in the estate of innocence, whan Adam and Eve nakid were in paradys, and no thing schame ne hadden of her nakidnesse, how that the serpent, that was most wily of alle other bestis that God hadde makid, sayde to the womman, why comaundid God to yow ye schulde nought ete of every tree in Paradys? The womman answerde, of the fruyt, quod she, of the trees in Paradys we feede us, but sothly of the fruyt of the tre that is in the myddil of Paradis God forbad us for to eten, ne not touche it, lest peraventure we schulde deye. The serpent sayde to the womman, nay, nay, ye schal not drede of deth, for sothe God wot, that what day ye ete therof youre eyen schal open and ye schul ben as goddis, knowing good and harm. The womman saugh the tree was good to feedyng, and fair to the eyen, and delitable to sight; she tok of the fruyt of the tree and eet it, and gaf to hir housbond, and he eet it; and anoon the eyen of hem bothe openeden; and whan that thay knewe that thay were naked, thay sowede of fige leves in maner of breches, to hiden here membirs. Here may ye see, that dedly synne hath first suggestioun of the feend, as scheweth here by the neddir; and aftirward the delit of the fleisch, as scheweth here by Eva; and after that the consentyng of resoun, as schewith by Adam. For trustith wel, though so were that the feende temptid oon, Eve, that is to sayn the fleissch, and the fleissch hadde delit in the beauté of the fruyt defendid, yit certes til that resoun, that is to say, Adam, consentid to the etyng of the fruyt, yit stood he in thastaat of innocence. Of thilk Adam took we thilke synne original; for of him fleschly descendit be we alle and engendrit of vile and corrupt matiere; and whan the soule is put in oure body, right anoon is contract original synne; and that, that was erst but oonly peyne of concupiscence, is afterward bothe peyne and synne; and therefore be we alle i-born sones of wraththe, and of dampnacioun perdurable, if it nere baptisme that we receyven, which bynymeth us the culpe. But forsothe the peyne duellith with us as to temptacioun, which peyne highte concupiscence. And this concupiscence, whan it is wrongfully disposed or ordeyned in man, it makith him to coveyte, by covetise of fleissch, fleisschly synne, by sight of his eyghen, as to erthely thinges, and eek coveityse of heighnesse, as by pride of herte.

Now as to speke of the firste coveitise, that is concupiscence after the lawe of oure membris, that weren lawfully maked, and by rightful juggement of God, I say, for as moche as a man is nought obeissant to God, that is his Lord, therfore is fleissch to him disobeisant thurgh concupiscence, which that yit is cleped norisshing of synne, and occasion of synne. Therfore, al the while that a man hath in him the peyne of concupiscence, it is impossible but he be tempted somtyme and moeved in his fleisch to synne. And this may not faile, as longe as he liveth. It may wel wexe feble and faille by vertu of baptisme, and by the grace of God thorugh penitence; but fully schal it never quenche, that he schal somtyme be moeved in himself, but if he were al refreydit by siknes, or by malefice of sorserye, or colde drinkes. For what saith seint Poul? the fleissh coveitith agayn the spirit, and the spirit agayn the fleisch; thay ben so contrarie and so stryven, that a man may nought alwey do as he wolde. The same seint Poul, after his penaunce, in watir and in lond; in watir by night and by day, in gret peril, and in gret peyne; in lond and in famyne and in thurst, and colde and clothles; oones almost stoned al to the deth; yit saide he, allas! I caytif man, who schal delyvere me fro the prisoun of my caytif body? And seint Jerom, whan he long tyme had woned in desert, here wher as he hadde no compaignye but of wilde bestes; wher as he hadde no mete but herbes, and water to his drink, ne non bed but the nakid erthe, for which his fleisch was as blak as an Ethiopen, for hete, and neigh destroyed for cold; yit sayde he, that the brennyng of lecchery boylid in al his body. Wherfore I wot wel sicurly that thay be desceyved that say, thay ben not temptid in here body. Witnesse on seint Jame thapostil, that saith, that every wight is tempted in his oughne concupiscence; that is to sayn, that everych of us hath matere and occasioun to be tempted of the norischyng of synne that is in his body. And therfore seint Johan the Evaungelist saith, if that we sayn we be withoute synne, we deceyve ouresilf, and trouthe is nought in us.

Now schal ye understonde in what maner that synne waxith and encresceth in a man. The firste thing is thilke norisching of synne, of which I spak biforn, thilke concupiscence; and after that cometh the suggestioun[13] of the devel, that is to sayn, the develes bely, with which he bloweth in man the fuyr of fleisschly concupiscence; and after that a man bythink him whethir he wol don it or non, thilke thing to which he is tempted. And thanne if that a man withstonde and wayve the firste entisynges of his fleisshe, and of the feend, it is no synne; and if so be he do not so, thanne feeleth he anoon a flame of delit, and thanne it is good to be war and kepe him wel, or ellis he wil falle anoon into consentyng of synne, and thanne wol he do it, if he may have tyme,

[13] *suggestioun.* The Harl. Ms. reads *subjeccioun.*

and space, and place. And of this matere saith Moyses by the devel, in this maner; the feend saith, I wol chace and pursewe the man by wickid suggestiouns, and I wil hent him by moevyng and steryng of synne, and I wil parte my prise, or my pray, by deliberacioun, and my lust schal be accomplisit in delit; I wil drawe my sword in consentynge; (for certes, right as a swerd departith a thing in tuo parties, right so consentynge departeth God fro man;) and thanne wol I sle him with my hond in dede of synne. Thus saith the feend; for certis, thanne is a man al deed in soule; and thus is synne accomplisid, by temptacioun, by delit, and by consentyng; and thanne is the synne cleped actuel.

For sothe synne is in two maneres, outher it is venial, or dedly synne. Sothly, whan man lovith any creature more than Jhesu Crist oure creatour, thanne it is dedly synne; and venial synne is, if a man love Jhesu Crist lesse than him oughte. For sothe the dede of this venial synne is ful perilous, for it amenisith the love that men schulde have to God, more and more. And therfore if a man charge more himself with many suche venial synnes, certes, but if so be that he som tyme discharge him of hem by schrifte, thay may ful lightly amenise in him al the love that he hath to Jhesu Crist; and in this wise skippith venial into dedly synne. For certes, the more that a man chargith his soule with venial synnes, the more is he enclyned to falle in deedly synne. And therfore let us nought be negligent to descharge us of venial synnes. For the proverbe saith, that many smale makith a gret. And herken this ensample; a greet wawe of the see cometh som tyme with so gret a violence, that it drenchith the schip; and the same harm doon som tyme smale droppis of watir, that entrith thurgh a litil creves into the thurrok, and into the bothum of a schip, if men be so negligent, that thay descharge hit nought by tyme. And therfore, although ther be difference betuene these tuo causes of drenching, algates the schip is dreynt. Right so farith it som tyme of deedly synne, and of anoyous venial synnes, whan thay multiplien in a man so gretly, that thilke worldly thynges that he loveth, thurgh which he sinneth venially, is as gret in his herte as the love of God, or more. And therfore the love of every thing that is not byset in God, ne doon principally for Goddes sake, although a man love it lasse than God, yit is it venial synne; and deedly synne, whan the love of eny thing weyeth in the hert of a man, as moche as the love of God, or more. Dedly synne is, as saith seint Austyn, whan man torneth his hert from God, which that is verray soverayn bounté, that may not chaunge and flitte, and give his herte to a thing that may chaunge and flitte; and certes, that is every thing save God of heven. For sothe, if that a man gieve his love, the which that he owith to God with al his herte, unto a creature, certes, as moche of love as he giveth to thilke creature, so moche he reveth fro God, and therfore doth he synne, for he that is dettour to God, ne yeldeth not to God al his dette, that is to sayn, al the love of his hert.

Now siththe man understondith generally which is venial synne, thanne is it covenable to telle specially of synnes, whiche that many a man peraventure ne demith hem no synnes, and schryveth him not of the same thinges, and yit natheles thay ben synnes; and, sothly, as clerkes writen; this is to say, at every tyme that man etith or drinkith more than suffiseth to the sustienaunce of his body, in certeyn he doth synne; and eek whan he spekith more than it needith, he doth synne; and eek whan he herkeneth nought benignely the pleynt of the pore; eek whan he is in hele of body, and wil not faste whan other folk fasten, withouten cause resonable; eek whan he slepith more than needith, or whan he cometh by thilk enchesoun to late to holy chirche, or to other werkes of charité; eke whan he useth his wyf withoute soverayn desir of engendrure, to thonour of God, and for thentent to yelde his wyf the dette of his body; eek whan he wil not visite the sike, and the prisoner, if he may; eek if he love wyf, or child, or other worldly thing, more than resoun requireth; eek if he flatere or blaundisshe more than him oughte for eny necessité; eek if a man menuse or withdrawe the almesse of the povere; eek if he apparaylith his mete more deliciously than it nedith, or ete it to hastily by licouresnes; eek if he talke of vanitees at chirche, or at Goddis service, or that he be a talkere of ydil wordes of vanité or of vilonye, for he schal yelde of hem acount at the day of doome; eek whan he hectith or assureth to do thinges that he may nought performe; eek whan that by lightnes or foly he myssaith or scorneth his neighebor; eek whan he hath eny wicked suspeccioun of thing, that he wot of it no sothfastnesse: these thinges and mo withoute nombre ben synnes, as saith seint Austyn. Now schal men understonde, that al be it so that noon erthely man may eschiewe alle venial synnes, yit may he refreyne hem by the brennyng love that he hath to oure Lord Jhesu Crist, and by prayeres, and by confessioun, and other goode werkes, so that it schal but litil greve. For, as saith seint Austyn, gif a man love God in such a maner, that al that ever he doth is in the love of God, or for the love of God verraily, for he brenneth in the love of God, loke how moche that a drope of watir, that fallith in a furneys ful of fuyr, annoyeth or greveth the brenning of the fire, so moche in like maner annoyeth or greveth a venial synne unto a man that is perfyt in the love of Jhesu Crist. Men may also refreyne venial synne, by receyvyng of the precious body of Jhesu Crist; by receyvyng eek of holy water; by almes dede; by general confessioun of *Confiteor* at masse, and at prime, and at complyn; and by blessing of bisschops and of prestes, and by other goode werkis.

Now it is bihovely thing to telle whiche ben dedly synnes, that is to sayn, chiveteyns of synnes; for as moche as alle thay renne in oon loos, but in divers maners. Now ben thay cleped chiveteyns, for als moche as thay ben chief and springers of all othere synnes. The roote of these seven synnes thanne is pride, the general synne and roote of alle harmes. For of this roote springen general braunches; as ire, envye, accidie or sleuthe, avarice or coveitise (to commune understondyng), glotonye, and leccherie: and everich of these synnes hath his braunches and his twigges, as schal be declarid in here chapitres folwing.

De superbia.

And though so be, that no man can telle utterly the nombre of the twigges, and of the harm that cometh of pride, yit wol I schewe a party of hem, as ye schul understonde. Ther is inobedience, avauntyng, ypocrisye, despit, arragaunce, impudence, swellyng of hert, insolence, elacioun, impacience, strif, contumacie, presumpcion, irreverence, pertinacie, veinglorie, and many another twigge that I can not telle ne declare. Inobedient is he that disobeieth for despyt to the comaundementz of God, and to his sovereigns, and to his gostly fader. Avauntour, is he that bosteth of the harm or of the bounté that he hath don. Ypocrisy, is that hydeth to schewe him such as he is, and scheweth him such as he not is. Despitous, is he that hath desdayn of his neighebour, that is to say, of his even Cristen, or hath despit to doon that him ought to doon. Arragaunt, is he that thinketh that he hath thilke bountees in him, that he hath not, or weneth that he schulde have hem by desert, or elles he demeth that he is that he is not. Impudent, is he that for his pride hath no schame of his synne. Swellyng of hert, is whan a man rejoysith him of harm that he hath don. Insolent, is he that dispisith in his juggement alle other folk, as to regard of his valieu, and of his connyng, and of his spekyng, and of his beryng. Elacioun, is whan he may never suffre to have maister ne felawe. Impacient, is he that wil not ben i-taught ne undernome of his vices, and by stryf werreth trouthe witynge, and defendeth his folie. Contimax, is he that thorugh his indignacioun is agains everych auctorité or power of hem that been his soverayns. Presumpcioun, is whan a man undertakith and emprisith that him oughte not to do, or elles that he may not doo, and that is cleped surquidrye. Irreverence, is whan men doon not honour ther as hem ought to doon, and wayteth to be reverenced. Pertinacie, is whan man defendith his folye, and trusteth to moche to his owne witte. Vainglorie, is for to have pomp, and delit in temporal heighnes, and glorifie him in worldly estaat. Jangelyng, is whan a man spekith to moche biforn folk, and clappith as a mille, and taketh no keep what he saith.

And yit is ther a privé spice of pride, that wayteth first to be saluet er he saliewe, al be he lasse worth than that other is, paradventure; and eek wayteth or desireth to sitte above him, or to go above him in the way, or kisse the pax, or ben encensed, or gon to the offringe biforn his neighebore, and suche semblable thinges, agains his dueté peraventure, but that he hath his herte and his entente in such a proud desir to be magnified and honoured toforn the poeple.

Now ben there tuo maners of pride; that oon is heighnes withinne the hert of a man, and that other is withoute. Of which sothly these forsayde thinges, and mo than I have said, aperteynen to pride that is in the hert of a man; and that other spices of pride ben withoute; but natheles, that oon of thise spices of pride is signe of that other, right as the gay levesselle at the taverne is signe of wyn that is in the celer. And this is in many thinges; as in speche and contenaunce, and in outrageous array of clothing. For certis, if ther hadde be no synne in clothing, Crist wolde not so soone have notid and spoke of the clothing of thilke riche man in the gospel. And seint Gregorie saith, that precious clothing is coupable for derthe of it, and for his schortnes,[14] and for his straungenes and disgisines, and for the superfluité, or for the inordinat skantnes of it; allas! many man may sen as in oure dayes, the synful costlewe array of clothing, and namely in to moche superfluité, or elles in to disordinat skantnes.

As to the firste synne in superfluité of clothing, which that makid is so dere, to harm of the poeple, not oonly the cost of embrowdyng, the guyse, endentyng or barryng, swandyng, palyng, or bendyng,[15] and semblable wast of cloth in vanité; and ther is also costlewe furring in here gownes, so mochil pounsyng of chiseles to make holes, so moche daggyng of scheris, for with the superfluité in lengthe of the forsaide gownes, traylinge in the donge and in the myre, on hors and eek on foote, as wel of man as of womman, that al thilke traylyng is verraily (as in effect) wasted, consumed, thredbare, and rotyn with donge, rather than it is geven to the pore, to gret damage of the forsaide pore folk, and that in sondry wise; this is to sain, the more that cloth is wastid, the more most it coste to the poeple for the scarsenes; and forthermore, if it so be that thay wolde give suche pounsed and daggid clothing to the pore folk, it is not convenient to were to the pore folk, ne suffisaunt to beete here necessité, to kepe hem fro the desperance of the firmament. Upon that other syde, to speke of the horrible disordinat scantnes of clothing, as ben these cuttid sloppis or anslets,[16] that thurgh her schortnes ne covereth not the schamful membre of man, to wickid entent; alas! som men of hem schewen the schap and the boce of the horrible swollen membres, that semeth like to the maledies of hirnia, in the wrapping of here hose, and eek the buttokes of hem, that faren as it were the hinder part of a sche ape in the fulle of the moone. And moreover the wrecchid swollen membres that thay schewe thurgh desgysyng, in departyng of here hoses in whyt and reed, seemith that half the schameful privé membres were flayn. And if it so be that thay departe here hosen in other colours, as is whit and bliew, or whit and blak, or blak and reed, and so forth; thanne semith it, as by variaunce of colour, that half the party of his privy membris ben corrupt by the fuyr of seint Antony, or by cancre, or other such meschaunce. And yit of the hynder partye of here buttokes it is ful horrible for to see, for certis in that partie of here body ther as thay purgen her stynkyng ordure, that foule party schewe thay to the poeple proudly in despyt of honesté, which honesté that Jhesu Crist and his frendes observeden to schewen in his lif. Now as of the outrageous array of wommen, God wot, that though the visage of some of hem seme ful chaste and debonaire, yit notifye thay,

[14] *schortnes.* So the Harl. Ms.; Tyrwhitt reads *softnesse.*
[15] *the guyse endentyng . . . or bending.* In Tyrwhitt this passage stands thus, *the disguising, endenting, or barring, ounding, paling, winding, or bending.*
[16] *anslets.* Tyrwhitt reads with the Lansd. Ms. *hanselines.*

in here array of attyre, licorousnesse and pride. I say not that honesté in clothing of man or womman is uncovenable, but certis the superfluité or disordinat skantnes of clothing is reprovable. Also the synne of here ornament, or of apparaile, as in thinges that aperteynen to rydyng, as in to many delicat horses, that ben holden for delyt, that thay ben so faire, fat, and costlewe; and also in many a vicious knave, mayntened bycause of hem; and in to curious harnoys, as in sadelis, and bridlis, cropours, and peytrelle, covered with precious clothing, and riche barres and plates of gold and of silver. For whiche God saith by Zacharie the prophete, I wol confounde the ryders of suche horsis. These folk take litil reward of the ryding of Goddes sone of heven, and of his harneys, whan he rode upon an asse, and hadde noon other harneys but the clothing of his disciples newe. Ne rede I not that ever he rode on other beest. I speke this for the synne of superfluité, and nought for resonable honesté, whan resoun it requirith. And fortherover, certes pride is gretly notified in holdyng of gret meyné, whan thay ben of litil profyt or of right no profyt, and namely whan that meyné is felenous and daungerous to the poeple by hardynesse of lordschipe, or by way of offices; for certes, suche lordes selle thanne here lordschipe to the devel of helle, whan thay susteyne the wickidnes of here meyné. Or elles, whan these folk of lowe degré, as is thilke that holden hostilries, and susteyne the thefte of here hostilers, and that is in many maneres of disceytes; thilke maner of folk ben the flyes that folwen the hony, or elles the houndes that folwen the carayn. Suche forsayde folk strangelen spirituelly here lordschipes; for whiche thus saith David the prophete, Wikked deth moot come upon suche lordschipes, and God geve that thay moot descende into helle adoun; for in here houses ben iniquités and schrewednesses, and not God of heven. And certes, but thay do amendement, right so as Jacob gaf his benisoun to Laban by the service of God, and to Pharao by the service of Joseph, right so God wil geve his malisoun to suche lordschipes as susteynen the wikkednes of her servauntes, but thay come to amendement.

Pride of the table apperith ful ofte; for certes riche men ben cleped to feste, and pore folk ben put away and rebuked; also in excesse of divers metis and drinkis, and namely of suche maner of bake metis and dische metis brennyng of wilde fuyr, and peynted and castelid with papire, and semblable wast, so that it is abusioun for to thinke. And eek in greet preciousnes of vessel, and in curiousnesse of vessel, and of mynstralcye, by the whiche a man is stired the more to delitis of luxurie, if so be that thay sette her herte the lasse upon oure Lord Jhesu Crist, certeyn it is a synne; and certeinly the delites mighte be so grete in this caas, that men mighte lightly falle by hem into dedly synne. The espices that sourdren of pride, sothely whan thay sourdren of malice y-magined and avised, aforn cast, or elles of usage, ben dedly synnes, it is no doute. And whan thay sourden by frelté unavysed sodeinly, and sodeinly withdrawe agayn, al be thay grevous synnes, I gesse thay ben not dedly. Now mighte men axe, wherof pride sourdeth and springeth. I say som tyme it springith of the goodes of nature, and som tyme of the goodes of fortune, and som tyme of the goodes of grace. Certes the goodes of nature stonden outher in goodes of body, or goodes of soule. Certis, the goodes of the body ben hele of body, strengthe, deliverance,[17] beauté, gentrie, fraunchise; the goodes of nature of the soule ben good wit, scharp understondyng, subtil engyn, vertu naturel, good memorie; goodes of fortune been richesses, highe degrees of lordschipes, and preisyng of the poeple; goodes of grace been science, power to suffre spirituel travaile, benignité, vertuous contemplacioun, withstondyng of temptacioun, and semblable thinges; of whiche forsayde goodes, certes it is a ful gret foly, a man to pryden him in any of hem alle. Now as for to speke of goodes of nature, God wot that som tyme we have hem in nature as moche to oure damage as to oure profit. As for to speke of hele of body, certes it passith ful lightly, and eek it is ful ofte enchesoun of the siknesse of the soule. For God wot, the fleissch is a gret enemy to the soule; and therfore the more that oure body is hool, the more be we in peril to falle. Eke for to pride him in his strengthe of body, it is a foly; for certes the fleisch coveytith again the spirit; and ay the more strong that the fleisch is, the sorier may the soule be; and over al, this strengthe of body and worldly hardynes causeth ful ofte many man peril and meschaunce. Eek for to pride him of his gentrie is ful gret folye; for often tyme the gentrie of the body bynymeth the gentery of the soule; and we ben alle of oon fader and of oon moder; and alle we ben of oon nature roten and corrupt, bothe riche and pore. For sothe oon maner gentry is for to prayse, that apparailleth mannes corrage with vertues and moralitees, and makith him Cristes child; for trustith wel, over what man that synne hath maistry, he is a verray cherl to synne.

Now ben ther general signes of gentilesse; as schewyng of vice and rybaudrie, and servage of synne, in word, in werk and contenaunce, and usinge vertu, curtesie, and clennes, and to be liberal, that is to sayn, large by mesure; for thilke that passith mesure is foly and synne. And another is to remembre him of bounté that he of other folk hath resceyved. Another is to be benigne to his goode subjectis; wherfore, as saith Senek, ther is nothing more covenable to a man of heigh estate, than debonairté and pité; and therfore thise flies that men clepen bees, whan thay make here king, thay chesen oon that hath no pricke wherwith he may stynge. Another is, a man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to atteigne to hihe vertuous thinges. Certis, also who that prideth him in the goodes of grace, is eek an outrageous fool; for thilke giftes of grace that schulde have i-torned him to goodnes and medicyne, torneth him to venym and to confusioun, as saith seint Gregory. Certis also, who that pridith him in the goodes of fortune, he is a ful gret fool; for som tyme is a man a gret lord by the morwe, that is a caytif and a wrecche er it be night: and som tyme the riches of a man is cause of his deth: and som

[17] *deliveranc*. Tyrwhitt reads *delivernesse*.

tyme the delice of a man is cause of his grevous maledye, thurgh which he deieth. Certis, the commendacioun of the poeple is som tyme ful fals and ful brutil for to truste; this day thay prayse, to morwe thay blame. God woot, desir to have commendacioun of the poeple hath causid deth of many a busy man.

Remedium contra superbiam.

Now sith so is, that ye han herd and understonde what is pride, and whiche ben the spices of it, and whens pride sourdeth and springeth; now schul ye understonde which is the remedy agayns pride; and that is humilité or meekenes, that is a vertue thurgh which a man hath verray knowleche of himself, and holdith of himself no pride, ne pris, ne deynté, as in regard of his desertes, considering evermore his frelté. Now ben ther thre maners of humilité; as humilité in hert, another is humilité in his mouth, the thridde in workes. The humilité in his herte is in foure maners; that oon is, whan a man holdith himself not worth biforn God of heven; another is, whan he despiseth no man; the thrid is, whan he ne rekkith nought though a man holde him nought worth; the ferthe is, whan he holdeth him nought sory of his humiliacioun. Also the humilité of mouth is in foure thinges; in attempre speche; in humbles of speche; and whan he byknowith with his owne mouth, that he is such as him thenkith that he is in herte; another is, whan he praisith the bounté of another man and nothing therof amenusith. Humilité eek in werk is in foure maneres. The first is, whan he puttith other men tofore him; the secounde is, to chese the lowest place over al; the thrid is, gladly to assente to good counseil; the ferthe is, gladly to stonde to thaward of his sovereyns, or of him that is in heigher degré; certeyn this is a gret werk of humilité.

De invidia.

After pride now wol I speke of the foule synne of envye, which that is, as by the word of the philosophre, sorwe of other mennes prosperité; and after the word of seint Austyn, is it sorwe of other mennes wele, and joye of other mennes harm. This foule synne is platly agayns the Holy Gost. Al be it so, that every synne is agayn the Holy Gost, yit natheles, for as moche as bounté aperteyneth proprely to the Holy Gost, and envye proprely is malice, therfore is it proprely agayns the bounté of the Holy Gost. Now hath malice tuo spices, that is to sayn, hardnes of hert in wickednes, or ellis the fleisch of man is so blynd, that he considereth not that he is in synne, or rekketh not that he is in synne; which is the hardnes of the devyl. That other spice of envye is, whan a man warieth trouthe, and wot that it is trouthe, and eek whan he warieth the grace that God hath geve to his neighebor; and al this is by envye. Certes than is envye the worste synne that is; for sothely alle other synnes ben somtyme oonly agains oon special vertu; but certes envye is agayns alle vertues and agayns al goodnes; for it is sory of alle the bountees of his neighebor; and in this maner it is divers from all the synnes; for wel unnethe is ther any synne that it ne hath som delit in itself, sauf oonly envye, that ever hath in itself anguisch and sorwe. The spices of envye ben these. Ther is first sorwe of other mennes goodnes and of her prosperité; and prosperité is kyndely matier of joye; thanne is envye a synne agayns kynde. The secounde spice of envye is joye of other mennes harm; and that is proprely lik to the devyl, that ever rejoyeth him of mennes harm. Of these tuo spices cometh bacbityng; and this synne of bakbytyng or detraccioun hath certein spices, as thus: som man praiseth his neighebor by a wickid entent, for he makith alway a wickid knotte atte last ende; alway he makith a *but* at the last ende, that is thing of more blame, than worth is al the praysing. The secounde spice is, that if a man be good, and doth or saith a thing to good entent, the bacbiter wol torne al thilke goodnes up-so-doun to his schrewed entent. The thridde is to amenuse the bounté of his neighebor. The ferthe spiece of bakbytyng is this, that if men speke goodnes of a man, than wil the bakbiter seyn, "Parfay, yit such a man is bet than he;" in dispraysynge of him that men praise. The fifte spice is this, for to consente gladly and herken gladly to the harm that men speke of other folk. This synne is ful gret, and ay encresith after thentent of the bakbiter. After bakbytyng cometh grucching or murmuracioun, and som tyme it springith of impacience[18] agayns God, and somtyme agains man. Agayns God is it whan a man grucchith agayn the pyne of helle, or agayns poverte, or of losse of catel, or agayns reyn or tempest, or elles grucchith that schrewes han prosperité, or ellis that goode men han adversité; and alle these thinges schulde men suffre paciently, for thay come by rightful juggement and ordinaunce of God. Som tyme cometh grucching of avarice, as Judas grucched agens the Maudeleyn, whan sche anoynted the hed of oure Lord Jhesu Crist with hir precious oynement. This maner murmur is swich as whan man grucchith of goodnes that himself doth, or that other folk doon of here owne catel. Som tyme cometh murmur of pride, as whan Symon the Pharisé grucchid agayn the Maudeleyn, whan sche approchid to Jhesu Crist and wepte at his feet for hir synnes; and somtyme it sourdith of envye, whan men discoveren a mannes harm that was privé, or bereth him on hond thing that is fals. Murmuryng eek is ofte among servauntz, that grucchen whan here sovereyns bidden hem to doon leeful thinges; and for as moche as thay dar nought openly withstonde the comaundementz of here soverayns, yit wol thay sayn harm and grucche and murmure prively for verray despit; whiche wordes men clepe the develes Pater noster, though so be that the devel hadde never Pater noster, but that lewed men calle it so. Som tyme it cometh of ire of privé hate, that norischeth rancour in herte, as after-ward I schal declare. Thanne cometh eek bitternes of herte, thorugh which bitternesse every good deede of his neighebore semeth to him bitter and unsavery. But thanne cometh discord that unbyndeth alle maner of frendschipe. Thanne cometh scornynge of his neighebor, al do he never so wel. Thanne cometh accusyng, as whan man seketh occasioun

[18] *impacience.* The Harl. Ms. reads *inaapiens.*

to annoyen his neighebore, which that is lik the craft of the devel, that waytith both night and day to accuse us alle. Thanne cometh malignité, thurgh which a man annoyeth his neighebor prively if he may, and if he may not, algate his wikkid wille schal nought wante, as for to brenne his hous prively, or empoysone him, or sleen his bestis prively, and semblable thinges.

Remedium contra invidiam.

Now wol I speke of the remedies agayns thise foule things and this foule synne of envye. First is the love of God principal, and lovynge of his neighebor as himself; sothely that oon ne may nought ben withoute that other. And truste wel, that in the name of thy neighebour thou schalt understonde the name of thy brother; for certes alle we have oon fader fleisschly, and oon mooder, that is to sain, Adam and Eva; and eek oon fader spirituel, and that is God of heven. Thy neighebor artow holden for to love, and wilne him al godenesse, and therfore saith God, love thy neighebor as thyself; that is to sayn, bothe to savacioun of lif and of soule. And moreover thou schalt love him in word, and in benigne amonestyng and chastising, and comforte him in his annoyes, and praye for him with al thin herte. And in dede thou schalt love him in such wise that thou schalt do to him in charité, as thou woldist it were doon to thin oughne persone; and therfore thou schalt doon him noon harme in wikked word, ne damage him in his body, ne in his catel, ne in his soule, by wicked entising of ensample. Thou schalt nought desiren his wif, ne noone of his thinges. Understonde eek that in the name of neighebor is comprehendid his enemy; certes man schal love his enemy by the comaundement of God, and sothly thy frend schalt thou love in God. I sayde thin enemy schaltow love for Goddes sake, by his comaundement; for if it were resoun that man schulde hate his enemy, for sothe God nolde nought receyve us to his love that ben his enemyes. Agains thre maner of wronges that his enemy doth to him, he schal do thre things, as thus: agayns hate and rancour of herte, he schal love him in herte; agayns chydyng and wicked wordes, he schal pray for his enemye; agains wikked dede of his enemy, he schal doon him bounté. For Crist saith, loveth youre enemyes, and prayeth for hem that speke you harme, and for hem that yow chacen and pursewen; and doth bounté to hem that yow haten. Lo, thus comaundeth us oure Lord Jhesu Crist to do to oure enemyes; for sothely nature driveth us to love oure frendes, and parfay oure enemyes han more neede to love than oure frendes. For sothely to hem that more neede have, certis to hem schul men do goodnes. And certis in thilke dede have we remembraunce of the love of Jhesu Crist that dyed for his enemys. And in als moche as thilke love is more grevous to parforme, so moche is the more gret remedye and meryt, and therfore the lovyng of oure enemy hath confoundid the venym of the devel; for right as the devel is confoundid by humilité, right so is he woundid to the deth by love of oure enemy. Certes thanne is love the medicine that castith out the venym of envye fro mannes hert. The spices of this part schuln be more largely declared in here chapitres folwynge.

De ira.

After envye wol I descryven the synne of ire; for sothely who so hath envye upon his neighebor, anoon he wol comunly fynde him a matiere of wraththe in word or in dede agayns him to whom he hath envie. And as wel cometh ire of pride as of envye, for sothly he that is proud or envyous is lightly wroth. This synne of ire, after the descryvyng of seint Austyn, is wikked wille to ben avengid by word or by dede. Ire, after the philosofer, is the fervent blood of man i-quiked in his hert, thurgh which he wolde harm to him that him hatith; for certes the hert of man by eschawfyng and moevyng of his blood waxith so trouble, that he is out of alle juggements of resoun. But ye schal understonde that ire is in tuo maneres, that oon of hem is good, that other is wikked. The goode ire is by jalousy of goodnesse, thurgh which a man is wroth with wikkidnes and agayn wikkednesse. And therfore saith a wise man, that ire is bet than play. This ire is with debonairté, and it is wroth without bitternes; not wroth with the man, but wroth with the mysdedes of the man; as saith the prophet David, *Irascimini, et nolite peccare, etc.* Now understonde that wikked ire is in tuo maners, that is to sayn, sodeyn ire or hastif ire withoute avysement and consenting of resoun; the menynge and the sentence of this is, that the resoun of a man ne consentith not to thilke sodein ire, and thanne is it venial. Another ire is ful wicked, that cometh of felony of herte, avysed and cast biforn, with wickid wille to do vengeaunce, and therto his resoun consentith; and sothely this is deedly synne. This ire is so displesaunt to God, that it troublith his hous, and chaceth the holy Gost out of mannes soule, and wastith and destroyeth that liknes of God, that is to say, the vertu that is in mannes soule, and put in him the liknes of the devel, and bynymeth the man fro God that is his rightful lord. This ire is a ful greet plesaunce to the devel, for it is the develes fornays that is eschaufid with the fuyr of helle. For certes right so as fuyr is more mighty to destroye erthely thinges, than eny other element, right so ire is mighty to destroye alle spirituel thinges. Loke how that fuyr of smale gledis, that ben almost dede under asshen, wolden quiken agayn whan thay ben touched with brimstone, right so ire wol evermore quyken agayn whan it is touched by pride that is covered in mannes herte. For certes fuyr may nought come out of no thing, but if it were first in the same thinge naturelly; as fuyr is drawe out of flintes with steel. Right so as pride is often tyme mater of ire, right so is rancour norice and keper of ire. Ther is a maner tree, as saith seint Isidor, that whan men maken fuyr of thilke tree, and cover the colis with asshen, sothly the fuyr of it wol lasten al a yer or more; and right so fareth it of rancour, whan it oones is conceyved in the hertis of som men, certein it wol lasten fro oon Esteren day until another Ester day, and more. But certis thilke man is ful fer from the mercy of God al thilke while.

In this forsaide develes fornays ther forgen thre schrewes; pride, that ay blowith and encresith the fuyr by chidyng and wickid wordis; thanne stont envye, and holdeth the hoote iren upon the hert of man, with a paire of longe tonges of rancour; and thanne stont the sinne of contumelie or strif and cheste, and baterith and forgeth by vileyns reprevynges. Certes this cursed synne annoyeth bothe to the man himsilf, and eek to his neighebor. For sothely almost al the harm that eny man doth to his neighebour cometh thurgh wraththe. For certis, outrageous wraththe doth al that ever the devyl him comaundeth; for he ne spareth neyther for our Lord Jhesu Crist, ne his moodir; and in his outrageous anger and ire, allas! ful many oon at that tyme felith in his herte ful wikkedly, bothe of Crist, and eek of alle his halwes. Is nat this a cursed vice? Yis, certis. It bynymeth fro man his witte and his resoun, and al his deboneire lyf spirituel, that scholde kepen his soule. Certes it bynymeth eek Goddis dewe lordschipe (and that is mannes soule) and the love of his neighebor; it stryveth eek alday agayns trouthe; it reveth him eek the quiete of his hert, and subvertith his herte and his soule.

Of ire cometh these stynkynge engendrures; first, hate, that is old wraththe; discord, thurgh which a man forsakith his olde frend that he hath loved ful longe; and thanne cometh werre, and every maner of wronge that man doth to his neighebor in body or in catel. Of this cursed synne of ire cometh eek manslaughter. And understonde wel that homicidie (that is, manslaughter) is in divers wise. Som maner of homicidie is spirituel, and som is bodily. Spirituel manslaughter is in sixe thinges. First, by hate, as saith seint John, he that hateth his brother, is an homicide. Homicide is eek by bakbytyng, of whiche bakbiters saith Salomon, that thay have twaye swerdes with whiche thay slen here neighebors; for sothely as wikke is to bynyme his good name as his lif. Homicidy is eek in gevyng of wikkid counseil by fraude, as for to yeve counseil to areyse wicked and wrongful custumes and taliages; of whiche saith Salomon, a leoun roryng and bere hungry ben like to the cruel lordschipes, in withholdyng or abrigging of the schipe or the hyre or the wages of servauntes, or ellis in usure, or in withdrawyng of almes of pore folk. For whiche the wise man saith, feedith him that almost dyeth for hunger, for sothely but if thou feede him thou slest him. And eek these ben dedly synnes. Bodily manslaughter is, whan thou sleest him with thy tonge in other manere, as whan thou comaundist to slen a man, or elles givest counseil to slee a man. Manslaughter in dede is in foure maneres. That oon is by lawe, right as a justice dampnith him that is coupable to the deth; but let the justice be war that he do it rightfully, and that he do it nought for delit to spille blood, but for keping of rightwisnes. Another homicidy is doon for necessité, as whan a man sleth another him defendaunt, and that he ne may noon other wise eschape fro his owen deth; but certeynly, if he may escape withoute slaughter of his adversarie, and sleth him, he doth synne, and he schal bere penaunce as for dedly synne. Eek if a man by caas or adventure schete an arwe or cast a stoon with which he sleth a man, he is an homicide Eke if a womman by negligence overlye hir child in hir sleping, it is homicide and deedly synne. Eke whan man distourbith concepcioun of a child, and makith a womman outher bareyn by drinke of venenous herbis, thurgh whiche sche may nought conceyve, or sleth hir child by drynkes, or elles putteth certeyn material thinges in hir secré place to slee the child, or elles doth unkyndely synne, by which man, or womman, schedith here nature in manne or in place ther as the child may nought be conceyved; or ellis if a womman have conceyved, and hurt hirself, and sleth the child, yit is it homycidie. What say we eek of wommen that mordren here children for drede of worldly schame? Certes, it is an horrible homicidy. Eek if a man approche to a womman by desir of lecchery, thurgh the which the child is perischt; or elles smitith a womman wytyngly, thurgh which sche sleeth hir child; alle these ben homicides, and horrible dedly synnes. Yit cometh ther of ire many mo synnes, as wel in word, as in werk and thought; as he that arettith upon God, and blamith God of thing of which he is himself gulty, or despisith God and alle his halwes, as doon these cursed hasardours in divers cuntrees. This cursed synne don thay, whan thay felen in here herte ful wickidly of God and his halwes. Also whan thay treten unreverently the sacrament of the auter, thilke synne is so gret, that unnethe may it be relessed, but that the mercy of God passith alle his werkes, and is so gret and so benigne. Thanne cometh of ire attry anger, whan a man is scharply amonested in his schrifte to forlete synne, thanne wol he be angry, and answere hokerly and angrily, to defenden or excusen his synne by unstedefastnesse of his fleisch; or elles he dede it to holde companye with his felawes; or ellis he saith the fend entised him; or elles he dide it for his youthe; or ellis his complexioun is so corrageous that he may not forbere; or ellis it is desteny, as he saith, unto a certeyn age; or elles he saith it cometh him of gentilesce of his auncetrie, and semblable thinges. Alle these maner of folk so wrappen hem in here synnes, that thay wol nought deliver hemself. For sothely, no wight that excuseth him wilfully of his synne, may nought be delivered of his synne, til that he mekely biknoweth his synne. After this thanne cometh sweryng, that is expres agayns the comaundementz of God; and this bifallith often of angir and of ire. God saith, thou schalt not take the name of thy Lord God in vayn or in ydil. Also, oure Lord Jhesu Crist saith by the word of seint Mathew, ne schal ye not swere in alle manere, neither by heven, for it is Goddes trone, ne by the eorthe, for it is the benche of his feet, ne by Jerusalem, for it is the cité of a gret king, ne by thin heed, for thou may nought make an her whit ne blak; but sayeth, by youre word, ye, ye, and nay, nay; and what it is more, it is of evel. Thus saith Jhesu Crist. For Cristes sake, swereth not so synfully, in dismembring of Crist, by soule, herte, boones, and body; for certes it semeth, that ye thenke that cursed Jewes ne dismembrit nought y-nough the precious persone of Crist, but ye dismembre

him more. And if so be that the lawe compelle yow to swere, thanne reule yow after the lawe of God in youre swering, as saith Jeremie, c°. iiij°. Thou schalt kepe thre condiciouns, thou schalt swere in trouthe, in doom, and in rightwisnes. This is to sayn, thou schalt swere soth; for every lesyng is agayns Crist; for Crist is verray trouthe. And think wel this, that every gret swerer, not compellid lawfully to swere, the wounde[19] schal not depart fro his hous, whil he useth such unleful sweringe. Thou schalt eek swere in doom, whan thou art constreigned by thy domesman to witnesse the trouthe. Eek thou schalt not swere for envye, ne for favour, ne for meede, but oonly for rightwisnesse, and for declaring of it to the worschip of God, and helping of thin even cristen. And therfore every man that takith Goddes name in ydil, or falsly swerith with his mouth, or elles takith on him the name of Crist, and callith himself a cristen man, and lyveth agayn Cristes lyvyng and his teching, alle thay take Goddes name in ydel. Loke eek what saith seint Peter, *Act. c°. iiij°. Non est aliud nomen sub cœlo, etc.*; There is noon other name, saith seint Peter, under heven ne geven to noon men, in which thay mowe be saved, that is to sayn, but in the name of Jhesu Crist. Tak heede eek how precious is the name of Crist, as saith seint Poule, *ad Philippenses ij°. In nomine Jhesu, etc.* that in the name of Jhesu every kne of hevenly creatures, or erthely, or of helle, schulde bowe; for it is so heigh and so worschipful, that the cursed feend in helle schulde tremble to heeren it nempned. Thanne semeth it, that men that sweren so horribly by his blessed name, that thay despise it more boldely[20] than dede the cursed Jewes, or elles the devel, that tremblith whan he heerith his name.

Now certis, sith that swering (but if it be lawfully doon) is so heihly defendid, moche wors is forswering falsely, and yit needeles.

What say we eek of hem that deliten hem in swering, and holden it a gentery or manly dede to swere grete othis? And what of hem that of verray usage ne cessen nought to swere grete othis, al be the cause not worth a strawe? Certes this is horrible synne. Sweryng sodeynly without avysement is eek a gret synne. But let us now go to thilke horrible sweryng of adjuracioun and conjuraciouns, as doon these false enchauntours or nigromanciens in bacines ful of water, or in a bright swerd, in a cercle,[21] or in a fayr, or in the schulder bon of a scheep; I can not sayn, but that thay doon cursedly and dampnably agains Crist, and the faith of holy chirche.

What say we of hem that bilieven on divinailes, as by flight or by nois of briddes or of bestes, or by sort, by geomancie, by dremes, by chirkyng of dores or crakking of howses, by gnawyng of rattis, and such maner wrecchidnes? Certis, al this thing is defended by God and holy chirche, for whiche thay ben accursed, til thay come to amendement, that on such filthe bisetten here bileeve. Charmes for woundes or malady of men or of bestes, if thay take eny effect, it may be peradventure that God suffreth it, for folk schulde geve the more faith and reverence to his name.

Now wol I speke of lesynge, whiche generally is fals signifiaunce of word, in entent to desceyven his even cristen. Som lesyng is, of whiche ther cometh noon avauntage to noon wight; and som lesyng torneth to the ease or profit of som man, and to damage of another man. Another lesyng is, for to save his lif or his catel. Another lesyng cometh of delit for to lye, in which delit thay wol forge a long tale, and paynte it with alle circumstaunces, wher as the ground of the tale is fals. Som lesyng cometh, for he wolde susteyne his word. Som lesyng cometh of rechelesnes withoute avisement, and semblable thinges.

Lat us now touche the vice of flaterie, which cometh not gladly, but for drede, or for coveitise. Flaterie is generally wrongful preysing. Flaterers ben the develes norices, that norisshen his children with mylk of losingerie. For sothe Salomon saith, that flaterie is worse than detraccioun; for som tyme detraccioun makith an hawteyn man be the more humble, for he dredith detraccioun, but certes flaterie makith a man to enhaunsen his hert and his countenaunce. Flaterers ben the develes enchauntours, for thay make man to wene of himself that he is like to that he is nought like. Thay ben like Judas, that bitraied God; and thise flaterers bitrayen a man to selle him to his enemy, that is the devel. Flaterers ben the develes chapeleyns, that singen ay *Placebo.* I rekene flaterie in the vices of ire; for ofte tyme if oon man be wroth with another, thanne wol he flatere som man, to mayntene him in his querel.

Speke we now of such cursyng as cometh of irous hert. Malisoun generally may be said every maner power of harm; such cursyng bireveth man fro the regne of God, as saith seint Poule. And ofte tyme such cursyng wrongfully retourneth agayn to hym that curseth, as a bird retourneth agayn to his owne nest. And over alle thinges men oughten eschewe to cursen here oughne children, and give to the devel here engendrure, as ferforth as in hem is; certis it is gret peril and gret synne.

Let us thanne speke of chydynge and reproche, whiche that ben ful grete woundes in mannes hert, for they unsewe the semes of frendschipe in mannes herte; for certis, unnethe may a man plainly ben accordid with him that him openly revyled, reproved, and disclaundrid; this is a ful grisly synne, as Crist saith in the Gospel. And takith keep now, that he that reproveth his neighebor, outher he reproveth him by som harm of peyne, that he hath upon his body, as mesel, croked harlot; or by som synne that he doth. Now if he repreve him by harm of peyne, thanne tornith the reproef to Jhesu Crist; for peyne is sent by the rightwis sonde of God, and by his suffraunce, be it meselrie, or many other maladies;[22] and if he repreve him uncharitably of synne, as, thou holour, thou dronkelewe harlot, and so forth, thanne aperteyneth that to the rejoysing of the devel, that ever hath joye that men doon synne. And certis, chidyng may nought come but out of a vileins herte, for after the abundaunce of the

[19] *wounde.* Tyrwhitt reads *plage;* the Harl. Ms. reads *wonder.*
[20] *boldely.* The Harl. Ms. reads *bodyly.*
[21] *cercle.* The Harl. Ms. reads *in a churche.*

[22] *many other maladies.* Tyrwhitt reads *maime, or maladie.*

herte speketh the mouth ful ofte. And ye schal understonde, that loke by any way, whan any man schal chastise another, that he be war fro chidyng or reprevyng; for trewely, but he be war, he may ful lightly quiken the fuyr of anger and of wraththe, which that he schulde quenchen; and peraventure sleth, that he mighte chaste with benignité. For, as sayth Salomon, the amiable tonge is the tree of lif; that is to sayn, of life espirituel. And sothely, a dislave tonge sleth the spirit of him that repreveth, and also of him which is repreved. Lo, what saith seint Augustyn, there is no thing so lik the fendes child, as he that ofte chideth. Seint Poule seith eek, a servaunt of God bihoveth nought to chide. And though that chidyng be a vileins thing bitwixe alle maner folk, yit is it certes more uncovenable bitwix a man and his wif, for ther is never rest. And therfore saith Salomon, an hous that is uncovered in rayn and droppyng, and a chidyng wyf, ben like. A man, that is in a dropping hous in many partes, though he eschewe the dropping in oon place, it droppeth on him in another place; so farith it by a chydinge wyf, but sche chide him in oon place, sche wol chide him in another. And therfore better is a morsel of bred with joye, than an hous ful of delices with chyding, seith Salomon. Seint Poul saith, o ye wommen, be ye sugettis to youre housbondes as bihovith in God; and ye men, loveth youre wyves.

After-ward speke we of scornyng, which is a wikked thing, and sinful, and namely whan he scornith a man for his goode workes; for certes, suche scorners faren lik the foule toode, that may nought endure the soote smel of the vine roote, whan it florischith. These scorners ben partyng felawes with the devel, for thay han joye whan the devel wynneth, and sorwe whan he leseth. Thay ben adversaries of Jhesu Crist, for thay haten that he loveth, that is to say, savacioun of soule.

Speke we now of wikked counseil; for he that wickid counseil giveth he is a traytour, for he deceyveth him that trusteth in him, *ut Achitofel ad Absolonem.* But natheles, yet is his wikkid counseil first agens himself. For, as saith the wise man, every fals lyvyng hath this proprété in himself, that he that wil annoye another man, he annoyeth first himself. And men schul understonde, that man schulde nought take his counseil of fals folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially to moche her oughne profyt, ne in to moche worldly folk, namely, in counselyng of mannes soule.

Now cometh the synne of hem that sowen and maken discord amonges folk, which is a synne that Crist hateth outrely; and no wondir is, for God died for to make concord. And more schame do thay to Crist, than dede thay that him crucifiede. For God loveth bettre, that frendschipe be amonges folk, thanne he dide his owne body, which that he gaf for unité. Therfore ben thay likned to the devel, that ever ben aboute to make discord.

Now comith the sinne of double tonge, suche as speken faire biforn folk, and wikkedly bihynde; or elles thay make semblaunt as though thay speke of good entencioun, or ellis in game and play, and yit thay speke in wikked entent.

Now cometh the wreying of counseil, thurgh which a man is defamed; certes unnethe may he restore that damage. Now cometh manace, that is an open foly; for he that ofte manaceth, he threttith more than he may parfourme ful ofte tyme. Now cometh idel wordes, that is withoute profyt of him that spekith the wordes, and eek of him that herkeneth tho wordes; or elles ydel wordes ben tho that ben needeles, or withouten entent of naturel profyt. And al be it that ydil wordes ben som tyme venial synne, yit schulde men doute hem for we schuln give rekenynge of hem bifore God. Now comith jangeling, that may nought be withoute synne; and, as saith Salomon, it is a signe of apert folie. And therfore a philosophre said, whan men askid him how men schulde plese the poeple, and he answerde, do many goode werkes, and spek fewe jangeles. After this cometh the synne of japers, that ben the develes apes, for thay maken folk to laughen at here japes or japerie, as folk doon at the gaudes of an ape; suche japes defendith seint Poule. Loke how that vertuous and holy wordes conforten hem that travailen in the service of Crist, right so conforten the vileins[23] wordes and knakkis and japeries hem that travayle in the service of the devyl. These ben the synnes that cometh of ire, and of other synnes many mo.

Remedium contra iram.

Remedye agayns ire, is a vertue that men clepe mansuetude, that is deboneirté; and eek another vertue that men clepe pacience or sufferaunce. Debonaireté withdrawith and restreigneth the stiringes and the moevynges of mannys corrage in his herte, in such manere, that thai ne skip not out by anger ne by ire. Suffraunce suffrith swetely al the annoyaunce and the wronges that men doon to man out-ward. Seint Jerom saith thus of debonairté, that it doth noon harm to no wight, ne saith; ne for noon harm that men doon ne sayn, he ne eschaufith nought agayns resoun. This vertu comith som tyme of nature; for, as saith the philosopher, man is a quik thing, by nature debonaire, and tretable to goodnesse; but whan debonaireté is enformed of grace, than is it the more worth.

Pacience that is another remedie agains ire, is a vertu that suffreth swetely every mannes goodnes, and is not wroth for noon harm that is doon to him. The philosopher saith, that pacience is thilke vertue that sufferith deboneirly alle the outrages of adversité and every wickid word. This vertue makith a man lik to God, and makith him Goddes oughne dere child, as saith Crist. This vertu destroyeth thin enemy. And therfore saith the wise man, if thou wolt vonquisch thin enemy lerne to suffre. And thou schalt understonde, that man suffrith foure maners of grevaunces in out-ward thinges, agains whiche he moot have foure maners of pacience. The firste grevaunce is of wicked wordes. Thilke suffred Jhesu Crist, withoute gruching, ful paciently, whan the Jewes despised him and reproved him ful ofte. Suffre thou therfore paciently, for the wise man saith, if thou strive with a fool, though the fool be wroth, or though

[23] *vileins.* The Harl. Ms. reads *violent.*

he laughhe, algate thou schalt have no rest. That other grevaunce out-ward is to have damage of thi catel. Theragayn suffred Crist ful paciently, whan he was despoylid of al that he had in his lif, and that nas but his clothis. The thridde grevaunce is a man to have harm in his body. That suffred Crist ful paciently in al his passioun. The ferthe grevaunce is in outrageous labour in werkis; wherfore I say, that folk that maken here servauntz to travaile to grevously, or out of tyme, as on haly dayes, sothely thay doon greet synne. Heroagainst suffred Crist ful paciently, and taughte us pacience, whan he bar upon his blisful schulder the croys upon which he schulde suffre despitous deth. Here may men lerne to be pacient; for certes, nought oonly cristen men ben pacient for the love of Jhesu Crist, and for guerdoun of the blisful life that is pardurable, but the olde paynymes, that never were cristen, comaundedin and useden the vertu of pacience. A philosopher upon a tyme, that wolde have bete his disciple for his grete trespas, for which he was gretly amoeved, and brought a yerde to scourge the child, and whan the child saugh the yerde, he sayde to his maister, "what thenke ye to do?" "I wolde bete the," quod the maister, "for thi correccioun." "Forsothe," quod the child, "ye oughte first correcte youresilf, that han lost al youre pacience for the gilt of a child." "Forsothe," quod the maister al wepyng, "thou saist soth; have thou the yerde, my deere sone, and correcte me for myn impacience." Of pacience cometh obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Crist, and to alle hem to which him oughte to be obedient in Crist. And understonde wel, that obedience is parfyt, whan a man doth gladly and hastily with good herte outrely al that he scholde do. Obedience is generally to parforme the doctrine of God, and of his soveraignes, to whiche him oughte to ben obeissant in alle rightwisnes.

De accidia.

After the synne of envye and ire, now wol I speke of accidie; for envye blendith the hert of a man, and ire troublith a man, and accidie makith him hevy, thoughtful, and wrawe. Envye and ire maken bitternes in herte, which bitternesse is mooder of accidie, and bynimith the love of alle goodnes; thanne is accidie the anguische of a trouble hert. And seint Augustyn saith, it is annoye of goodnesse and annoye of harme. Certes this is a dampnable synne, for it doth wrong to Jhesu Crist, in as moche as it bynymeth the service that we ought to do to Crist with alle diligence, as saith Salomon; but accidie doth noon such diligence. He doth alle thing with anoy, and with wraweness,[24] slaknes, and excusacioun, and with ydelnes and unlust; for which the book saith, accursed be he that doth the service of God necligently. Thanne is accidie enemy to every astaat of man. For certes thestat of man is in thre maners; either it is thestat of innocence, as was thastate of Adam, biforn that he fel into synne, in which estate he is holden to worche, as in herying and honouryng of God. Another astat is thestate of sinful man; in which estate men ben holden to labore in praying to God for amendement of her synnes, and that he wolde graunte hem to rise out of here synnes. Another estaat is thestate of grace, in which he is holde to werkis of penitence; and certes, to alle these thinges is accidie enemye and contrarie, for it loveth no busynes at al. Now certis, this foule synne accidie is eek a ful gret enemy to the liflode of the body; for it hath no purveaunce agens temporel necessité, for it forslowthith, and forsluggith, and destroyeth alle goodes temporels by rechelesnes.

The ferthe thing is that accidie is like hem that ben in the peyne of helle, bycause of her slouthe and of her hevynes; for thay that ben dampned, ben so bounde, that thay may nought wel do ne wel thenke. Of accidie cometh first, that a man is annoyed and encombrid for to do eny goodnes and makith that God hath abhominacioun of such accidie, as saith seint Johan.

Now cometh slouthe, that wol suffre noon hardnes ne no penaunce; for sothely, slouthe is so tendre and so delicat, as saith Salomon, that he wol suffre noon hardnes ne penaunce, and therfore he schendeth al that he doth. Agayns this roten hertid synne of accidie and of slouthe schulden men exercise hemself to do goode werkes, and manly and vertuously cacchin corrage wel to doo, thinking that oure Lord Jhesu Crist quiteth every good dede, be it never so lyte. Usage of labour is a ful greet thing; for it makith, as saith seint Bernard, the laborer to have stronge armes and harde synewes; and slouthe maketh hem feble and tendre. Thanne cometh drede to bygynne to werke eny goode deedes; for certes, who that is enclined to don synne,[25] him thinkith it is so gret emprise for to undertake to doon werkes of goodnes, and casteth in his herte that the circumstaunces of goodnes ben so grevous and so chargeaunt for to suffre, that he dare not undertake to doon werkes of goodnes,[26] as saith seint Gregory.

Now cometh wanhope, that is, despair of the mercy of God, that cometh som tyme of to moche outrageous sorwe, and som tyme of to moche drede, ymagynynge that he hath do so moche synne that it will not availe him, though he wolde repent him, and forsake synne; thurgh which despeir or drede, he abandounith al his herte to alle maner synne, as seith seint Augustin. Whiche dampnable synne, if that it continue unto his lyves ende, it is cleped the synnyng of the holy gost. This horrible synne is so perilous, that he that is despaired, ther is no felonye, ne no synne, that he doutith for to do, as schewed wel by Judas. Certes, above alle synnes than is this synne most displesant to Crist, and most adversarie. Sothely, he that despeirith him, is like the coward campioun recreaunt, that flieth[27] withoute neede. Allas! allas! needeles is he recreaunt, and needeles despeired. Certes, the mercy of God is ever redy to the penitent, and is above alle his werkes. Allas! can not a man bythenk him on the Gospel of seint Luk, wheras

[24] *wraweness*. The Harl. Ms. reads *drawness*.

[25] *Who that is enclined to don synne*. Tyrwhitt reads *he that-enclineth to sinne*.

[26] *and casteth . . . werkes of goodnes*. These words are neither in the Harl. nor Lansd. Mss.

[27] *flieth*. So Tyrwhitt; the Harl. reads *that seith recreaunt withoute neede*. The reading of the Lansd. Ms. is *seithe creant*.

Crist saith, that as wel schal ther be joye in heven upon a synful man that doth penitence, as upon nynety and nyne that ben rightful men that needen no penitence? Loke forther in the same Gospel, the joye and the fest of the goode man that had lost his sone, whan the sone with repentaunce was torned to his fader. Can not thay remembre eek that as saith seint Luk, xxiij°, how that the thef that was hangid biside Jhesu Crist, sayde, Lord, remembre of me, whan thou comest into thy regne? For sothe saith Crist, to-day thou schalt be with me in paradis. Certis, ther is noon so horrible synne of man, that it ne may in his lif be destroyed with penitence, thorugh vertue of the passioun of the deth of Crist. Allas! what needith it man thanne to be despaired, sith that his mercy is so redy and large? Aske and have. Thanne cometh sompnolence, that is, sluggy slumbring, which makith a man ben hevy and dul in body and in soule, and this synne cometh of slouthe; and certes, the tyme that by way of resoun man schulde nought slepe, that is by the morwe, but if ther were cause resonable. For sothely the morwe tyde is most covenable to a man to say his prayers, and for to thenk upon his God, and to honoure God, and to geve almes to the pore that first cometh in the name of Crist. Lo what saith Salomon: who so wol by the morwe arise and seeke me, schal fynde me. Than cometh negligence that rekkith of nothing. And how that ignoraunce be moder of alle harm, certis, neglegence is the norice. Neeligence doth no force, whan he schal doon a thing, whethir he doo it wel or baddely.

Of the remedy of these tuo synnes, as saith the wise man, that he that dredith God, he sparith nought to do that him ought to don; and he that lovith God, wol do diligence to plese God by his werkis and abounde himself, with alle his might, wel for to doon. Thanne comith ydelnes, that is the gate of alle harmes. An ydil man is like an hous that hath noone walles; the develes may entre on every syde or schete at him at discovert by temptaciouns on every syde. This ydelnes is the thurrok of alle wickid vileyns thoughtes, and of alle jangles, tryfles, and of alle ordure. Certes the heven is geven to hem that wol laboure and nought to ydil folk. Eke David saith, that thay ne ben not in the labour of men, ne thay schul not be wiped with men, that is to sain, in purgatorie. Certis thanne semeth it that thay schal be tormentid with the devel in helle, but if thay don penitence.

Thanne comith the synne that men clepe *tarditas*, as whan a man is so latrede or tarying er he wil torne to God; and certis, that is a gret foly. He is like him that fallith into the diche, and wol not arise. And this vice cometh of a fals hope, that he thinkith he schal lyve longe; but that hope fayleth full ofte.

Thanne comith laches, that is, he that when he bigynneth any good werk, anoon he wol forlete it and stynte, as doon thay that han eny wight to governe, and ne take of hem no more keep anoon as thay fynde eny contrarie or eny anoy. These ben the newe schepherdes, that leten her schep wityngely go renne to the wolf, that is in the breres, or don no force of her oughne governaunce. Of this cometh povert and destruccioun, bothe of spirituel and of temporel thinges. Thanne cometh a maner coldenesse, that freseth al the hert of man. Thanne cometh undevocioun thurgh which a man is so blunt, and as saith seint Bernard, he hath such a langour in soule, that he may neyther rede ne synge in holy chirche, ne heere ne thinke on devocioun in holy chirche, ne travayle with his hondes in no good werk, that nys to him unsavory and al apalled. Thanne waxith he slowe and slombry, and soone wol he be wroth, and soone is enclined to hate and to envye. Thanne cometh the synne of worldly sorwe such as is clepid *tristitia*, that sleth man, as saith seint Poule. For certis such sorwe werkith to the deth of the soule and of the body also, for therof cometh, that a man is anoyed of his oughne lif, which sorwe schorteth ful ofte the lif of a man, or that his tyme is come by way of kynde.

Remedium contra accidiam.

Agains this horrible synne of accidie, and the braunches of the same, ther is a vertu that is cleped *fortitudo* or strengthe, that is, an affeccioun thurgh which a man despiseth alle noyous thinges. This vertu is so mighty and so vigurous, that it dar withstonde mightily the devel, and wisely kepe himself from perils that ben wiched, and wrastil agains the assautes of the devel; for it enhaunsith and enforceth the soule, right as accidie abateth it and makith it feble; for this *fortitudo* may endure with long sufferaunce the travailes that ben covenables. This vertu hath many spices; the first is cleped magnanimité, that is to sayn gret corrage. For certis ther bihoveth gret corrage agains accidie, lest that it ne swolwe not the soule by the synne of sorwe, or destroye it by wanhope. This vertu makith folk undertake harde and grevous thinges by her owne wille, wilfully and resonably. And for als moche as the devel fighteth agaynst a man more by queyntise and by sleight than by strengthe, therfore many a man schal ageinstonde him by witte, and by resoun, and by discreccioun. Thanne is ther the vertu of faith, and hope in God and in his seintes, to acheven[28] and to accomplice the goode werkes, in the whiche he purposith fermely to continue. Thanne cometh seurté or sikernes, and that is whan a man doutith no travaile in tyme comyng of good werk that a man hath bygonne. Thanne cometh magnificence, that is to say, whan a man doth and performith grete werkes of goodnesse that he hath bygonne, and that is thend why that men schulden do goode werkes. For in the accomplising of grete goode werkes lith the grete guerdoun. Thanne is ther constaunce, that is stablenes of corrage, and this schulde ben in herte by stedefast faith, and in mouthe and in berying, and in cheer, and in deede. Eek ther ben mo special remedies agayns accidie, in dyvers werkis, and in consideracioun of the peyne of helle and of the joye of heven, and in the trust of the hyhe grace of the holy gost, that wil geve him might to parforme his good entent.

[28] *acheven.* The Ha 1. Ms. reads *to eschew*, which appears to be contrary to the sense.

De avaritia.

After accidie I wil speke of avarice, and of coveytise; of whiche synne saith seint Poule, that the roote of alle eveles and harmes is coveytise. For sothely whan the hert of man is confoundid in itself and troublid, and that the soule hath lost the comfort of God, thanne seekith he an ydel solas of worldly thinges. Avarice, after the descripcioun of seint Austyn, is a likerousnes in hert to have erthely thinges. Some other folk sayn, that avarice is for to purchase many erthely thinges, and no thing geve to hem that han neede. And understonde, that avarice ne stont not oonly in lond ne in catel, but som tyme in science and in glorie, and eny maner[29] outrageous thinges is avarice. And the difference bytwixe avarice and coveytise is this: coveitise is for to coveyte suche thinges as thou hast not; and avarice is to withholde and kepe suche thinges as thou hast, withoute rightful neede. Sothely, this avarice is a synne that is ful dampnable, for al holy writ curseth it, and spekith agayn that vice, for it doth wrong to Jhesu Crist, for it bireveth him the love that men to him owen, and turnith it bakward agayns al resoun, and makith that the avarous man hath more hope in his catel than in Jhesu Crist, and doth more observaunce in keping of his tresour, than he doth in the service of Jhesu Crist. And therfore saith seint Poule, *ad Ephes.* that an averous man is in the thraldom of ydolatrie.

What difference is ther bitwen an ydolaster and an avarous man, but that an ydolaster peradventure hadde but a mawment or tuo, and the avarous man hath manye? for certes, every floreine in his coffre is his mawmet. And certes, the synne of mawmetrie is the firste thing that God defendith in the ten comaundementz, as berith witnes in *Exod. cap.* xx. Thou schalt have noone false goddes biforn me, ne thou schalt make to the no grave thing. Thus is he an averous man that loveth his tresor toforn God, and an idolaster. Thurgh his cursed synne of avarice and coveytise comen these harde lordschipes, thurgh whiche men ben destreyned by tallages, custumes, and cariages, more than here duete of resoun is, and elles take thay of here bondemen amercimentes, whiche mighte more resonably ben callid extorciouns than mercymentis. Of whiche mersyments and raunsonyng of bondemen, some lordes stywardes seyn, that it is rightful, for as moche as a cherl hath no temporel thing that it nys his lordes, as thay sayn. But certes, thise lordeshipes doon wrong, that bireven here bondemen thinges that thay never gave hem. *Augustinus de Civitate Dei, libro* ix. Soth is the condicioun of thraldom, and the firste cause of thraldom is sinne. *Genes.* v.

Thus may ye seen, that the gilt deserved thraldom, but not nature. Wherfore these lordes schulden nought to moche glorifie in here lordschipes, sith that by naturel condicioun thay ben nought lordes of here thralles, but for thraldom com first by the desert of synne. And forthermore, ther as the lawe sayth, that temporel goodes of bondefolk been the goodes of her lordes; ye, that is to understonde, the goodes of the emperour, to defende hem in here right, but not to robbe hem ne to reve hem. And therfore seith Seneca, thi prudence schulde live benignely with thi thrallis. Thilke that thay clepe thralles, ben Goddes poeple; for humble folk ben Cristes frendes; thay ben contubernially with the Lord. Thenk eek as of such seed as cherles springen of such seed springe lordes; as wel may the cherl be saved as the lord. The same deth that takith the cherl, such deth takith the lord. Wherfore I rede, do right so with thi cherl as thou woldist thi lord dide with the, if thou were in his plyt. Every sinful man is a cherl as to synne. I rede the certes, thou lord, that thou werke in such a wise with thy cherles that thay rather love the than drede the. I wot wel, ther is degre above degre, as resoun is and skil, that men don her devoir ther as it is dewe; but certes, extorciouns, and despit of oure underlinges, is dampnable.

And forthermore understonde wel, that conquerours or tyrauntes maken ful ofte thralles of hem that born ben of als royal blood as ben thay that hem conqueren. This name of thraldom[30] was never erst couth til Noe sayde that his sone Chanaan schulde be thral of his bretheren for his synne. What say we thanne of hem that pylen and doon extorciouns to holy chirche? Certis, the swerdes that men geven first to a knight whan he is newe dubbyd, signifieth that he schulde defende holy chirche, and not robbe it ne pyle it, and who so doth is traitour to Crist. And as seith seint Austin, thay ben the develes wolves, that stranglen the scheep of Jhesu Crist, and doon wors than wolves, for sothely, whan the wulf hath ful his wombe, he stintith to strangle scheep; but sothly, the pilours and the destroyers of the goodes of holy chirche ne doon nought so, for thai stinte never to pile. Now as I have sayd, sith so is, that synne was first cause of thraldom, thanne is it thus, that ilke tyme that al this world was in synne, thanne was al this world in thraldom, and in subjeccioun, but certis, sith the tyme of grace com, God ordeyned that somme folk schulde be more heigh in estaate and in degre, and somme folkes more lowe, and that everich schulde be served in here estate and in degree. And therfore in somme contrees ther thay ben thralles, whan thay han turned hem to the faith, thay make here thralles free out of thraldom. And therfor certis the lord oweth to his man, that the man oweth to the lord. The pope callith himself servaunt of servauntes of God. But for as moche as the staat of holy chirche ne might not have ben, ne the commune profit might nought have ben kepte, ne pees ne reste in erthe, but if God had ordeyned som man of heiher degre, and some men of lower, therfore was soveraignte ordeyned to kepe, and to mayntene, and defende her underlynges or her subjectis in resoun, as ferforth as it lith in her power, and not to destroye ne confounde hem. Wherfore I say, that thilke lordes that be like wolves, that devouren the possessioun or the catel of pore folk wrongfully withoute mercy or mesure, thay schul receyve by the same mesure that thay

[29] *eny maner.* Tyrwhitt reads *in every maner.*

[30] *thraldom.* The Harl. Ms. reads *cherldom.*

han mesured to pover folk the mercy of Jhesu Crist, but if it be amendid. Now cometh deceipt bitwixe marchaunt and marchaunt. And thou schalt understonde that marchaundise is in tuo[31] maneres, that oon is bodily, and that other is gostly; that oon is honest and leful, and that other is dishonest and unleful. Of thilke bodily marchaundise that is honest and leful is this, that ther as God hath ordeyned that a regne or a cuntré is suffisaunt to himself, thanne is it honest and leful that of the abundaunce of this contré men helpe another cuntré that is more needy; and therfore ther moote be marchauntz to bringe fro that oon cuntré to that other her merchaundise. That other marchaundise, that men hauntyn with fraude, and treccherie, and deceipt, with lesynges and fals othis, is cursed and dampnable. Espirituel marchaundize is proprely symonie, that is, ententyf desire to beye thing espirituel, that is, thing that apperteyneth to the seintuarie of God, and to the cure of the soule. This desire, if so be that a man do his diligence to parforme it, al be it that his desir take noon effect, yit is it to him a dedly synne; and if he be ordrid, he is irreguler. Certis, symonye is cleped of Symon Magus, that wolde han bought for temporel catel the gifte that God had given by the holy gost to seint Petir and to thapostlis; and therfor understonde, that bothe he that sellith and he that bieth thinges espiritueles ben cleped symonials, be it by catel, be it by procurement, or by fleisshly prayere of his frendes, either fleisshly frendes or spirituel frendes, fleisshly in tuo maneres, as by kynrede or other frendes. Sothely, if thay pray for him that is not worthy and able, if he take the benefice it is symonie; and if he be worthy and able, it is noon. That other maner is, whan man, or woman, prayen for folk to avaunce hem oonly for wikkid fleisshly affeccioun that thay have unto the persone, and that is ful symonye. But certis, in service, for whiche men given thinges espirituels unto her servauntes, it moste ben understonde, that the service moste be honest, and ellis not, and eek that it be withoute bargaynynge, and that the persone be able. For, as saith seint Damase, alle the synnes of this world, at the reward of this synne, is a thing of nought, for it is the gretteste synne that may be after the synne of Lucifer and of Antecrist; for by this synne God forlesith the chirche and the soule, that he bought with his precious blood, by hem that geven chirches to hem that ben not digne, for thay putten in theves, that stelen the soules of Jhesu Crist, and destroyen his patrimoygne. By suche undigne prestis and curates han lewed men lasse reverence of the sacrament of holy chirche; and suche geveres of chirches putten out the children of Crist, and putten into the chirche the develes oughne sone; thay sellen soules that lambes schulde kepe to the wolf that stranglith hem; and therfore schal thay never have part of the pasture of lambes, that is, the blisse of heven.

Now cometh hasardrie with his appertenaunce, as tables and rafles, of whiche cometh deceipt, fals othis, chidynges, and alle raveynes, blasphemyng, and reneying of God and hate of his neighebors, wast of goodes, mispending of tyme, and som tyme manslaughter. Certes, hasardours ne mowe not be withoute gret synne, whil thay haunte that craft. Of avarice cometh eek lesynges, thefte, and fals witnesse and fals othes. And ye schul undirstonde that those ben grete synnes, and expresse agains the comaundements of God, as I have sayd. Fals witnesse is in word and eek in dede; as for to bireve thin neighebor his good name by thy fals witnessinge, or bireve him his catel or his heritage by thy fals witnesse, whan thou for ire, or for meede, or for envie, berest fals witnes, or accusist him, or excusist him by thy fals witnes, or ellis excusist thiself falsly. Ware yow, questemongers and notaries. Certis, for fals witnessynge was Susanna in ful gret sorwe and peyne, and many another mo. The synne of thefte is eek expresse agayns Goddes hestis, and that in tuo maners, corporel and spirituel; corporel, as for to take thy neighebours catel agayns his wille, be it by force or by sleight; be it by mette or by mesure; by stelynge eek of fals enditements upon him; and in borwyng of thin neghebores catelle in entent never to paye, and in semblable thinges. Espirituel thefte is sacrilege, that is to sayn, hurtynge of holy thinges, or of thing sacred to Crist. Sacrilege is in tuo maneres; that oon is by reasoun of holy place, as chirches or chirchehawes; for whiche every vileins synne that men doon in suche places may be clepid sacrilege, or every violence in semblable place; that other maner is as tho that withdrawen falsly the rentes and rightes that longen to holy chirche; and generally, sacrilege is to reve holy thing fro holy place, or unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thing out of unholy place.

Remedium contra avariciam.

Now schul ye understonde that the relevynge of avarice is misericorde and pité largely taken. And men might axen, why that misericord and pité is relievyng of avarice; certes, the avaricious man schewith no pité ne misericorde to the needeful man. For he delitith him in the kepyng of his tresor, and nought in the rescowing ne relievyng of his even cristen. And therfore speke I first of misericord. Thanne is misericord, as saith the philosopher, a vertu, by which the corrage of a man is stired by the myseise of him that is myseysed. Upon which misericorde folwith pité, in parformyng of chariteable werkis of mercie, helping and comforting him that is misesed. And certes, these moeven men to the misericord of Jhesu Crist, that gaf himself for oure guilt, and suffred deth for misericord, and forgaf us oure original synne, and therby relessid us fro peyne of helle, and amenusid the peynes of purgatorie by penitence, and geveth grace wel to do, and at the laste the joye of heven. The spices of misericorde ben for to love, and for to give, and eek for to forgive and for to relesse, and for to have pité in herte, and compassioun of the meschief of his even cristen, and eek chastise ther as neede is. Another maner of remedye agayns avarice, is resonable largesse; but sothely here bihovith the consideracioun of the grace of Jhesu Crist, and of the temporel goodes, and eek

[31] *tuo*. The Harl. Ms reads *in many maneres*, which seems by the context to be wrong.

of the goodes perdurable that Crist gaf us, and eek to have remembraunce of the deth that he schal resceyve, he noot not whanne; and eke he schal forgon al that he hath, save oonly that he hath dispendid in goode werkes.

But for als moche as some folk ben unresonable, men oughte to eschiewe foly-largesse, the whiche men clepen wast. Certes, he that is fool-large, he giveth nought his catel, but he leseth his catel. Sothely, what thing that he giveth for vaynglorie, as to mynstrals, and to folk for to bere his renoun in the world, he hath synne therof, and noon almes; certes, he lesith foule his goodes, that sekith with the gift of his good no thing but synne. He is like to an hors that sekith rather to drynke drovy watir, and trouble, than for to drinke watir of the welle that is cleer. And for as moche as thay give ther as thay schuld not give, to hem appendith thilke malisoun that Crist schal give at the day of doom to hem that schal be dampned.

De gula.

After avarice cometh glotenye, which is expresse eke agayns the comaundement of God. Glotenye is unresonable and desordeyned coveytise to ete and to drynke. This synne corruptid al this world, as is wel schewed in the synne of Adam and of Eva. Loke eek what saith seint Poul of glotouns: many, saith he, gon, of whiche I have ofte said to yow, and now I say it wepyng, that thay ben thenemyes of the cros of Crist, of whiche thende is deth, and of whiche here wombe is here God and here glorie; in confusioun of hem that so saveren erthely thinges. He that is usaunt to this synne of glotonie, he ne may no synne withstonde, he moste be in servage of alle vices, for it is the deveIes horde, ther he hideth him inne and resteth. This synne hath many spices. The firste is dronkenes, that is thorrible sepulture of mannes resoun; and therefore whan man is dronken, he hath lost his resoun; and this is dedly synne. But schortly, whan that a man is not wont to strong drinke, and peraventure ne knowith not the strengthe of the drynk, or hath feblesse in his heed, or hath travayled, thurgh whiche he drynkith the more, and be sodeynly caught with drynke, it is no dedly synne, but venial. The secounde spice of glotenie is, whan the spirit of a man wexith al trouble for drunkenesse, and bireveth him his witte and his discressioun. The thridde spice of glotouns is, when a man devoureth his mete, and hath no rightful maner of etyng. The ferthe is, whan thurgh the grete abundaunce of his mete, the humours in his body been distemprid. The fifte is, forgetfulnes by to moche drinking, for which a man somtyme forgetith by the morwe what he dide at eve, or on the night bifore.

In other maner ben distinct the spices of glotonye, after seint Gregory. The firste is, for to ete or drynke byfore tyme to ete. The secound is, whan man giveth him to delicate mete or drinke. The thridde is, whanne man takith to moche therof over mesure. The ferthe is, curiosité, with gret entent to make and apparayle his mete. The fifte is, for to ete to gredely. These ben the fyve fyngres of the develes hand, by whiche he drawith folk to synne.

Remedium contra gulam.

Agayns glotonye the remedie is abstinence, as saith Galien; but that hold I nought meritorie, if he do it oonly for the hele of his body. Seint Austyn wol that abstinence be don for vertu, and with pacience. Abstinence, he saith, is litil worth, but if a man have good wille therto, and but it be enforced by pacience and by charité, and that men doon it for Goddes sake, and in hope to have the blisse of heven. The felawes of abstinence ben attemperaunce, that holdith the mene in alle thinges; eek schame, that eschiewith al dishonesté; suffisaunce, that seeketh noone riche metes ne drynkes, ne doth no force of to outrageous apparaillyng of mete; mesure also, that restreyneth by reson the dislave appetit of etyng; sobernes also, that restreyneth the outrage of drinke; sparing also, that restreyneth the delicat ese to sitte longe at mete, wherfore som folk stonden of here owne wille to ete, because they wol ete at lasse leysir.

De luxuria.

After glotonye thanne cometh leccherie, for these two synnes ben so neih cosyns, that ofte tyme thay wol not departe. *Unde Paulus ad Ephes., nolite inebriari vino in quo est luxuria, etc.* God wot this synne is full displesaunt thing to God, for he sayde himself, Do no leccherie. And therfore he putte gret peyne agayn this synne. For in the olde law, if a womman thral were take in this synne, sche scholde be beten with staves to the deth; and if sche were a gentilwomman, sche schulde be slayn with stoones; and if sche were a bisschoppis doughter, sche schulde be brent by Goddis comaundement. Fortherover, for the synne of leccherie God dreinte al the world at the diluvie, and after that he brent fyve citees with thonder layt, and sonk hem into helle.

Now let us thanne speke of thilke stynkyng synne of leccherie, that men clepen advoutry, that is of weddid folk, that is to sayn, if that oon of hem be weddid, or elles bothe. Seint Johan saith, that advouterers scholn be in helle in watir brennyng of fuyr and of brimston; in fuyr for the leccherie, in brimston for the stynk of her ordure. Certis the brekyng of this sacrament is an horrible thing; it was makid of God himself in Paradis, and confermed of Jhesu Crist, as witnesseth seint Mathew; a man schall lete fader and mooder, and take him to his wif, and thay schul ben two in oon fleisch. This sacrament bitokeneth the knyttyng togider of Crist and of holy chirche. And nat oonly that God forbad advotrie in dede, but eek he comaunded, that thou scholdest not coveyte thy neyhebors wif. In this heste, seith seint Austyn, is forboden al maner coveytise to do leccherie. Lo what seith seint Mathew in the Gospel, that who so seth a womman, to coveytise of his lust, he hath doon lecchery with hir in his herte. Here may ye se, that nought oonly the dede of this synne is forboden, but eek the desir to do that synne. This cursed synne annoyeth grevously hem that it haunten; and first to here soule, for he obligith it to synne and to pyne of the deth that is perdurable; unto the body annoyeth it grevously

also, for it dreyeth him and wastith him, and schent him, and of his blood he makith sacrifice to the devel of helle; it wastith eek his catel and his substaunce. And certes, if that it be a foul thing a man to waste his catel on wommen, yit is it a fouler thing, whan that for such ordure wommen dispende upon men here catel and here substaunce. This synne, as saith the prophete, byreveth man and wromman her good fame and al here honour, and it is ful pleasaunt to the devel; for therby wynneth he the moste pray of this world. And right as a marchaunt delitoth him most in chaffare that he hath most avauntage of, right so delitith the feend in this ordure.

This is the other hond of the devel, with fyve fyngres, to cacche the poeple to his vilonye. The firste fynger is the foule lokyng of the foule womman and of the foule man, that sleth right as a basiliskoc sleth folk by the venym of his sight; for the coveytise of eyen folwith the coveytise of the herte. The secounde fynger is the vileynes touchinge in wikkid manere. And therfore saith Salomon, that who so touchith and handelith a womman, he farith lik him that handelith the scorpioun, that styngith and sodeinly sleeth thurgh his envenemynge; or as who so touchith warm pieche, it schent his fyngres. The thridde is foule wordes, that farith lik fuyr, that right anoon brenneth the herte. The ferthe is the kissyng; and trewely he were a greet fool that wolde kisse the mouth of a brennyng oven or of a forneys; and more fooles ben thay that kyssen in vilonye, for that mouth is the mouth of helle; and namely thise olde dotard fooles holours, yit wol thay kisse, and flikkere, and besien hemself, though thay may nought do.[32] Certis thay ben like to houndes; for an hound whan he cometh to a roser, or by other bussches, though he may nought pisse, yet wil he heve up his leg and make a countenaunce to pisse. And for that many man weneth he may not synne for no licorousnes that he doth with his wif, certis that oppinioun is fals; God wot a man may sle himself with his owne knyf, and make himself dronke of his oughne tonne. Certis, be it wif, or child, or eny worldly thing, that he lovyth biforn God, it is his maumet, and he is an ydolastre. Man schulde love his wyf by discrescioun, paciently and attemperelly, and thanne is sche as it were his suster. The fyfte fynger of the develes hond, is the stynkynge dede of leccherie. Certes the fyve fyngres of glotonye the devel put in the wombe of a man; and his fyve fyngres of lecchery bygripeth him by the reynes, for to throwe him into the fourneys of helle, there as they schuln have the fuyr and the wormes that ever schal lasten, and wepyng and wayling, and scharp hunger and thurst, and grislines of develes, that schul al to-tere hem withoute respit and withouten ende. Of leccherie, as I sayde, sourdren divers spices: as fornicacioun, that is bitwen man and womman that ben nought maried, and this is dedly synne, and against nature. Al that is enemy and destruccioun to nature, is agayns nature. Par fay the resoun of a man tellith him wel that it is dedly synne, for als moche as God forbad leccherie. And seint Poule gevith hem that regne that is due to no wight but hem that doon synne dedly. Another synne of lecchery is, for to bireve a mayden of hir maydenhode; for he that so doth, certes he casteth a mayden out of the heighest degré that is in the present lif, and birevith hir thilke precious fruyt that the book clepith the hundrid fruyt,—I can geve it noon other name in Englisch, but in Latyn it is i-clepid *centesimus fructus* (*secundum Hieronymum contra Jovinianum*). Certes he that so doth, is cause of many harmes and vilenyes, mo than eny man can rekene; right as he som tyme is cause of alle the damages that bestis doon in the feeld, that brekith the hegge of the closure, thurgh which he destroyeth that may not be restored; for certes no more may maydenhode be restored, than an arm, that is smyten fro the body, retourne agayn to waxe; sche may have mercy, this wot I wel, if sche have wille to do penitence, but never schal it be but that sche nas corrupt. And al be it so that I have spoke somwhat of advoutré, yit is it good to speke of mo perils that longen to advoutré, for to eschiewe that foule synne. Advoutrie, in Latyn, is for to sayn, approaching of other mannes bed, thorugh the which tho that whilom were oon fleisch, abandone here bodyes to other persones. Of this synne, as saith the wise man, many harmes cometh thereof; first, brekyng of faith; and certes faith is the keye of cristendom, and whan that faith is broke and lorn, sothely cristendom is lorn, and stont veyn and withouten fruyt. This synne is eek a theef, for thefte is generally to speke to reve a wight his thing agayns his wille. Certis, this is the foulest thefte that may be, whan a womman stelith hir body from hire housbonde, and giveth it to hire holour to defoule hire, and stelith hir soule fro Crist, and gevith it to the devel. This is a fouler thefte than for to breke a chirche and stele chalises, for these advouterers breke the temple of God spirituelly, and stelen the vessel of grace, that is the body and the soule; for which Jhesu Crist schal destroyen hem, as saith seint Poule. Sothely of this thefte doubtyd gretly Joseph, whan that his lordes wyf prayde him of vilonye, whan he saide, "Lo, my lady, how my lord hath take to me under my warde al that he hath in this world, ne no thing of his power is oute of my power, but oonly ye that ben his wyf; and how schuld I do thanne this wikkidnes, and synne so horribly agayns God, and my Lord? God it forbede!" Alas! al to litel is such trouthe now i-founde. The thridde harm is the filthe, thurgh which thay breken the comaundement of God, and defoule the auctour of here matrimonye, that is Crist. For certis, in so moche as the sacrament of mariage is so noble and so digne, so moche is it the gretter synne for to breke it; for God makid mariage in Paradis in thestat of innocence, to multiplie mankynde to the service of God, and therfore is the brekyng therof the more grevous, of which breking cometh fals heires ofte tymes, that wrongfully occupien mennes heritage; and therfore wolde Crist putte hem out of the regne of heven, that is heritage to goode

[32] *kisse . . . nought do.* The Harl. Ms., supported by the Lansd. Ms., reads *kisse, though thay may nought do and smater hem.* The reading in the text, which is that of Tyrwhitt, seems to me better.

folk. Of this breking cometh eek ofte tyme, that folk unwar wedden or synnen with her kynrede; and namely these harlottis, that haunten bordels of these foule wommen, that mowe be likened to a comune gonge, whereas men purgen her entrayles of her ordure. What say we eke of putours, that lyven by the orrible synne of putrie, and constreyne wymmen, ye, som tyme his oughne wyf or his child, as don these baudes, to yelde hem a certeyn rente of here bodily putrie? Certes, these ben cursede synnes. Understonde eek that avoutrie is set gladly in the ten comaundements bitwixe manslaughter and thefte, for it is the grettest thefte that may be, for it is thefte of body and soule, and it is lik to homicidie, for it kerveth a-tuo hem that first were makid oon fleisch. And therfore by the olde lawe of God thay scholde be slayn, but natheles, by the lawe of Jhesu Crist, that is the lawe of pité, whan he sayde to the womman that was founde in advoutri, and schulde have ben slayn with stoones aftir the wille of the Jewes, as was her law, "Go," quod Jhesu Crist, "and wilne no more to do synne;" sothely, the vengeance of avouterye is awardid to the peyne of helle, but if he be destourbed by penitence. Yit ben ther mo spices of this cursed synne, as whan that oon of hem is religious, or ellis bothe, or for folk that ben entred into ordre, as sub-dekin, or dekin, or prest, or hospitalers; and ever the higher that he be in ordre, the gretter is the synne. The thinges that gretly aggreggith her synne, is the brekyng of here avow of chastité, whan thay resceyved the ordre; and fortherover is soth, that holy ordre is chefe of alle the tresor of God, and is a special signe and mark of chastité, to schewe that thay ben joyned to chastité, which that is the moste precious lif that is. And eek these ordred folk ben specially tytled to God, and of the special meyné of God; of whiche whan thay don dedly synne, thay ben the special traytours of God and of his poeple, for thay lyven of the poeple to praye for the poeple, and whil thay ben suche traytours here prayer avayleth not to the poeple. Prestis ben aungels, as by the dignité of here misterie; but for soth seint Poul saith, that Sathanas transformeth him in an aungel of light. Sothely, the prest that hauntith dedly synne, he may be likened to the aungel of derknes, transformed into the aungel of light; and he semeth aungel of light, but for sothe he is aungil of derknes. Suche prestes ben the sones of Helie, as schewith in the book of Kinges, that thay were the sones of Belial, that is, the devel. Belial is to say, withoute juge, and so faren thay; thay thynke hem fre, and han no juge, no more than hath a fre bole, that takith which cow that him liketh in the toun. So faren thay by wommen; for right as a fre bole is y-nough for al a toun, right so is a wikked prest corrupcioun y-nough for al a parisch, or for al a contray. These prestes, as saith the book, ne conne not ministere the mistery of presthode to the poeple, ne God ne knowe thay not; thay holde hem nought apayed, as saith the book, of soden fleissh that was to hem offred, but thay tooke by force the fleisch that is raw. Certes, so these schrewes holde hem not appayed with rosted fleissh and sode fleissh, with whiche the poeple feeden hem in gret reverence, but thay wil have raw fleisch of folkes wyves and here doughtres. And certes, these wommen that consenten to here harlotrie, don gret wrong to Crist and to holy chirche, and to alle halwes, and to alle soules, for thay bireven alle these hem that schulde worschipe Crist and holy chirche and praye for cristen soules. And therfore han suche prestis, and here lemmans eeke that consenten to here leccherie, the malisoun of al the court cristian, til thay come to amendement. The thridde spice of advoutry is som tyme bitwix a man and his wif, and that is, whan thay take noon reward in her assembling but only to the fleischly delit, as seith seint Jerom, and ne rekke of no thing but that thay be assemblid bycause that they ben maried; al is good y-nough as thinkith hem. But in suche folk hath the devel power, as saith the aungel Raphael to Thoby, for in here assemblyng, thay putten Jhesu Crist out of her herte, and given hemself to alle ordure. The ferthe spice is the assemblé of hem that ben of here kynrede, or of hem that ben of oon affinité, or elles with hem with whiche here fadres or here kynrede han deled in the synne of leccherie; this synne makith hem like houndes, that taken noon heede of kynrede. And certes, parentele is in tuo maneres, eyther gostly or fleisshly. Gostly, as for to dele with her gossib; for right so as he that engendrith a child, is his fleisshly fader, right so is his godfader his fader espirituel; for which a womman may in no lasse synne assemble with hir gossib, than with hire oughne fleischly fader or brother. The fifte spice is thilke abhominable synne, of which that no man unnethe oughte to speke ne write, natheles it is openly rehersed in holy wryt. But though that holy writ speke of horrible synne, certes holy writ may not be defouled, no more than the sonne that schyneth on a dongehul.[33] Another synne apperteneth to lecchery, that cometh in sleping, and this synne cometh ofte to hem that ben maydenes, and eek to hem that ben corrupte; and this synne men clepen pollucioun, that cometh in foure maners; som tyme it cometh of languisschynge of the body, for the humours ben to ranke and to abundaunt in the body of man; som tyme of infirmité, for feblenesse of the vertu retentyf, as phisik maketh mencioun; and som tyme for surfete of mete and drynke; som tyme of vileins thoughtes that ben enclosed in mannes mynde whan he gothe to slepe, which may not be withouten synne; for which man must kepe him wisely, or elles may men synne grevously.

Remedium contra luxuriam.

Now cometh the remedye agens lecchery, and that is generally chastité of wikkedhede and continence that restreyneth alle the disordeigne moevynges that comen of fleischly talentes; and ever the gretter meryt schal he han that most restreyneth eschaufynges of ordure of this synne; and this is in tuo maneres; that is to sayn, chastité of mariage, and chastité of widewhede. Now schalt thou understonde, that matrimoigne is leful assemblynge of man and womman, that

[33] *a dongehul.* The Lansd. Ms. reads *on a mexen*, and Tyrwhitt, *on the myxene*

resceyven by virtu of this sacrement the bond thurgh which thay may not be departid in al here lif, that is to say, while thay lyven bothe. This, as saith the boke, is a ful gret sacrement; God makid it (as I have said) in Paradis, and wolde himself be born in mariage; and for to halwen mariage he was at the weddyng wheras he turnede watir into wyn, which was the firste miracle that he wrought in erthe biforn his disciples. The trewe effect of mariage clensith fornicacioun, and replenischith holy chirche of good lynage, for that is the ende of mariage, and it chaungith dedly synne into venyal synne bituixe hem that ben weddid, and maketh the hertes al one, as wel as the bodyes. This is verray mariage that was first blessed by God, er that the synne bigan, whan naturel lawe was in his right poynt in Paradis; and it was ordeyned, that oon man schulde have but oon womman, and oon womman but oon man, as saith seint Augustyn, by many resouns. First, for mariage is figured bitwixe Crist and holy chirche; another is, for a man is heed of a womman (algate by ordinaunce it schulde be so); for if a womman had mo men than oon, than schulde sche have mo hedes than oon, and that were an horrible thing biforn God; and eek a womman myghte nought please many folk al at oones; and also ther ne schulde never be pees and rest among hem, for everich wolde aske his oughne thing. And fortherover, no man schulde knowe his oughne engendrure, ne who schulde have his heritage, and the womman scholde be the lasse loved fro the tyme that sche were joyned to many men.

Now cometh how that a man schulde bere him with his wif, and namely in tuo thinges, that is to sayn, in sufferaunce and in reverence, and that schewed Crist when he made first womman. For he ne made hire not of the heed of Adam, for sche schulde not to gret lordschipe have: for ther as the womman hath the maistry, sche makith to moche disaray; ther nedith noon ensample of this, the experience that we have day by day ought suffice. Also certes, God ne made nought womman of the foot of Adam, for sche ne scholde nought be holden to lowe, for sche can not paciently suffre. But God made womman of the ribbe of Adam, for womman schulde be felawe unto man. Man schulde bere him to his wif in faith, in trouthe, and in love; as saith seint Poule, that a man schulde love his wif, as Crist loved holy chirche, that loved it so wel that he deyed for it; so schulde a man for his wyf, if it were neede.

Now how that a womman schulde be subject to hir housbonde, that tellith seint Peter, iij° c°; first in obedience. And eek, as saith the decré, a womman that is a wif, as longe as sche is a wif, sche hath noon auctorite to swere ne to bere witnesse, withoute leve of hir housbonde, that is hir lord; algate he schulde be so by resoun. Sche schulde eek serve him in al honesté, and ben attempre of hir array. I wot wel that thay schulde sette here entent to please her housebondes, but nought by here queyntise of array. Seint Jerom saith, that wyves that ben arrayed in silk and in purpre, ne mowe nought clothe hem in Jhesu Crist. Loke what saith saint Johan eek in the same matier. Seint Gregori saith eek, that no wight sekith precious clothing ne array, but oonly for veynglorie to ben honoured the more biforn the poeple. It is a gret folly, a womman to have fair array out-ward, and hirsilf to ben foul in-ward. A wyf schulde eek be mesurable in lokyng, and in beryng, and in laugheing, and discrete in alle hir wordes and hir dedes, and above alle worldly thinges sche schulde love hir housebonde with al hire herte, and to him to be trewe of hir body; so scholde an housebonde eeke ben trewe to his wif; for sith that al the body is the housebondes, so schulde here herte ben, or elles ther is bitwixe hem tuo, as in that, no parfyt mariage. Thanne schal men understonde, that for thre thinges a man and his wyf mowe fleischly assemble. The firste is, in entent of engendrure of children, to the service of God, for certis that is the cause fynal of matrimoyne. The secounde cause is, to yelden everych of hem his dette unto other of his body; for neyther of hem hath power of his oughne body. The thridde is, for to eschiewe leccherie and vilenye. The ferthe for sothe is dedly synne. As to the firste, it is meritory; the secounde also, for, as saith the decré, that sche hath merit of chastité, that yeldith to hir housebonde the dette of hir body, ye though it be agayn hir likyng and the lust of hir hert. The thridde maner is venial synne; and trewly, scarsly may eny of these be withoute venial synne, for the corrupcioun and for the delit. The ferthe maner is for to understonde, as if thay assemble oonly for amorous love, and for noon of the forsayde causes, but for to accomplise thilke brennynge delyt, thay rekke never how ofte, sothely it is dedly synne; and yit, with sorwe, some folk wole more peyne hem for to doon, than to her appetit suffiseth.

The secounde maner of chastité is to ben a clene widewe, and to eschiewe the embrasynges of men, and desiren the embrasynges of Jhesu Crist. These ben tho that han ben wyves, and han forgon here housebondes, and eek wommen that han doon leccherie, and be relieved by penitence. And certis, if that a wyf couthe kepe hir al chast, by licence of hir housebonde, so that sche geve non occasioun that he agilt, it were to hir a gret merit. Thise maner wymmen, that observen chastité, moste be clene in herte as wel as in body, and in thought, and mesurable in clothing and in countenaunce, abstinent in etyng and drynkyng, in speche and in dede, and thanne is sche the vessel or the boyst of the blessed Magdaleyne, that fulfillith holy chirche ful of good odour. The thridde maner of chastité is virginité, and it bihoveth that sche be holy in herte, and clene of body, and thanne is sche spouse of Jhesu Crist, and sche is the lif of aungels; sche is the preysyng of this world, and she is as these martires in egalité; sche hath in hir that tongue may nought telle. Virginité bar oure Lord Jhesu Crist, and virgine was himselve.

Another remedy agayns leccherie is specially to withdrawe suche thinges as given occasioun to thilke vilonye; as is ease, and etyng, and drynkyng; for certes, whan the pot boylith strongely, the beste remedye is to withdrawe the fuyr. Sleping eek longe in greet quiete is also a greet norice unto leccherie.

Another remedye agayns leccherie is, that a

man or a womman eschiewe the companye of hem by whiche he doutith to be tempted; for al be it so that the dede be withstonde, yit is ther gret temptacioun. Sothely a whit wal, although it brenne not fully by stikyng of a candel, yet is the wal blak of the leyte. Ful ofte tyme I rede, that no man truste in his oughne perfeccioun, but he be strenger than Sampson, or holiere than Davyd, or wiser than Salomon.

Now after that I have declared yow the seven dedly synnes as I can, and some of here braunches, and here remedyes, sothely, if I couthe, I wolde telle yow the ten comaundementes, but so heigh a doctrine I leve to divines. But natheles, I hope to God thay ben touchid in this litil tretys everich of hem alle.

Now for as moche as the secounde part of penitence stant in confessioun of mouth, as I bigan in the first chapitre, I say, seint Austyn saith, synne is every word and every dede, and al that men coveyten agayn the lawe of Jhesu Crist; and this is for to synne, in herte, in mouthe, and in dede, by thy fyve wittis, that ben sight, heeryng, smellyng, tastyng, or savoryng, or felyng. Now it is good to understonden the circumstaunces that aggreggen moche to every synne. Thou schalt considre what thou art that dost the synne, whethir that thou be mal or femal, old other yong, gentil or thral, fre or servaunt, hool or seek, weddid or sengle, ordrid or unordred, wys or fool, clerk or seculer; if sche be of thy kyn, bodily or gostly, or noon; if eny of thy kynrede have synned with hire or noon, and many mo thinges.

That other circumstaunce is, whether it be don in fornicacioun or in advoutry, or incest or noon, or mayden or noon, in maner of homicide or non, horrible grete synne or smale, and how long thou hast continued in synne. The thridde circumstaunce is the place wher thou hast don synne, whether in other mennes houses, or in thin owne, in feld, or in chirche, or in chirchehawe, in chirche dedicate, or noon. For if the chirche were halowed, and man or womman spillid his kynde within that place, by way of synne or by wykked temptacioun, it is enterdited til it be reconsiled by the bischop; and the prest scholde be enterdyted that dede such a vilonye to terme of al his lyf, and scholde no more synge no masse; and if he dede, he schulde do dedly synne, at every tyme that he song masse. The ferthe circumstaunce is, by which mediatours, as by messagers, or for entysement, or for consentement, to bere companye with felawship; for many a wrecche, for to bere companye, wol go to the devel of helle. For thay that eggyn or consentyn to the synne, ben parteneres of the synne, and of the dampnacioun of the synnere. The fyfte circumstaunce is, how many tymes that he hath synned, if it be in his mynde, and how ofte he hath falle. For he that ofte fallith in synne, despiseth the mercy of God, and encresceth his synne, and is unkynde to Crist, and he waxith the more feble to withstonde synne, and synneth the more lightly, and the latter arisith, and is the more eschiewe[34] to schrive him; and namely to him that hath ben his confessour. For whiche that folk, whan thay falle agayn to here olde folies, eyther thay forletin her confessours al utterly, or ellis thay departen here schrifte in divers places; but sothely such departed schrifte hath no mercy of God of his synnes. The sixte circumstaunce is, why that a man synneth, as by which temptacioun; and if himself procure thilke temptacioun, or by excityng of other folk; or if he synne with a womman by force or by hir owne assent; or if the womman maugré hir heed hath ben enforced or noon, this schal sche telle, and whether it were for coveytise or for poverte, and if it was hire procuryng or noon, and alle such maner harneys. The seventhe circumstaunce is, in what maner he hath don his synne, or how that sche hath suffred that folk han doon to hire. The same schal the man telle pleynly, with alle the circumstaunces, and whether he have synned with commune bordeal womman or noon, or doon his synne in holy tyme or noon, in fastyng tyme or noon, or biforn his schrifte, or after his latter schrifte, and hath peradventure broken therby his penaunce enjoyned therfor, by whos help or by whos counseil, by sorcery or by other crafte, al moste be told. Alle these thinges, after thay be grete or smale, engreggen the consciens of a man. And eek the prest that is the jugge, may the better ben avysed of his jugement in gyvyng of thy penaunce, and that is after thy contricioun. For understonde wel, that after the tyme that a man hath defouled his baptisme by synne, if he wol come to savacioun, ther is noon other wey but penitence, and schrifte of mouthe, and by satisfaccioun; and namely by tho tuo, if ther be a confessour to which he may schryve him, and the thridde if he have lif to parforme it.

Thanne schal men loke it and considre, that if he wol make a trewe and a profitable confessioun, ther moste be foure condiciouns. First, it moste ben in sorweful bitternesse of herte, as sayde the king Ezechiel to God, I wol remembre me alle the yeres of my lif in bitternes of myn hert. This condicioun of bitternes hath fyve signes; the first is, that confessioun moste be schamefast, not for to covere ne hyde his synne, but for he hath agultid his God and defoulid his soule. And herof saith seint Augustyn, the herte tremblith for schame of his synne, and for he hath gret schamefastnes he is digne to have gret mercy of God. Such was the confessioun of the publican, that wolde nought heve up his eyghen to heven, for he had offendid God of heven; for which schamefastnes he had anon the mercy of God. And therfore seith seint Augustyn, that such schamefast folk ben next forgevenes of remissioun. The secounde signe is humilité of confessioun; of which saith seint Petre, humblith yow under the might of God; the hond of God is myghty in confessioun, for therby God forgiveth the thy synnes, for he alone hath the power. And this humilité schal ben in herte, and in signe outward; for right as he hath humilité to God in his herte, right so schulde he humble his body out-ward to the prest, that sittith in Goddes place. For which in no manere, sith that Crist is soverayn, and the prest is his mene and mediatour betwix Crist and

[34] eschiewe. Tyrwhitt reads *the more slow.*

the synnere, and the synner is the lasse as by way of resoun, thanne schulde nought the confessour sitte as lowe as the synnere, but the synnere schulde knele biforn him or at his feet, but if maladye distourbid it; for he schal take no keep who sittith there, but in whos place that he sitteth. A man that hath trespassed to a lord, and cometh for to axe him of mercy and to maken his accord, and settith him doun anoon by the lord, men wolde holde him outrageous, and not worthy so soone for to have mercy ne remissioun. The thridde signe is, that thy schrifte schulde be ful of teeris, if men may wepe; and if he may not wepe with his bodily eyen, let him wepe with his herte. Such was the confessioun of seint Peter; for after that he hadde forsake Jhesu Crist, he wente out and wepte ful bitterly. The ferthe signe is, that he lette nought for schame to schryve him and to schewen his confessioun. Such was the confessioun of Magdaleyn, that spared for no schame of hem that were at the feste to go to oure Lord Jhesu Crist and byknowe to him hire synne. The fifte signe is, that a man or a womman be obeisaunt to resceyve the penaunce that him is enjoyned. For certis Jhesu Crist for the gultes of oon man was obedient to his deth.

The other condicioun of verray confessioun is, that it hastily be doon; for certes, if a man had a dedly wounde, ever the lenger that he taried to warisch himself, the more wolde it corrupte and haste him to his deth, and eek the wounde wolde be the worse to hele. And right so fareth synne, that long tyme is in a man unschewed. Certes a man oughte soone schewe his synne for many causes; as for drede of deth, that cometh sodeinly, and not certeyn what tyme it schal come, or ben in what place; and eek the drecchyng of oon synne draweth another; and eek the lenger he tarieth, the ferther is he from Crist. And if he abyde unto his laste day, skarsly may he schrive him or remembre him of his synnes, or repente for the grevous malady of his deth. And for as moche as he hath not in his lif herkened Jhesu Crist, whan he hath spoken, he schal crien to Jhesu Crist at his laste day, and scarsly wol he herken him. And understonde that this condicioun moste have foure thinges. First that thy schrifte moste ben purveyed byforn, and avysed, for wikked haste doth no profyt; and that a man can schryve him of his synnes, be it of pride or of envye, and so forth alle the spices and the circumstaunces; and that he have comprehendid in his mynde the nombre and the gretnes of his synne, and how longe he hath lyen in synne; and eek that he be contrit of his sinnes, and in stedefast purpos (by the grace of God) never eft to falle in synne; and eek that he drede and countrewayte himself, and that he flee the occasiouns of synne, to whiche he is enclyned. Also that thou schalt schrive the of alle thin synnes to oon man, and nat a parcel to oon man, and a parcel to another man; that is, understonde, in entent to parte thy confessioun as for schame or drede, for it nys but strangelyng of thy soule. For certes, Jhesu Crist is enterely al good, in him is noon imperfeccioun, and therfore outher he forgiveth al parfitely, or elles never a del. I say nought, if thou be assigned to thy penitencere for certein synne, that thou art bounde to schewe him al the remenaunt of thy synnes, of whiche thou hast ben schryven of thy curate, but if it like the of thin humilité; this is no departyng of schrifte. Ne I ne say not, there as I speke of divisioun of confessioun, that if thou have licence to schryve the to a discret and to an honest prest, wher the likith, and eek by the licence of thy curate, that thou ne maist wel schrive the to him of alle thyn synnes; but let no synne be byhinde untold as fer as thou hast remembraunce. And whan thou schalt be schrive of thi curate, telle him eeke al thy synne that thou hast doon sith thou were last i-schryvne. This is no wikkid entent of divisioun of schrifte.

Also thy verrey schrifte askith certeyn condiciouns. First, that thou schrive the by thy fre wille, nought constreyned, ne for schame of folk, ne for maladye, or such thing; for it is resoun, that he that trespassith with his fre wille, that by his fre wille he confesse his trespas; and that noon other man schal telle his synne but himself; ne he schal not nayte or denye his synne, ne wraththe him with the prest for his amonestynge to lete synne. The secounde condicioun is, that thy schrifte be laweful, that is to sayn, that thou that schrivest the, and eek the prest that herith thy confessioun, ben verrayly in the feith of holy chirche, and that a man be nought despaired of the mercy of Jhesu Crist, as Caym or Judás. And eek a man moot accuse himself of his owne trespas and not another; but he schal blame and wite himself of his oughne malice of his synne, and noon other. But natheless, if that another man be occasioun or ellis enticer of his synne, or that the estate of a persone be such thurgh which his synne aggreggith, or elles that he may not playnly schryve hym but he telle the person with which he hath synned, thanne may he telle it, so that his entent be nought to bakbyte the persone, but oonly to declare his confessioun.

Thow schalt nought eke make no lesyng in thy confessioun for humilité, peradventure to sayn that thou hast don synnes of whiche thou were never gulty; as seint Augustyn saith, if thou bycause of humilité makest lesynges on thiself, though thou were not in synne biforn, yit art thou thanne in synne thurgh thy lesynges. Thou most also schewe thy synne by thyn oughne proper mouth, but thou woxe dombe, and not by no lettre; for thou that hast don the synne, thou schalt have the schame of the confessioun. Thou schalt nought peynte thy confessioun, by faire subtil wordes, to cover the more thy synne; for thanne bigilist thou thiself, and not the prest; thou most telle it platly, be it never so foul ne so horrible. Thou schalt eek schrive the to a prest that is discrete to counsaile the; and thou schalt nought schryve the for veineglorie, ne for ypocrisie, ne for no cause but oonly for the doute of Jhesu Crist and the hele of thy soul. Thou schalt not eek renne to the prest sodeinly, to telle him lightly thy synne, as who tellith a tale or a jape, but avysily and with gret devocioun; and generally schrive the ofte; if thou ofte falle, ofte thou arise by confessioun. And though thou schryve the ofter than oones of synne of which thou hast ben schriven, it is the more merite;

and, as saith seint Augustyn, thou schalt have the more lightly relessyng and grace of God, bothe of synne and of payne. And certes oones a yer atte lest way it is laweful to be houselyd, for sothely oones a yer alle thinges in the erthe renovelen.

De tertia parte penitentiæ.

Now have I told of verray confessioun, that is the secounde partye of penitence. The thridde partye of penitence is satisfaccioun, and that stondith generally in almesdede and bodily peyne. Now ben ther thre maner of almesdede; contricioun of herte, where a man offereth himself to God; the secounde is, to have pité of the defaute of his neighebor; the thridde is, in geving of good counseil and comfort, gostly and bodily, where men han neede, and namely in sustenaunce of mennes foode. And take keep that a man hath neede of these thinges generally, he hath neede of foode, of clothing, and of herberwe, he hath neede of charitable counseil and visityng in prison and malady, and sepulture of his dede body. And if thou may not visite the needeful with thy persone, visite by thy message and by thy giftes. These ben general almesses or werkes of charité, of hem that han temporal riches or discrecioun in counselynge. Of these werkes schalt thou hieren at the day of doom.

This almes schalt thou doon of thin oughne propur thinges, and hastily, and prively if thou maist; but natheles, if thou maist not do it prively, thou schalt nought forbere to do almes, though men se it, so that it be nought don for thank of the world, but oonly for thonk of Jhesu Crist For, as witnessith seint Mathewe, c° v^to^, a cite may not ben hid that is set on a mountayn, ne men light not a lanterne and put it under a buisschel, but men sette it on a candel-stikke, to lighte the men in the hous; right so schal youre light lighten biforn men, that they may se youre goode werkes, and glorifien youre Fader that is in heven.

Now as to speke of bodily peyne, it is in prayere, in wakinges, in fastynges, in vertuous techinges. Of orisouns ye schul understonde, that orisouns or prayeres, is for to seyn, a pitous wil of herte, that redressith it in God, and expressith it by word out-ward, to remeve harmes, and to have thinges espirituel and durable, and som tyme temporel thinges. Of whiche orisouns, certes in the orisoun of the Pater-noster hath oure Lord Jhesu Crist enclosed most thinges. Certis it is privileged of thre thinges in his dignité, for whiche it is more digne than any other prayer; for Jhesu Crist himself maked it; and it is schort, for it schulde be coud the more lightly, and for to withholde it the more esily in herte, and helpe himselfe the oftere with this orisoun, and for a man schulde be the lasse wery to say it, and for a man may not excuse him to lerne it, it is so schort and so easy; and for it comprehendith in itself alle goode prayeres. The exposicioun of this holy praier, that is so excellent and so digne, I bitake to these maystres of theology, save thus moche wol I sayn, whan thou prayest that God schulde forgive the thy gultes as thou forgivest hem that they gulten to the, be ful wel ware that thou be not out of charité. This holy orisoun amenisith eek venial synne, and therfore it appendith specially to penitence.

This praier moste be trewely sayd, and in verray faith and that men pray to God ordinatly, discretly, and devoutly; and alway a man schulde putte his wille to be subject to the wille of God. This orisoun moste eek be sayd with greet humblesse and ful pure, and honestly, and nought to the annoyaunce of eny man or womman. It most eek be continued with the werkis of charité. It avaylith agayns the vices of the soule; for, as seith seint Jerom, by fastyng ben saved the vices of flessch, and by prayere the vices of the soule.

After this thou schalt understonde, that bodily peyne stant in wakyng. For Jhesu Crist saith, wakith and prayeth, that ye ne entre not into temptacioun. Ye schul understonde also, that fastynge stont in thre thinges, in forbering of bodily mete and drink, and in forberyng of worldly jolité, and in forbering of worldly synne; this is to sayn, that a man schal kepe him fro dedly synne in al that he may.

And thou schalt understonde eek, that God ordeyned fastyng, and to fastyng appurteynen foure thinges: largesce to pover folk; gladnes of hert espirituel; not to ben angry ne annoyed ne grucche for he fastith; and also resonable hour for to ete by mesure, that is to sayn, a man schulde not ete in untyme, ne sitte the lenger at his mele, for he fastith.

Thanne schal thou understonde, that bodily peyne stant in disciplne, or teching by word, or by writyng, or by ensample. Also in weryng of heires or of stamyn or of haberjeons on her naked flessch for Cristes sake, and suche maner penaunce; but ware the wel that such maner penaunce of thyn flessch make nought thin herte bitter or angry, or anoyed of thiself; for better is to cast away thin hayre than for to caste away the swetnes of oure Lord Jhesu Crist. And therfore seith seint Poule, clothe yow, as thay that ben chosen of God in herte, of misericorde, debonairté, sufferaunce, and such maner of clothing, of the which Jhesu Crist is more appayed than of haires or of hauberkis.[35]

Than is discipline eek in knokking on the brest, in scourgyng with yerdes, in knelynges, in tribulaciouns, in suffring paciently wronges that ben doon to him and eek in pacient sufferaunce of maledies, or lesyng of worldly catel, or of wif, or of child, or of othir frendes.

Thanne schalt thou understonde whiche thinges destourben penaunce, and this is in foure thinges; that is drede, schame, hope, and wanhope, that is, desperacioun. And for to speke first of drede, for which he weneth that he may suffre no penaunce, ther agayns is remedye for to thinke that bodily penaunce is but schort and litel at the regard of the peyne of helle, that is so cruel and so long, that it lastith withouten ende.

Now agains the schame that a man hath to schryve him, and namely these ypocrites, that wolde be holde so parfyt, that thay have no neede to schryve hem; agayns that schame schulde a man thinke, that by way of resoun he that hath not ben aschamed to do foule thinges, certis him oughte not be aschamed to doon faire thinges and goode thinges, and that is confessioun. A

[35] *hauberkis*. Tyrwhitt reads *habergeons*.

man scholde eek thinke, that God seeth and knoweth alle thy thoughtes and thy werkes, to him may no thing be hyd ne covered. Men schulde eek remembre hem of the schame that is to come at the day of doom, to hem that ben nought penitent and schriven in this present lif, for alle the creatures in heven, and in erthe, and in helle, schuln seen apertly al that he hydith in this world.

Now for to speke of hem that ben so negligent and slowe to schryve hem, that stant in tuo maneres. That oon is, that he hopith for to lyve longe, and for to purchace moche riches for his delyt, and thanne he wol schryve him, and, as he saith, he may, as him semith, tymely y-nough come to schrifte: another is, the surquidrie that he hath in Cristes mercy. Agains the firste vice he schal thinke that oure lif is in no sikernesse, and eek that al the riches in this world ben in adventure and passen as a schadowe on the wal; and as saith seint Gregory, that it appertenith to the grete rightwisnes of God, that never schal the peyne stynte of hem that never wolde withdrawe hem fro synne her thankes, but ay continue in synne; for thilke perpetuel wille to doon synne schul thay have perpetuel peyne.

Wanhope is in tuo maneres. The firste wanhope is in the mercy of Crist; that other is, that thay thinke thay mighte nought longe persever in goodnesse. The firste wanhope cometh of that he demyth that he synned so highly and so ofte, and so longe layn in synne, that he schal not be saved. Certes agens that cursed wanhope scholde he thenke, that the passioun of Jhesu Crist is more strong for to unbynde than synne is strong for to bynde. Agains the secounde wanhope he schal thinke, that als ofte as he fallith he may arise agayn by penitence; and though he never so longe have leyn in synne, the mercy of Crist is alway redy to receyve him to mercy. Agains the wanhope that he thinkith he schulde not longe persevere in goodnesse, he schal thinke that the feblesse of the devel may no thing doon but men wol suffre him; and eek he schal have strengthe of the help of God and of al holy chirche, and of the proteccioun of aungels, if him list.

Thanne schal men understonde, what is the fruyt of penaunce; and after the word of Jhesu Crist, it is the endeles blisse of heven, ther joye hath no contrariouste of wo ne of penaunce ne grevance, ther alle harmes ben passed of this present lif; ther as is the sikernesse fro the peyne of helle; there as is the blisful compagnye, that rejoycen hem evermo everich of otheres joye; ther as the body of man, that whilom was foule and derke, is more clere than the sonne; ther as the body of man that whilom was seek and freel, feble and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hool, that ther may no thing empeire it; ther nys neyther hunger, ne thurst, ne colde, but every soule replenisched with the sight of the parfyt knowyng of God. This blisful regne may men purchace by poverte espirituel, and the glorie by lowenes, the plenté of joye by hunger and thurst, and reste by travaile, and the lif by deth and mortificacioun of synne, to which life he us bringe, that bought us with his precious blood. Amen.

Preces de Chauceres [36]

Now pray I to yow alle that heren this litel tretis or reden it, that if ther be any thing in it that likes hem, that therof thay thanke oure Lord Jhesu Crist, of whom procedith alle witte and al goodnes, and if ther be eny thing that displesith hem, I pray hem that thay arette it to the defaute of myn unconnyng, and not to my wille, that wolde fayn have sayd better if I hadde connyng; for the book saith, al that is writen for oure doctrine is writen. Wherfore I biseke yow mekely for the mercy of God that ye pray for me, that God have mercy on me and forgeve me my giltes, and namelich my translaciouns and of enditynge in worldly vanitees, whiche I revoke in my retracciouns, as is the book of Troylus, the book also of Fame, the book of twenty-five Ladies, the book of the Duchesse, the book of seint Valentines day and of the Parlement of briddes, the Tales of Caunterbury, alle thilke that sounen into synne, the book of the Leo, and many other bokes, if thay were in my mynde or remembraunce, and many a song and many a lecherous lay, of the whiche Crist for his grete mercy forgive me the synnes. But of the translacioun of Boce de consolacioun, and other bokes of consolacioun and of legend of lyves of seints, and omelies and moralitees and devocioun, that thanke I oure Lord Jhesu Crist, and his moder, and alle the seintes in heven, bisekyng hem that thay fro hennysforth unto my lyves ende sende me grace to biwayle my giltes, and to studien to the savacioun of my soule, and graunte me grace and space of verray repentaunce, penitence, confessioun and satisfaccioun, to don in this present lif, thurgh the benigne grace of him, that is king of kynges and prest of alle prestis, that bought us with his precious blood of his hert, so that I moote be oon of hem at the day of doom that schal be saved: *qui cum Patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia secula.* Amen.

[36] *Preces de Chauceres.* I have printed the celebrated prayer which concludes the Canterbury Tales exactly as it stands in the Harleian Manuscript. In some manuscripts it is given as though it were the conclusion of the tale or discourse of the Parson, but in others as here it is distinctly given to Chaucer himself. It varies much in the different manuscripts and there are many circumstances about it which it seems impossible to explain satisfactorily. Tyrwhitt attempts to get over a part of the difficulty by supposing that the prayer was really the conclusion of the Parson's Tale, and that the middle portion *Wherfor I biseke yow* ... *the seintes in heven*, including the list of Chaucer's works was added subsequently by a scribe who chose to put the prayer into Chaucer's own mouth and wished to make the poet apologise for the looseness of some of his writings.

GLOSSARY.

A, interj. ah!
Abaischt, part. pa. (A.N.), abashed, ashamed.
Abate, v. (A.N.), to beat down.
Abegge, abeye, abie, v. (A.S.), to suffer for.
Abet, n. (A.S.), help.
Abyde, v. (A.S.), to stay; *abyden*, part. pa.; *abit*, abideth.
Able, adj. (A.N.), fit, capable.
Aboughte, part. pa. of *abegge*.
Abouten, prep. (A.S.), about.
Abrayde, v. (A.S.), to awake; to start. See *Braide*.
Abrigge, v. (A.N.) to shorten, to abridge.
Abroche, v. (A.N.) to tap, to set abroach.
Abusioun, n. (A.N.), abuse, impropriety.
Accidie, n. (A.N., from ακηδια, Gr.), negligence; arising from discontent, melancholy, &c.
Acate, n. (A.N.), purchase.
Achatour, n. (A.N.), a purchaser; a caterer.
Acomberd, part. pa. (A.N.), encumbered.
Acord, n. (A.N.), agreement; to agree.
Adawe, v. (A.S), to awake.
Ado, v. (A.S.), to do. To have *ado*, to have to do.
Adoun, adv. (A.S.), downward, below.
Adrad, part. pa. of *adrede*, v. (A.S.), afraid.
Adventayle, see *Aventayle*.
Advertence, n. (A.N.), attention.
Advocas, n. pl. (A.N.), lawyers, advocates.
Afered, aferde, part. pa. (A.S.), afraid, frightened.
Affermed, part. pa. (A.N.), confirmed.
Affye, v. (A.N.), to trust.
Affraye, v. (A.N.), to frighten.
Affray, n. (A.N.), disturbance, fear.
Affyle, v. (A.N.), to file, polish.
Aforen, aforne, afore, adj. and prep. (A S.), before.
Agains, agein, prep. (A.S.), against, toward.
Agaste, v. (A.S.), to terrify; *agast*, part. pa., terrified.
Agilt, v. (A.S.), to offend, to sin against; *agilte*, pa t., sinned.
Agrege, v. (A.N.), to aggravate.
Agrise, v. (A.S.), to shudder, to make to shudder.
Agroted, part. pa., cloyed, surfeited.
Aknowe, (A.S.), to confess.
Alther, aller, gen. ca. pl., of all; frequently joined in composition with adjectives of the superlative degree. *Alther-first, alther-last, alther-levest*, first, last, dearest of all.
Alaunz, n. pl. (A.N.), a species of dog.
Alaye, n. (A.N.), allay; a mixture of base metal.
Albification, n. (Lat.), a chemical term for making white.
Alcaly, n. (Arab.), a chemical term for a species of salt.
Alchymistre, n. (A.N.), alchymist.
Aldrian, pr. n., a star on the neck of the lion.
Alembikes, n. pl. (Fr.), vessels for distilling; stills.
Aleye, n. (A.N.), an alley.
Algates, algate, adv. (A.S.), always; although.
Allegge, v. (A.N.), to allege.
Almesse, n. (A.S, from eleemosyna), alms; *almesses*, pl.
Alnath, pr. n., the first star in the horns of Aries, whence the first mansion of the moon takes its name.
Along, prep. (A.S.). *Whereon it was along*, by what it was occasioned; *on me is nought along thine evil fare*, thy ill fare is not occasioned by me.
Alowe, v. (A.N.), to allow, to approve. His dedes are to *alowe* for his hardynesse. Therefore lords *alow* him litle, or lysten to his reason.
Alowe, adv. (A.S), low.
Als, conj. (A.S.), also, as.
Amalgaming, a chemical term for mixing of quicksilver with any metal.
Ambassatrye, n. (A.N.), embassy.
Ambes aas, (A.N.), two aces, at dice.
Amende, v. (A.N.), to mend.
Amenuse, v. (A.N.), to lessen.
Ameuyd, part. pa. (A.N.), moved.
Amyddes, prep. (A.S.), at or in the middle.
Amoneste, v. (A.N.), to admonish, to advise.
Amortised, part. pa. (A.N.), killed.
A morwe, on the morrow.
An, for on, prep.
And, conj. (A.S.), often used for if.
Anelas, n. (A.N.), a dagger, or wood-knife.
Anes, adv. for ones, once.
Anhang, v. (A.S.), to hang up.
Anker, n. (A.S.), an anchorite or hermit.
Annueller, n. (A.N.), secular.
Annunciat, part. pa. (Lat.), foretold.
Annoyes, n. pl. (A.N.), annoyances, troubles.
Annoye, anoye, anuye, v. (A.N.), to hurt, to trouble.
Anslets, n. (A.N.), an article of dress, apparently breeches.
Antiphonere, n., a book of antiphones, or anthems.
Anvelt, n. (A.S.), an anvil.
Apayde, part. pa. (A.N.), paid, satisfied.
Apeyre, v. (A.N.), to impair, to detract from.
Apert, adj. (A.N.), open, in public.
Appalled, part. pa. (A.N.), made pale.
Apparaile, v. (A.N.), to prepare.
Apparence, n. (A.N.), an appearance.
Apparceyve, v. (A.N.), to perceive.
Apparceyvynges, n. pl., perceptions.
Appose, v. (A.N.), to object to, to question.
Approvour, n. (A.N.), an informer.
Aqueintable, adj. (A.N.), easy to be acquainted with.
Aquite, v. (A.N.), to pay for.
Arace, v. (A.N.), to draw away by force.
Arraye, v. (A.N.), to dress, to dispose.
Archewyves, wives of a superior order.
Ardure, n. (A.N.), burning.
Arede, v. (A.N.), to interpret.
Arrerage, n. (A.N.), arrear.
Areyse, v. (A.S.), to raise.
Arrest, n. (A.N.), constraint, delay.
Areste, v. (A.N.), to stop.
Arette, v. (A.N.), to impute to.
Argoil, n. (A.N.), potter's clay.
Arrivage, n. (A.N.), arrival.
Arke, n., a part of the circumference of a circle.
Arm-gret, adj. (A.S.), as thick as a man's arm.
Armipotent, adj., mighty in arms.
Armure, n. (A.N.), armour.
Arn, pl. n. of am, v. (A.S.), are.
Arsmetrike, n., arithmetic.
Artelries, n. pl. (A.N.), artillery.
Artow, for *art thou*.
Arwe, n. (A.S.), an arrow.
Ascaunce, as though, as if, as if to say.
Asschen, n. pl. (A.S.), ashes.
Aslake, v. (A.S.), to slacken, to abate.
Asp, n. (A.S.), a sort of poplar.
Aspen, adj., of an asp.
Aspie, v. (A.N.), to espie.
Assaut, n. (A.N.), assault.
Assoile, v. (A.N.), to absolve, to answer.
Astaat, n. (A.N.), estate, state.
Asterte, v. (A.S.), to escape, to release.
Astoneyd, part. pa. (A.N.), confounded, astonished.
Astrylabe, n. (A.N.), the astrolabe, an astronomical instrument.
Astrologien, n. (A.N.), astrologer.
Aswoune, in a swoon.
Atte, prep. (A.S.), at the.
Atake, v. (A.S.), to overtake.
Attamed, part. pa. (A.N.), opened, begun.
Attempre, adj. (A.N.), temperate.
Attemprely, adv. (A.N.), temperately.
Attry, atterly, adj. (A.S.), poisonous, pernicious.
A-twynne, in two, asunder.
Avale, v. (A.N.), to lower, to let down, to go down.
Avaunce, v. (A.N.), to advance, to profit.
Avaunte, v. (A.N.), to boast.
Avaunt, adv. (A.N.), forward.
Auctorité, n. (A.N.), a text of Scripture, or of some respectable writer.
Auctour, n. (A.N.), author.
Avenaunt, adj. (A.N.), becoming.
Aventayle, n. (A.N.), a part of the helmet.
Aventure, n. (A.N.), adventure, chance.
Augrym, a corruption of algorithm, or arithmetic.
Avis, n. (A.N.), advice, opinion.
Avyse, v. (A.N.), to observe; look to.
Avisioun, n. (A.N.), a vision.
Auntre, v. (A.N.), corruption of *aventure*; to adventure; *auntrous*, adj., adventurous.
Avouterer, avoutrer, n. (A.N.), an adulterer.
Avoutrie, n. (A.N.), adultery.
Avow, n. (A.N.), a vow.
Auter, n. (A.N.), an altar.
Awayte, n. (A.N.), watch.
Awaytand, part. pr., watching.
Away-ward, adv. (A.S.), away.
Awreke, v. (A.N.), to revenge.
Axe, v. (A.S.), to ask; *axyng*, request, asking.
Aye, adv. (A.S.), ever.
Ayel, n. (A.N.), grandfather.

Ba seems to be formed from *baser*, v. (A.N.), to kiss.

Bacheler, n. (A.N.), an unmarried man; a knight; one who has taken his first degree in a university.
Bachelerie, n. (A.N.), knighthood; *the bachelerie*, the knights.
Bade, pa. t. of *bede*.
Badder, comp. d. of *bad*, adj., worse.
Baite, v. (A.S.), to feed, to stop to feed.
Bale, n. (A.S.), mischief, sorrow.
Balkes, n. pl. (A.S.), the timbers of the roof.
Ballid, adj., smooth as a ball, bald.
Bane, n. (A.S.), destruction.
Barme, n. (A.S.), the lap, bosom.
Barm-cloth, an apron.
Bareigne, adj (A.S.), barren.
Bathe, for *bothe*.
Bauderie, *baudrie*, n., pimping, keeping a bawdy-house.
Baudy, adj., dirty.
Bayard, pr n. (A.N.), a bay-horse; a horse in general.
Bekke, v. (A.N.), to nod.
Bede, v. (A.S.), to order, to bid; to offer; to pray.
Bedred, adj (A.S.), confined to bed.
Been, n pl. (A.S.), bees.
Beete, v. (Sax.), to prepare, make ready: *to beete fyres*, to make fires: to mend; to heal: *to bete nettys*, to mend nets.
Begon, part. pa. (A.S.), gone; *wel begon*, in a good way; *wo begon*, far gone in woe.
Begonne, part. pa. (A.S.), begun.
Bel amy, (A.N.), good friend.
Belle chere, (A.N.), good cheer.
Bele chose, (A.N.), literally, beautiful thing.
Belys, *bely*, n. (A.S.), bellows.
Bemes, n. pl. (A.S.), trumpets.
Ben, inf. m. (A.S.), to be; pr. t. pl., are; part. pa., been.
Bending, n., striping; making of bands or stripes.
Bene, n (A.S.), a bean.
Benedicite, (Lat.), bless us!
Benigne, adj. (A.N.), kind.
Benime, v. (A.S.), to take away.
Benesoun, n. (A.N.), benediction.
Bent, n. (A.S.), the bending or declivity of a hill.
Berd, n. (A.S.), beard.
Bere, n. (A.S.), a bear.
Bere, v. (A.S.), to bear, to carry: *to bere in* or *on hand*, to accuse falsely; to persuade falsely: *to bere the belle*, to carry the prize.
Bere, n. (A.S.), a bier.
Bering, n. (A.S.), behaviour, bearing.
Berme, n. (A.S.), yeast.
Berne, n. (A.S.), a barn.
Beseke, v. (A.S.), to beseech.
Beste, n. (A.N.), a beast.
Bet, adv. comp for *better*.
Beteche, v., as *betoke*.
Beth, imperat., be ye.
Beye, v. (A.S.), to buy.
Bibbed, part. pa. (Lat.), drunk.
Bible, n. (A.N.), any great book.
Bi-bled, part. pa. (A.S.), covered with blood.
Bicchel bones, dice.
Byclappe, v. (A.S.), to catch.
Bydaffed, part. pa. (A.S.), made a fool of.
Bydde, v., as *bede*.
Byfalle, v. (A.S.), befel.
Byforen, *biforne*, adv. and prep. (A.S.), before.
Byforn, (A.S.), before.
Bygiled, part. pa. (A.N.), beguiled.
Bigon, see *begon*.
Bygynne, v (A.S.), to begin.
Byheste, n. (A.S.), a promise.
Byhighte, v. (A.S.), to promise.
Byhote, v. (A.S.), to promise.
Byjaped, part. pa. (A.S.), tricked, laughed at.

Byknowe, v. (A.S.), to confess.
Bileeve, n. (A.S.), belief, creed.
Byleve, v. (A.S.), to stay.
Bille, n., a letter.
Byraft, part. pa. of *byreve*, v. (A.S.), bereaved, taken away.
Byschrewe, v. (A.S.), to curse.
Byset, part. pa. (A.S.), placed, employed.
Byseye, part. pa. of *besee*, v. (Sax.), beseen: *ille byseye*, ill beseen, of a bad appearance (l. 8841); *richely bisege*, of a rich appearance (l. 8860)
Biside, prep. (A.S.), by the side of.
Bysmoterud, part. pa. (A.S.), smutted.
Bissemare, n. (A.S.), abusive speech.
Bystad, part. pa. (A.S.), situated, bested.
Byt, for *biddeth*.
Bytake, v. (A.S.), to give, deliver; to recommend to; *bytaught*, pa. t., recommended to.
Bytid, happened.
Bytoke, pa. t. of *bytake*, recommended.
Bytoure, n. (A N), a bittern.
Bytraised, part. pa. (A N.), betrayed.
Bytwixe, prep. (A S.), between.
Bywreye, v. (A.S.), to discover.
Bye, v. (A.S.), to suffer; see *abegge*.
Blend, v. (A.S.), to blind, to deceive.
Blent, part, blinded, deceived.
Bleynte, pa. t of *bleinch*, v. (A.S.), shrunk. started aside.
Blered, part pa. (A S), in its common sense, is used to describe a particular disorder of the eye, attended with soreness and dimness of sight; but more commonly, in Chaucer, a man's eye is said to be blered, metaphorically, when he is any way imposed upon.
Blynne, v (A S), to cease.
Blyve, adv. (A.S.), quickly.
Blosme, *blosseme*, n. (A.S.), blossom; v. to blossom
Blosmy, adj, full of blossoms.
Bobaunce, n. (A.N.), boasting.
Bode, *boden*, part, bidden, commanded.
Boydekyn, n (A.S.), a dagger.
Boiste, n. (A.N) a box.
Boistous, adj. (A.S.), boisterous, rough.
Boistrously, adv., roughly.
Bokeler, n. (A N.), a buckler.
Bokelyng, part. pr (A N.), buckling.
Boket, n. (A.S), a bucket.
Bolt, n. (A.S.), an arrow: *bolt upright*, straight as an arrow.
Bonairete, n, for *debonairete*.
Boone, n. (A S), a boon, petition: *he bad hem alle a boone*, he asked them all a boon.
Boras, n. (A.N), borax.
Boord, *bord*, n. (Fr.), board; the deck of a ship; a table.
Bordel, n. (A N.), a brothel: *bordel women*, whores.
Borel, n. (A.N.), coarse cloth of a brown colour; adj., made of plain coarse stuff: *borel folk*, *borel men*, laymen
Borwe, n. (A.S.), a pledge.
Bosard, n (A N.), a buzzard, a species of hawk unfit for sporting.
Bos, n. (A.N), a protuberance.
Boost, n. (A.S.), pride, boasting.
Boost, adv, aloud.
Boote, *bote*, n. (A.S.), remedy, help, profit; v., to help.
Boote, bit.
Botel, *botelle*, n. (A.N.), bottle.
Bothe, adj (A.S.), two together: *our bothe labour*, the labour of us two together.
Bouk, n (A.S.), the body.
Boulte, v. (A.S.), to sift, to separate the flour of wheat from the bran.
Boun, adj. (A.S.), ready.
Bountê, n. (A.N.), goodness.
Bourde, n. (A.N.), a jest; v., to jest.
Boure, n. (A.S.), a chamber.

Bracer, n. (A.N.), armour for the arm.
Brayde, n. (A.S), a start; v., to awake, to start; to take off.
Bragat, n. (Welsh), a sweet drink made of the wort of ale, honey, and spice, said to be still in use in Wales.
Brasil, n., a wood used in dyeing, to give a red colour.
Bratt, n. (A.S.), a coarse mantle.
Breech, n. (A.S), breeches.
Breede, n. (A.S), breadth.
Breeme, adv. (A.S.), furiously.
Brenne, v. (A.S), to burn; *brenden*, they burnt; *brent*, burnt.
Brennyngly, adv., hotly.
Breres, n. pl (A.N.), briars.
Bret-ful, adj., top-full.
Bribe, v. (A.N.), to beg, or perhaps to steal.
Bribours, bribers.
Bridale, n. (A.S.), a marriage-feast.
Briddes, n. pl (A.S.), birds.
Brike, n (A.S.), breach, ruin.
Brocage, n. (A.N.), a treaty by a broker or agent.
Broch, n (Fr.), a brooch, or clasp. It probably came by degrees to signify any sort of jewel.
Browdid, part. pa. (A.N.), braided, woven.
Bronde, n. (A S), a torch.
Brosten, burst.
Brotherhed, n. (A.S, brotherly affection.
Browded, part. pa (A S.); *brode*, embroidered.
Brouken, inf. m. (A S) to brook, to enjoy, use.
Brotel, adj. (A.S.), brittle.
Brotelnesse, n., brittleness.
Bukkes horn, a buck's horn. *To blow the buckes horne* is used to signify any useless employment.
Buffette, n. (A N.), a blow.
Bumble, v. (A.S), to make a humming noise. In l. 6554 it is used to describe the noise made by a bittern.
Burdoun, n (A N), a humming noise, the bass in music.
Buriels, n pl (A S), burying-places.
Burned, part. pa (A N.), burnished.
But, conj and prep. (A.S) means not only but, or unless, but only, and without.
Buxome, adj. (A S.), obedient, civil, bending.
Buxomly, adv. (A S), obediently.
By, prep (Sax), has sometimes the signification of *in*. *By the morwe*, in the morning, or day time. It is sometimes used adverbially. *By and by*, near, hard by; severally, distinctly.

Caas, n. (A N.), a case, quiver.
Cacche, v. (A.S.), to catch.
Cadence, n. (A.N), a species of poetical composition distinct from rhyming verses.
Caytyf, n. and adj. (A.N.), a wretch, wretched; coward.
Calcinacioun, n (A.N.), a chemical process, by which bodies are reduced to a calx.
Calculed, pa t (A.N.), calculated.
Calle, n. (A N), a species of cap.
Camois, adj (A.N.), flat-nosed.
Campioun n. (A.S.), a champion, fighting man
Can, v. (A S), knows.
Canevas, n. (A N.), canvas.
Canon, the title of Avicenne's great work
Cante n (A S.), a fragment, part.
Caple n. (A.N.), a horse.
Capitayne, n. (A.N.), a captain.
Capitolie, n., the Capitol at Rome.
Crayn, n. (A.N.), carrion.

Cardiacle, n., a pain about the heart.
Carf, pa. t (A.S.), cut.
Carl, n. (A.S.), a churl, a hardy country fellow.
Carole, n. (A.N.), a dance; v., to dance.
Carpe, v. (A.S.), to talk.
Caroigne, n. (A.N.), carrion, dead or putrified flesh.
Carrik, n. (A.N.), a large ship
Cart, n (A.S.), a chariot.
Carter, n., a charioteer.
Cas, n. (A.N.), chance.
Cast, n. (A.S.), a contrivance
Caste, v., to contrive.
Casuel, adj. (A.N.), accidental.
Catapuce, n. (A.N.), a species of spurge.
Catel, n. (A.N.), goods.
Caterwrawed, to *gon a caterwrawed* seems to signify the same as to go caterwawling, as it is called in modern times.
Cavillacioun, n. (A.N.), cavil.
Celerer, n., the officer in a monastery who had the care of the provisions.
Celle, n., a religious house.
Censing, part. pr., fumigating with incense.
Centaurie, n., a herb.
Cerial, adj. (A.N.), belonging to a species of oak
Ceruce, n. (A.N.), white lead.
Chaffare, n. (A.S.), merchandise; v., to merchandise, to talk loosely.
Chalouns, blankets, or coverlets, made at Chalons.
Chamayle, n. (A.N.), a camel.
Chamberere, n. (A.N.), a chambermaid.
Champartye, n. (A.N.), a share of land, a partnership in power.
Chapman, n. (A.S.), a merchant, or trader
Chapmanhede, n. (A.S.), the condition of a chapman, or tradesman.
Chare, n. (A.N.), a chariot.
Charge, n. (A.N.), a load, burthen, business of weight: *it were no charge*, it were no harm; *of which there is no charge*, from which there is no consequence to be expected; *of that no charge*, no matter for that.
Chargeant, part., burthensome.
Chekere, n. (A.N.), a chess-board.
Chekelatoun, a corruption of ciclatoun (from the Arabic), a rich cloth of gold.
Chepe, v. (A.S.), to buy, to merchandise, to cheapen.
Chepe, n., cheapness.
Cherl, n. (A.S.), a man of mean birth and condition.
Cherlish, adj., churlish.
Ches, pa. t., chose.
Ches, n. (A.N.), the game of chess.
Chese, v. (A.S.), to choose.
Chest, n. (A.N.), a coffin.
Cheste, n. (A.S.), debate.
Chesteyn, n. (A.N.), the chestnut.
Cheve, v. (A.N.), to come to an agreement, or conclusion.
Cheventen, n. (A.N.), chieftain.
Chevisaunce, n. (A.N.), an agreement for borrowing of money.
Chidester, n. (A.S.), a female scold.
Chiereté, n. (A.N.), tenderness, affection.
Chymbe, n. (A.S.), the prominent part of the staves beyond the head of a barrel.
Chimbe, v., to sound in consonance, like bells, to chime.
Chirche-reve, n. (A.S.), a churchwarden.
Chirchhawe, n. (A.S.), a churchyard.
Chirke, v. (A.S.), to chirp, as a sparrow.
Chirkyng, n., a chirping sound.
Chit, chideth.
Chivachie, n. (A.N.), a military expedition.
Chyvalrye, n. (A.N.), knighthood.
Cité, n (A.N.), a city.
Citole, n. (A.N.), a musical instrument.
Cytryne, adj. (A.N.), of a pale yellow or citron colour.
Citrinacioun, n., a chemical term.
Clappe, v. (A.S.), to knock repeatedly, to talk fast.
Clapsud, clasped.
Clarré, n. (A.N.), wine mixed with honey and spices, and afterwards strained till it is clear. It was otherwise called piment.
Clatereden, pa. t. pl. of *clatter*.
Claw, v (A.S.), to stroke, to rub
Cleannesse, n. (A.S.), purity.
Clepe, v. (A.S.), to call, to name.
Clergie, n. (A.N.), the clerical profession.
Clergial, adj., learned.
Clergion, n., a young clerk.
Clerk, n. (A.N.), one who has received school learning.
Clifte, n. (A.S.), a cleft.
Cliket, n. (A.N.), a latch-key.
Clinke, v. (A.N.), to ring, to tinkle.
Clippe, v. (A.S.), to cut hair; to embrace.
Clobbed, adj. (A.S.), like a club.
Cloyster, n. (A.N.), a cloister, an enclosure.
Clote-lefe, a leaf of the burdock, or clote-bur.
Cloterred, part. pa. (A.S.), clotted.
Cloutes, n. pl. (A.S.), small pieces.
Clum, this word seems to be equivalent to "silence."
Clumben, pa. t. pl. of *climb*.
Coagulat, part. pa (Lat.), curdled.
Cockes bones, a corruption of a then familiar oath, God's bones.
Cod, n. (A.S.), a bag.
Cofre, n. (A.N.), a chest.
Coilons, n. pl. (A.N.), testicles.
Coke, n., a cook.
Cokenay, a diminutive cock; a puny, weakly fellow.
Cokewold, n., a cuckold.
Col in composition is used in a bad sense, as colprophet, a false, lying prophet.
Colde, v. (A.S.), to grow or become cold.
Coler, n. (A.N.), a collar.
Colerd, part. pa. collared, wearing collars.
Collacioun, n. (A.N.), a conference.
Coltissch, adj. (A.S.), playful as a colt.
Columbine, adj. (Lat.), belonging to a dove, dovelike.
Combust, adj. (Lat.), burnt. A term in astrology, when a planet is not more than 8° 30' distant from the sun.
Commune, n. (A.N.), commonalty; *communes*, n. pl., commoners, common people.
Compaignable, adj. (A.N.), sociable.
Compame for *compagne*, 1 3709. Put for the sake of the rhyme.
Compas, n. (A.N.), a compass.
Compassing, n., contrivance.
Compasse, v., to contrive.
Comperé, n. (A.N.), a gossip, a near friend.
Complin, *complyng*, n. (A.N.), evensong, the last service of the day, singing in general.
Condescende, v. (A.N.), to yield.
Confecture, n. (A.N.), composition.
Confus, adj. (A.N.), confounded.
Conjure, v. (A.N.), to adjure.
Conne, v. (A.S.), to know, to be able.
Conseil, n. (A.N.), counsel.
Consentant, part. pr., consenting to.
Conserve, v. (A.N.), to preserve.
Consistory, n (A.N.), properly an ecclesiastical court, but sometimes any court of justice.
Contek, n. (A.S.), contention.
Contenaunce, n. (A.N.), appearance, pretence.
Contract, part. pa. (Lat.), contracted.
Contrarie, v. (A.N.), to contradict.
Contrarious, adj. (A.N.), opposite, perverse.
Contrary, n. (A.N.), adversary.
Contrefete, v. (A.N.), to counterfeit, imitate.
Contubernial, adj. (Lat.), familiar.
Cope, n. (A.N.), a cloak.
Cop, n. (A.S.), the top of any thing; the head.
Corage, n. (A.N.), heart, inclination, spirit, courage.
Cordewane, n. (A.N.), Spanish leather, so called from Corduba.
Corniculere, n (Lat.), an officer in the Roman government.
Cornmuse, n. (A.N.), a bagpipe.
Corny, adj. (A.S.), strong of the corn, or malt.
Corone, n. (A.N.), a crown, or garland.
Corps, n. (A.N.), body.
Corpus, n. (Lat.), body.
Corumpable, adj. (A.N.), corruptible.
Corumpe, v. (A.N.), to corrupt.
Corven, part. pa. of *carve*, cut.
Cosyn, v. (A.N.), a cousin.
Cosinage, n. (A.N.), kindred.
Costage, n. (A.N.), cost, expense.
Costlewe, adj., costly.
Cote, n. (A.S.), a cottage.
Cote, n. (A.N.), a coat.
Cotidien, adj. (A.N.), daily.
Couche, v. (A.N.), to lay; *couched*, part. pa., laid: *couched* with perles, laid, or trimmed with pearls.
Cowde, pa. t. of *conne*, (A.S.), knew, was able.
Covenable, adj. (A.N.), convenient, suitable.
Covert, adj. (A.N.), secret, covered.
Covyne, n. (A.N.), secret contrivance.
Coulpe, n. (A.N.), a fault.
Counterwayte, v. (A.N.), to watch against.
Countour, n. (A.N.), a counting-house; an arithmetician.
Countretaille, n. (A.N.), a tally answering exactly to another. Hence echo is said to answer at the *countretaille*.
Courtepy, a short cloak of coarse cloth.
Court-man, a courtier.
Couthe, pa. t. of *conne*, knew, was able; part pa., known.
Crakke, v. (A.N.), to crack.
Crake, v. (A.S.), to quaver hoarsely in singing.
Cracchyng, n. (A.S.), scratching.
Crased, part. pa. (A.N.), broken.
Creaunce, n. (A.N.), faith, belief; v., to borrow money.
Crevasse, n. (A.N.), a chink or crevice.
Crisp, adj. (A.N.), curled.
Croce, n., a cross.
Crois, n. (A.N.), a cross.
Cromes, n. pl. (A.S.), crumbs.
Crone, n. (A.S.), an old woman.
Crope, *cropen*, part. pa. of *crepe*, crept.
Croppes, n. pl. (A.S.), the extremities of the shoots of vegetables: *now in the crop*, now at the top; *croppe and rote*, root and branch, the whole of a thing.
Crosselet, n. (A.N.), a crucible.
Crouche, v. (A.S.), to sign with the cross.
Crowde, v. (A.S.), to shove together.
Crouke, n. (A.S.), an earthen pitcher.
Crouin, n. (A.N.), the crown of the head.
Croupe, n. (A.N.), the crupper.
Crul, adj. (A.S.), curled.
Cucurbite, n. (Lat.), a gourd, a vessel shaped like a gourd, used in distillation.
Cuirbouly, n. (A.N.), leather prepared by boiling, used in making a variety of articles.

Culpons, n. pl. (A.N.), shreds, logs.
Curious, adj. (A.N.), careful.
Curteys, adj. (A.N.), courteous.

Daf, n. (A.S.), a fool.
Dagged, part. pa., cut into slips.
Dagging, n., slitting, cutting into slips
Dagoun, n., a slip, or piece.
Dampne, v. (A.N.), to condemn.
Dan, n. (Lat. *dominus*), lord, a title commonly given to monks.
Danger, n. (A.N.), a dangerous situation: *in a man's danger*, under liability to him.
Dangerous, adj., difficult.
Dapple gray, the colour which is called in Fr. *pommelé*.
Dare, v. (A.S.), to stare.
Darrayne, v. (A.N.), to contest.
Dart, n. (A.S.), a spear or javelin.
Dase, v. (A.S.), to grow dimsighted.
Daunte, v. (A.N.), to conquer.
Dawe, v. (A.S.), to dawn.
Daweninq, n. (A.S.), daybreak.
Dawes, n. pl. for *Dayes*.
Debate, v. (A.N.), to fight.
Debonaire, adj. (A.N.), courteous, gentle.
Dedly, adj. (A.S.), devoted to death; fatal.
Deduit, n. (A.N.), pleasure.
Deed, adj. (A.S.), dead.
Defame, n. (A.N.), infamy; v., to make infamous.
Defautes, n. pl. (A.N.), defects.
Defende, v. (A.N.), to forbid.
Defence, n. (A.N.), prohibition.
Degré, n. (A.N.), a step.
Deinous, adj. (A.N.), disdainful.
Deynté, n. (A.N.), value, a thing of value; *had deynté*, valued highly; *tolde no deynté of*, set no value upon; *it was deynté*, it was a valuable thing.
Deyntevous, adj., choice, valuable.
Deys, n. (A.N.), the place of the high table in the hall, the high table itself.
Del, n. (A.S.), a part, bit.
Dele, v. (A.S.) to divide.
Delibere, v. (A.N.), to deliberate.
Delices, n. pl. (A.N.) delights.
Delit, n. (A.N.), delight.
Delitable, adj. (A.N.), delectable.
Deliver, adj. (A.N.), nimble.
Deliverly, adv., quickly.
Delivernes, n., agility.
Demaine, n. (A.N.), management.
Deme, v. (A.S.), to judge.
Departe, v. (A.N.), to part, to distribute.
Depeint, part. pa. (A.N.), painted.
Dere, v. (A.S.), to hurt.
Dere, adj. (A.S.), dear.
Dereling, n., darling.
Dereworth, adj. (A.S.), precious, valued at a high rate.
Derne, adj. (A.S.), secret.
Derre, comp. of *dere*, dearer.
Descensorie, n. (A.N.), a vessel used in chemistry for the extraction of oils *per descensum*.
Descriven, v. (A.N.), to describe.
Desirous, adj. (A.N.), eager.
Despite, n. (A.N.), malicious anger.
Despitous adj., angry to excess.
Despitously, adv., angrily.
Despoile, v. (A.N.), to undress.
Destreyne, v. (A.N.), to vex, to constrain.
Destrer, n. (A.N.), a war-horse.
Destruye, v. (A.N.), to destroy.
Dettelees, adj., free from debt.
Defe, adj. (A.S.), deaf.
Devynyng, n. (A.N.), divination.
Devyse, n. (A.N.), direction; v., to direct, to order, to relate: *at poynt devys*, with the greatest exactness.
Dever, n. (A.N.), duty.
Day, n., a species of labour, perhaps a day-labourer.

Deye, v. (A.S.), to die.
Dyer, n. (A.S.), a dyer.
Dide, pa. t. of *do: diden*, pl., did.
Diffame, n. (A.N.), bad reputation.
Dight, v. (A.S.), to dispose, to dress.
Digne, adj. (A.N.), worthy, proud, disdainful.
Dike, v. (Sax.), to dig, to make ditches.
Dilatacioun, n. (A.N.), enlargement.
Disarray, n. (A.N.), disorder.
Discomfort, n. (A.N.), displeasure.
Discomforten, v. (A.N.), to discourage.
Discoverte, adj. (A.N.), *at discoverte*, uncovered.
Disfigure, n. (A.N.), deformity.
Dischevele, part. pa. (A.N.), with hair hanging loose.
Disjoint, n. (A.N.), a difficult situation.
Dislavé, adj. (A.N.), filthy, impure.
Disordeined, part. pa., disorderly.
Disordinate, adj., disorderly.
Disparage, n., a disparagement.
Dispence, n., expense.
Dispitous, adj., angry to excess.
Disport, n., sport, diversion.
Dispreising, part. pa., undervaluing.
Disputisoun, n. (A.N.), dispute.
Dissimule, v. (A.N.), to dissemble.
Distreyne, n., to constrain. See *Destreyne*.
Distrouble, v., to disturb.
Dyvynistre, n. (A.N.), a divine.
Dogerel, adj., "derived," says Tyrwhitt, "I suppose, from dog; so that rime-dogerel may be understood to mean what in French might be called *rime de chien*. See Cotgrave in v. *Chien*. *Chose de chien*, a paultrie thing, a trifle, trash, trumperie."
Dogge for the bowe, a dog used in shooting.
Doke, n. (A.S.), a duck.
Dolven, part. pa. of *delve*, buried, digged.
Domb, adj. (A.S.), dumb.
Dome, doom, n. (A.S.), judgment, opinion.
Domesman, n. (A.S.), a judge.
Donet, n., a grammar; the elements of any art.
Donne, don, adj. (A.S.), of a brown or dun colour.
Doon, 3d p. pl. of the present, they do; part. pa., done; inf., to do.
Dormant, part. pr. (Fr.), fixed: *table dormant*, l. 355, a stationary table in the hall, not one made for the occasion by placing a board on trestles.
Dortour, n. (A.N.), a dormitory, or common sleeping-room.
Dosseyn, n. (A.N.), a dozen.
Dote, v. (A.S.), to be foolish, through age or otherwise.
Doth, do ye.
Doughtren, n. pl. (A.S.), daughters.
Doute, v. (A.N.), to fear.
Douteles, adv., without doubt.
Dowayre, n. (A.N.), dower.
Dradde, drad, pa. t. and part. of *drede*, feared.
Draf, n. (A.S.), things thrown away, as unfit for man's food: *draf-sak*, a sack full of draf.
Drafty, adj., of no more value than draf.
Dragges, n. pl., drugs.
Drede, n. (A.S.), fear, doubt: *withouten drede*, without doubt; *out of drede*, out of doubt.
Drede, v. (A.S.), to fear.
Dredful, adj., timorous.
Dreynt, pa. t. and part. of *drenche*, drowned.
Drenche, v. (A.S.), to drown; v. neut., to be drowned.
Dresse, v. (A.N.), to address, apply.
Dronkelewe, adj. (A.S.), given to drink.
Dronke, drunk.
Drough, pa. t. of *draw*, drew.

Drovy, adj. (A.S.), dirty.
Druerie, n. (A.N.), courtship, gallantry, love; a mistress.
Drugge, v. (A.S.), to drag.
Dubbed, part. pa. (A.S.), created a knight. The phrase is derived from the stroke, with a sword or otherwise, which was always a principal ceremony at the creation of a knight.
Dueté, n. (A.N.), duty; what is due to any one.
Dulle, v. act. (A.S.), to make dull; v. neut., to grow dull.
Dure, v. (A.N.), to endure.
Duske, pa. t. (A.S.), to grow dark, or dim.
Dwale, n. (A.S.), a sleeping-potion.

Ebrayk, adj., Hebrew.
Eche, adj. (A.S.), each, every.
Effect, n. (A.N.), substance.
Eft, adv. (A.S.), again.
Eftsone, eftsones, adv. (A.S.), soon after, presently.
Egalité, n. (A.N.), equality.
Egre, egre, adj. (A.N.), sharp.
Egge, v. (A.S.), to incite.
Eggement, n., incitement.
Egging, n., inciting, incitement.
Egremoine, n. (A.N.), agrimony.
Eyghen, eyghne, n. pl. (A.S.), eyes.
Eyr, n. (A.N.), air
Elat, part. pa. (Lat.), elated.
Elde, n. (A.S.), old age
Elenge, adj. (A.S.), strange; dull, cheerless; weighed down with care.
Elf, n. (A.S.), a witch, fairy.
Elles, adv. (A.S.), else: *elles what*, any thing else.
Elvish, adj. (Sax.), fairy like, fantastic: sometimes it seems to signify shy, reserved.
Embusshement, n. (A.N.), ambush.
Embrouded, part. pa. (A.N.), embroidered
Eme, n. (A.S.), an uncle.
Empeire, v. (A.N.), to impair, hurt.
Emplastre, v. (A.N.), to plaster over.
Emprise, n. (A.N.), an undertaking.
Embrace, v. (A.N.), to take hold of.
Enchaufing, n. (A.N.), heat
Encheson, n. (A.N.), cause, occasion.
Encorporing, part. pr. (A.N.), incorporating.
Endelong, prep. (A.S.), along; *endlange*, adv., length-ways.
Endite, v. (A.N.), to dictate, relate.
Enforce, v. (A.N.), to strengthen.
Enforced, part. pa., constrained by force.
Engendrure, n. (A.N.), generation.
Engined, part. pa. (A.N.), racked, tortured.
Engregge, v. (A.N.), to aggravate.
Engyn, n. (A.N.), ingenuity, genius.
Enhaunse, v. (A.N.), to raise.
Enhort, v. (A.N.), to exhort.
Enleven, (A.S.), eleven.
Enlumine, v. (A.N.), to illuminate.
Enoynt, part. pa (A.N.), anointed.
Enspire, v. (A.N.), to inspire.
Ensure, v. (A.N.), to assure.
Entend, v. (A.N.), to attend.
Entendement, n., understanding.
Entente, n. (A.N.), intention.
Ententif, adj. (A.N.), attentive.
Entremet, v. (A.N.), to interpose.
Entré, n. (A.N.), entry.
Entuned, part. pa., tuned.
Envenyme, v. (A.N.), to poison.
Envoluped part. pa. (A.N.), wrapt up.
Envyned stored with wine.
Eny, adj., any.
Eorthe, (A.S.), earth.
Er, adv. (A.S.), before, before that.
Erche or *erch*, as erchebischop, &c.
Ere, v. (A.S.), to plough.
Erme v. (A.S.), to grieve.

Ermeful, pitiful.
Ermin, adj., Armenian.
Ernestful, adj., serious.
Erraunt, part. pr. (A.N.), strolling, applied to a thief.
Ers, erse, n. (A S.), the fundament.
Erst, adv. superl. of *er*, first: *at erst*, for the first time.
Eschaufyng, eschaufyng, part. (A.N.), heating.
Eschieu, eschue, v. (A.N.), to shun, to decline.
Ese, n. (A.N.), pleasure.
Ese, v., to accommodate; to ease, give pleasure.
Esement, n., relief.
Espiaile, n. (A.N.), spying, private watching.
Essoyne, n. (A N), a legal excuse.
Estat, estaat, n (A.N.), state, condition, administration of government.
Estatlich, adj. (A.N.), stately.
Estres, n. pl. (A.N.), the inward parts of a building
Eterne, adj. (Lat.), everlasting.
Evangiles, n pl (A.N.), gospels.
Even, adj (A S) equal: *an even-cristen*, a fellow-christian.
Everich, adj. (A.S.), every one of many; each of two.
Everychon, every one.
Ew, n (A.S), yew.
Exaltat, part pa (Lat), exalted.
Exametron is explained by the context to signify a verse of six feet.
Executour, n (A.N.), executioner.
Ey, n (A S), an egg: *a grypes eye*, a griffin's egg.
Eyen, pl., eyes.

Faerie, n. (A.N.), the people of fairies, enchantment, the work of fairies.
Fain (A S.), glad
Faine, adv , gladly.
Faitour, n (A N.), a lazy, idle fellow.
Faldyng, n , a kind of coarse cloth
Falsen, v (A N), to falsify, to deceive.
Falwe, adj. (A S), yellow.
Falwes, n. pl (A S.), fallow lands.
Famulere, adj. (Lat), domestic.
Fan, n., a vane, the quintaine, or post with a movable top, which is called a fan, or vane, from its turning round like a weathercock.
Fande, pa. t. of *finde*, found.
Fane, n., a weathercock.
Fantasie, n. (A N.), fancy.
Fantom, n. (A.N.), any false imagination.
Fare, v. (A.S), to go; *to fare welle*, to speed, to be happy.
Fare, n., seems to have been derived from the French v *faire*, whenever it can be interpreted by the word *ado*. This hote *fare*; for which the wardein chidde and made *fare*; what amounteth all this *fare*? betwixt us two nedeth no strange *fare*; and leve this nice *fare*.
Farse, v. (A.N.), to stuff.
Faute, n. (A.N.), want.
Fawe, adj. (A.S.), glad.
Fay, n. (A.N.), faith.
Fecche, v. (A.S.), to fetch.
Fee, n. (A.S.), money; goods.
Feyne, v. (A.N.), to feign.
Fel, adj. (A.S.), cruel, destructive.
Felawe, n. (A.S.), fellow, companion.
Feld, n. (A.S.), a field.
Fele, adj. (A S.), many.
Fele, v. (A.S.), to feel, to have sense, to perceive.
Felonie, n. (A.N.), all sorts of criminal violence.
Feminie, pr. n., the country of Amazons.
Femininité, n. (A.N.), womanhood.
Feend, n. (A.S.), an enemy, the devil.
Feendly, adj., devilish.

Fer, adv. (A.S.), far; *ferre*, further; *ferrest*, superl., furthest.
Ferd, fered, part. pa. of *fere*, terrified.
Ferd, ferde, pl. *ferden*, pa. t. of *fare*, went.
Fere, n. (A.S.), a companion, a mate; *in fere*, together, in company.
Fere, n. (A.S), fear; v., to terrify.
Ferforth, ferforthly, adv. (A.S.), far forth.
Ferly, adj. (A.S.), strange.
Fermacye, for *pharmacie*, n. (A.N.), a medicine.
Ferme, n. (A.N.), a farm.
Ferm rere, n. (Lat), the officer in a religious house who had the care of the infirmary.
Fern, adj. (A.S), distant.
Ferne, adv. (A.S.), before.
Fers, adj. (A.N.), fierce.
Ferth, fourth.
Ferthere, adv. (A.S), further.
Ferthing, n (A S), a farthing, *i. e.* fourthing; any very small thing, or quantity.
Feste, n. (A.N.), feast.
Festeying, part. pr (A.N.), feasting.
Festly, adj , used to feasts.
Festne, v. (A S.), to fasten
Fet, n (A.N), work, performance.
Fetys, adj., well made, neat.
Fetysly, adv , neatly, properly.
Fet, fette, part. pa. of *fecche*, fetched, brought.
Fey, n. (A.N.), faith.
Feyne, v. (A.N.), to make a pass in fencing, to fence.
Fil, pa. t. of *fall*, fell.
Fynch, n. (A.S.), a small bird. To pull a finch was a proverbial expression signifying to strip a man, by fraud, of his money, &c.
Fynt, findeth.
Fyn, n. (A.N), end.
Fine, v. (A N.), to cease.
Fyt, n. (A.S.), a division or short portion of a poem.
Fithul, n. (A.S.), a fiddle.
Fixe, adj. (A.N.), fixed.
Flayne, part pa. of *flaye*, v.(A.S.), flayed
Flatour, n. (A.N.), a flatterer.
Flecked, adj. (A.S), spotted.
Flee, v. neut. (A.S.), to fly.
Flen, n. pl. (A.S.) fleas
Fleme, v. (A.S.), to banish.
Flemer, n., one who banishes.
Flete, v. (A.S.), to float, to swim.
Flikere, v. neut. (A S), to flutter.
Flit, v. neut. (A.S), to fly.
Flo, n. (A.S), an arrow; *flone*, pl.
Flokmel, adv. (A.S.), in a flock.
Floyte, n. (A.N.), a flute.
Floren, pr. n., a species of gold coin.
Flotery, adj. (A.S.), floating.
Flourid, v. (A.N.), flourished.
Flouting, playing on the flute.
Foyne, v. (A.N.), to make a pass in fencing; to push.
Foysoun, n. (A.N.), abundance.
Fold, part pa. (A.S), folded.
Fole-large, adj., foolishly liberal.
Folye, n. (A.N.), folly.
Folily, adv., foolishly.
Folwe, v. (A.S.), to follow.
Fond, pa t. of *finde*, found.
Fonde, v. (A S), to try.
Fone, n. pl , foes.
Fonge, v. (A.S.), to take.
Fon, n. (A.S), a fool.
Foot-hoot, immediately.
Foot-mantel, probably a sort of riding-petticoat, such as is still used by market-women.
For, in composition with verbs, answering to the German *ver-*, gives in some words an intensitive, and in others a privative signification, and always communicates a destructive sense.

Forboden, part pa. of *forbede*, v. (A.S.), forbidden.
For-brused, part. pa. (A.S.), sorely bruised.
Force, n. (A.N.): *no force*, no matter; *I do no force*, I care not.
For-cutte, v. (A.S.), to cut through.
For-do, v. (A.S.), to do away, to ruin.
For-don, for-do, part. pa., undone.
For-dronken, part. pa. (A.S.), very drunken.
For-dry, adj. (A.S.), very dry.
For-dwined, part. pa. (A.S.), wasted away.
Forewetyng, n. (A.S.), foreknowledge.
Forewete, forwote v., to foreknow.
Forfaite, v. (A.N.), to misdo; to forfeit.
For-fare, v. (A.N.), to fare ill.
For-fered, part. pa. (A.S.), much afraid.
For-gon, inf. v. (A.S.), to omit, to lose.
For-growen, part pa. (A.S.), overgrown.
For-kerve, v. (A.S.), to carve or cut through.
For-laft, part pa. (A.S.), left off entirely.
For-lese, v. (A.S.), to lose entirely.
For-lete, v. (A.S.), to give over, to quit; to forsake.
For-lore, part. pa. (A.S.), utterly lost.
Forme, adj. (A.S.), first
Fornays, n. (A.N.), a furnace.
For-pyned, part. pa. (A.S.), wasted away, tormented.
For-sleuthe, for-slouthe, for-slugge, v. (A.S.), to lose through sloth.
Forster, n. (A.N.), a forester.
For-straught, part. pa. (A.S.), distracted.
Forthby, adv. (A.S.), forward by.
For-thinke, v. (A.S.), to repent.
For-thought, pa. t. of *for-thinke*.
Forthy, conj. (A.S.), therefore.
For-troden, part. pa. of *for-trede*, v. (A.S), trodden down.
Fortune, v. (A N.), to make fortunate, to give good or bad fortune.
For-waked, part. pa. (A.S.), weary with being awake.
For-wandred, part. pa. (A.S.), having wandered long.
Forward, n. (A.S.), a promise, or covenant.
For-wrapped, part. pa., wrapped up.
For-yelde, v (A.S.), to repay.
Fostred, part. pa. (A.S.), nourished.
Fostryng, n , nutriment.
Fother, n. (A.S.), a carriage-load, an indefinite large quantity.
Foule, n. (A S.), a bird.
Found, pa. t. of *finde*, supplied.
Foundred, pa. t. (A.N.), fell down.
Fowel, n. (A.N.), a fowl, a bird.
Fra for *fro*, prep. (A.S.), from: *til and fra*, to and fro.
Franchise, n. (A.S.), frankness, generosity.
Frank, n., a denomination of French money.
Frankeleyn, n. (A.N.). Fortescue, de L. L. Aug. c. 29. describes a franklain to be a pater familias—magnis ditatus possessionibus, a father of a family enriched with great possessions. He is classed with, but after, the Miles and Armiger; and is distinguished from the Libere tenentes, free tenants, and Valecti; though, as it would seem, the only real distinction between him and other freeholders consisted in the largeness of his estate.
Fraught, v. (A.S.), to freight, load a ship.
Fre, adj. (A.S.), willing, unconstrained, at liberty, liberal, bountiful.
Freknes, n. pl. (A S.), spots, freckles.
Freelté, n. (A.N.), frailty.
Fremde, Fremed, adj. (A S.), strange.
Frere, n. (A.N.), a friar.

Frete, v. (A.S.), to eat, devour; *frete*, part. pa., eaten.
Frayne, v. (A.S.), to ask.
Frote, v (A.N.), to rub.
Fructuous, adj. (A.N.), fruitful.
Fruitestere, n., a female seller of fruit.
Ful-drive, part. pa., fully driven, completed.
Fulliche, adv., fully.
Fulsomnes, n. (A.S.), satiety.
Fumetere, pr. n. of a plant; fumitory.
Fumosité, n. (A.N.), fumes arising from excessive drinking.
Fundament, n. (A.N.), foundation.
Furial, adj. (A.N.), raging.
Fusible, adj., capable of being melted.

Gabbe, v. (A.N.), to jest; to talk idly; to lie.
Gadling, n. (A.S.), an idle vagabond.
Gadred, part. pa. (A.S.), gathered.
Gaylard, adj. (A.N.), gay, licentious.
Gaitre-beries, berries of the dog-wood tree.
Gale, v. (A.S.), to crie, or sing.
Galyngale, pr. n, sweet cyperus.
Galoche, n. (A.N.), a shoe.
Galpe, v. (A.S.), to gape, to yawn.
Galwes, n. pl. (A.S.), the gallows.
Gan, pa. t. (A.S.), began; *gannen*, pl.
Gane, v. (A.S.), to yawn.
Gar, v. (A.S.), to make
Gargate, n. (A.N.), the throat.
Garnisoun, n. (A.N.), a guard, or garrison.
Gate, n. (A.S.), a way.
Gattothud, goat-toothed.
Gaude, n. (A.N.), jest; *gaudes*, pl., ridiculous tricks
Gaule, v. (A.S.), to yell.
Gaure, v. (A.S.), to stare.
Geant, n. (A.N.), a giant.
...*ent*, adj. (A.N.), neat, pretty.
Genterye, n (A.N.), gentility.
Gentil, adj (A.N.), civil, liberal, gentlemanlike.
Gentilnes, n, civility, gentility.
Gepoun, n. (A.N.), a short cassock.
Gere, n. (A.S.), all sorts of instruments of cookery, of war, of apparel, of chemistry: *In here gueynte geres*, I, 1533, in their strange fashions.
Gery, *gerful*, (A.N.), changeable.
Gesse, v. (A.S.), to guess.
Gest, n. (A.S.), a guest.
Geste, v. (A.S.), to relate gestes, or adventures.
Gestes, n. pl., actions, adventures.
Gestour, n., a relator of gestes.
Get, n. (A.N.), fashion, behaviour: *With that false get*, with that cheating contrivance.
Gye, v. (A.S.), to rule; to guide.
Gylour, n. (A.N.), a deceiver.
Gilt, n. (A.S.), guilt.
Gilteles, adj., free from guilt.
Giltif, adj., guilty.
Gin, n. (A.N.), engine, contrivance.
Gipser, n. (A.N.), a pouch or purse.
Gypoun, n.; see *gepoun*.
Girde, v. (A.S.), to strike, to smite.
Girt, part. pa. of *girde*; *thurgh girt*, smitten through.
Gyse, n. (A.N.), guise, fashion.
Gyte, n. (A.N.), a gown.
Giterne, n. (A.N.) a guitar.
Glade, v. (A.S.), to make glad.
Gladsom, adj., pleasant.
Gle, n (A.S.), mirth, music; the performance of the minstrels or gleemen.
Gleede, n. (A.S.), a burning coal; a spark of fire.
Gleyre, n. (A.N.), the white of an egg.
Glemsing, n., glimmering.
Gliteren, pr. t. pl. of *gliter*, v. (A.S.), they glitter.
Glode, pa. t. of *glide*.
Glose, n. (A.N.), a comment or interpretation; v., to comment, or interpret; to speak tenderly; to flatter.
Glowedan pa. t. pl. (A.S.), they glowed
Gnarre, n. (A.S.), a hard knot in a tree.
Gnat, n. (A.S.), is put for any little worthless thing.
Gnof, n., an old cuff, a miser. Gloss. Ur.
Gnowe, pa. t. (A.S.), gnawed.
Go, v. (A.S.), means sometimes to walk, in contradistinction to riding
Gobet, n. (A.N.), a morsel, a bit.
Good-les, adj., without money or goods.
Godsib, n. (A.S.), a gossip, a godfather.
Gold-beten, adj. (A.S.), of beaten gold.
Goldsmithry, n. (A.S.), goldsmith's work.
Goliardeis, n. (A.N.), a low class of society in the middle ages, who lived upon the superfluity of the richer.
Gon, inf. m. (A.S.), to go; pr. t. pl., they go; part. pa, gone.
Gonge, n. (A.S), a jakes, a privy.
Gonnen, *gonne*, pa. t. pl. of *ginne*, begun.
Gore, n., a common name for a slip of cloth or linen wider at the bottom than at the top, which is inserted in order to widen a garment in any particular place.
Gossomer, n, a thin cobweb-like substance which flies about in the air.
Gost, n. (A.S), spirit, mind.
Goth, imp. m. 2d pers. pl, go ye.
Gourd, n, a vessel to carry liquor; perhaps so called from its shape.
Governayle, n. (A.N.), government, steerage.
Gowne-cloth, cloth enough to make a gown.
Grace, n. (A.N.), favour; *sory grace*, *harde grace*, misfortune.
Gracious, adj. (A.N.), agreeable, graceful.
Grame, n. (A.S.), grief, anger.
Graunge, n (A.N.), a farm-house.
Grave (*graven*), part. pa., buried.
Gree, n. (A.N.) pleasure, satisfaction; *to receyve in gree*, to take kindly; *the gree*, the prize; also, a step or degree, from the Latin *gradus*.
Grede, v. (A.S.), to cry.
Greythe, v. (A.S.), to prepare, make ready.
Grefhed, n. (A.N.), grief.
Grees, n. (A.N.), grease.
Grette, pa. t. (A.S.) greeted, saluted.
Gloves, n pl. (A.S.), gloves.
Grint, grindeth.
Grinte, pa. t., ground: *grynte with his teeth*, gnashed with his teeth; *grynting*, n., grinding, gnashing.
Grys, n. (A.N.), a species of fur of the better sort.
Grisly, adj. (A.S.), dreadful.
Grucche, v. (A.S.), to grudge, to murmur
Groine, n. (A.N.), the snout of a swine, a hanging lip.
Grone, v. (A.N), to groan, to grunt; *grent*, pa. t, groaned.
Grope, v. (A.S.), to search, to examine by feeling.
Grot, n., a coin worth fourpence.
Grounden, part pa. of *grind*.
Grucching, n., discontent
Gruf, adj. (A.S.), flat on the ground.
Guerdoun, n (A.N), reward, recompense; v., to reward.
Gulde, n., the flower commonly called a turnsol.
Gultif, adj. (A.S.), guilty.
Gurles, n. pl. (A.S.), young persons, either male or female.
Habergeon, n. (A.N.), a diminutive of hauberg, a coat of mail.
Hadden, pa. t. pl., they had.
Haf, pa. t. of *heve* (A.S.), heaved, raised
Hail, n. (A.S.), health, welfare.
Haire, n. (A.N.), a hair-cloth.
Hakeney, n (A.N.), a hackney: an ambling horse, or pad.
Haketoun, n. (A.N.), a short cassock without sleeves.
Hald, part pa., held.
Half, n. (A.S.), a side, a part: *a Goddis half*, on God's part; with God's favour: *on the four halves*, on the four sides
Halke, n. (A S.), a corner.
Halpe, pa t (A S), helped.
Hals, n. (A S.), the neck.
Halse, v. (A.S), to embrace round the neck, to salute.
Halwes, n. pl. (A.S.), saints.
Ham, n. (A.S.), home.
Han, inf. m., to have.
Hanselines, a part of the dress, apparently a sort of breeches.
Happe, or *hap*, n. (A.S.), chance; v., to happen
Harde, v. (A.S.), to make hard.
Hardely, adv. (A.N.), boldly; adv. (A.S.), certainly.
Harding, n. (A.S.), hardening.
Herie, v. (A.N.), to hurry; *to harie and drawe*.
Harlot, n (A.N.), a low fellow, belonging to the same base class of society as the gohardeis and ribalds.
Harlotries, n. pl., ribaldries.
Harneys, n. (A N), armour, furniture.
Harneyse, v (A.N.), to dress, to furnish.
Harrow, interj. (A.N.), an exclamation of alarm
Harwed, pa. t. v, (A.S.), harried, plundered.
Hasardour, n. (A.N.), a player at hazard, a gamester.
Hasardrie, n., gaming in general.
Hastifly, adv. (A.N) hastily.
Hate, v. (A.S.), to be named
Hauberk, n (A N), a coat of mail.
Haven, inf. m of *have*.
Haunt, n. (A N), custom, practice.
Haunte, v. (A.N.), to practise; *haunteden*, pa. t. pl, they practised, frequented.
Hauteyn, adj (A N.), haughty, high, loud; *a hauteyn faucon*, a high-flying hawk: *faulcon haultain*.
Hawe, n. (A S), a hawthorn-berry; a farmyard, a churchyard.
Hawe-bake, according to Urry, for *hauberk*.
He, pron. (A.S), is often prefixed in all its cases to proper names emphatically according to the Saxon usage: He Moises: He Tityus.
Heed, n, (A S), a head.
Hegges, n. pl (A S.), hedges
Hele, v. (A.S.), to hide; to heal, to help.
Hele, n, health.
Hem, obl. c. pl. of *he*, them.
Hen, adv., hence.
Heende, *hende*, *hendy*, adj. (A.S), civil, courteous.
Henen, *henne*, *hennes*, *hens*, adv. (A.S.), hence
Heng, pa t., hung.
Hente, v. (A.S) to take hold of, to catch; *hent* pa. t. and part.
Hepe, n. (A S.), a heap, a hip, the fruit of the dog-rose.
Herowd, *herald*, n. (A.N.), a herald.
Herbergage n. (A.S.), lodging.
Herbergeours, n. pl., providers of lodgings, harbingers.
Herberwe, n. (A.S.), an inn, a lodging; in astrology, the place of the sun: v., to lodge.
Herde, *hierde*, n. (A.S.), a keeper; a ho...

Here, pron., their.

Heere, v. (A.S.), to hear; *herd*, *herde*, pa. t. and part.; *herden*, pa. t. pl.

Heer, n. (A.S.), hair; *heren*, adj., made of hair.

Heris, l. 7508, theirs.

Herking, part. pr. (A.S.), hearkening.

Hern, n. (A.S.), a corner.

Heronsewes, n. pl. (A.N.), young herons.

Herte, n. (A.S.) the heart: *herte-spon*, l. 2608, "this part of the body is not named in the dictionaries. From a passage in Johnson's *Sad Shepherd*, Tyrwhitt suspects it may mean the concave part of the breast, where the lower ribs unite with the cartilago ensiformis.

Herteles, adj., without courage.

Hertly, adj., hearty.

Herie, v. (A.S.), to praise.

Herying, n., praise.

Heste n. (A.S.) command, promise.

Hete, v. (A.S.), to promise, to be called. See *highte*.

Hethenesse, n. (A.S.), the country of the heathens.

Hethyng, n. (A.S.), contempt.

Heve v. (A.S.), to heave, to raise; v. neut., to labour.

Heved, n (A.S.), the head.

Hewe, v. (A.S.) to cut, to hew.

Hewe, n. (A.S.), colour, appearance.

Heygh adj., high

Hidous, adj (A.N.), dreadful: *hidously*, adv., terribly.

Hye, n (A.S.), haste, diligence; v. to hasten.

Hight, n. (A.S.), height.

Highte, v (A.S.), called.

Hild, pret., held.

Him obj. of *he*, is often used alone in that reciprocal sense which is generally expressed by the addition of the adj. *self* Than hath he don his freend, ne him, no shame, i e nor himself As he him laid. And clad him. And bare him.

Hynderest, the hindmost.

Hyne, n. (A.S.), a servant in husbandry, a hind.

Hir their.

Hire, obj. c. of *she*, is often, like *him*, put for herself, and without the usual preposition. See *him*.

Hire, pron poss., her.

Hochepot, n (A.N.), a mixture of various things shaken together in the same pot

Hoker, n (A.S.), frowardness: *hokerly*, adv., frowardly.

Holde, n. (A.S.), a fort or castle.

Hold, *holden*, part. pa., obliged.

Hol, *hole*, adj. (A.S.), whole, entire, sound.

Holly, adv., entirely, wholly.

Holour, n. (A.S.), a whoremonger.

Holte, n. (A.S.), a grove, or forest: *holte*, l. 4927, for *holde*, a fort or castle.

Holt, holdeth.

Homly, adj. (A.S.), domestic, plain, simple.

Homlynesse, n. (A.S.), domestic management; familiarity.

Honde, n (A.S.), a hand.

Honest, adj. (A.N.), means generally, according to the French usage, creditable, honourable; becoming a person of rank.

Honesté, *honesteté*, n. (A.N.), virtue, decency, good manners.

Hoor, *hore*, adj. (A.S.), hoary, grey.

Hoot adj (A.S.), hot.

Hope, v. (A.S.), to expect; to hope.

Hoppesteres, n. pl. (A.S.), female dancers.

Hord, n. (A.S.), a treasure; a private place fit for the keeping of treasure.

Horsly, adj., is applied to a horse, as *manly* is to a man.

Hospitalers, n. pl., religious persons, of both sexes, who attended the sick in hospitals.

Host, n (A.N.), an army.

Hostel, n. (A.N.), an inn, a dwelling-place.

Hostyler, n. (A.N.), an inn-keeper.

Hostelrie, n. (A.N.), an inn, or lodging-house.

Hote, adv., hotly.

Hote, *hoten*, part. pa. of *hete*, called.

Hound-fisch, n. (A.S.), the dog-fish.

Houped, pa. t. (A.N.), hooped, or hollowed; shoaled.

Housbondrye, n. (A.S.), thrift, economical management.

Housbond-man, n. (A.S.), the master of the family.

Housel, n (A.S.), the Eucharist.

Housele, v., to administer the sacrament: *to ben houselyd*, to receive the sacrament.

Howve, n. (A.S.), a cap, or hood.

Humblehede, n., humble state.

Humblesse, n., humility.

Hunte, *hont*, n. (A.S.), a huntsman.

Hurtle, v. (A.N.), to push.

Hylled, part. pa. (A.S.), hidden. See *hele*.

Ich, pron. (A.S.), I: *so the ich*, so may I prosper.

Idel, adj. (A.S.), idle, fruitless; *in idel*, in vain.

Idolastre, n. (A.N.), an idolater.

Ik, *yk*, pron (A.S.), I.

Ilke, adj. (A.S.), same.

Imaginatyf, adj. (A.N.), suspicious.

Imped, part. pa (A.S.), planted, grafted.

Impes, n. pl., shoot of trees, grafts.

Importable, adj. (A.N.), intolerable, impossible.

Impossible, n (A.N.), an impossibility.

In, prep. (A.S.), upon.

Indigne, adj. (A.N.), unworthy.

Ingot, n., a mould for casting ingots.

Inhabit, part. pa. (A.N.), inhabited.

Inly, adv. (A.S.), inwardly, deeply, thoroughly.

Inne, adv. (A.S.), in.

In, *inne*, n. (A.S.), a house, habitation, lodging.

Inned, *ynned*, part. pa. (A.S.), lodged.

Innocent, adj. (A.N.), ignorant.

Inwit, n. (A.S.), understanding; conscience.

Inwith, prep. (A.S.), within.

Irous, adj., passionate.

Itaille, pr. n., Italy.

Jambeux, n. pl. (A.N.), armour for the legs.

Jane, n., a coin of (Janua) Genoa; it is put for any small coin.

Jangle, v. (A.N.), to prate, to talk much or fast; n., prate, babble.

Jangler, *janglour*, n, a prater; *jangleres*, a female prater.

Jape, n. (A.N.), a trick, a jest.

Jape, v, to jest, to cheat, to laugh at; to put to shame.

Japer, n., a common jester or buffoon.

Japerie, n., buffoonery.

Jestes, n. pl. as *gestes*, deeds.

Jewerie, n. (A.N.), a district inhabited by Jews.

Jewise, n. (A.N.), judgment, punishment.

Joconde, adj. (A.N.), joyous, pleasant.

Jogelour, n. (A.N.), a minstrel, a juggler.

Jolyf, adj. (A.N.), joyful, jolly.

Jordanes, n. pl., chamber-pots.

Jossa, an exclamation.

Journee, n (A.N.), a day's journey; a day's work.

Jubalter, pr. n., Gibraltar.

Jubbe, n., a vessel for holding ale or wine.

Judicum, the Book of Judges.

Juyl, n., the month of July.

Jupartie, n. (A.N.), jeopardy.

Justice, n. (A.N.), a judge.

Juwyse, n. (A.N.), judgment.

Kaynard; caynard, or caignard, was a French term of reproach, which seems to have been originally derived from *canis*, dog.

Kemelyn, n. (A.S.), a tub.

Kempe, *kempt*, part. pa. (A.S.), combed.

Keep, n. (A.N.), care, attention; *take no keep*, do not mind it.

Kepe, v., to take care.

Kers, n. (A.S.), water-cresses: *of paramours ne sette he nat a kers*, would now be expressed by, he cared not a rush for love.

Kerver, n. (A.S.), a carver.

Kesse, v., to kiss; *keste*, pa. t., kissed.

Keverchef, n. (A.N.), a cover for the head, a kerchief.

Kevere, v. (A.N.), to cover, or recover.

Kichil, n. (A.S.), a little cake.

Kid, *kidde*, (A.S.), made known, discovered.

Kike, v. (A.S.), to kick.

Kin, n. (A.S.), kindred.

Kynd, n. (A.S.), nature.

Kyndely, adv., naturally.

Kinrede, n., kindred.

Kirtel, n. (A.S.), a tunic or waistcoat.

Kythe, v. (A.S.), to show, to make known.

Knakkes, n. pl. (A.S.), trifling tricks.

Knarre, n. (A.S.), a knot in a tree.

Knarry, adj. (A.S.), full of knarres, or knots.

Knave, n. (A.S.), a servant, properly a boy-servant: *a knave-child*, a male child.

Knight, n. (A.S.), a servant, generally a servant in war; a soldier, a dubbed knight

Knighthode, n., valour.

Knit, part. pa. (A.S), joined, bound, agreed.

Knobbes, n. pl. (A.S.), excrescences in the shape of buds or buttons; pimples.

Knowe, n. (A.S.), a knee.

Knowleche, v. (A.S.), to acknowledge.

Knowleching, n., knowledge.

Kouthe, (A.S.), knew, known.

Kyke, v. (A.S.), to look stedfastly.

Laas, n. (A.N.), a lace, a snare.

Labbe, n., a blab, a great talker; *labbing*, blabbing.

Lace, n. (A.N.), a snare.

Lacert n. (A.N.), a fleshy muscle.

Lachesse, n. (A.N.), slackness, negligence.

Lad, *ladde*, led, carried.

Laft, left.

Layneres, n. pl. (A.N.), straps or thongs.

Lake, n., a sort of cloth.

Lakke, (A.S), a fault, a disgraceful action; want.

Large, adj. (A.N.), spacious, free, prodigal: *till that it was prime large*, till prime was for spent.

Largely adv., fully.

Lasse, less.

Latrede, part. pa. (A.S), delayed, tardy.

Lathe, n. (A.S.), a barn.

Latoun, n. (A.N.), a kind of mixed metal of the colour of brass.

Laudes, the service performed in the fourth, or last, watch of the night.

Launde, n. (A.N.), a plain not ploughed.

Laureole, n. (A.N.), spurge-laurel.

Laurer, n. (A.N.), laurel.

Laverock, n. (A.S.), a lark.

Launcegay, n., a sort of lance.

Lavours, n. pl. (A.N.), lavers.
Laxatif, n. (A.N.), a purging medicine.
Lay, n. (A.S.), law, religious profession.
Layt, n. (A.S.), lightning.
Lazer, n. (A.N.), a leper.
Leche, n. (A.S.), a physician; *lechecraft*, the skill of a physician, the practice of medicine.
Lecherous, adj., provoking lechery.
Lechour, n. (A.N.), a lecher.
Leden, n. (A.S.), language.
Lees, n. (A.N.), a leash by which dogs are held.
Leef, adj. (A.S.), pleasing, agreeable; beloved: *be him loth, or leef*, though it be unpleasing to him, or pleasing; *for lefe ne lothe*, for friend nor enemy: it sometimes signifies pleased: *I am nought leef to gabbe*, I am not pleased to prate; I take no pleasure in prating.
Leful, adj. (A.S.), lawful.
Legge, v. (A.S.), to lay.
Leysir, n. (A.N.), leisure, opportunity.
Leite, n. (A.S.), light; lightning.
Lemes, n. pl. (A.S.), flames.
Lemman, n. (A.S.), a lover, or gallant, a mistress.
Lendes, n. pl. (A.S.), the loins.
Lene, adj. (A.S.), lean.
Lene, v. (A.S.), to lend, to grant.
Lenger, longer.
Lenton, n., the season of Lent.
Leonine, adj., belonging to a lion.
Lepart, n., a leopard.
Lep, leaps; lept.
Lere, *lerne*, v. (A.S.), to learn, to teach; *lered*, learnt.
Lere, n. (A.S.), the skin.
Lese, v. (A.S.), to lose; *leseth*, imp., lose ye.
Lesing, n. (A.S.), a lie, a falsity.
Lest, *list*, *lust*, n. (A.S.), pleasure.
Leste, *liste*, *luste*, v., to please; it is generally used, as an impersonal in the third person only, for it pleaseth, or it pleased: *him lust ryde soo*, it pleased him to ride so; *wel to drynke us leste*, it pleaseth us well to drink; *if yow leste*, if it please you; *me list not pleye*, it pleaseth me not to play.
Leste, least.
Lette, v. (A.S.), to leave, to omit; to leave, to permit; to hinder.
Let, n., delay, hindrance.
Lettrure, *letterure*, n. (A.N.), literature.
Letuarie, n. (A.N.), an electuary.
Leve, n. (A.S.), desire, inclination.
Leve, adj. (A.S.), dear.
Leve v. (A.S.), to believe: *leveth me*, believe me.
Levene, n. (A.S.), lightning.
Lever, comp. d. of *leef*, more agreeable: *I hadde lever*, I had rather.
Levesel, l. 4059, the meaning of this word is doubtful.
Lewed, *lewde*, adj. (A.S.), ignorant, unlearned; lay; lascivious.
Leyte, n. (A.S.), flame.
Liard, n. (A.N.), a name for a horse; belonging originally to a horse of a grey colour, as *bayard*, from *bay*.
Liche-wake (A.S.), the custom of watching with dead bodies.
Liegis, n. pl. (A.N.), subjects.
Lifode, n. (A.S.), living, existence.
Lyfly, adv. (A.S.), like the life.
Ligeaunce, n. (A.N.), allegiance.
Ligge, v. (A.S.), to lie down; *liggyng*, lying.
Lighte, v. (A.S.), to enlighten, to make light, or pleasant; to descend, to alight.
Liken, v. (A.S.), to compare.
Like, v. (A.S.), to please: *it liketh hem*, it pleaseth them.
Licorous, *likerous*, adj. (A.S.), Gluttonous, lascivious.
Licorousnes, *likerousnes*, n., greediness; lechery.
Likyng, n. (A.S.), pleasure.
Limayle, n. (A.N.), filings of any metal.
Limed, part. pa. (A.S.), caught, as with bird-lime.
Limed, part. pa. (A.N.), polished, as with a file.
Lime-rod, a twig with bird-lime.
Lymytacioun, n., a certain precinct allowed to a limitour.
Lymytour, n., a friar licensed to beg within a certain district.
Lynage, n. (A.N.), family.
Lynde, n. (A.S.), the lime-tree.
Lisse, n. (A.S.), remission, abatement.
Lissed, part. pa. (A.S.), eased, relieved.
Liste, v. See *leste*.
Litarge, n. (A.N.), white-lead.
Lyte, adj. (A.S.), little.
Lith, n. (A.S.), a limb.
Lither, adj. (A.S.), wicked.
Litherly, adv. (A.S.), ill, badly.
Lyve, n. (A.S.), life: *on lyve*, in life, alive: *Lyves creatures*, living creatures.
Lodemenage, *Loode-sterre*. See the statute 3 Geo. 1. c. 13, where loadmanage is used repeatedly in the sense of pilotage; the north star is similarly called the lodesterre, and hence also our name of loadstone for the magnet: *lodesmen* occurs in other writings of Chaucer for pilots.
Loft (A.S.), *on loft*, aloft, on high.
Loge, n. (A.N.), a lodge, habitation; *logged*, lodged; *logging*, n., a lodging.
Loken, *loke*, part. pa. of *loke*, v. (A.S.), locked, shut close.
Loller, n., a Lollard.
Londe, n. (A.S.), land.
Lone, n. (A.S.), a loan, any thing lent.
Longe, v. (A.S.), to belong, to desire.
Long, along.
Loos, *los*, n. (A.N.), praise.
Lordynges, n. pl. (A.S.), sirs, masters; a diminutive of lords.
Lordschipe, n. (A.S.), supreme power.
Lore, n. (A.S.), knowledge, doctrine, advice.
Lorel, n. (A.S.), a good-for-nothing fellow.
Lorne, part. pa. of *lese*, (A.S.), lost, undone.
Losengeour, n. (A.N.), a flatterer; *losengerie*, n., flattery.
Loth, adj. (A.S.), odious, disagreeable, more hateful; *lothly*, adj., loathsome.
Love-dayes, days appointed for the amicable settlement of differences.
Love-drink, n., a drink to excite love.
Love-longyng, n., desire of love.
Lough, laughed.
Lowke, a lurking fellow.
Loure, v. (A.S.), to look discontented.
Loute, v. (A.S.), to bow, to lurk.
Lowlyhede, n. (A.S.), humility.
Luce, n. (A.N.), the fish called a pike.
Lulled, invited to sleep.
Lumbardes, n. pl., bankers, remitters of money.
Lunarie, n., a herb, moonwort.
Lure, n. (A.N.), a device used by falconers for calling their hawks.
Lure, v., to bring to the lure.
Lust, n., see *lest*.
Lust, he desires.
Lustyhede, n. (A.S.), pleasure, mirth.
Luxurie, n. (A.N.), lechery.

Maat, (A.N.), dejected; struck dead.
Mace, n. (A.N.), a club.
Madde, v. (A.S.), to become mad.
Mahoun, pr. n., Mahomet.
Mayle, n. (A.N.), a coat of mail.
Maintenaunce, n. (A.N.), behaviour.
Maisterie, *maistrie*, n. (A.N.), skill, skilful management, power, superiority.
Maistresse, n. (A.N.), mistress, governess.
Maistrise, n. (A.N.), masterly workmanship.
Make, n. (A.S.), a fellow, a mate, a husband, a wife.
Make, v. (A.S.), to compose or make verses: *to make a man's berde*, to cheat him.
Maked, part. pa., made.
Male, n. (A.N.), a budget, or portmanteau; evil, ill.
Malefice, n. (A.N.), enchantment, witchcraft.
Malisoun, n. (A.N.), malediction, curse.
Malvesie, n., Malmsey wine.
Manace, n. (A.N.), a threat; v., to threaten.
Manciple, n., an officer who had the care of purchasing victuals for an inn of court.
Mandement, n. (A.N.), mandate.
Manere, n. (A.N.), carriage, behaviour; kind, or sort.
Manye, n. (A.N), madness.
Mannish, adj. (A.S.), human, proper to the human species; masculine, proper to man, as distinguished from woman.
Manor, n. (A.N.), dwelling.
Mantelet, n. (A.N.), a short mantle.
Marcian, adj., martial, under the influence of Mars.
Marreys, n. (A.N.), a marsh.
Mary, n. (A.S.), marrow; *mary-bones*, marrow-bones.
Market-beter, probably, one that endeavours to lower prices.
Markis, n. (A.N.), a marquis.
Martyre, v. (A.N.), to torment.
Mase, n., a wild fancy, v., to doubt, to be confounded; *masednesse*, astonishment, confusion.
Maselin, n., a drinking-cup.
Mate, (A.N.), dejected, struck dead.
Maundement, n. (A.N.), mandate.
Maugré, (A.N.), in spite of.
Mavis, n. (A.S.), a thrush.
Maumet, n., an idol.
Maumetrie, n., the religion of Mahomet, idolatry.
Mawe, n. (A.S.), the stomach.
May, n. (A.S.), a virgin; a young woman.
Maydenhode, n. (A.S.), virginity.
Mede, n. (A.S.), a meadow.
Meede, n. (A.S.), reward.
Mede, *meth*, n., mead, a liquour made of honey.
Medle, v. (A.N.), to mix; *medled*, mixed.
Meyné, *meigné*, *meisné*, (A.N.), household attendants, an army.
Meint, (A.S.), mixed, mingled.
Melle, n., a mill.
Memorie, n. (A.N.), remembrance; v., to remember.
Mendinauntz, n. pl. (A.N.), friars of the begging orders.
Mene, v. (A.S.), to mean, to intend.
Mene, n. (A.N.), a mean, or instrument.
Mene, adj., middle.
Menivere, n. (A.N.), a sort of fur.
Merciable, adj. (A.N.), capable of mercy, merciful.
Meritorie, adj. (A.N.), meritorious.
Merk, n. (A.S.), a mark, an image.
Mervaille, n. (A.N.), wonder, marvel.
Mery, adj. (A.S.), merry, pleasant.
Mesaventure, n. (A.N.), misfortune.
Mesel, n. (A.N.), a leper.
Meselrie, n. (A.N.), leprosy.
Messager, n. (A.N.), a messenger.
Messe, n. (A.N.), the service of the mass.
Mestier, n. (A.N.), trade, occupation: *what mestir men ye been*, what kind of men ye are; need.
Mesurable, adj. (A.N.), moderate.

Meschaunce, n. (A.N.), misfortune.
Meschiefe, n. (A.N.), misfortune.
Mesure, n. (A.N.), moderation.
Mete, adj. (A.S.), fitting, convenient.
Mete, n. (A.S.), meat; *duryng the metes space*, during the time of eating.
Mete, v. (A.S.), to meet; to dream.
Metyng, dreaming.
Mette, dreamed.
Mewe, n. (A.N.), a cage for hawks, while they mue, or change their feathers; a cage, in general, or any sort of confinement.
Might, pa. t. of *May* (A.S.), was able: *mighten*, pl.
Ministres, n. pl. (A.N.), officers of justice, ministers, minstrels.
Mynour, n. (A.N.), a miner.
Mynstralcye, n. (A.N.), music, musical instruments.
Mis, adv., ill, amiss. It is often to be supplied to a second verb, having been expressed in composition with a former. If that I mis-speke or say. That hire mis-doth or saith. There is nothing mis-saide nor do.
Mis, n., a wrong.
Mysavise, v., to advise wrongly.
Misboden, injured.
Misborn, misbehaved.
Mysdeparte, v., to distribute wrongly.
Misericord, n. (A N.), mercy, pity.
Misese, n., uneasiness.
Misgyed, misguided.
Mysgoon, *mis-go*, gone wrong.
Mistily, adv. (A.S.), darkly.
Mitaine, n. (A.N.), a glove.
Mite, n. (A.S.), a small worm.
Mixen, n. (A.S.), a dunghill.
Mo, more.
Moche, *mochel*, adj. (A.S.), great, in quantity, in number, in degree: adv., much, greatly.
Moder, *modre*, *moodre*, n. (A.S.), mother; the matrix, or principal plate of the astrolabe.
Moeblis, n. pl. (A.N.), movable goods.
Moist, *moisty*, adj. (A.N.), soft.
Molte, melted.
Mone, n. (A S.), the moon; lamentation.
Moneste, v. (A.N.), to admonish.
Mood, n. (A.S.), anger.
More (A.S.), greater in quantity, in number, or in degree. It is usually joined to adjectives and adverbs, to express the comparative degree.
Mormal, n., a cancer, or gangrene.
Mortifie, v. (A.N.), to kill (speaking of quicksilver).
Mortrewes, n., a kind of broth, or soup, in the preparation of which the flesh was stamped, or beat, in a mortar.
Morwe, n. (A.S.), the morning. *a-morwe*, in the morning of the following day.
Morwening, n. (A.S.), the morning: *morweninges*, pl.
Mosel, n. (A.N.), the muzzle, mouth of a beast.
Moste (A.S.), greatest.
Moste, v. (A.S.), must: *mosten*, pl.
Mote, v. (A.S.), must, may: *moten*, pl.
Mote, n. (A S.), an atom.
Mought (A.S.), might.
Moule, v. (A.S.), to grow mouldy.
Mountaunce, n. (A.N.), amount, in value, or quantity.
Mowe, v. (A.S.), to be able.
Mue, v. (A.N.), to change.
Mullok, n. (A.S.), dung, rubbish.
Multiplicacioun, n. (A.N.), the art of making gold and silver.

N, for *ne*, not, is often joined to the beginning of the word to which it relates, as *nadde*, had not; *nam*, am not; *nas*, was not; *nere*, were not; *nil*, will not; *nis*, is not; *niste*, *wiste* not; *nolde*, would not, &c.
Na, no.
Nakers, n pl. (A.N.), a kind of brazen drum used in the cavalry.
Nale, n. (A.S.). This word probably, in those few passages in which it is found, should be considered, not an ale-house, as sometimes interpreted, but merely as a corruption, which has arisen from the mispronunciation and consequent miswriting of *atte nale* for *atten ale*. A similar corruption seems to have taken place in the name of that celebrated personage in our law, Mr. John a-noke, whose original appellation was John atten oke, as that of his constant antagonist was John atte stile.
Nam, pa. t. of *nime* (A.S.), took.
Nappe, v. (A.S.), to sleep.
Narwe, adj. (A.S.), close, narrow.
Nat, not.
Nath, for *ne hath*, hath not.
Natheles, adv. (A.S.), not the less, nevertheless.
Naught, *nought*, n. (A.S.), nothing.
Naught, adv., not, not at all. It may more properly perhaps be considered as a noun used adverbially.
Nay, adv. (A.S.); it seems to be used sometimes as a noun: *it is no nay*, it cannot be denied.
Ne (A.S.), not, nor.
Needful, adj., distressed, indigent.
Needely, adv., necessarily.
Needes, *neede*, adv., necessarily.
Nedder, n. (A.S.), an adder.
Neghebore, n. (A.S.), a neighbour.
Neighe, adj. (A.S.), nigh; v., to approach, to come near.
Nempne, v. (A S.), to name.
Ner, near: *nere*, nigher.
Nesche, adj. (A.S.), soft, tender.
Neet, n. (A.S.), neat-cattle.
Nethir, lower.
Neven, v. (A.S.), to name.
Newe, adv., newly,
Newe, v., to renew: *newed*, renewed.
Newefangel, adj, desirous of new things: *newefangelness*, n., inconstancy.
Nexte, superl. d., nighest.
Nice, adj. (A.N.), foolish.
Nycete, n., folly.
Nyfles, n. pl., trifles.
Nygard, n. (A.N.), a stingy fellow; *nigardie*, n., stinginess.
Nightertale (A.S.), night-time.
Night-spel, n. (A.S.), a night-charm.
Noblesse, n. (A.N.), dignity, splendour.
Nobley, n., noblesse.
Noie, n. (A.N.), hurt, trouble; v., to hurt, to trouble.
Nomen, *nome*, part. pa. of *nime* (A.S.), taken.
Nomoo, adv. (A.S.), no more.
Nones: *for the nones*, *i. e.* for the occasion, for once.
Nonne, n. (A.N.), a nun.
Noon, n. (A.N.), the ninth hour of the natural day; nine o'clock in the morning; the hour of dinner.
Norice, n. (A.N.), a nurse.
Nortelrye, n. (A.N.), nurture, education.
Nose-thirles, n. pl. (A.S.), nostrils.
Not, for *ne wot*, know not.
Notabilité, n. (A.N.), a thing worthy of observation.
Note, n. (A.S.), need, business.
Notemuge, n., a nutmeg.
Not-hed, a head like a nut.
Nother, conj. (A.S.), nor, neither.
Nothing, adv. (A.S.), not, not at all.
Nought, n. and adv. (A.S.). See *naught*.
Nouthe, adv. (A.S.), now.
Nowche, n., a clasp or buckle.
Now, adv.: *now and now*, once and again.
Nowel, n. (A.N.), Christmas.

O, adj., for *on*, one.
Obeysaunce, n. (A.N.), obedience.
Obeysant, part. pr., obedient.
Observaunce, n. (A.N.), respect.
Observe, v. (A.N.), to respect, to pay regard to.
Offended, part. pa. (A.N.), hurt.
Offensioun, n., offence, damage.
Offryng, n., offering at mass.
Oftensith, oftentimes.
Oynement, n. (A.N.), ointment.
Olifaunt, n. (A.N.), an elephant.
Oliveres, n. pl. (A.N.), olive-trees.
On, *oon*, adj. (A.S.), one: *after on*, alike: *they were at on*, they were agreed: *ever in oon*, continually: *I mine on*, I single, I by myself.
Oned, part. pa. (A.S.), made one, united.
Ones, pl. of *on*: *we three ben alle ones*, we three are all one.
Ones, adv. (A.S.), once: *at oones*, at once, at the same time.
Only, adv. (A.S.), solely.
Open-ers, n. (A.S.), the fruit of the medlar-tree.
Open-heded, adj., bare-headed.
Opye, n. (A.N.), opium.
Oppresse, v. (A.N.), to ravish; *oppressed*, part. pa.; *oppression*, n., rape.
Or, adv. (A.S.), ere, before.
Oratory, n. (A.N.), a chapel, a closet.
Ordered, part. pa., ordained, in holy orders.
Ordres foure, the four orders of mendicant friars.
Ordinaunce, n. (A.N.), orderly disposition.
Ordinat, part. pa., orderly, regular.
Ore, n. (A.S.), grace, favour.
Orfreys, n. (A.N.), gold embroidery.
Orisont, n. (A.N.), the horizon.
Orisoun, n. (A.N.), a prayer.
Orologe, n. (A.N.), a clock or dial.
Other, adj. (A.S.), the other of two; *otheres*, gen. ca.
Other, conj. (A.S.), or, either.
Oughne, adj. (A.S.), own.
Over, prep. (A.S.), above.
Over, adj. (A.S.), upper; *overest*, superl., uppermost.
Over-gret, adj. (A.S.), too great.
Over-ladde, part pa., overborne.
Over-lippe, n., the upper lip.
Over-live, v., to outlive.
Over-nome, overtaken.
Over-thwart, adv. (A.S.), across, over against.
Ought (A.S.), any thing.
Ought, pa. t. of *owe*, owed: *ought* is also used as an impers. in the pr. and pa. t.: *wel ought us werke*, well behoveth it us to work.
Ounding, n. (A.N.), waving, imitating waves.
Outher, either.
Outhees, n., outcry.
Outrage, n. (A.N.), violence.
Outraye, v. (A.N.), to fly out, to be outrageous.
Outrely, adv. (A.N.), utterly, entirely.
Out-rydere, n. (A.S.), a rider out.
Out-taken, part. pa., taken out, excepted.
Owe, v. (A.S.), I owe, I ought; *owen*, pl.
Owher, adv. (A.S.), anywhere.

Paas, n. (A.N.), a foot-pace.
Pace, v. (A.N.), to pass; to surpass.
Payd, part. pa., pleased, contented.
Paindemaine, a sort of white bread. Skinner derives it from *panis matutinus*, *pain de matin*, morning bread. Tyrwhitt thinks it derived from

the province of Maine, where it was perhaps made in the greatest perfection.

Paleys, n. (A.N.), a palace.

Paling, n. (A.N.), imitating pales.

Palled, part. pa. (A.N.), made pale.

Palmeres, n. pl., pilgrims.

Pan, n. (A.S.), the skull, the head.

Panade, n. (A.N.), a knife, or dagger.

Papinjay, n. (A.N.), a parrot.

Par, prep. (A.N.), *par amour*, with or by love; *par compagnie*, for company; *par chaunce*, by chance; *par cuer*, by heart, in memory.

Parage, n. (A.N.), kindred.

Paramour, *paramoures*, n. (A.N.), love, gallantry; a lover of either sex.

Paraventure, adv. (A.N.), haply, by chance.

Parcel-mele, adv. (A.S.), by parcels, or parts.

Parde (A.N.), a common oath, literally, by God.

Pardoner, n. (A.N.), a seller of pardons or indulgences.

Parements, n. pl. (A.N.), ornamental furniture, or clothes: *chambre de parement* is translated by Cotgrave, the presence-chamber; and *lit de parement*, a bed of state.

Parentele, *parenteal*, n. (A.N.), kindred.

Parfay (A.N.), by my faith.

Parfit, *perfight*, adj. (A.N.), perfect.

Parfourme, v. (A.N.), to perform.

Parischens, n. pl. (A.N.), parishioners.

Paritorie, n. (A.N.), the herb *parietaria*, or pellitory of the wall.

Parlement, n. (A.N.), an assembly for consultation.

Parten, inf. m. (A.N.), to take part.

Partie, n. (A.N.), a part, a party in a dispute.

Parvis, n. (A.N.), a portico before a church.

Passe, v. (A.N.), to surpass, to excel; to judge, to pass sentence.

Pax, to kiss the pax; a religious ceremony.

Payen, adj. (A.N.), pagan; *payenes*, n. pl., heathens; *paynymes*, n. pl. pagans.

Pecunial, adj. (A.N.), pecuniary, paid in money.

Pees, n. (A.N.), peace.

Penaunt, n. (A.N.), a person doing penance.

Penible, adj. (A.N.), industrious, painstaking.

Penetencer, n. (A.N.), a priest who enjoins penance in extraordinary cases.

Penner, n., a pen-case.

Penoun, *pynoun*, n. (A.N.), a streamer, or ensign.

Perel, n. (A.N.), apparel.

Peere, n. (A.N.), a peer, an equal.

Peregrine, adj. (A.N.), wandering.

Perjonette, n., a young pear.

Perrye, n. (A.N.), jewels, precious stones.

Pers, adj. (A.N.), sky-coloured, of a bluish grey.

Persly, n., parsley.

Persone, n. (A.N.), a man; a parson, or rector of a church.

Pert, adj. (A.N.), open.

Pertourbe, v. (A.N.), to trouble; *pertourbing*, n., disturbance.

Pery, n. (A.N.), a pear-tree.

Peyne, n. (A.N.), penalty, grief, torment, labour; v., to torture, to put to pain; to give oneself trouble.

Peytrel, n. (A.N.), the breast-plate of a horse.

Phisik, n. (A.N.), medicine; doctour of phisike.

Piche, n. (A.S.), pitch.

Pie, n. (A.N.), a magpie, a prating gossip, or tell-tale.

Pierrie, n. (A.N.), jewels, precious stones.

Piggesneyghe, a term of endearment.

Pight, pa. t. of *pike*, v. (A.S.), pitched.

Pike, v. (A.S.), to pitch; to pick, as a hawk does his feathers; to steal.

Pikerel, n. (A.S.), a young pike.

Piler, n. (A.N.), a pillar.

Pile, *pyle*, v. (A.N.), to rob, to plunder.

Piled, adj., bald.

Pilours, n. pl. (A.N.), plunderers.

Pilwebeer, n. (A.S.), the covering of a pillow.

Piment, n., spiced wine, wine mixed with honey.

Pynche, v. (A.N.), to pinch: *ther couthe no man pynche at his writyng*, not one could lay hold of any flaw in his writings.

Pyne, n. (A.N.), pain, grief; v., to torment; *pyned*, part. pa., tortured.

Pistel, n., an epistle, a short lesson.

Pitaunce, n. (A.N.), a mess of victuals; it properly means an extraordinary allowance of victuals, given to monastics, in addition to their usual commons.

Pith, n. (A.S.), marrow, strength.

Pitous, adj. (A.N.), merciful, compassionate, exciting compassion; *pitously*, pitifully.

Pleyne, v. (A.N.), to complain.

Plat, *platte*, adj. (A.N.), flat, plain; it is often used as an adverb.

Platly, adv., flatly, directly.

Pleyn, adj. (A.N.), full, perfect.

Plesaunce, n. (A.N.), pleasure.

Plesynges, n. pl., pleasures.

Plete, v. (A.N.), to plead.

Pletyng, n., pleading, arguing.

Plye, v. (A.N.), to bend, or mould.

Plight, n., condition.

Plight, pa. t. and part. of *pluck* (A.S.), pulled, plucked.

Plighte, v. (A.S.), to engage, to promise.

Plyt, plight, condition.

Poeple, n. (A.N.), people.

Poynt, n. (A.N.), the principal business, a stop, or full point: *in good poynt*, in good case, or condition; *at poynt devys*, with the greatest exactness.

Pointel, n. (A.N.), a style, or pencil, for writing.

Poke, n. (A.N.), a pocket, a bag.

Polyve, n., a pulley.

Pollax, n. (A.N.), a halberd.

Pomel, n. (A.N.), any ball, or round thing, the top of the head.

Pomelee, adj. (A.N.), spotted with round spots like apples, dappled: *pomelee grys*, of a dapple-grey colour.

Popillot, n., this word may either be considered as a diminutive from poupée, a puppet; or as a corruption of papillot, a young butterfly.

Popet, n. (A.N.), a puppet.

Popper, n., a bodkin; a dagger.

Pore, v., to look earnestly.

Pore, adj., poor.

Porphurie, pr. n., of a species of marble, porphyry.

Port, n. (A.N.), carriage, behaviour.

Portos, n. (A.N.), a breviary, portiforium.

Pose, n., a rheum, or defluxion, obstructing the voice.

Pose, v. (A.N.), to suppose, to put a case.

Possessioners, n. pl., an invidious name for such religious communities as were endowed with lands, &c. The mendicant orders professed to live entirely upon alms.

Posté, n. (A.N.), power.

Potent, n. (A.N.), a staff, a walking-stick.

Potestate, n. (A.N.), a principal magistrate.

Pouche, n. (A.N.), pocket, pouch.

Poverte, n. (A.N.), poverty.

Pounsoned, part. pa. (A.N.), punched with a bodkin.

Poupe, v., to make a noise with a horn.

Povre, adj. (A.N.), poor.

Powre, to pore.

Practike, n. (A.N.), practice.

Preambulation, n., preamble.

Precious, adj. (A.N.), over-nice.

Predicacioun, n. (A.N.), preaching, a sermon.

Prees, n. (A.N.), a press, or crowd.

Prentys, n. (A.N.), an apprentice: *prentyshood*, n., apprenticeship.

Preparat, part. pa. (A.N.), prepared.

Prese, v. (A.N.), to press, or crowd.

Present, v. (A.N.), to offer, to make a present of.

Prest, adj. (A.N.), ready.

Preve, v. (A.N.), to try, to demonstrate by trial; to turn out upon trial.

Prick, n. (A.S.), a point, a pointed weapon: v. to wound, to spur a horse, to ride hard: *prikyng*, n., hard riding.

Prikasour, n., a hard rider.

Prideles, adj., without pride.

Prye, v., to look curiously.

Prime, adj. (A.N.), first.

Prime, n., the first quarter of the artificial day: *half day prime*, prime half spent: *prime large*, prime far advanced. In l. 10387, it seems to be used metaphorically for the season of action or business.

Primerole, n. (A.N.), a primrose.

Prys, n. (A.N.), price, value, praise.

Prive, adj. (A.N.), private: *prive man*, a man entrusted with private business.

Prively, adv., privately.

Privegte, n., private business.

Proces, n. (A.N.), progress.

Professioun, n. (A.N.), the monastic profession.

Proheme, a preface.

Prolle, v., to go about in search of a thing.

Proverbe, n. (A.N.), a prudential maxim: v. to speak proverbially.

Prow, n. (A.N.), profit, advantage.

Pultrie, n. (A.N.), poultry.

Pulled hen. It is said that a hen whose feathers are pulled, or plucked off, will not lay any eggs.

Pure, adj. (A.N.), mere, very.

Pured, part. pa., purified.

Purfiled, part. pa., guarded, or fringed.

Purpos, n. (A.N.), purpose, design, proposition in discourse.

Purtraye, v. (A.N.), to draw a picture.

Purtreyour, n., a drawer of pictures.

Purtreture, n., a picture, or drawing.

Purveyance, n. (A.N.), foresight, providence, provision.

Purveye, v., to foresee, to provide.

Putrie, n. (A.N.), whoredom.

Putours, n. pl., whoremongers.

Quad, *quade*, adj. (A.S.), bad.

Quakke, n., seems to be put for an inarticulate noise, occasioned by any obstruction in the throat.

Qualm, n. (A.S.), sickness; the noise made by a raven.

Quarels, n. pl. (A.N.), square arrows.

Queynt, n. (A.N.), the sexual parts of a woman.

Queynt, adj. (A.N.), strange; cunning, artful; trim, neat.

Queynt, pa. t. and part. of *quench* (A.S.), quenched.

Queyntise, n. (A.N.), trimness, neatness, excessive trimness; cunning.

Quelle, v. (A.S.), to kill, to destroy.

Querne, n. (A.S.), a hand-mill.
Queste-mongers, n. pl., packers of inquests, or juries.
Quyk, adj. (A.S.), alive
Quyken, v., to make alive: *quyked*, part. pa., made alive.
Quiked, pa. t. of the same v. used in a neutral sense; became alive
Quynyble, n., a musical instrument, the exact description of which seems not to be ascertained.
Quyte, adj. (A.N.). free, quiet; v., to requite, to pay for, to acquit
Quytely, adv., freely, at liberty.
Quod pa. t. of *quethe*, said
Quook, pa. t. of *quake*, (A.S.), trembled, shook.
Quoth, pres. t. of *quethe*, says.

Ro, n. (A.S.). a roe-deer.
Rad, *radde*, pa. t. of *rede* (A.S.), advised, explained.
Rafles, n. pl (A N), plays with dice.
Rafte, pa. t. of *reve* (A S.), took away.
Rage, v. (A.N), to toy wantonly.
Ragerie, n., wantonness.
Rakel, adj., hasty, rash; *rakelnesse*, n., rashness.
Rammish, adj. (A.S.), rank, like a ram.
Rampe, v. (A.N.). to climb
Rape, adv. (A.S.), quickly, speedily.
Rape, v. (A.S.), to seize and plunder, to take captive
Ratyd, part pa, chidden.
Rathe, adv. (A.S.), soon, early, speedily; *rather*, sooner; former; *rathest*, soonest.
Ratouns, n. pl. (A.N.), rats.
Raught, pa. t. (A S.), reached
Raughte (A.S.), from *recche*, cared, rekked.
Raunsoun, n. (A.N.), ransom.
Real, adj. (A.N), royal; *realler*, more royal; *reallich*, adv., royally.
Realte, n., royalty.
Rebekke, n. (A N), a musical instrument.
Rechased, pa. t (A.N), a term in hunting
Recche, *rekke*, v (A S). to care.
Recheles, adj., careless.
Rechelesnes, n, carelessness.
Reclayme, v (A N), a term in falconry, for bringing the hawk to the fist, by a certain call.
Recomforte, v (A N). to comfort.
Recorde, v. (A.N), to remember; to enter upon record in judicial proceedings.
Recreant adj. (A N.), one who yields himself to his adversary in single combat.
Redde, *red*, pa t. of *rede*.
Rede, v (A.S). to advise, to read, to explain; n. advice, counsel: a reed.
Redoute, v. (A.N), to fear: *redoutyng*, n, reverence
Redresse, v. (A N.), to make amends for
Reed, adj. (A.S.), red
Refte, *rifte*, n. (A S.), a chink, or crevice.
Refut, n. (A.N.), refuge.
Regals, n pl. (A N), royalties
Regard, n. (A N) *at regard of*, with respect to, in comparison of
Regne, n. (A.N.), a kingdom.
Rehete, v. (A N), to revive, to cheer.
Rekene, v (A S), to reckon, to come to a reckoning.
Relees, n (A.N), release
Relike, n (A N), a relick; *relikes*, pl.
Remenaunt, n. (A.N.), a remnant, a remaining part.
Remes, n. pl. (A.N.), realms.
Remuable, adj. (A N.), movable, changeable, inconstant.
Remue, *remeve*, *remewe*, v. (A.N.), to remove.

Renable, adj. (A.N), reasonable; *renably*, adv., reasonably.
Reneye, v. (A.N), to renounce, to abjure.
Renges, n pl., ranks, the steps of a ladder
Renne, v (A.S), to run.
Renom, n (A N.), renown.
Renovelle, v. (A.N.), to renew.
Repaire, n. (A N.), resort.
Repaire, v (A N.), to return.
Repreve, *repreve*, n (A.N.), reproof.
Rescous, n (A.N.), rescue.
Respiten, inf m. (A.N), to grant a respite, to excuse.
Retenue, n. (A N.), retinue; *at his retenue*, retained by him
Reeve, n (A.S), a steward, or bailiff.
Reve, v. (A S.), to take away.
Revel, n. (A N), entertainment, properly during the night; sport, festivity.
Revelour, n., a reveller.
Revelrie, n., pleasure.
Rew, n., a row, or line; *on a rew*, in a line.
Reward, n (A.N.), regard, respect: *take reward of thine owen value*, have regard to; *in reward of*, in comparison with.
Rewe, v. (A S), to have compassion; to suffer: to have cause to repent.
Reyced, made military expeditions; journeyed.
Ribaude, *ribald*, n. (A N.), a low, profligate man: a base class in mediæval society
Ribaudye, n., ribaldry, indecent words or actions.
Ribibe, n, a musical instrument; the same as *rebekke*.
Ribible, n., a small ribibe.
Richesse, n (A N.), wealth; *richesses*, pl, riches.
Rimyden, part. pa. (A.N.), composed in rhyme or verse.
Rys, n (A.S), small twigs of trees or bushes
Ryst, riseth.
Ryt, rideth.
Rive, v. (A S.), to thrust through; to split.
Roche, n. (A N.), a rock.
Rode, n. (A S), complexion.
Rody, adj. (A S), ruddy.
Rombel, n., a rumbling noise, a rumour.
Rome, v. (A.S.), to walk about.
Roode, n (A.S), the cross; *roode-bem*, the beam of the cross.
Roser, n (A.N.), a rose-bush.
Rote, n (A S), a root; a musical instrument; n. (A.N.), practice: *by rote*, by heart.
Rought, for raught.
Rouke, v. (A.S.), to lie close.
Roule, v. (A.S.), to roll, to stroll, to stray.
Roume, adj., wide, spacious; *roumer*, wider.
Rouncy, n. (A.N.), a common hackney horse.
Roundel, n. (A.N.), a sort of song.
Route, n (A.N), a company
Route, v. (A N.), to snore, to roar; to assemble in a company.
Routhe, n (A.S), compassion, the object of compassion; *routheles*, adj., without compassion.
Rew, adj. (A S), rough.
Rowne, v (A S.), to whisper.
Rubies, n pl. (A.N), rubies.
Rudde, n (A S.), complexion. See *rode*.
Ruggy, adj., rough.
Russel, pr n. The fox is called Dan Russel from his red colour.

Sad, adj (A.S.), grave, steady, seriously, repentant
Sadly, adv., steadily, carefully, seriously

Sadness, n., gravity, steadiness.
Salue, v. (A.N.), to salute.
Sanguin, adj. (A.N.), of a blood-red colour.
Save, n., the herb sage.
Sauf, adj. (A.N.), safe; saved, or excepted.
Savour, v. (A.N.), to taste; to relish.
Savouryng, n, the sense of tasting.
Savourous, adj., sweet, pleasant.
Sauns, prep. (A N), without.
Sausefleem, pimpled; or, perhaps, scabby.
Sautrie, n. (A.N.), a musical stringinstrument.
Sawe, n. (A.S.), speech, discourse; a proverb, or wise saying.
Say, saw.
Scathe, *skathe*, n. (A S), harm, damage.
Scatheful, *scathelicke*, adj., pernicious.
Schadde, pa t. of *schede*, v. (A.S.), fell in drops.
Schaft, n. (A.S.), an arrow.
Schaltow, for *schalt thou*.
Schaply, adj. (A.S.), fit, likely.
Schawe, n. (A.S.), a shade of trees, a grove.
Schende, v. (A.S.), to ruin, destroy.
Schendship, n., ruin, punishment.
Schene, adj. (A.S.), bright, shining.
Schent, part. pa. of *schende*, ruined, destroyed.
Schipne, *schepne*, n. (A.S.), a stable.
Schere, v. (A S.), to cut, to shave.
Schete, v. (A S.), to shoot.
Schette, v. (A.S.), to close, or shut.
Schilde, v. (A.S.), to shield: *God schilde!* God shield, or forbid!
Schivere, n. (A.S.), a small slice.
Schood, n. (A.S.), the hair of a man's head.
Schonde, n. (A.S.), harm.
Schope, pa t., shaped.
Schore, part. pa. of *schere*, cut.
Schorte, v. (A.S.), to make short.
Schot, part. pa. of *shette*, shut.
Schowve, v. (A.S.), to push.
Schrewe, v. (A.S.), to curse: n., an ill-tempered, curst man, or woman.
Schrewdr, adj., wicked: *shrewednes*, ill-nature.
Schrift, n. (A.S), confession: *schriftefaders*, father confessors.
Schrive, v. (A.S.), to make confession.
Schriven, part pa., confessed.
Schulde, *schulden*, should.
Schullen, they shall.
Sclaundre, n. (A.N), slander.
Scolay, v. (A.N.), to attend school, to study.
Scripte, n. (A.N.), a writing.
Scriptures, n. pl. (A.N.), writings, books.
Secré, adj. (A.N.), secret.
Seculer, adj. (A.N.), of the laity, in opposition to clerical.
See, n. (A N), a seat; *sees*, pl.; *see*, n. (A.S), the sea.
Seeten, sat.
Sege, n (A.N), a siege.
Sege, *sey*, pa. t of *see*, saw, part. pa. seen
Seignorie, n. (A.N), power.
Seyn, part. pa. of *see*, seen.
Seynde, singed.
Seynt, n. (A.N), a girdle.
Seke, v. (A.S), to seek.
Seke, adj. (A S.), sick.
Selden, adv. (A.S.), seldom.
Sele, n. (A.N.), a seal.
Self, *selve*, adj. (A.S), same.
Selle, n (A.N.), a cell.
Selle, n (A.S.), a door-sill or threshold.
Sely, adj. (A.S), silly, simple, harmless.
Semblable, adj. (A.N.), like, resembling.
Semblaunt, n. (A.N.), seeming, appearance.

Semeliche, semyly, adj. (A.S.), seemly, comely; *semelieste*, superl.
Semelyhede, n., seemliness, comeliness.
Semysoun, n., a low or broken tone.
Semycope, n., a half or short cloak.
Send, sendeth.
Sendal, n., a thin silk.
Senge, v. (A.S.), to singe.
Sentence, n. (A.N.), sense, meaning, judgment.
Sergeaunt, n. (A.N.), a squire attendant upon a prince or nobleman.
Serie, n. (A.N.), series
Servage, n. (A.N.), servitude, slavery.
Setewale, n. (A.N.), the herb valerian.
Sethe, v. (A.S.), to boil.
Sethe, pa. t. boiled.
Seurement, n. (A.N.), security in a legal sense.
Seuerté, n. (A.N.), certainty, surety, in a legal sense.
Sewes, n. pl. (A.N.), dishes of victuals.
Seyn, v. (A.S.), to say.
Shef, n. (A.S.), a bundle, a sheaf of arrows.
Shright, shrieketh; shrieked.
Sibbe, adj. (A.S.), related, allied.
Seigh, saw.
Sike, adj. (A.S.), sick.
Sike, v. (A.S.), to sigh: n. a sigh.
Syker, adj. (A.S.), sure.
Sykerde, assured.
Sykernesse, n., security.
Sykerly, adv., surely.
Syn, adv. (A.S.), since.
Synamome, n. (A.N.), cinnamon.
Sys, n. (A.N.), the cast of six, the highest cast upon a die.
Syt, sitteth.
Sithe, n. pl. (A.S.), times.
Sythen, syth, adv. (A.S.), since.
Skalled, adj., scabby, scurfy.
Skil, n. (A.S.), reason.
Skinke, v. (A.S.), to pour out, to serve with drink.
Slake, adj. (A.S.), slow.
Slake, v. (A.S.), to appease, to make slack; to fail, to desist.
Sle, slen, v. (A.S.), to kill, to slay.
Sleer, n. (A.S.), a killer.
Sleighly, adv. (A.S.), cunningly.
Sleight, n., a contrivance.
Slen, they slay.
Slider, adj. (A.S.), slippery.
Sliding, part. pr., uncertain.
Slye, sligh, adj. (A.S.), cunning.
Slik, such.
Slit, he slides.
Slogardie, n., sloth.
Sloppe, n. (A.S.), a sort of breeches.
Slow, slow.
Sluggy, adj. (A.S.), sluggish.
Smerte, v. (A.S.), to smart, to suffer pain.
Smerte, adv., smartly.
Smyt, smites.
Smiteth, smite ye.
Smythe, v. (A.S.), to forge, as a smith.
Smokles, adj. (A.S.), without a smock.
Smoterlich, adj., dirty.
Snewe, v. (A.S.), to snow.
Snybbe, v. (A.S.), to snubb, to reprove.
Soken, n. (A.S.), toll.
Solas, n. (A.N.), mirth, sport.
Solempne, adj. (A.N.), solemn.
Somdel, adv. (A.S.), somewhat, in some measure.
Sompne, v. (A.N.), to summon.
Sompnour, n., an officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts.
Sonde, n. (A.S.), a message; a thing sent.
Sonnish, adj., like the sun.
Sophime, n., a sophism, a subtle fallacy.
Sort, n. (A.N.), chance, destiny.
Sorwe, n. (A.S.), sorrow.
Sory, adj. (A.S.), sorrowful: *sory grace*, misfortune.
Sote, n (A.S.), soot.
Sote, soote, swote, adj. (A.S.), sweet.
Soted, part. pa. (A.N.), fooled, besotted.
Sotil, adj. (A.N.), subtle, artfully contrived.
Soth, adj. (A.S.), true, certain; *sothly*, adv., truly; *sothe*, n., truth.
Sothfastnes, n. (A.S.), truth.
Soudan, n., a sultan; *soudannesse*, the wife of a sultan.
Souded, part. pa., consolidated, fastened together.
Soveraine, adj. (A.N.), excellent, in high degree.
Soverainly, adv., above all.
Souke, v. (A.N.), to suck.
Soun, n. (A.N.), sound, noise.
Sounde, v. (A.S.), to make sound, to heal; v. neut., to grow sound.
Soune, v (A.N.), to sound.
Soupe, v. (A.N.), to sup, to take the evening meal; *souper*, n., supper.
Souple, adj., supple, pliant.
Sourde, v. (A.N.), to rise.
Sours, n., a rise, a rapid ascent; the source of a stream of water.
Sowter, n., a cobbler.
Spare, v. (A.S.), to refrain.
Sparre, n. (A.S.), a wooden bar.
Sparred, barred, bolted.
Spectacle, n. (A.N.) a spying-glass.
Spel, n. (A.S.), sport, play; tale, or history.
Spence, n. (A.N.), a store-room for wine or victuals.
Spere, n. (A.S.), a spur; a spear.
Sperme, n. (A.N.), seed.
Spices, n. pl., sorts, or kinds.
Spille, v. (A.S.), to waste, to throw away, to destroy; v. neut., to perish.
Spired, inquired.
Spitous, adj. (A.N.), angry, spiteful.
Spitously, adv., angrily.
Spousaile, n. (A.N.), marriage.
Spreynd, sprinkled.
Squames, n. pl., scales.
Staff-slyng, a sling fastened to a staff.
Stalke, v. (A.S.), to step slowly.
Stalkes, n. pl. (A.S.), the upright pieces of a ladder.
Stamen (A.N.), a sort of woollen cloth.
Stant, stands.
Starf, pa. t. of *sterve*, died.
Stark, adj. (A.S.), stiff, stout.
Stele, n. (A.S.), a handle: *rakes stele*, the handle of a rake.
Stente, v. (A.S.), to cease, to desist.
Step, stepe, adj., seems to be used in the sense of deep, so that *eyen step* may signify eyes sunk deep in the head.
Stere, n. (A.S.), a young bullock; a rudder of a ship.
Sterles, adj., without a rudder.
Steresman, n., a pilot.
Sterre, n. (A.S.), a star.
Stert, n. (A.S.), a leap.
Sterte, pa. t. of *sterte*, leaped, escaped, ran away.
Sterve, v. (A.S.), to die, to perish.
Steven, n. (A.S.), voice, sound; a time of performing any action, previously fixed by message, order, summons, &c.; *at unset steven*, without any previous appointment; *they setten steven*, they appointed a time.
Stewe, n. (A.N.), a pond for fish.
Stewes, pl., stews, bawdy-houses.
Stillatorie, n. (A.N.), a still.
Stith, n. (A.S.), an anvil.
Stocked, confined.
Stole, n., part of the ecclesiastical habit, worn about the neck.
Stole, n. (A.S.), a stool.
Stonden, they stood.
Stont, stands.
Stopen, stepped, advanced.
Storial, adj. (A.N.), historical, true.
Storven, they perished.
Stot, n. (A.S.), a stallion.
Stote, n. (A.S.), a species of weasel, a pole-cat.
Stound, n. (A.S.), a moment, a short space of time; *stoundes*, pl., times, seasons.
Stoure, n. (A.S.), fight, battle.
Strange, adj. (A.N.), foreign, uncommon: *he made it strange*, he made it a matter of difficulty, or nicety.
Straughte, stretched.
Stre, n. (A.S.), straw.
Streight, stretched.
Streyne, v. (A.N.), to constrain, to press closely.
Streyte, adj. (A.N.), strait.
Stremes, n. (A.S.), the rays of the sun.
Strene, n. (A.S.), stock, race, progeny.
Strike, n. (A.S.), a line, a streak; a strike of flax.
Strof, strove, contended.
Stronde, n. (A.S.), a shore.
Stroute, v., to strut.
Sublimatorie, n., a vessel used by chemists in sublimation, *i. e.* separating certain parts of a body, and driving them to the top of the vessel, in the form of a very fine powder.
Substaunce, n. (A.N.), the material part of a thing.
Sue, v. (A.N.), to follow.
Suffisaunce, n. (A.N.), sufficiency, satisfaction.
Suffisaunt, adj., sufficient.
Surcote, n. (A.N.), an upper coat, or kirtle.
Surplis, n. (A.N.), a surplice.
Surquedrie, n., (A.N.), presumption, overweening conceit.
Sursanure, n. (A.N.), a wound healed outwardly only.
Surveaunce, n. (A.N.), superintendence.
Suspect, n., suspicion.
Swa, adj. (A.S.), so.
Swal, swelled.
Swappe, v. (A.S.), to throw down, to strike off; v. neut. to fall down.
Swatte, sweated.
Sweigh, n. (A.S.), a violent motion.
Swelte, v. (A.S.), to die, to faint; *swelt*, pa. t.
Sweven, n. (A.S.), a dream.
Swich, adj., such.
Swynk, n. (A.S.), labour; v. to labour.
Swire, n (A.S.), the neck.
Swithe, adv. (A.S.), quickly, immediately.
Swyve, v. (A.S.), to have sexual intercourse.
Swolwe, v. (A.S.), to swallow.
Swonken, part. pa. of *swinke*, laboured.
Swoote, adj. (A.S.), sweet.
Swough, n. (A.S.), sound, noise; a swoon.

Tables, n. pl. (A.N.), a game so called.
Taille, n. (A.N.), a tally, an account scored on a piece of wood.
Take, v. (A.S.), to give, to deliver a thing to another person.
Takel, n. (A.S.), an arrow.
Tale, n. (A.S.), reckoning, account: *litel tale hath he told of any dreme*, he made little account of any dream.
Talent, n. (A.N.), desire, affection.
Talyng, n., story-telling.
Tapinage, n. (A.N.), lurking, skulking about.
Tapicer, n (A.N.), a maker of tapestry.
Tapstere, n. (A.S.), a woman who has the care of the tap in a public-house.
Targe, n (A.N.), a small shield.
Tas, tass, n. (A.N.), a heap.
Taste, v. (A.N.), to feel, to examine.
Taver[illegible]r, n. (A.N.), the keeper of a tavern.

Teche, v. (A.S.), to teach.
Teine, n., seems to signify a narrow, thin plate of metal.
Temps, n. (A.N.), time.
Tene, n. (A.S.), grief; v., to grieve, to afflict.
Tercelet, *tercel*, n. (A.N.), the male hawk, the male eagle.
Terrestre, n. (A.N.), earthly.
Testers, n. pl. (A.N.), head-pieces.
Testes, n. pl., vessels for assaying metals.
Testyf, adj. (A.N.), headstrong.
Textual, adj. (A.N.), ready at citing texts.
Thacke, v., to thump, to thwack, to slap.
Thanne, adv. (A.S.), then.
Thar, v. impers. (A.S.), behoveth; needs.
The, v. (A.S.), to thrive.
Thedome, n. (A.S.), thrift, success.
Thennes, *thenne*, adv. (A.S.), thence.
Thewes, n. pl. (A.S.), manners, qualities.
Thilke, adj. (A.S.), this same, that same.
Thynke, v., to consider, to seem.
Thynne, adj. (A.S.), slender, small.
Thyrle, v. (A.S.), to pierce through.
Thise, pl., these.
Tho, those.
Tho, adv., then.
Thole, v. (A.S.), to suffer.
Thorpe, *thrope*, n. (A.S.), a village.
Threpe, v. (A.S.), to call.
Threste, v. (A.S.), to thrust.
Thresshfold, n. (A.S.), a threshold.
Thrittene (A.S.), thirteen.
Thridde, adj. (A.S.), third.
Thrie, *thry*, *thris*, adv. (A.S.), thrice.
Thronge, thrust.
Throstel, n. (A.S.), a thrush.
Throw, n. (A.S.), time: *but a throw*, but a little while.
Thurgh, prep. (A.S.), through, by means of.
Thurrok, n. (A.S.), the hold of a ship.
Thwitel, n. (A.S.), a whittle, a little knife.
Tidde, part. pa. of *tide* (A.S.), happened.
Tykel, adj. (A.S.), uncertain.
Til, prep. (A.S.), to.
Timbesterre, n., perhaps a woman who played tricks with timbres, or basins of some sort or other, by throwing them up into the air, and catching them upon a single finger; a kind of balance-mistress.
Timbres, n. pl. (A.N.), basins.
Tiptoon, n. pl. (A.S.), tiptoes, the extremities of the toes.
Titleles, adj. (A.S.), without title.
To, adv. (A.S.), too.
—, in composition with verbs, is augmentative: *the helmes they to-hewen and to-shrede*, hew and cut to pieces: the bones they *to-breste*, break in pieces; *to-dashed*, much bruised; *to-rent*, rent in pieces; *to-swynke*, labour greatly.
Tofore, *toforen*, prep. (A.S.), before.
Told, accounted.
Tombesterre, n. (A.S.), a dancing-woman.
Tone, n. pl. (A.S.), toes.
Tonne-greet, adj., of the circumference of a tun.
Toos, toes.
Torettes, n. pl. (A.N.), rings.
Totty, adj. (A.S.), dizzy.
Tough, adj. (A.S.), difficult: *to make it tough*, to take a great deal of pains.
Tought, adj. (A.S.), tight.
Tour, n. (A.N.) a tower.
Toute, n., the backside.
Towel, *tewel*, n., a pipe, the fundament.

Trace, n. (A.S.), a track or path.
Trais, n. pl. (A.N.), the traces by which horses draw.
Transmue, v. (A.N.), to transform.
Trappures, n. pl., the cloths with which horses were covered for parade.
Trave, n. (A.N.), a frame in which farriers put unruly horses.
Tre, n. (A.S.), a tree, wood.
Tregetour, n. (A.N.), a juggler.
Trental, n., a service of thirty masses, which were usually celebrated, upon as many different days, for the dead.
Tresse, n. (A.N.), an artificial lock, or gathering of hair.
Tressed, gathered in a tress, or tresses.
Tretable, adj. (A.N.), tractable.
Tretis, adj. (A.N.), long and well proportioned.
Triacle, n. (A.N.), a remedy in general.
Trice, v. (A.S.), to thrust.
Trie, adj., tried or refined; chosen.
Trille, v. (A.S.), to twirl, to turn round; to roll, to trickle.
Trine, adj. (A.N.), triple.
Trip, n., a small piece of cheese.
Trompe, n. (A.N.), a trumpet.
Trompour, n., a trumpeter.
Tronchoun, n. (A.N.), a spear without a head.
Trouble, adj. (A.N.), dark, gloomy.
Trowe, v. (A.S.), to believe.
Truandise, n. (A.N.), begging; wandering abroad.
Tulle, v. (A.S.), to allure.
Turmentise, n. (A.N.), torment.
Tweyfold, adj. (A.S.), double.
Twight, pulled, plucked.
Twinne, v. (A.S.), to depart from a place, or thing; to separate; *twinned*, separated.
Twist, n. (A.S.), a twig.
Twiste, v. (A.S.), to twitch, to pull hard.
Twy, adv., twice.

Ugly, adj. (A.S.), horrid, frightful.
Unce, n., ounce.
Unconning, part. pr., ignorant; n., ignorance.
Uncouth, part. pa., unknown, uncommon, not vulgar, elegant.
Undergrowe, part. pa., undergrown, of a low stature.
Underling, n. (A.S.), an inferior.
Undermele, n. (A.S.), the time after the meal of dinner, the afternoon.
Undern, n. (A.S.), the third hour of the artificial day; nine o'clock, A.M.
Undernome, took up, received.
Underpight: *he dranke, and well his girdel underpight*, he drank, and stuffed his girdle well.
Underspore, v. (A.S.), to raise a thing by putting a spear, or pole, under it.
Understonde, part. pa., understood.
Unfestliche, adj., not suitable to a feast.
Unhele, n. (A.S.), misfortune.
Unkindely, adv., unnaturally.
Unlust, n. (A.S.), dislike.
Unnethe, *unnethes*, adv. (A.S.), scarcely, not easily, never.
Unrest, n., want of rest, uneasiness, trouble.
Unright, n., wrong.
Unsad, adj., unsteady.
Unsely, adj., unhappy.
Unset, part. pa., not appointed.
Unshette, pa. t., opened.
Unslekked, part. pa., unslaked.
Unsoft, adj., hard.
Unsufficient, adj., insufficient.
Unthank, n., no thanks, ill-will.
Until, prep. (A.S.), to, unto.
Untime, n., an unseasonable time.
Untressed, part. pa., not tied in a tress, or tresses.
Untriste, v., to mistrust.

Untrust, n., distrust.
Unwore, part. pa., unforeseen.
Unweld, adj., unwieldy.
Unwemmed, part. pa., unspotted.
Unwetting, part. pr., not knowing.
Unwettingly, adv., ignorantly.
Unwist, part. pa., unknown.
Unwit, n., want of wit.
Unyolden, part. pa., not having yielded.
Up, prep. (A.S.), upon: *up on lond*, up in the country; *up so doun*, upside down.
Upper, higher.
Uphaf, pa. t. of *upheve*, heaved up.
Upon, adv., *he had upon*, he had on.
Upright, adj. (A.S.), straight.
Usage, n. (A.N.), experience, practice.
Usant, part. pr. (A.N.), using, accustomed.
Utter, adv. (A.S.), outward, more out.
Utterest, uttermost.
Uttren, v. (A.S.), to publish; to give out, sell.

Vaine, n. (A.N.), vein.
Valure, n. (A.N.), value.
Variaunt (A.N.), changeable.
Vassalage, n. (A.N.), valour, courage.
Vavasour, n. The precise import of this word is often as obscure as its original. Perhaps it should be understood to mean the whole class of middling landholders.
Venerye, n. (A.N.), hunting; the chase.
Ventusyng, n. (A.N.), cupping; a surgical term.
Verament, adv. (A.N.), truly.
Verray, adj. (A.N.), true.
Verdegrese, n. (A.N.), the rust of brass.
Verger, n. (A.N.), a garden.
Vernage (A.N.), a species of wine.
Vernicle, n., diminutive of *veronike* (A.N.) A copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome. It was usual for persons returning from pilgrimages to bring with them certain tokens of the several places which they had visited; and therefore the pardoner, who is just arrived from Rome, is represented with a vernicle sewed upon his cappe.
Vertuous, adj. (A.N.), active, efficacious.
Vessel, n. (A.N.), plate.
Viage, n. (A.N.), a journey.
Vicary, n., a vicar.
Vigile, *vigiles*, n. (A.N.), the eve of a festival; the wake, or watching, of a dead body.
Vyllanie, n. (A.N.), any thing unbecoming a gentleman.
Vinolent, adj., full of wine.
Virelaye, n. (A.N.), "a round; freeman's song." Cotgrave.
Visage, v. (A.N.), to front, to face a thing.
Voyde, v. (A.N.), to remove, to quit, to make empty, to depart, to go away.
Volage, adj. (A.N.), light, giddy.
Volatile, n. (A.N.), wild fowls, game.
Volunté, n. (A.N.), will.
Voluper, n., a woman's cap; a night-cap.
Vouche, v. (A.N.): *vouchen sauf*, to vouchsafe; *voucheth sauf*, vouchsafe ye; *the king vouches it save*, the king vouchsafes it.

Waar, adj. (A.S.), aware.
Waferers, n. pl., sellers of wafers.
Wafoures, n. pl., wafers, a sort of cakes.

Waget, 3321: a light waget is supposed to mean a light blue colour.
Waymenting, n. (A.S.), lamentation.
Wayne, n. (A.S.), a wagon.
Waite, v. (A.N.), to watch.
Wake, v. (A.S.), to watch.
Wala wa, or *Wa la wa*, interj. (A.S.), Woe! alas!
Walwe, v. (A.S.), to tumble about, to wallow.
Wane, v. (A.S.), to decrease.
Wang, n. (A.S.), a cheek-tooth.
Wanger, n. (A.S.), a support for the cheek, a pillow.
Wanhope, n. (A.S.), despair.
Wantrust, n. (A.S.), distrust.
Wardecorps, n. (A.N.), body-guard.
Wardeyn, n. (A.N.), a warden of a college, a guard, a keeper of a gate: *wardeyns*, pl., guards, watchmen.
Wardrobe, n. (A.N.), a privy.
Wariangles, a small woodpecker, black and white of colour, and but half as big as the ordinary green one.
Warice, *warish*, v. (A.N.), to heal; v. neut., to recover from sickness.
Warisoun, n., reward.
Warne, v. (A.S.), to caution, to apprise, to refuse.
Warnestore, v. (A.S.), to furnish, to store.
Warrie, v. (A.S.), to abuse, to speak evil of.
Wastel-breed, cake-bread, bread made of the finest flour; from the Fr. *gasteau*, a cake.
Wastour, n. (A.N.), a spoiler.
Wawe, n. (A.S.), a wave.
Way, adv., away; *do way*, do away, put away.
Webbe, n. (A.S.), a weaver.
Wedde, n. (A.S.), a pawn, or pledge.
Wede, n. (A.S.), clothing, apparel.
Weyve, v. (A.S.), to forsake, to decline, to refuse, to depart.
Welde, v. (A.S.), to govern, to wield.
Wele, n. (A.S.), wealth, prosperity.
Weleful, adj., productive of happiness.
Welked (A.S.), withered, mouldy.
Welkin, n. (A.S.), the sky.
Welle, v. (A.S.), to flow.
Welte, pa. t. of *welde*, governed.
Wemme, n. (A.S.), a spot, a fault.
Wenche, n. (A.S.), a young woman. It is sometimes used in an opprobrious sense: *I am a gentil woman, and no wenche.*
Wend, for *wened*, pa. t. of *wene*, thought, intended.
Wende, *wenden*, v. (A.S.), to go.
Wene, v. (A.S.), to think, to suppose.
Went, part. pa. of *wende*, gone.
Wepen, n. (A.S.), a weapon.
Werke, n. (A.S.), work; v., to work.
Werne, v., to warn.
Werre, n. (A.N.), war.
Werreye, v. (A.N.), to make war against.
Wery, adj. (A.S.), weary.
Wesh, pa. t. of *wash*, washed.
Wete, adj. (A.S.), wet; v., to wet.
Wete, v. (A.S.), to know.
Wether, n. (A.S.), the weather; a castrated ram.
Wetyng, n. (A.S.), knowledge.
Wex, pa. t. of *waxe* or *wexe*, v. (A.S.), waxed, grew.
Wexing, part. pa., increasing.
Weye, n. (A.S.), a way.
What, pron. indef., something: *a little what; what for love and for distress*, partly for love, and partly for distress.
Whennes, adv., whence.
Whether, adj. (A.S.), which of two.
Whilk, adj. (A.S.), which.
Wide-where, adv. (A.S.), widely, far and near.
Wif, n. (A.S.), a wife, a woman.
Wifhode, n. (A.S.), the state of a wife.
Wifles, adj., unmarried.
Wifly, adj., becoming a wife.
Wight, n. (A.S.), a creature; a person, male or female; a small space of time; a witch: adj., active, swift: *wightes*, n. pl., witches.
Wiket, n. (A.N.), a wicket.
Wikke, adj. (A.S.), wicked.
Wiln, for *willen*, they will.
Wilne, v. (A.S.), to desire.
Wymple, n. (A.N.), a covering for the neck.
Windas, n. (A.N.), an engine to raise stones, &c.
Winde, v. (A.S.), to turn round.
Wisly, adv. (A.S.), certainly.
Wisse, v. (A.S.), to teach, to direct.
Wiste, knew.
Wite, v. (A.S.), to know, to blame, to impute to; n., blame.
Withholde, v. (A.S.), to stop, retain, detain.
Withsayn, *withsaye*, *withseye*, v. (A.S.), to contradict, to deny.
Witte, n. (A.S.), understanding, capacity.
Wittes, n. pl., the senses of man.
Wlatsom, adj. (A.S.), loathsome.
Wode, *wood*, adj. (A.S.), mad, violent; v., to grow mad.
Wodewale., n, a bird, a sort of woodpecker.
Wolde, *wolden*, would.
Wold, part. pa., willed, being willing.
Womanhede, n., womanhood, the virtue of a woman.
Woned, dwelled.
Wone, n. (A.S.), custom, usage, habitation; a heap, an assembly.
Wone, v. (A.S.), to dwell.
Woned, part. pa., wont, accustomed.
Woning, n. (A.S.), a dwelling.
Wont, part. pa. of *wone*, accustomed.
Woodness, n., madness.
Wordles, adj., speechless.
Worldes, the gen. c. of *world*, is used in the sense of the adj. worldly: *every worldes sore; my worldes blisse.*
Wort, n. (A.S.), a plant, a cabbage; new beer in a state of fermentation.
Wost, knowest.
Wote, v. (A.S.), to know.
Wot, pa. t., knew.
Woxe, grew.
Woxen, grown.
Wrathen, v. (A.S.), to make angry.
Wrawe, adj. (A.S.), peevish, angry.
Wrawnes, n., peevishness.
Wreche, n. (A.S.), revenge.
Wrenches, n. pl. (A.S.), frauds, stratagems.
Wrest, v. (A.S.), to twist, to turn forcibly.
Wreye, v. (A.S.), to betray.
Wrye, v. (A.S.), to cover, to turn, to incline.
Wright, n. (A.S.), a workman, an artisan.
Wrote, v. (A.S.), to dig with the snout as swine do.
Wrought, made.
Wys, adj. (A.S.), wise.

Y at the beginning of many words, especially verbs and particles, is a corruption of the Saxon *Ge*: in Chaucer it does not appear to have any effect upon the sense of a word, so that there seems to be no necessity for inserting in a glossary such words as *yblessed*, *ygranted*, *&c.*, which differ not in signification from blessed, granted, &c.
Ya, adv. (A.S.), yea.
Yare, adj. (A.S.), ready.
Yate, n. (A.S.), gate.
Ye, adj. (A.S.), yea.
Yeddinges, feasts, or perhaps story-tellings.
Yede (A.S.), went.
Yefte, n. (A.S.), a gift.
Yelde, v. (A.S.), to yield, to give, to pay.
Yelpe, v. (A.S.), to prate, to boast.
Yelte, yields.
Yeman, n. (A.S.), a servant of middling rank, a bailiff.
Yemanrie, n., the rank of a yeoman.
Yen, the eyes.
Yerde, n. (A.S.), a rod or staff: *under the yerde*, properly said of children under discipline.
Yerne, adj. (A.S.), brisk, eager; adv., briskly, eagerly, early, soon, immediately.
Yerne, v., to desire, to seek eagerly.
Ynough, *ynow*, adv. (A.S.), enough.
Yolden, given, yielded, repaid.
Yore, adv. (A.S.), of a long time, a little before.
Yoxe, v. (A.S.), to hiccup.

THE END.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

BEARING THE IMPRINT, "KILMARNOCK, 1786"

THE following trifles are not the production of the poet who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the Author of this, these, and other celebrated names their countrymen, are, at least, in their original Language, *a fountain shut up, and a book sealed.* Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him in his and their native language. Though a rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulse of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, awakened his vanity so far as to make him think anything of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy amid the toil and fatigue of a laborious life, to transcribe the various feelings, the loves the griefs, the hopes the fears in his own breast, to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward. Now that he appears in the public character of an Author he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he an obscure nameless Bard shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—an impertinent blockhead obtruding his nonsense on the world, and because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel Scotch rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet of no small consequence forsooth! It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine Elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species that "HUMILITY has depressed many a genius to a hermit but never raised one to fame!" If any critic catches at the word GENIUS the Author tells him, once for all that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay or the glorious dawnings of the poor unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity declares that even in his highest pulse of vanity he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces, but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his subscribers the Author returns his most sincere thanks—not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart throbbing gratitude of the Bard conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers particularly the learned and the polite who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life but if after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism he shall stand convicted of dulness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

DEDICATION TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN HUNT

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—A Scottish Bard, proud of the name and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *plough* and threw her inspiring *mantle* over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue. I tuned my wild artless notes as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honoured protection. I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness I do not approach you my Lords and Gentlemen in the usual style of dedication to thank you for past favours, that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile author looking for a continuation of those favours. I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen, and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated, and that from your courage knowledge and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party, and may Social Joy await your return. When harassed in courts or camps, with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native seats; and may Domestic Happiness with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance, and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be, with the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble Servant,

Edinburgh, April 4, 1787.

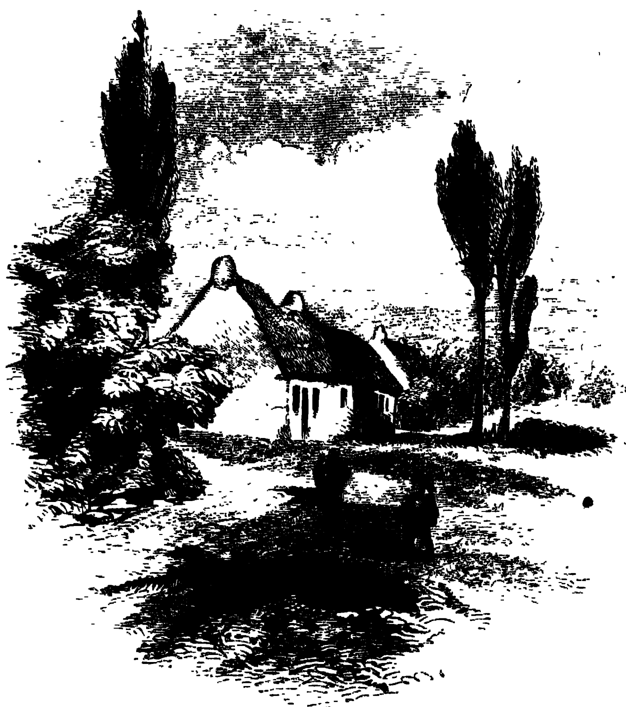
ROBERT BURNS.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

The Author of the immortal Poems which are now presented to the public in a novel form,—poems, of which Mr. Pitt declared that he could think of none since Shakspeare's that had so much the appearance of sweetly coming from nature, was born in a clay-built cottage on the banks of the Doon, on the 25th day of January, 1759, under auspices which but too truly predicted the fate of him who, amid storm and tempest, was brought into this inhospitable world. Robert Burns was the oldest son of William Burness, and Agnes Brown his wife. William Burness, who was born in 1721, was the son of a small Kincardineshire farmer, whose family had been retainers of the noble house of Keith Marshall, attainted for having been *out* in 1715; their fortunes affected the prosperity of their tenantry, and at the age of nineteen William Burness found himself obliged to leave the paternal roof, and seek his fortune in the wide world. "Never shall I forget," he often said, "the bitter feelings with which I parted from my younger brother on the top of a lonely hill, and turned my steps towards the Border." He first sought employment at Edinburgh as a gardener, from thence he removed to Ayrshire, and lived for two years in the service of the Laird of Fairly, and afterwards with Crawford of Doonside. He was next induced to take a perpetual lease of seven acres of land, with the intention of establishing himself as a nurseryman and public gardener; he built a house on this land with his own hands, and in December, 1757, brought home Agnes Brown to his humble dwelling. Before he made much progress in preparing his nursery-ground, he was engaged by Mr. Ferguson, who had lately purchased the neighbouring estate of Doonholm, in the double capacity of gardener and overseer, and such was his condition when Robert Burns was born. The storms of winter howled around the cradle of the Poet; the frail walls of the clay-built hovel yielded to the blast; and at midnight the mother and her helpless infant were borne from their tottering house to the shelter of a neighbouring cottage. This evil was however soon repaired, and for nine years William Burness continued in the service of Mr. Ferguson, whilst his wife occupied herself in the management of her family, and of a small dairy. They lived contented and happy, and comparatively prosperous. This peaceful life was not however of long continuance. In an evil hour, Burness, desirous of making a better provision for his rising family than his present circumstances allowed, resolved to become a farmer. Mr. Ferguson, to whom he had proved a valuable and faithful servant, granted him a lease of a farm called Mount Oliphant, on which he entered at Whitsuntide, 1766, and lent him a hundred pounds to assist in stocking it. This step was but the commencement of a series of misfortunes, which pursued him to the grave. The soil of Mount Oliphant was poor, the rent was high; his friendly landlord died, and the estates fell into the management of "a stern factor, whose threatening letters," says Robert Burns, "set us all in tears." Hard labour and rigid economy were vainly opposed to the tide of misfortune. Gilbert Burns, the poet's younger brother, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, thus feelingly describes their condition. "For several years butcher's meat was a stranger in the house, while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength, and rather beyond it, in the labours of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in thrashing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal labourer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female. The anguish of mind we felt at our tender years, under these straits and difficulties, was very great. To think of our father growing old (for he was now above fifty), broken down with the long-continued fatigues of his life, with a wife and five other children, and in a declining state of circumstances,—these reflections produced in my brother's mind and mine sensations of the deepest distress."

For eleven years William Burness continued to struggle on at Mount Oliphant; at Whitsuntide, 1777, he removed to Lochlea, a better farm, of 130 acres, in the parish of Tarbolton, about ten miles from Mount Oliphant. Here for four years he met with better success, but in the fifth the sky was again overcast. The markets were unfavourable, and a dispute arose concerning the terms of his lease, the conditions of which had never been reduced to writing. The difference was at length referred to arbitration; the result was his ruin. He lived to be acquainted with the decision which destroyed his last hopes of worldly prosperity, but death spared him from further suffering; he died of consumption on the 13th February, 1784.

William Burness was not an ordinary man. Of his integrity, the confidence reposed in him by Mr. Ferguson is an honourable testimony; of his care of the education of his children, not only his illustrious first-born, but his whole family, and especially his second son, Gilbert, were convincing proofs. He was himself possessed of considerable information; to the ordinary education of a Scottish peasant, he added an extensive and shrewd knowledge of mankind: "I have met with few," said his son Robert, "who understood men, their manners, and their ways, better than my father." Amidst all the pressure of hardship and misfortune, the care of his children's minds was ever uppermost with William Burness. His son Robert was sent, in his sixth year, to a school at Alloway Miln, but the teacher being shortly removed to another situation, William Burness, and five of his neighbours, engaged John Murdoch, a student of divinity, in his stead, lodging him by turns in their houses. The character of William Burness is well depicted in a letter from Mr. Murdoch to Dr. Currie, published in his life of the Poet. "He was," says Mr. Murdoch, "a tender and affectionate father; he took pleasure in leading his children in the path of virtue; not in driving them, as some parents do, to the performance of duties to which they themselves are averse. He took care to find fault but very seldom; and therefore, when he did rebuke, he was listened to with a kind of reverential awe. A look of disapprobation was felt; a reproof was severely so; and a stripe with the tawz, even on the skirt of the coat, gave heartfelt pain, produced a loud lamentation, and brought forth a flood of tears. . . . But I must not pretend to give you a description of all the manly qualities, the rational and Christian virtues, of the venerable William Burness. Time would fail me. I shall only add that he carefully practised every known duty, and avoided everything that was criminal: or, in the apostle's words, 'Herein did he exercise himself, in living a life void of offence towards God, and towards men.'"

Both Robert and Gilbert evinced great aptitude in learning, and Murdoch was a kind and skilful master. In reading, writing, and arithmetic, they made rapid progress, and were generally at the upper end of the class, even when ranged with boys by far their seniors.

They remained under the care of Mr. Murdoch for about two years, when he left that part of the country; but William Burness continued to instruct his family. In the winter evenings he taught them arithmetic; he borrowed Salmon's Geographical Grammar, Derham's Physico and Astro Theology, and Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation, and gave them to his children to read; in their walks and at their labours he would lead the conversation to subjects

tending to increase their knowledge or confirm their virtuous habits. For their religious instruction, he himself compiled a manual, still existing, in which the rigid Calvinism of the more orthodox presbyterians is somewhat tempered by the milder doctrines of Arminianism.

In noticing the education which Burns received, a somewhat curious fact should not be omitted. Murdoch attempted to teach his pupils a little church music, but the two Burnses were far behind their companions in this exercise, and Robert's ear was so dull, and his voice so untuneable, that it was some time before he could distinguish one tune from another; yet in after days his facility in exquisitely adapting the rhythm of his verses to the melody to which they were attached, was remarkable.

The year after the departure of Mr. Murdoch, who was then established in the town of Ayr, our poet enjoyed the advantage of three weeks' further tuition from him,—one week before the harvest, and two at its conclusion. This short space was occupied in perfecting his knowledge of English grammar, and in some attempts at a knowledge of the French language; but although he returned with a dictionary and a *Télémaque*, and by dint of laborious study made some progress in the language, yet he never mastered it, and does not appear to have resumed the study at a later period.

The thirst for knowledge was now, however, awakened in him; and he perused with avidity every book he could obtain. In his situation it was difficult to gain access to any, and it was impossible for him to choose; yet such circumstances have their advantages. The man limited to one book will read it thoroughly, when, if turned loose into a library, he would perhaps dip into many and *read* none. Burns has left a list of the books he had perused before the family left Mount Oliphant, that is to say, at the age of eighteen. The collection is heterogeneous, but, properly applied, contains a fund of *real* knowledge, and there is good evidence that Burns did properly apply it. "What I knew of ancient story," says Burns, "was gathered from Salmon and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, I got from the Spectator. These, with Pope's works, some plays of Shakspeare, Tate and Dickson on Agriculture, the Heathen Pantheon, Locke on the Human Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Justice's British Gardener's Dictionary, Boyle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, a Select Collection of English Songs, and Hervey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading." To these studies must be added the songs and ballads of his country, which he delighted to listen to, and which probably first awakened the poetic fire in his breast.

Burns's poetical predilections had manifested themselves long before quitting Mount Oliphant; Love and Poetry were the twin-birth of his ardent bosom; but in his own words must the tale be told. In a letter to his friend, Dr. Moore, he says, "You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom, 'she was a bonnie sweet sonsie lass.' In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell. You medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Eolian harp; and, particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities she sang sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men that had Greek and Latin; but my girl sang a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry." Does not this give tenfold interest to

> O, once I loved a bonnie lass,
> Ay, and I love her still,
> And whilst that virtue warms my breast,
> I'll love my handsome Nell.

The fire once kindled, ceased not to burn; almost all his earlier pieces were inspired, not by ethereal goddesses, but substantial charms, invested by the genius of the poet with a celestial radiance. They are the genuine feelings of the heart exhibited in glowing verse.

The youthful lover, "to give his manners a brush," as he expresses it, ventured on his father's displeasure, and went to a dancing-school. The displeasure was, however, transient, and his father suffered the rest of his family to attend during the second month. In his nineteenth year Burns attended a mathematical school at Kirkoswald: but here we must again refer to his letter to Dr. Moore. "A circumstance," says he, "which made some alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c., in which I made a good progress. But I made a greater progress in mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were till this time new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies. I however struggled on with my *sines* and *cosines* for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel, like

> 'Proserpine gathering flowers
> Herself a fairer flower.'

"It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining weeks I staid, I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless.

"I returned home very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's works; I had seen human nature in a new phasis; and I engaged several of my schoolfellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters by the wits of queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly; I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me; and a comparison between them and the composition of most of my correspondents flattered my vanity. I carried this whim so far, that though I had not three farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day-book and ledger.

"My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. *Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*, were my sole principles of action. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure; Sterne and M'Kenzie—Tristram Shandy and The Man of Feeling—were my bosom favourites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind; but it was only indulged according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or the other as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. *My passions, once lighted up, raged*

like so many devils, till they found vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet."

In this letter there is much of disturbed and unsatisfactory reflection on by-gone hours. It is explained by another passage from his letters, in which the workings of his mind are forcibly displayed. "The great misfortune of my life *was to want an aim.* I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune were, the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I could never squeeze myself into it;—the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance. Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark: a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriacism that made me fly from solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that, always when two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was *un penchant pour l'adorable moitié du genre humain.* My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other: and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various; sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reaping-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent my evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves in the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts in Europe."

Thus passed the Poet's life till the year 1781, when he went to Irvine to learn the trade of a flax-dresser. His father entertained the idea of devoting the whole or great part of his farm, to the cultivation of flax; and to keep as much of the profits as possible in the family, he wished to breed his eldest son up as a flax-dresser. But this scheme fell to the ground. In a New-year's carousal the shop took fire and was burnt to ashes, and Burns returned to Lochlea.

His residence at Irvine, although not of long continuance, produced a very unfavourable effect upon him, and to this period of his life may be traced the formation of those habits of convivial intemperance which he subsequently indulged. "He contracted some acquaintance," says his brother Gilbert, "of a freer manner of thinking and living, than he had been used to; whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue, which had hitherto restrained him." He became a Freemason, and was a constant attendant at the convivial meetings of the *brethren* at Irvine and Tarbolton. Company was a relief to the hypochondriacal melancholy which preyed upon him. He evidently felt his own powers within him; he had achieved a sort of reputation of superior ability among his neighbours, but he wanted a field for exertion; he had no aim in life, and, forced back upon himself, he almost despaired. A letter to his father, written only a few days before the accident which put an end to his flax-dressing scheme, is extant. It exhibits a mournful picture of his situation at Irvine, where he possessed a single room for his lodging, subsisted chiefly on oatmeal sent him from his father's house, and passed his days in flax-dressing. It is as follows:—

"Honoured Sir,—I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New-year's day: but work comes so hard upon us that I do not choose to be absent on that account. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder, and on the whole I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past wants nor look forward into futurity, for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I *glimmer* a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable, employment is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transported at the thought that, ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and disquietudes, of this weary life, for I assure you I am heartily tired of it; and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

'The soul, uneasy, and confined at home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.'

"It is for this reason that I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelations*, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me for all that this world has to offer. As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes; indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing, to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late. Present my dutiful respects to my mother, and my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Muir; and wishing you a merry New-year's-day, I shall conclude.

"I am, honoured Sir, your dutiful son,
"ROBERT BURNESS.

"P.S.—My meal is nearly out, but I am going to borrow till I get more."

Shortly before the death of their father, Robert and Gilbert jointly took a lease of the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline, consisting of 118 acres, at an annual rent of ninety pounds. This they did to provide a shelter for their parents from the impending storm; but William Burness died before the family could remove. After his death, what relics could be gathered from the wreck of their fortunes, were carefully collected, and the family was established at Mossgiel. "It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family," says Gilbert, "and was a joint concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labour he performed on the farm. My brother's allowance and mine was seven pounds per annum each. And during the whole time this family concern lasted, which was four years, as well as during the preceding period at Lochlea, Robert's expenses never, in any one year, exceeded his slender income."

Burns went to Mossgiel with the full determination of applying all his energies to his farm, and for two seasons he appears to have done so; but this period of his life was marked by an event which did not testify much improvement in the habits of the Poet. This was the birth of an illegitimate child, his "sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess" the offspring of one of his mother's servants, by no means attractive in her person. For this misdemeanor he was called to account by the Kirk Session, and he and the partner of his guilt were condemned to the *cutty stool.* The poet revenged himself by witty rhymes, and it is to be feared was not benefited by the ecclesiastical scourge.

Whilst at Tarbolton, Burns and his brother, and some other young men of the parish, established a society,

* 15th. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.
16th. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.
17th. For the lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

which they called the Bachelors' club, meeting one evening in every month for the purposes of mutual entertainment and improvement. The question proposed at one meeting was debated at the next; and, to prevent all intemperance, the expenditure of each party was limited to threepence. On their removal to Mossgiel they established a similar society at Mauchline, but here they more wisely devoted all fines and subscriptions to the purchase of books, and soon obtained a pretty good stock. The exercise which these debating societies afforded him, and constant practice in parties of all sorts, into which his eager spirit led him, contributed to perfect the brilliant conversational powers for which he was afterwards so celebrated; with which he fascinated not only the hard-drinking members of a Mason's Lodge, but gentlemen and philosophers; not only the rustic maiden but the high-born lady; Ranken and Dugald Stewart; Mary Campbell and the Duchess of Gordon *.

His best poems were produced during his residence at Mossgiel, a period of four years: but he first attracted general notice as a Poet, by his satires; which were called forth by a schism at that time agitating the Kirk of Scotland, and distinguished as the controversy between the Old and New Lights. "The Holy Tuilzie, or the Twa Herds;" "Holy Willie's Prayer," and "The Ordination," followed each other in rapid succession, and were universally sought after. Even reverend clergymen, professors of the *New Light*, scrupled not to praise "Holy Willie's Prayer;" which has been described by Sir Walter Scott, as "a piece of satire more exquisitely severe than any which Burns ever afterwards wrote, but daringly profane." About this time he discarded the ancient spelling of his name, and began to write Burns instead of Burness; no reason for this change has been assigned, but it was probably occasioned by his desire to be distinguished from others of his own name.

His growing poetical reputation introduced him into more extended society. With Gavin Hamilton, a writer (attorney) of Mauchline, under whom the farm of Mossgiel was held; Mr. Aitken, a writer in Ayr, and several other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, he was on intimate terms; and we have already noticed the approbation the New Light clergy bestowed upon his works, and, in consequence, upon himself.

His times and modes of composition were not regular. Wherever he might be, if the idea presented itself, he pursued it; frequently he would weave the fancy which had suggested itself into a stanza, and at a future period compose the commencement or ending of the poem: so that it not unfrequently happened that the middle portion was the first composed. His "Mountain Daisy," and "The Mouse," were composed while holding the plough; and "Death and Dr. Hornbook," whilst sitting "easing his shanks" on the road-side, "by Willie's Mill," on his return from a Mason meeting, where the redoubted Doctor had made himself too conspicuous. "Man was made to mourn," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Hallowe'en," and many others of his best productions, were the fruit of this period.

During his residence at Mossgiel, he formed an acquaintance with Mary Campbell, a Highland lassie, whose name is rendered immortal as his Highland Mary. To her he addressed the lines "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?" "Ye banks and braes, and streams around the castle of Montgomery," and many others; and her memory, years after her death, when Burns was married and had a family, inspired those pathetic lines "To Mary in Heaven," which breathe the soul of tender melancholy. She was a servant at Castle Montgomery; and Burns had long courted her in the fashion of the country; their marriage had been determined on, when death stepped in, and blasted the fond hopes of the lovers.

"After a pretty long time of the most ardent reciprocal feeling," says Burns, in a note to one of his poems on Mary, "we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave, before I could even hear of her illness." The love which Burns felt for Mary Campbell, appears to have been deeper than any he even felt before or after; for there is every reason to believe that he was acquainted, nay, *too* intimately acquainted, with Jean Armour, his future wife, during the life-time of Mary. He does not appear to have entertained any idea of going to America, till the last year of his residence at Mossgiel, and it would seem that the unfortunate result of his intercourse with Jean Armour was the cause of that determination; yet he addresses "Will ye go to the Indies," to Mary, and her last act is to come to meet him at Greenock, from whence the vessel which was to transport him sailed; years afterwards, we find the lover bewailing his lost Mary in the most touching strains. In this digression we have somewhat anticipated our story. We must now give an account of the Poet's connexion with Jean Armour, an event which regulated the destinies of his life. This young lady was the daughter of a respectable man, a master mason and builder, in Mauchline, and was distinguished by considerable personal attractions. She fell a prey to "Rob Mossgiel," notwithstanding the warning he had himself given,* and the result of their intercourse soon became apparent. The intelligence nearly drove Burns distracted. His plighted faith given to one, and honour calling on him to rescue another, he resolved to fly the country. To his friend, James Smith, of Mauchline, his confidant in this amour, he thus wrote: "Against two things I am fixed as fate—staying at home and owning her conjugally. The first, by Heaven, I will not do!—the last, by hell, I will never do!—A good God bless you, and make you happy, up to the warmest weeping wish of parting friendship.... If you see Jean, tell her I will meet her, so help me God in my hour of need."

The whole of this affair is left in obscurity, and by some it has been believed that Mary was dead before the Poet's acquaintance with Jean; but, for the reasons before stated, we differ in our opinion, and are inclined to believe that Mary's death happened at this critical moment. The vehemence of expression used by Burns in the letter just quoted cannot well be accounted for, otherwise than by his existing bonds to Mary. She died; the poet met the unhappy Jean, and gave her a written acknowledgment of marriage, sufficient, by the Scottish law, to legalise the tie. But when a disclosure of her condition was no longer to be avoided, her father, a man of stern disposition, an elder adhering to the *old light*, and probably from that cause the more incensed against Burns, whose character he detested, refused to give his consent to the marriage, obliged his daughter to give up the precious "lines," the sole evidence she possessed to redeem her honour; he destroyed the document, and forced his child to disown him who was her husband in the sight of both God and man. Under these singular circumstances she became the mother of twins.

Burns,—who had done all in his power to soften the obdurate father; who had declared his readiness even to toil as a day-labourer for the support of his wife and family, if his proposal to go to Jamaica and remit them the proceeds of his exertions were rejected,—finding all his efforts vain, resumed his purpose of emigration. He procured the situation of assistant overseer on the estate of a Dr. Douglas in Jamaica. But now a fresh difficulty arose. He had not the means of paying his passage. For the first time the thought suggested itself, that his poems might be made a source of profit. His friends, especially Hamilton and Aitken, warmly seconded his proposition. A negotiation with a printer at Kilmarnock was opened, and an edition of six hundred copies, three hundred and fifty of which were subscribed for, was printed. It was rapidly disposed of, and Burns found himself, after paying all expenses, master of nearly twenty pounds. This suc

* This lady said that Burns, in his address to the ladies, was extremely deferential, and always with a turn to the pathetic or the humourous which won their attention; and added, with much naiveté, that she never met with a man whose conversation carried er so completely off her feet.—*Cunningham's Life of Burns.*

* See "O leave novéls, ye Mauchline belles."

cess did not cause him to change his resolution. He was pursued by the parish officers for security against the charge of his illegitimate children, and was driven into hiding. He had taken leave of all his friends, and his chest was on the road to Greenock; he had composed the last song he should ever measure in Caledonia, "The gloomy night is gathering fast," when he received a letter, written by Dr. Thomas Blacklock, of Edinburgh, to Dr. Laurie, minister of Loudon, who, unknown to Burns, had forwarded a copy of the poems to Dr. Blacklock, whose reputation as a critic stood high, and who was himself a poet. This letter, which was full of kindness and encouragement, raised up those hopes which had still been drooping, although his Kilmarnock edition had introduced him to the acquaintance of Dugald Stewart, Mrs. Dunlop, and several others, who ever afterwards were his friends. But Dr. Blacklock's praise roused up his slumbering hopes; he at once gave up all idea of leaving Scotland, and hastened to Edinburgh.

When he reached that city, he sought out some of his Ayrshire friends, and took up his lodgings with Mr. Richmond, at that time a writer's apprentice, or, in English phrase, an attorney's articled clerk: he shared the humble accommodations of this young man, a single room and a single bed, during the greater part of his stay in the capital. He did not hastily seek the introduction to Dr. Blacklock, or the publicity which he felt would be the consequence. He had hurried to Edinburgh, but on the threshold of fame he paused with modest trembling. There can be no doubt, that, from the society into which his Kilmarnock edition had introduced him, including more than one titled head, he in some degree anticipated the kind of reception he was likely to meet with, and that there was a shrinking on his part to put himself forward. He was stimulated by a letter from Dr. Laurie. He visited Dr. Blacklock; he was introduced to Lord Glencairn, who proved a good friend; and in a little space found himself the *lion* of Edinburgh. His society, or perhaps rather his presence, was sought after eagerly by the highest companies of Edinburgh. Lord Glencairn easily induced Creech, the chief bookseller in the city, to undertake an edition of the poems formerly published, to which Burns now made many additions. The terms of his bargain with Creech were that the poet should receive one hundred pounds for the copyright of one edition, and the profits of all the subscription copies. In the course of a few months 2800 and odd copies were subscribed for by upwards of 1500 subscribers. He found admirers in all ranks, and his name was established on a proud eminence, from which it will never descend.

It has been made a ground of reproach to Burns, that although welcomed by the highest, though duchesses bowed down their heads to listen to the glowing eloquence which had formerly entranced the peasant, yet he gradually withdrew himself from society so disproportioned to his rank. It is true he did so; but he who would draw an unfavourable conclusion from the fact, does injustice both to the poet and to human nature. We much regret that our limits preclude our giving so much of his history, in his own words, as would present a more lively view of his situation and prospects, hopes and wishes, than it is possible to do in a condensed narration. The poet felt, keenly and bitterly, that he was regarded as a wonder, almost as a tamed wild beast: those who knew not what is the discipline of a Scottish cottage; who were astonished more at the description of the labourer's "Saturday Night," than at the genius which displayed that scene in such exquisite verses, thought that a ploughman poet was a prodigy, which they flocked to see, with a curiosity not much more intellectual than that which draws servant-maids and children to stare at a dancing bear. Now (it is painful to remember it) not one of his friends suggested to Burns any pursuit, any course of life, which might secure for him the independence he so much panted after, which if he had secured, would have afforded him the leisure which alone he required for the production of works surpassing even the unrivalled poems he has left.

Creech's edition appeared in March, 1787, and was eagerly bought up; and the poet feeling himself now authorised to draw upon the fruits of his genius, set out on a tour through the southern parts of Scotland, and the borders of England. On the 8th of June, 1787, he again found himself at Mossgiel: his mother met him at the door, and clasping him in her arms, exclaimed "Oh, Robert!"—He had left her house almost an outcast from the world—he returned crowned with glory; the mother's heart was full, and she fell on her son's neck and wept. That moment repaid the bard for many bitter hours.

The following summer was chiefly occupied by Burns in some tours through the Highlands, in the course of which he visited the Dukes of Athole and Gordon, and many other of his friends, but nothing with regard to his future prospects was proposed to him by any. His intercourse with Jean he desired to renew, but he was rudely repulsed from her father's door. He was still *without an aim*. In the autumn he returned to Edinburgh, and he remained there till the spring, when he effected a settlement with Creech, and found himself the master of about five hundred pounds. He now sought for the best means of establishing himself for life. The second winter's experience proved that the attractions of the *lion* had vanished, and that the reputation of the bard incited none to provide him with even a mean support. It was not without reluctance that he addressed himself to the Earl of Glencairn, and expressed his wish to be employed in the Excise, a project which had, at the time of the Kilmarnock edition, been agitated by his old friends Hamilton and Aitken. None of his *new* friends had troubled themselves about the poet's welfare, and even the Earl of Glencairn waited to be asked; and it was Graham of Fintray, to whom Burns had been introduced in his northern tour, who at length procured him a poor appointment, worth about thirty-five pounds a year. Mr. Miller of Dalswinton had made him the offer of any farm on his estate a twelvemonth before; he now made choice of that of Ellisland in Nithsdale, more with the eye of a poet than that of a farmer, for it was about the worst on the estate, but its situation was the most picturesque.

Having first sent two hundred pounds to his brother Gilbert to assist him in the struggling life he maintained at Mossgiel, he settled himself at Ellisland in May 1788, and his first employment was to erect a house and farmsteading, to do which he was bound by the terms of his lease: and to this house, the first he could ever call his own, he brought Jean Armour, whom he now publicly proclaimed as his wife: she, at this time, probably from her renewed intercourse with Burns, was suffering under a fresh outbreak of paternal anger, and with her helpless children had been absolutely turned out of doors! Burns's manly bosom received back again with joy the woman whom he had ever strongly loved, and whose renunciation of him had therefore caused him tenfold pain. As soon as his house was ready, he brought her home; and now he hoped that the prospect before him, though not very cheering, would brighten, and that at least no heavy clouds would intervene to blast the hopes he cherished. Eight disastrous years closed the poet's career!

Burns, though in the works of the field equal to the best labourer; though he could challenge the country round at the plough, the scythe, or the flail, yet was not a skilful farmer: the attention necessary to his avocations in the Excise, in which he was never deficient, materially interfered with that due to his own affairs; and the temptations of the muse were stronger than those of the plodding duties of a farm. It is not therefore surprising that he found Ellisland a losing concern. At the end of 1791 he gave up his farm and took a house at Dumfries, his sole dependence being his salary as an excise officer, which now amounted to seventy pounds a-year, and which he had every hope of soon seeing increased. In this city, and on this humble stipend, he continued to exist, till his death.

The years he spent at Ellisland and Dumfries were not unproductive of poetry: for the first year at least of his residence on his farm, he enjoyed the pleasures of an independent man, and his soul appeared to expand, relieved from the heavy burden of care which had hitherto pressed upon him. Before he left Edinburgh, he had contributed some pieces to a collection of Scottish songs, published by

Mr. Johnson, under the title of the "Musical Museum;" and to this, and the collection published by Mr. Thomson, he furnished a vast number of songs which, had he never written anything else, would have established his celebrity. From the time of Creech's edition he wrote scarcely any piece of length except Tam o' Shanter, *the work of one day*, but chiefly confined himself to the writing of songs and ballads, and the correction and alteration of old songs, for these two collections, to which we owe most of those inimitable lyrics which will continue to be sung and recited in all quarters of the globe, till the English tongue shall cease to be spoken.

A false pride caused him to decline pecuniary recompense for these invaluable productions, and he even made it a ground of quarrel with Thomson, who on one occasion forwarded him five pounds on account of his services; and when dying, and pressed by urgent want, he was obliged to apply for a further sum, it cost him more pangs than can be imagined by any mind not akin to his own; and although so weak that his pen trembled in his hand, he forced himself to write the last verses he ever composed, "Fairest maid on Devon Banks," and enclosed them in this humiliating epistle.

The character and conduct of Burns have been made the subject of much discussion, not always conducted in the most friendly spirit. It is easy for those who have never felt the temptations of poverty, to condemn the conduct of others who have writhed beneath its pangs.

Burns was by nature careless, fond of society,—for there he felt his powers appreciated,—but of an unbending and independent spirit. In prosperity these powers would not improbably have produced effects very different from those displayed by the influence of an unceasing train of misfortune. In prosperity he might have chosen his society—in poverty he had no choice, except at one period of his life; and was it not natural for him to become somewhat shy of seeking company, where he was regarded more as a curiosity, than as on an equal footing with those he met? Yet he has been accused of shunning the better class of society, towards the end of his first visit to Edinburgh. The occasional roughness and vehemence of his opposition in debate has been made a plea for the neglect he experienced. It is an ungenerous one. His feelings of independence, and desire to assert them, frequently carried him too far, and sometimes assumed the character of almost morbid irritability, but the noble cause of this was always sufficiently obvious; and no generous mind could have misunderstood the man, who, brought suddenly from a lower station, exhibiting powers which astonished his auditors, and seeing himself regarded as a wonder, instead of servilely seeking applause, endeavoured to find opportunities of asserting his independence, and dreaded the supposition that he could flatter to win favour.

When Burns left Ellisland, it was not without a pang; and he went to Dumfries with the embittered feelings of a disappointed man. Always inclined to social life, he was now more than ever exposed, both by the pressing invitation of his near neighbours and by the unsatisfied state of his own mind, to indulge more deeply than ever in those dissipations and drinking bouts which were the fashion of the day. Even in these excesses, which it must be acknowledged became too habitual, he has been misrepresented; and by many he is to this day considered as having in his latter years given himself up to the degrading habits of a confirmed drunkard. Nothing can be more contrary to the fact. He *never* indulged except in company; and, to the end of his life, his conduct towards his family, and care of his children's education, were most exemplary; and well would it be for many of those who have regarded Burns with scornful pity, if they could produce such good evidence of the discharge of that great moral duty as he. Mr. Findlater, his superior in the Excise, amongst others, bears honourable testimony to his conduct. "My connexion with Burns," he says, "commenced immediately after his admission to the Excise, and continued to the hour of his death. In all that time, the superintendence of his behaviour, as an officer of the revenue, was a branch of my especial province; and I was not an inattentive observer of the general conduct of a man and a poet so celebrated by his countrymen. He was exemplary in his attention, and was even jealous of any imputation on his vigilance. It was not till near the latter end of his days that there was any falling off in this respect; and this was well accounted for by the pressure of *disease* and accumulating infirmities. I will further avow that I never saw him—which was very frequently while he lived at Ellisland, and still more so, almost every day, after he removed to Dumfries—in hours of business, but he was quite himself, and capable of discharging the duties of his office; nor was he ever known to drink by himself, or seen to indulge in the use of liquor in a forenoon. I have seen Burns in all his various phases—in his convivial moments, in his sober moods, and in the bosom of his family. Indeed, I believe I saw more of him than any other individual had occasion to see, and I never beheld any thing like the gross enormities with which he is now charged. That, when he sat down in the evening with friends whom he liked, he was apt to prolong the social hours beyond the bounds which prudence would dictate, is unquestionable; but in his family, I will venture to say, he was never seen otherwise than as attentive and affectionate in a high degree." The times, in which an elder of the church could, like Mr. Riddel of Friars Carse, engage in such a contest as is related in "The Whistle," were more in fault than the Poet.

Burns, when he went to Dumfries, had entertained sanguine hopes of promotion; his salary had been raised to £70 a year, and his name was on the list of supervisors; the latter situation was worth about £200 per ann. and was the stepping-stone to a collectorship, which would have rendered him easy; but his own imprudent conduct destroyed these hopes. In the commencement of the French revolution, he ardently embraced the doctrines of the liberal party of the time, and vehemently advocated the cause of the Directory in all companies. His enthusiasm carried him to lengths that his better judgment would have disclaimed, and when it was reported at head-quarters that an exciseman had refused to stand up in the theatre when the National anthem was played, and had sent two brass cannon, taken from a smuggler (which he himself assisted in capturing) with a complimentary letter to the French Directory, they directed an inquiry to take place, and he was reprimanded and told that his business was to act and not to think. This somewhat absurd rebuke sunk deep into his heart; thenceforth he despaired of advancement, and grew less careful of himself and his reputation. His health began to fail; and, in the spring of 1796, he was attacked with violent rheumatism. He continued to sink, and in the summer was advised to go into the country: he went to a lonely place called the Brow, on the shore of Solway, in Annandale, to try the effect of sea-bathing, but all was of no avail: on the 18th of July he returned home a dying man. He lived only to the 22d, and died in desolation. Four helpless infants and a wife, who, whilst her husband's corpse was being carried down the street, was delivered of a fifth child, were left behind him.

A happier fate awaited his family. Public sympathy was at last aroused. A handsome subscription was raised; and Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, collected and published his poems for their benefit.

The poor child, born in so disastrous an hour, did not long survive; but three other children yet live, and do credit to their illustrious sire. The eldest, Robert, holds a situation in the Stamp Office; Francis Wallace, the second, died in 1803; William Nicoll, the third, went to Madras in 1811, and James Glencairn, the youngest, in 1812—both as cadets in the East India Company's service.

Mrs. Burns, who was enabled to live in comfort for the residue of her life, and of whose exemplary conduct as a wife and a mother we would, did our limits allow, speak more at large, died in 1834, and was buried beside her husband, but not in his original grave, his body having been removed, in 1815, to a mausoleum raised to his memory. May the earth lie light on them; and may we seek rather to profit by the example of their virtues, than to triumph over their errors!


Robert Burns

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, &c —

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

SONGS AND BALLADS:—

THE

Poetical Works

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

WINTER,

A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw,
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw;
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast*,"
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine.

Thou *Power Supreme,* whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy* Will!
Then all I want (O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!),
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign!*

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An unco mournfu' Tale.

As *Mailie* and her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
And owre she warsled in the ditch;
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hughoc*† he came doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, and lifted han's,
Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand endit,
But, waes my heart! he cou'dna mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak'!
At length poor *Mailie* silence brak':

"O thou, whase lamentable face,
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My *dying words* attentive hear,
And bear them to my Master dear:

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O! bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair,
But ca' them out to park or hill,
And let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, and grow
To scores o' lambs and packs o' woo'.

"Tell him, he was a Master kin',
And aye was gude to me and mine;
And now my dying charge I gi'e him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, and tods, and butchers' knives!
But gi'e them gude cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel';
And tent them duly, e'en and morn,
Wi' teats o' hay and rips o' corn.

"And may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile wanrestfu' *pets!*
To slink thro' slaps, and reave and steal
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come thro' the shears:
So wives will gi'e them bits o' bread,
And bairns greet for them when they're dead.

"My poor *toop-lamb,* my son and heir,
O bid him breed him up wi' care!
And if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast;
And warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
And no' to rin and wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

"And neist, my *yowie,* silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop!
But aye keep mind to moop and mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel.

* Dr. Young. † A neighbour herd-callan.

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I leave my blessin' wi' you baith;
And when you think upon your mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

"Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
And bid him burn this cursed tether;
And for thy pains thou's get my blether."

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
And closed her een amang the dead!

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warld's gear
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak' our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed;
He's lost a friend and neebor dear
In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed;
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam' nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wot she was a sheep o' sense,
And could behave hersel' wi' mense;
I'll say't, she never brak' a fence
Thro' thievish greed;
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image, in her *yowe*,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
And down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' muirland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, and hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the *Tweed!*
A bonnier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
Than *Mailie's* dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile wanchancie thing—*a rape!*
It maks gude fellows girn and gape,
Wi' chokin' dread;
An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape,
For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonny *Doon!*
And wha on *Ayr* your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' *Robin's* reed!
His heart will never get aboon
His *Mailie* dead.

FIRST EPISTLE TO DAVIE*,

A BROTHER POET.

January, 1784.

WHILE winds frae aff *Ben-Lomond* blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin' jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla-lug,
I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less,
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker
To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chiels are whyles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't;
But, *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Though we ha'e little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
"Mair spier na, nor fear na†,"
Auld Age ne'er mind a feg;
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are crazed, and blude is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could mak' us blest;
Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile;
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho' like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where
But either house or hall?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
Wi' honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes, when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,

* David Sillar, schoolmaster, one of the club at Tarbolton, and author of a volume of Poems in the Scottish dialect.
† Ramsay.

To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle *mair:*
It's no in books, its no in lair,
To make us truly blest:
If Happiness ha'e not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The *heart* ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive through wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglectin' a' that's gude,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless, and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell;
Esteeming and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, ha'e met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gi'e the wit o' age to youth;
They let us ken oursel';
They mak' us see the naked truth,
The *real* guid and ill.
Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae ither where.

But tent me, *Davie*, ace o' hearts,
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest,)
This life has joys for you and I,
And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
And joys the very best.
There's a' the *pleasures o' the heart*,
The lover and the frien';
Ye ha'e your *Meg*, your dearest part,
And I my darling *Jean!*
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her *name:*
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame.

O, all ye Pow'rs, who rule above!
O, *Thou*, whose very self art *Love!*
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou *Being*, all-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow;
Long since this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My *Davie* or my *Jean.*

O, how that *name* inspires my style!
The words come skelpin' rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin' owre my pen.
My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit;
But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty wizen'd hide.

ADDRESS TO THE DE'IL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned pow'rs,
That led the embattled Seraphim to war.
MILTON.

O Thou, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
And let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a *de'il*,
To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
And hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, and great thy fame,
Far ken'd and noted is thy name;
And tho' yon lowan heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
And faith, thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, rangin' like a roarin' lion,
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin';
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
Tirling the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend *Grannie* say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray,
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Grannie* summon
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman,
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone!
Or, rustlin', thro' the boortrees comin'
Wi' heavy groan!

Ae dreary, windy, winter, night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,
Wi' you, mysel', I gat a fright,
Ayont the loch;
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stoor, quaick—quaick—
Amang the springs
Awa' ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, and wither'd *hags*,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs and dizzy crags
Wi' wicked speed,
And in kirkyards renew their leagues
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
May plunge and plunge the kirn in vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witchin' skill;
And dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As yell's the bill.

Thence mystic knots mak' great abuse
On young gudeman, fond, keen, and crouse;
When the best wark-loom i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
And float the jinglin' icy boord,
Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord
By your direction,
And 'nighted trav'llers are allured
To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late and drunk is:
The bleezin', curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise

When *Masons'* mystic *word* and *grip*
In storms and tempests raise ye up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brither ye wad whup
Aff straight to hell!

Lang syne, in *Eden's* bonny yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
And a' the soul of love they shared,
The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld sneck-drawin' dog!
Ye cam' to Paradise incog.,
And play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
And gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds and reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better folk,
And sklented on the *man of Uz*
Your spitefu' joke?

And how ye gat him i' your thrall,
And brak him out o' house and hall,
While scabs and blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
And lowsed his ill-tongued, wicked scawl,
Was warst ava!

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares and fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

And now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin',
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner, jinkin',
And cheat you yet.

But, fare ye weel, auld *Nickie-ben*!
O wad ye tak' a thought and men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still ha'e a *stake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW-YEAR.

A *Gude New-Year* I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie;
Tho' thou's howe-backit now, and knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could ha'e gaen like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, and crazy,
And thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dapplet, sleek, and glaizie,
A bonnie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly* buirdly, steeve, and swank,
And set weel down a shapely shank
As e'er trod yird;
And could ha'e flown out-owre a stank
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine-and-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid father's *meere*,
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
And fifty mark:
Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
And thou was stark.

* Vide Milton, Book vi.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, and funny,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, and cannie,
And unco sonsie.

That day ye pranced wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonny *bride:*
And sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hobble,
And wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels and win',
And ran them till they a' did wauble
Far, far behin'.

When thou and I were young and skeigh,
And stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, and snort, and skreigh,
And tak' the road,
Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
And ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, and I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow:
At *brooses* thou had ne'er a fallow,
For pith and speed;
But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
And gar't them whaizle;
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble *fittie-lan'*
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn;
Aft thee and I, in aught hours' gaun,
In gude March weather,
Ha'e turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, and fech't, and fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
And spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith and power,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and riskit,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, and snaws were deep,
And threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae faced it;
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa'.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I've sell'd awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund and twa,
The very warst.

Mony a sair darg we twa ha'e wrought,
And wi' the weary warl' fought!
And mony an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
That now, perhaps, thou's less deservin',
And thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last *fou*,
A heapit *stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll fit thy tether
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
With sma' fatigue.

TO A HAGGIS.

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm;
Weel are ye wordy o' a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
And cut you up wi' ready sleight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight!
Warm-reekin', rich.

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
De'il tak' the hindmost! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes, belyve,
Are bent like drums;
Then auld gudeman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragoût*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view,
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak' it whistle;
And legs, and arms, and heads will sned,
Like taps o' thristle.

Ye powers, wha mak' mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gi'e her a *Haggis!*

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O Thou Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear,
In whose dread presence, ere an hour
Perhaps, I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something* loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do thou, *All-Good!* for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But—*Thou art good;* and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms!
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray!
Again exalt the brute, and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist e'en me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?——
SHAKSPEARE.

When biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r;
When *Phœbus* gies a short-lived glow'r
Far south the lift—
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bock'd,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning the doors and winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lay'ring, sprattle
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
And close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now *Phœbe,* in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain,
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole——

"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost;
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
Than heav'n-illumined Man on brother Man bestows.
See stern Oppression's iron grip,
Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, want, and murder, o'er a land!
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud Property extended wide,
And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefined,
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile below.
Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone?
Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares;
This boasted honour turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayers;
Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill-satisfied keen Nature's clam'rous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch already crushed low
By cruel fortune's undeserved blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning wi' a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Through all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles GOD.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A Cantata.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering like the bauckie* bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast:
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
An' infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest;
Ae night, at e'en, a merry corps
O' randie gangrel bodies,
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies;
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae and blankets warm,
She blinket on her sodger;
And aye he gies the touzie drab
The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumis-dish:
Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whup,
Then staggering, and swaggering,
He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

TUNE—"*Soldier's Joy.*"

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

* The old Scottish name for a bat.

And now, though I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tattered rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet to follow the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks, oftentimes for a home;
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus' roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore;
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out Encore!
But up arose the Martial's chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune—"*Soldier Laddie.*"

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie!
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He ventured the soul, and I risked the body:
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair,
His rags regimental they flutter'd sae gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup and a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie!
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus took,
Between themselves they were sae bizzy;
At length, wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up and made a face;
Then turn'd and laid a smack on Grizzy,
Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

Tune—"*Auld Sir Symon.*"

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
He's there but a 'prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
And I held awa' to the school;
I fear I my talent misteuk;
But what will ye ha'e of a fool?

For drink I wad venture my neck;
A hizzie's the hauf o' my craft;
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffin';
I ance was abused i' the kirk,
For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the court,
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observed ye, yon reverend lad
Mak's faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad;
It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
Gude L—d, is far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For mony a pursie she had hook'd,
And had in mony a well been duck'd;
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs and sabs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

Tune—"*O, an' ye were dead, Gudeman.*"

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman!
Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman

Wi' his philibeg and tartan plaid,
And gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
And lived like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he feared nane,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea:
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one!
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha used at trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappin' limb and gausy middle
(He reach'd nae higher)
Had holed his heartie like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, ane, twa, three,
Then, in an *Arioso* key,
The wee Apollo
Set aff, wi' *Allegretto* glee,
His *giga solo.*

AIR.

TUNE—"*Whistle o'er the Lave o't.*"

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And O! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bouse about, till daddie Care
Sings whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
And sun oursel's about the dyke,
And at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gut-scraper;
He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a rusty rapier—

He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
To spit him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor Tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace, wi' rueful face,
And sae the quarrel ended.
But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler press'd her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the Caird address'd her:

AIR.

TUNE—"*Clout the Cauldron.*"

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinker is my station;
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation;
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
To go and clout the cauldron.
I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',
And tak' a share wi' those that bear
The budget and the apron;
And by that stowp, my faith and houp
And by that dear Kilbagie,*
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant
May I ne'er weet my cragie.
And by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
That show'd a man o' spunk,
Wish'd unison between the pair,
And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a dame a shavie,
The fiddler raked her fore and aft
Behint the chicken-cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft†,
Tho' limping wi' the spavie,
He hirpled up, and lap like daft,
And shored them Dainty Davie
To boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it.
He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
Nor want—but when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
And thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

* A peculiar sort of whisky so called; a great favourite with Poosie-Nansie's clubs.

† Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.

AIR.

TUNE—"*For a' that, and a' that.*"

I am a bard of no regard
Wi' gentlefolks, and a' that:
But Homer-like, the glowran byke
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that;
And twice as meikle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, and a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still,
A mortal [illegible] to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
But for how lang the flee may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and "Here's the sex!"
I [illegible] the jads for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that;
And twice as meikle's a' that,
My dearest blude to do them gude,
They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause,
Re-echo'd from each mouth;
They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang
The poet did request,
To lowse his pack, and wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best;

He rising, rejoicing,
Between his twa Debórahs,
Looks round him, and found them
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE—"*Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*"

See the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring;
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing:

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where!
A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay
A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all cry out, Amen!
A fig, &c.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd;
Ev'n ministers, they ha'e been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture:

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true 's the Deil's in hell,
Or Dublin city;
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches:
And hillocks, stanes, and bushes, kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists and witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre:
To count her horns wi' a' my pow'r
I set mysel';
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'dna tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And toddlin' down on *Willie's-mill*,
Setting my staff, wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker;
Though leaward whyles against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large and lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava!
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp, an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks!

"Gude-een," quo' I; "Friend! ha'e ye been mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin?" *
It seem'd to mak' a kind o' staun,
But naething spak':
At length says I, "Friend! whare ye gaun?
Will ye gae back?"

It spak' right howe:—"My name is *Death*—
But be na fley'd."—Quoth I, "Gude faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie,
I red ye weel, take care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!"

"Gudeman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wadna mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel," says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gie's your hand, and say we're gree't;
We'll ease our shanks and tak' a seat,
Come, gie's your news;
This while † ye ha'e been mony a gate,
At mony a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, and shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
And choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
And sae maun *Death*.

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled,
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
And mony a scheme in vain's been laid
To stap or scaur me;
Till ane *Hornbook's* ‡ ta'en up the trade,
nd faith! he'll waur me.

"Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan,
De'il mak his king's-hood in' a spleuchan!
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' *Buchan* §
And ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin'
And pouk my hips.

* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.
† An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.
‡ This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is professionally a brother of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.
§ Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

"See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
They ha'e pierced monie a gallant heart:
But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
Damn'd haet they'll kill.

"'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gane,
I threw a noble throw at ane:
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care,
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

"*Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad ha'e pierced the heart
O' a kail-runt.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel ha'e tried a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

"Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
Just —— in a kail-blade and send it;
As soon's he smells't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At ance he tells't.

"And then o' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, and metals,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles,
He's sure to ha'e:
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A, B, C.

"Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina o' beans and pease,
He has't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.

"Forbye some new uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus o' capons:
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And mony mae."

"Waes me for *Johnny Ged's Hole* * now,"
Quoth I, "if that thae news be true!
His braw calf-ward, whare gowans grew
Sae white and bonny,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew:
They'll ruin *Johnny!*"

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, "Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Tak' ye na fear;
They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
In twa-three year.

* The grave-digger.

"Where I kill'd ane a fair-strae death,
By loss o' bluid, or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That *Hornbook's* skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap and pill.

"An honest Wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak' mair.

"A countra laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts;
His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
And pays him well:
The lad for twa gude gimmer pets,
Was laird himsel'.

"A bonny lass, ye kenn'd her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hoved her wame;
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In *Hornbook's* care;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

"That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel paid for't;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey
Wi' his d-mn'd dirt.

"But, [illegible]! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot
As dead's a herrin':
Neist time we meet, I 'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin'!"

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the *twal*,
Which raised us baith:
I took the way that pleased mysel',
And sae did *Death*.

THE KIRK'S ALARM*,

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, Orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience:
There's a heretic blast has been blawn in the wast;
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac†, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, Town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewin';
Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
And orator Bob‡ is its ruin.

D'rymple mild[1], D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new-driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Rumble John[2], Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd;
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstane like adle,
And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd.

Simper James[3], Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view;
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney[4], Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what evils await;
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
For the Foul Thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld[5], Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster[6], Davie Bluster, if for a saint ye do muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits:
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose[7], Jamie Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't.

Poet Willie[8], Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid astride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Andro Gouk[9], Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
And the book not the waur, let me tell ye!
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie[10], Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine side[11], Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock[12] Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

* This Poem was written a short time after the publication of Dr. M'Gill's Essay.
† Dr. M'Gill. ‡ R—t A—k—n.

1 Mr. Dalrymple. 2 Mr. Russell. 3 Mr. M'Kinlay. 4 Mr. Moodie. 5 Mr Auld. 6 Mr. G——t of Ochiltree. 7 Mr. Y——g of Cumnock. 8 Mr. Peebles of Ayr. 9 Dr. A. M——ll. 10 Mr. S——n Y—g of Barr. 11 Mr. S——h of Galston. 12 Mr. S—d.

Holy Will,* Holy Will, there was wit in your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant when ye're ta'en for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual [guns,
Ammunition ye never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping [turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your muse is a gipsy,—e'en tho' she were tipsy,
She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE TWA HERDS;

OR, THE HOLY TULZIE†.

O A' ye pious, godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks
About the dykes?

The twa best Herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty simmers past,
O! dool to tell,
Ha'e had a bitter, black out-cast
Atween themsel'.

O, Moodie, man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how New-light Herds will whistle,
And think it fine!
The L—d's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
Sin' I hae min'.

O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expeckit
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds, respeckit
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank,
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear, they drank,
O sic a feast!

The foumart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kenn'd his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he liked to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What Herd like Russell tell'd his tale?
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale,
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-light Herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa!—O, do I live to see't!
Sic famous twa should disagreet,
An' names, like villain, hypocrite,
Ilk ither, gi'en,
While New-light Herds, wi' laughin' spite
Say neither's lyin'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's D——n deep, and Peebles shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them hot and cauld
Till they agree.

Consider, Sirs, how we're beset!
There's scarce a new Herd that we get,
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set
I winna name,
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M——e,
And baith the Shaws,
That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld W——w lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought ay death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
Who fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turn-coats among oursel':
There's Smith for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey-nick quill,
An' that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cowe the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themsel's,
To choose their Herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woodie dance,
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
That bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
M'Gill's close, nervous excellence,
M'Q—e's pathetic, manly sense,
And guid M'Math,
Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff.

* [An elder—or kind of churchwarden—in Mauchline, and the subject of the two pieces in page 16.—Ed.]

† This piece was among the first of our Author's productions which he submitted to the public, and was occasioned by a dispute between two Clergymen, near Kilmarnock.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O Thou, wha in the heav'ns dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleasest best thysel',
Sends ane to heav'n and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony good or ill
They've done afore thee:

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' and a shinin' light,
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I, wha deserve sic just damnation
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Whare damned Devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an example
To a' thy flock.

O L—d! thou kens what zeal I bear
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singin' there, and dancin' here,
Wi' great an' sma';
For I am keepit by thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
And sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,
Vile self gets in,
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defiled in sin.

* * * * * * *

Besides, I farther maun allow,
Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow;
But L—d, that Friday I was fou
When I came near her,
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true,
Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this *fleshly thorn*
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he's sae *gifted*;
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,
Until thou lift it.

L—d, bless thy chosen in this place,
For *here* thou hast a *chosen race*;
But G-d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
An' public shame.

L—d, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
Wi' grit an' sma',
Frae G-d's ain priest the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail an' potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against the presbytery o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, L—d, make it bare
Upo' their heads,
L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O L—d, my G-d, that glib-tongued Aiken:
My vera heart an' saul are quakin',
To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
And swat wi' dread,
While he wi' hangin' lip and sneakin'
Held up his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,
L—d, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r;
But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

But, L—d, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be thine:
Amen, amen.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

Here Holy Willie's sair-worn clay
Tak's up its last abode;
His saul has ta'en some other way,
I fear the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,
Poor silly body, see him!
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
Observe wha's standin' wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye hae nane;
Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane:

But hear me, sir, de'il as ye are,
Look something to your credit;
A coof like him would stain your name,
If it were ken'd you did it.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
  On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
  Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
  And glads the azure skies;
But nocht can glad the weary wight
  That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
  Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
  Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
  Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
  Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
  The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
  And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
  May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
  Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
  Where happy I ha'e been;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
  As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the Sov'reign of Scotland,
  And monie a traitor there:
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
  And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman!
  My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
  That through thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
  Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of woe
  Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
  Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
  That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
  Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
  Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns
  Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
  Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
  Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring,
  Bloom on my peaceful grave!

THE HOLY FAIR*.

A robe of seeming truth and trust
  Hid crafty Observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
  The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd
  Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
  He wrapt him in Religion

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
  When Nature's face was fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
  And snuff the caller air:
The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
  Wi' glorious light was glintin';
The hares were hirpling down the furs,
  The lav'rocks they were chantin'
    Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
  To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
  Cam' skelpin' up the way:
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
  But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a-wee aback,
  Was in the fashion shining,
    Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
  In feature, form, and claes;
Their visage wither'd, lang, and thin,
  And sour as ony slaes:
The third cam up, hap-stap-an'-loup,
  As light as ony lambie,
And wi' a curchie low did stoop,
  As soon as e'er she saw me,
    Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
  I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
  But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, and laughing as she spak',
  An' tak's me by the hands,
"Ye for my sake, ha'e gi'en the feck
  Of a' the Ten Commands
    A screed some day.

"My name is Fun—your crony dear,
  The nearest friend ye ha'e;
And this is Superstition here,
  And that's Hypocrisy.
I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
  To spend an hour in daffin':
Gin ye'll gae there, yon runkled pair,
  We will get famous laughin'
    At them this day."

Quoth I, "Wi' a' my heart I'll do't;
  I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
And meet you on the holy spot;
  Faith, we'se ha'e fine remarkin'!"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
  And soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
  Wi' mony a weary body,
    In droves that day.

* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

Here farmers gash, in ridin' graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springin' o'er the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
In silks and scarlet glitter ;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,
And farls baked wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
And we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show :
On every side they're gatherin',
Some carrying dails, some chairs and stools,
And some are busy blethrin'
Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra gentry,
There Racer Jess, an' twa-three whores,
Are blinkin' at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck
And there a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguardin' frae Kilmarnock
For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upon their claes ;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs and prays :
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screwed-up grace-proud faces ;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin' on the lasses
To chairs that day.

O happy is that man and blest !
Nae wonder that it pride him !
Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin' down beside him.
Wi' arm reposed on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him,
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom,
Unkenn'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation ;
For Moodie speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' damnation.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The vera sight o' Moodie's face
To 's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith,
Wi' rattlin' and wi' thumpin' !
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' and he's jumpin' !
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
Oh ! how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day.

But hark ! the tent has changed its voice ;
There's peace and rest nae langer ;
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger !
Smith opens out his cauld harangues
On practice and on morals ;
And aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gi'e the jars and barrels
A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
O' moral powers and reason ?
His English style, and gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poisoned nostrum ;
For Peebles, frae the Water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum :
See, up he's got the word o' God,
And meek and mim has view'd it,
While Common Sense has ta'en the road,
And aff, and up the Cowgate,*
Fast, fast that day.

Wee Miller, neist, the guard relieves,
And orthodoxy raibles,
Though in his heart he weel believes
And thinks it auld wives' fables :
But, faith ! the birkie wants a manse,
So cannily he hums them ;
Although his carnal wit and sense
Like hafflin's-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

Now butt and ben, the change-house fills
Wi' yill-caup commentators ;
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint-stoup clatters ;
While thick and thrang, and loud and lang,
Wi' logic and wi' scripture,
They raise a din, that in the end
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink ! it gi'es us mair
Than either school or college,
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fu' o' knowledge :
Be't whiskey gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

The lads and lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul and body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
And steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,
They're making observations ;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
And formin' assignations
To meet some day.

* A street so called, which faces the tent in Mauchline.

But now the Lord's ain Trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
And echoes back return the shouts,
Black Russell is nae sparin';
His piercing words, like Highland swords,
Divide the joints and marrow;
His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell,
Our vera sauls does harrow*
Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fu' o' lowin brunstane,
Whase ragin' flame, and scorchin' heat,
Wad melt the hardest whunstane!
The hauf asleep start up wi' fear,
And think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear
'Twas but some neebor snorin'
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
How mony stories past,
And how they crowded to the yill
When they were a' dismist;
How drink gaed round, in cogs and caups,
Amang the furms and benches,
And cheese and bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

In comes a gaucie, gash gudewife,
And sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck and her knife;
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld gudemen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
And gi'es them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that ha'e naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O wives, be mindfu', ance yoursel'
How bonnie lads ye wanted,
And dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
Begins to jow and croon;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon,
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith and hope, and love and drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

How mony hearts this day converts
O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane
As saft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fu' o' love divine;
There's some are fu' o' brandy;
An' mony jobs, that day begun,
May end in houghmagandie
Some ither day.

* Shakspeare's Hamlet.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven,—
To please the mob they hide the little given.

Kilmarnock wabsters, fidge and claw,
And pour your creeshie nations;
And ye wha leather rax and draw,
O' a' denominations;
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane and a',
And there tak' up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
And pour divine libations
For joy this day.

Curst Common-Sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam' in wi' Maggy Lauder*,
But Oliphant aft made her yell,
And Russell sair misca'd her;
This day M'Kinlay taks the flail,
And he's the boy will blaud her!
He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
And set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

Mak' haste and turn King David owre,
And lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gi'e us four,
And skirl up the Bangor:
This day the kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her power,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
And touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham † leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a niger;
Or Phineas ‡ drove the murdering blade,
Wi' whore-abhorring rigour;
Or Zipporah §, the scauldin' jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,
That stipend is a carnal weed
He tak's but for the fashion;
And gi'e him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Especial rams that cross the breed,
Gi'e them sufficient threshin',
Spare them nae day

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
And runts o' grace, the pick and wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty,
But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin':

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. Lindsay to the Laigh Kirk.

† Genesis, ix. 22. ‡ Numbers, xxv. 8. § Exodus, iv. 25.

C 2

Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin';
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep,
And a' like lamb-tails flyin'
Fu' fast this day!

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shored the kirk's undoin',
As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin:
Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin';
And, like a godly elect bairn,
He's waled us out a true ane,
And sound, this day.

Now, Robinson, harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever;
Or try the wicked town o' Ayr,
For there they'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on your lair,
You may commence a shaver;
Or to the Netherton repair,
An' turn a carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

Mutrie and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones;
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin' baudrons:
And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons;
But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstane squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
She's swingein' through the city,
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow it's unco pretty:
There Learning, wi' his Greekish face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak' to Jamie Beattie
Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel',
Embracing a' opinions;
Hear, how he gi'es the tither yell,
Between his twa companions;
See, how she peels the skin and fell,
As ane were peeling onions!
Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
And banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come, bouse about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M'Kinlay, Russell, are the boys
That Heresy can torture;
They'll gi'e her on a rape a hoyse,
And cowe her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a conclusion,
"To every New Light* mother's son,
From this time forth, confusion!"

If mair they deave us wi' their din,
Or patronage intrusion,
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
We'll rin them aff in fusion
Like oil, some day.

* *New Light* is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, has defended so strenuously.

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVEN,

ON HIS TEXT, MALACHI, CHAP. IV. VER. 2.

"And they shall go forth, and grow up like calves of the stall."

Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
Though heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yoursel' just now,
God knows, an unco' Calf!

And should some patron be so kind
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find
Ye're still as great a Stirk!

But if the lover's raptured hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, every heavenly power,
You e'er should be a Stot!

Tho' when some kind, connubial dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been, that you may wear
A noble head o' horns!

And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowt,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the Nowt!

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous Bullock!"

TO JAMES SMITH,

MAUCHLINE.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much. BLAIR.

Dear Smith, the slee'st, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely ha'e some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
Just gaun to see you;
And every ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carline, Nature,
To mak' amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote—The Man.

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Ha'e ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
And raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash—
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
And damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But, in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,
To try my fate in gude black prent!
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoolie!
I red you, honest man, tak' tent!
Ye'll show your folly.

"There's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Ha'e thought they had insured their debtors
A' future ages;
Now moths deform, in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages."

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
And teach the lanely heights and howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, wi' tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me wi' th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living, sound and hale;
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave Care o'er side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak' the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Mak's hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield:
For, ance that five-and-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hoastin', hirplin' owre the field,
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin';
And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
And social noise;
And fareweel, dear deluding woman,
The joy o' joys!

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near
Amang the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spat,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
Wi' high disdain.

Wi' steady aim, some Fortune chase;
Keen Hope does every sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey:
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And ithers, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin';
To right or left, eternal swervin',
They zigzag on;
Till curst wi' age, obscure and starvin',
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil and strainin'!—
But truce wi' peevish, poor complainin';—
Is Fortune's fickle Luna wanin'?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remainin'
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, "Ye Pow'rs!" and warm implore,
"Though I should wander terra o'er,
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Aye rowth o' rhymes.

"Gi'e dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gi'e fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
And maids o' honour:
And yill and whisky gi'e to cairds
Until they sconner.

"A title, Dempster merits it;
A garter gi'e to Willie Pitt;
Gi'e wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
In cent. per cent.;
But gi'e me real, sterling wit,
And I'm content.

"While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
I'll sit down owre my scanty meal,
Be't water-brose or muslin-kail,
Wi' cheerfu' face,
As lang's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace."

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel 's I may;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compared wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hare-brain'd sentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In *arioso* trills and graces,
Ye never stray,
But, *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*,
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattlin' squad;
I see you upward cast your eyes—
Ye ken the road.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where—
Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my sang,
Content wi' you to mak' a pair,
Whare'er I gang.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST*.

The sun had closed the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
And hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And whan the day had closed his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely by the ingle-cheek
I sat, and e'ed the spewin' reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeck,
The auld clay biggin';
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin'.

A' in this motty, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae thing,
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to gude advice but harkit,
I might, by this, ha'e led a market,
Or struttit in a bank, an' clarkit
My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, Blockhead! coof!
And heaved on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, wad be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

When, click! the string the sneck did draw;
And, jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blush'd,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token;
And come to stop those reckless vows
Wad soon been broken.

A "harebrain'd, sentimental trace"
Was strongly markit in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, e'en turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen wi' honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And sic a leg! my bonny Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else cam' near it.

Her mantle large, o' greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand,
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost,
There, mountains to the skies were tost;
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
Wi' surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

* Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his Cath-Loda, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods,
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
Auld hermit Ayr staw through his woods,
On to the shore;
And mony a lesser torrent scuds,
Wi' seemin' roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
Wi' feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race * heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
In sturdy blows;
While back recoiling seem'd to reel
Their suthron foes.

His Country's Saviour, † mark him well!
Bold Richardton's ‡ heroic swell;
The chief on Sark §, who glorious fell,
In high command;
And He, whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptred Pictish ‖ shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismay'd
They strode along.

Through many a wild romantic grove ¶,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love,)
In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe **
The learned sire and son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore:
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

* The Wallaces. † William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

§ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

‖ Coilus, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coil's-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

¶ Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk (Miller).

** Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Dugald Stewart.

Brydone's brave ward * I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot-name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heav'nly-seeming fair;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

"All hail! my own inspired Bard,
In me thy native Muse regard!
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

"Know, the great Genius of this land
Has many a light, aërial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's race among them share,
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart;
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot lore,
And grace the hand.

"And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

"Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Minstrel lays;'
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
The artisan;
All choose, as various they're inclined,
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

* Colonel Fullarton.

"Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r:
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

"Or, when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless love.

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends:
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art:
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

"Yet, all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

"And wear thou this"—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head;
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
Began the reverend sage:
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage!
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!

Alternate follies take the sway:
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring, mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By nature's law design'd—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest.
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn!
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

TO RUIN.

All hail, inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word
The mightiest empires fall,
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread;
Tho' thickening, and blackening,
Round my devoted head.

And thou, grim power, by life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,
O! hear a wretch's prayer!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold mouldering in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE,

KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

O Goudie! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs;
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin' looks back,
Wishing the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin' glow'rin' Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her state physician,
To see her water;
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple;
Haste, gi'e her name up i' the chapel,
"Nigh unto death;"
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gane in a galloping consumption;
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her;
Her feeble pulse gi'es strong presumption,
Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor* are the chief,
Wha are to blame for this mischief;
But gin the Lord's ain folks gat leave,
A toom tar-barrel
An' twa red peats wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel.

* Dr. Taylor, of Norwich.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

While briers and woodbines budding green,
And paitricks scraichin loud at e'en,
And mornin' poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien'
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack, and weave our stockin';
And there was muckle fun and jokin'
Ye need na doubt:
At length we had a hearty yokin'
At sang about.

There was ae sang amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought described sae weel,
What gen'rous manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark!"
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin' fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't,
Then a' that kent him round declare't
He had ingine,
That nane excell'd it, few cam' near't,
It was sae fine;

That, set him to a pint o' ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel',
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, and swore an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger-pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint and gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first and foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Tho' rude and rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel'
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
And ha'e to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, "How can you e'er propose,
You, wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak' a sang!"
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools,
If honest nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
And syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek.

Gi'e me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge, thro' dub and mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye ha'e friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I believe, are few,
Yet if your catalogue be fu',
I'se no insist,
But gif you want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel':
As ill I like my fau'ts to tell;
But friends, and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As sair abuse me.

There's ae wee fau't they whyles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgi'e me!
For mony a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair;
Maybe some ither thing they gi'e me
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gi'e ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
And ha'e a swap o' rhymin'-ware
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
And kirsen him wi' reekin' water;
Syne we'll sit down and tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
And faith we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa', ye selfish warl'y race,
Wha think that havins, sense, and grace,
Ev'n love and friendship, should give place
To catch-the-plack!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
"Each aid the others,"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
And pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'ening's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, wi' weary legs,
Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing through amang the naigs
Their ten-hours' bite,
My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs,
I wadna write.

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzy,
She's saft at best, and something lazy;
Quo' she, "Ye ken, we've been sae bizzie
This month and mair,
That, trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
And something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad:
"Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jade!
I'll write, and that a hearty blaud,
This vera night;
Sae dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

"Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose ye sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
And thank him kindly!"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
And down gaed stumpy i' the ink:
Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
And if ye winna mak' it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak' proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether,
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge and carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard and sharp;
Come, kittle up your muirland harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft and warp;
She's but a bitch.

She's gi'en me mony a *jirt* and fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a *rig*;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,
Behind a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent
And muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal thane,
Wi' ruffled sark and glancin' cane,
Wha thinks himsel' nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,
As by he walks.

"O Thou wha gi'es us each gude gift,
Gi'e me o' wit and sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
Thro' Scotland wide;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride."

Were this the charter of our state,
"On pain o' hell be rich and great,"
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n! that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began:
"The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he!"

O mandate glorious and divine!
The ragged followers o' the nine,
Poor thoughtless devils, yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcass howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joys
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
Each passing year.

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON,

OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie:
Wi' gratefu' heart, I thank you brawlie
Though I maun say't, I wad be silly,
And unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
Your flatterin' strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
On my poor musie;
Though in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but daur a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfiel',
The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel,
A deathless name.

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts;
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gi'e my heart a screed,
As whyles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed,
It gi'es me ease.

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measured style;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
Beside New Hollan',
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay and famous Fergusson
Gied Forth and Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow and Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
Naebody sings.

Th' Ilissus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line;
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
And cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her muirs red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
Whare glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft ha'e our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward red-wat shod,
Or glorious died.

O sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
Wi' wailfu' cry.

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave through the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows and forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts ha'e charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms
Wi' life and light!
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang dark night!

The Muse nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
And no think lang;
O sweet, to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The warl'y race may drudge and drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, and strive,
Let me fair Nature's face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the bizzy, grumbling hive
Bum o'er their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brither,"
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May Envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes;
While muirlan' herds like gude fat braxies;
While Terra Firma on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith and practice,
In ROBERT BURNS.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this new-light*,
'Bout which our herds sae aft ha'e been
'Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callants
At grammar, logic, and sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gi'e,
But spak' their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

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* See Note, page 20

In thae auld times, they thought the moon
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roun'
Gaed past their viewin',
And shortly after she was done,
They gat a new ane.

This pass'd for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam' in their heads to dou't it,
Till chiels gat up and wad confute it,
And ca'ed it wrang;
And muckle din there was aboot it,
Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
And out o' sight,
And backlins-comin', to the leuk
She grew mair bright.

This was denied—it was affirm'd—
The herds and hissels were alarm'd;
The rev'rend greybeards raved and storm'd
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words and aiths to clours and nicks,
And mony a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
And some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd and brunt.

This game was play'd in mony lands,
And auld-light caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick and stowe,
Till now amaist on every knowe,
Ye'll find ane placed;
And some their new-light fair avow,
Just quite barefaced.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin':
Their zealous herds are vex'd and sweatin':
Mysel', I've even seen them greetin'
Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
By word and write.

But shortly they will cowe the loons!
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak' a flight,
And stay ae month amang the moons,
And see them right.

Gude observation they will gi'e them;
And when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
And when the new-light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae ye observe, that a' this clatter
Is naething but a "moonshine matter;"
But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope we bardies ken some better
Than mind sic bruilzie.

TO J. LAPRAIK.

Sept. 13th, 1785.

Guid speed an' furder to you, Johnie,
Guid health, hale han's, an weather bonnie;
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cannie
The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an haggs
Like drivin' wrack;
But may the tapmost grain that wags
Come to the sack.

I'm busy too, an' skelpin at it,
But bitter, daudin' showers ha'e wat it,
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
Like ony clerk.

Its now twa month that I'm your debtor
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
On holy men;
While de'il a hair yoursel' ye're better,
But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let's sing about our noble sel's;
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help, or roose us,
But browster wives and whisky stills,
They are the muses.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,
An' if ye mak objections at it,
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
An' witness take,
An' when wi' usqubae we've wat it
It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spared
Till kye be gaun without the herd,
An' a' the vittel in the yard,
An' theekit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aquavitæ
Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,
An' be as canty
As ye were nine years less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
And now the sun keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest
An' quat my chanter;
Sae I subscribe mysel' in haste,
Yours, Rab the Ranter.

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH,

ENCLOSING A COPY OF "HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER" WHICH HE HAD REQUESTED.

Sept. 17, 1785.

While at the stook the shearers cower
To shun the bitter blaudin shower,
Or in gulravage rinnin' scow'r
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My music, tired wi' mony a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', and douse black bonnet,
Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
Lest they should blame her,
An' rouse their holy thunder on it
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
That I, a simple, kintra bardie,
Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,
Their raxan conscience,
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gaun*, misca't waur than a beast,
Wha has mair honour in his breast
Than mony scores as guid's the priest
Wha sae abus't him,
An' may a bard no crack his jest
What way they've use't him?

See him † the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word an' deed,
An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
By worthless skellums,
An' not a muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
To gi'e the rascals their deserts,
I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
An' tell aloud
Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be,
Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, an' malice fause,
He'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth;
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
For what? to gie their malice skouth
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line
Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee.

Though blotcht an' foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
In spite of foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
At worth an' merit,
By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbytereal bound
A candid lib'ral band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are named
Sir, in that circle you are famed;
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blamed
(Which gi'es you honour)
Even, Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en;
An' if impertinent I've been,
Impute it not, good sir, in ane
Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belang'd ye.

* Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

† The poet has introduced the two first lines of this stanza into the dedication of his works to Mr. Hamilton.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,

November, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' sae hastie,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'rin' pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal.

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin !
An' naething now to big a new ane
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter coming fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash ! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch cauld !

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee ;
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear !
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ;
And liquor gude to fire his blude,
That's prest wi' grief and care :

There let him bouse, and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
And minds his griefs no more.

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

Let other poets raise a fracas,
'Bout vines, and wines, and drunken Bacchus,
And crabbit names and stories wrack us,
And grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scotch Bear can mak' us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse ! gude auld Scotch drink !
Whether through wimpling worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name !

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
And aits set up their awnie horn,
And pease and beans at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain !

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food !
Or tumblin' in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef ;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin' ;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin'
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin' ;
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down hill, scrievin'
Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care ;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
At's weary toil ;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massive siller weed,
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head ;
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need
The poor man's wine ;
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspired,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fired.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in !
Or reekin' on a New-year mornin'
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
And gusty sucker !

When Vulcan gi'es his bellows breath,
And ploughmen gather with their graith,
O rare ! to see thee fizz and freath
I' the luggit caup !
Then Burnewin* comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy then for airn or steel ;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer
Till block and studdie ring and reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
Thou mak's the gossips clatter bright
How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight ;
Wae worth the name !
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
And just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley-bree
Cement the quarrel !
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

* Burnewin—Burn-the-wind—the Blacksmith.

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason ;
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
And hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash !
Fell source o' monie a pain and brash !
Twins monie a poor, doylt drucken hash
O hauf his days ;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well !
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like mysel' !
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blether wrench,
And gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out-owre a glass o' whiskey-punch
Wi' honest men.

O whiskey ! soul o' ploys and pranks !
Accept a bardie's humble thanks !
When wantin' thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses !
Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—s !

Thee Ferintosh ! O sadly lost !
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast !
Now colic grips, and barking hoast,
May kill us a' ;
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa'. !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak' the whiskey stells their prize !
Haud up thy han', De'il ! ance, twice, thrice !
There, seize the blinkers ;
An' bake them up in brunstane pies,
For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, and whiskey gill,
And routh o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest,
And deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation ! last and best—
——How art thou lost !——PARODY ON MILTON

YE Scottish lords, ye knights and squires,
Wha represent our brughs and shires,
And doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,
To you a simple poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is hearse !
Your honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sitting on her a—
Low i' the dust,
And scriechin' out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust !

Tell them wha ha'e the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On aquavitæ ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, and tell yon Premier youth,
The honest, open, naked truth ;
Tell him o' mine and Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble :
The muckle devil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom !
Speak out, and never fash your thumb :
Let posts and pensions sink or soom
Wi' them wha grant 'em ;
If honestly they canna come,
Far better want 'em.

In gatherin' votes you were na slack ;
Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,
And hum and haw ;
But raise your arm, and tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissel,
Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whistle ;
And damn'd excisemen in a bustle,
Seizin' a stell,
Triumphant, crushin't like a mussel,
Or lampit shell.

Then, on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard smuggler right behint her,
And cheek-for-chow, a chuffie vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

Is there that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's-bluide rising hot,
To see his poor auld mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trod i' the mire clean out o' sight !
But could I like Montgom'ry fight,
Or gab like Boswell,
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
And tie some hose well.

God bless your honours ! can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie carline greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye winna bear it !

* This was written before the act anent the Scottish Distilleries, of session 1786 ; for which Scotland and the author return their most grateful thanks.

Some o' you nicely ken the laws
To round the period an' pause,
An' wi' rhetóric clause on clause
To mak' harangues ;
Then echo thro' St. Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true-blue Scot, I'se warran';
Thee, aith-detesting chaste Kilkerran ;*
An' that glib-gabbet Highland baron,
The laird o' Graham† ;
An' ane, a chap that's d—n'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie ;
True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay ;
An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie !
An' monie ithers,
Wham auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys ! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle ;
Or faith, I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
You'll see't, or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
Anither sang.

This while she's been in cank'rous mood,
Her lost militia fired her bluid ;
(De'il na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie !)
And now she's like to rin red-wud
About her whiskey.

An', L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak' the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt
I' th' first she meets !

For God sake, sirs ! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle House repair,
Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your wit and lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongued tinkler, Charlie Fox,
May taunt you wi' his jeers and mocks ;
But gi'e him't het, my hearty cocks !
E'en cowe the caddie,
And send him to his dicing-box
And sportin' lady.

Tell yon gude bluid o' auld Boconnock's,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's‡
Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
I'll pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,
He needna fear their foul reproach,
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
She's just a deevil wi' a rung ;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak' their part,
Though by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
May still your Mither's heart support ye ;
Then, though a minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claes,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's !
Your humble poet sings an' prays
While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let hauf-starved slaves in warmer skies,
See future wines rich clust'ring rise ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born martial boys
Tak' aff their whiskey.

What though their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms !
When wretches range in famish'd swarms
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouther ;
They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
Their bauldest thought's a hankering swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throu'ther,
To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, sic is royal George's will,
And there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
Death comes !—wi' fearless e'e he sees him ;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gie's him ;
An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
And raise a philosophic reek,
And physically causes seek,
In clime and season ;
But tell me Whiskey's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
Though whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam :
Freedom and Whiskey gang thegither,
Tak' aff your dram.

---

* Sir Adam Ferguson.

† The Duke of Montrose.

‡ A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of gude auld Scotch drink.

D

HALLOWEEN *.

[The following Poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations: and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.]

> Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
> The simple pleasures of the lowly train,
> To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
> One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
> GOLDSMITH.

Upon that night, when fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans † dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance:
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There up the Cove ‡ to stray and rove,
Amang the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

Amang the bonny winding banks,
Where Doon rins wimplin clear,
Where Bruce § ance ruled the martial ranks,
And shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly countra folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, and pu' their stocks,
And haud their Halloween,
Fu' blithe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blithe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal and warm, and kin':
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin',
Whyles fast at night.

Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks || maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een, and graip and wail
For muckle anes, and straught anes.

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
And wander'd thro' the bow-kail,
And pu'd, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar and cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee things, todlin', rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
And gif the custoc's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne cozily, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they've placed them
To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
To pu' their stalks o' corn; *
But Rab slips out, and jinks about
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard and fast;
Loud skirled a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kiutlin i' the fause-house †
Wi' him that night.

The auld gudewife's weel-hoardit nits, ‡
Are round and round divided,
And monie lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, and this is me,
She says in to hersel':
He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,
As they wad never mair part;
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
And Jean had e'en a sair heart,
To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
And Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compared to Willie;
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
And her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

* Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near Colzean, or Colean-house, called The Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

§ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

|| The first ceremony of Halloween, is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher* or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack with an opening in the side which is most exposed to the wind; this he calls a *fause-house*.

‡ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel' and Rab in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sabbin:
Nell's heart was dancin' at the view;
She whisper'd Rab to leuk for't:
Rab, stowlins, prie'd her bonny mou',
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel':
She thro' the yard the nearest tak's,
And to the kiln she goes then,
And darklins graipit for the bauks,
And in the blue-clew * throws then,
Right fear't that night.

And ay she win't, and ay she swat;
I wat she made nae jaukin';
Till something held within the pat,
Guid L—d! but she was quakin'!
But whether 'twas the de'il himsel'
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She didna wait on talkin'
To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
"Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the apple † at the glass
I gat frae uncle Johnnie:"
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
She noticed na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
How daur you try sic sportin',
As seek the foul Thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune?
Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight!*
Great cause ye ha'e to fear it;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' lived and died deleeret
On sic a night.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-Muir,
I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was na past fyfteen:
The simmer had been cauld and wat,
And stuff was unco green;
And ay a rantin' kirn we gat,
And just on Halloween
It fell that night.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever sturdy fallow;
He's sin' gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That lived in Achmacalla;
He gat hemp-seed *, I mind it weel,
And he made unco light o't;
But monie a day was by himsel',
He was sae sairly frighted
That vera night."

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
And he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck,
For it was a' but nonsense:
The auld gudeman raught down the pock,
And out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane see'd him,
And try't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin;
The graip he for a harrow tak's,
And haurls at his curpin:
And ev'ry now and then, he says,
"Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
And her that is to be my lass,
Come after me and draw thee,
As fast this night."

He whistled up Lord Lennox' March,
To keep his courage cheery;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd and eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
And then a grane an' gruntle:
He by his shouther gae a keck,
And tumbled wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
And young and auld cam' rinnin out,
To hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hilchin' Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stap! she trotted thro' them a';
And wha was it but grumphie
Asteer that night!

Meg fain wad to the barn ha'e gane,
To win three wechts o' naething; †
But for to meet the de'il her lane,
She pat but little faith in:

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and. darkling, throw into the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one; and, towards the latter end something will hold the thread; demand, *Wha hauds? i. e.* who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and sur-name of your future spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it; and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hempseed, harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee, hemp-seed, I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pu' thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee."

† This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument. used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third

She gi'es the herd a pickle nits,
  And twa red-cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
  In hopes to see Tam Kipples
      That very night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
  An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
  Syne bauldly in she enters:
A ratton rattled up the wa',
  And she cried, L—d preserve her!
And ran thro' midden-hole and a',
  An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
      Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
  They hecht him some fine braw ane!
It chanced the stack he faddom'd thrice *
  Was timmer propt for thrawin:
He tak's a swerlie auld moss-oak
  For some black grewsome carlin;
And loot a winze, and drew a stroke,
  Till skin in blypes cam' haurlin
      Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
  As canty as a kitlen;
But, och! that night, amang the shaws,
  She gat a fearfu' settlin'!
She thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
  And owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn†,
  To dip her left sark sleeve in,
      Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
  As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it stays,
  Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
  Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles joukit underneath the braes,
  Below the spreading hazel,
      Unseen that night.

Amang the brechens, on the brae,
  Between her and the moon,
The de'il, or else an outler quey,
  Gat up and gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
  Near lav'rock-height she jumpit;
But missed a fit, and in the pool
  Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
      Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
  The luggies three * are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en
  To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
  Sin' Mar's year did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
  He heaved them on the fire,
      In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
  I wat they didna weary;
And unco tales, and funny jokes,
  Their sports were cheap and cheery:
Till butter'd so'ns †, wi' fragrant lunt,
  Sets a' their gabs a-steerin';
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
  They parted aff careerin'
      Fu' blythe that night.

---

time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bean-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

† You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring, or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty. Blindfold a person and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged: he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween supper.

ADDRESS

TO THE UNCO GUDE, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
  And lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
  The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
  May ha'e some piles o' caff in;
Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight
  For random fits o' daffin.—SOLOMON. Eccles. vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae gude yoursel',
  Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
  Your neebors' fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
  Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapit happer's ebbing still,
  And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable corps,
  As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
  For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
  Wad here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
  Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
  And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
  What mak's the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
  That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
  Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
  Gi'es now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
  That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
  Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
  It mak's an unco lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
  All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown
  Debauchery and drinking;
O wad they stay to calculate
  Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
  Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
  Tied up in godly laces,
Before you gi'e poor Frailty names,
  Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
  A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
  Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
  Still gentler sister woman,
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang;
  To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
  The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
  How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Wha made the heart, 'tis He alone
  Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
  Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
  We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
  But know not what's resisted.

TAM SAMSON'S* ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—Pope.

Has auld Kilmarnock seen the de'il?
Or great M'Kinlay † thrawn his heel?
Or Robinson ‡ again grown weel,
  To preach and read?
"Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel,
  "Tam Samson's dead."

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,
And sigh, and sab, and greet her lane,
And cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean,
  In mourning weed;
To death she's dearly paid the kane,
  Tam Samson's dead.

The brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel
  Like ony bead;
Death's gi'en the lodge an unco devel—
  Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the lochs the curlers flock,
  Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock?
  Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the corps,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
  In time o' need;
But now he lags on death's hog-score,
  Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately saumont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels, weel kenn'd for souple tail,
  And geds for greed,
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
  Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie muircocks, crousely craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fuds fu' braw,
  Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa',
  Tam Samson's dead.

That wofu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shooting-graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
  Frae couples freed;
But, och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
  Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ancles fetters;
In vain the burns came down like waters,
  An acre braid!
Now every auld wife, greeting, clatters,
  Tam Samson's dead!

Owre monie a wearie hagg he limpit,
And aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
  Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
  Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
  Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
"Lord, five!" he cried, and owre did stagger;
  Tam Samson's dead!

---

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields," and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. Vide the "Ordination," stanza 2.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the "Ordination," stanza 9.

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ;
Ilk sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father ;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead !

There low he lies, in lasting rest :
Perhaps upon his mouldering breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
To hatch and breed ;
Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !
Tam Samson's dead !

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
O' powther and lead ;
Till Echo answers frae her cave,
Tam Samson's dead !

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be !
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me ;
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead ?
Ae social honest man want we—
Tam Samson's dead !

THE EPITAPH.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots spare him !
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly
Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie *:
Tell every social, honest billie
To cease his grievin' ?
For yet, unskaith'd by death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin' !

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET †.

Auld Neebour,

I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrant, frien'ly letter ;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt you flatter,
Ye speak sae fair ;
For my puir, silly rhymin' clatter
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' warl'y cares,
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld grey hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm rede ye're glaikit ;
I'm tauld the Muse ye ha'e negleckit ;
And gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
Until ye fyke ;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin' the words to gar them clink ;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons ;
And whyles, but aye owre late, I think,
Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commend me to the Bardie clan ;
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin' clink,
The devil haet, that I sud ban',
They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares to gi'e us joy or grievin' ;
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
And while ought's there,
Then, hiltie-skiltie, we gae scrievin',
And fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme ! it's aye a treasure,
My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie !
Tho' rough and raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie !
The warl' may play you monie a shavie ;
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir,
Na, even tho' limpin' wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

THE LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself !
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe
HOME.

O thou pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
Thou see'st a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep !
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam :
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-marked distant hill :
I joyless view thy trembling horn
Reflected in the gurgling rill ;
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease !
Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace !

No idly-feign'd poetic pains
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim ;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame :

* Kilmarnock.
† This is prefixed to the poems of David Sillar, published at Kilmarnock, 1789.

The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft-attested Powers above;
The promised father's tender name:
These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptured moments flown!
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and hers alone!
And must I think it! is she gone?
My secret heart's exulting boast!
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

O! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth!
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie through rough distress!
Then who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

Ye winged hours that o'er us pass'd,
Enraptured more, the more enjoyed,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasured thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n every ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang and many a throe,
Keen Recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Even day, all bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er the expanse,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway:
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observed us, fondly wand'ring, stray;
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual kindling eye.

O scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never to return;
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From every joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander through;
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard;
Even when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild, with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heaven on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed,
Where never human footstep traced,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art;
But, ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing, thoughtless, Pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt, unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!

Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age!

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AITKEN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.

My loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene:
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What Aitken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the muir, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carkin' cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopefu' years:
Anticipation forward points the view:
The Mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' and their mistresses' command
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play;
"And O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!
And mind your duty duly morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the LORD aright."

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door:
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame.
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak:
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben:
A strappin' youth! he tak's the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en;
The father cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What mak's the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave:
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respectit like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heav'n a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child!
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The sowp their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it gude;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' bible, ance his father's pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise:
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared wi' these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison ha'e they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high:
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"*
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way:
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request—
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil;
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, Oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward;)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert!
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command;

That pow'r which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought:
Again thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All wither'd and decay'd.

VERSES

LEFT AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE, IN THE ROOM WHERE THE AUTHOR SLEPT.

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
I know thou wilt me hear;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleased to spare!
To bless his filial little flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps alway!

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heaven!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise:
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade,
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven,
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

May, 1786.

I lang ha'e thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento:
But how the subject-theme may gang
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye.
For care and trouble set your thought,
Even when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where every nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha ha'e nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer;
A man may ha'e an honest heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak' a neebor's part,
Yet ha'e nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff-han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through every other man
Wi' sharpen'd, slee inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it.
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature:
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gi'e a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed"
Still daily to grow wiser:
And may you better reck the *rede*,
Than ever did th' adviser.

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

Ha! wh'are ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie!
Your impudence protects you fairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt and sinner,
How dare you set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a leddy!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle!
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred jumpin' cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug and tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' Miss's bonnet!

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as ony grozet;
O for some rank mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gi'e you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surprised to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie,
How dare ye do't!

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin'!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
Your dreams* and tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin'
Straught to Auld Nick's.

Ye ha'e sae mony cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye make a deevil o' the saunts,
And fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, and wants,
Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black!
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

* A certain humorous "Dream" of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithin',
It's just the blue-gown badge and claithin'
O' saunts; tak' that, ye lea'e them naething
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate heathen,
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for and mair;
Sae, when ye ha'e an hour to spare,
I will expect
Yon sang*: ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Though faith, sma' heart ha'e I to sing!
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
I've play'd mysel' a bonnie spring!
And danced my fill;
I'd better gane and sair't the king,
At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
And brought a paitrick to the grun,
A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin' they would fash me for't;
But de'il-ma'-care!
Somebody tells the poacher-court
The hale affair.

Some auld-used hands had ta'en a note
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lee;
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
And pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
And by my powther and my hail,
And by my hen, and by her tail,
I vow and swear,
The game shall pay, o'er muir and dale,
For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin'-time is by,
And the wee pouts begin to cry,
L—d, I'se ha'e sportin' by and by,
For my gowd guinea,
Though I should herd the buckskin kye
For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame,
Scarce through the feathers:
And baith a yellow george to claim,
And thole their blethers!

It pits me aye as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair!
But pennyworths again is fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected sir,
Your most obedient.

* A song he had promised the author.

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our billie's gi'en us a' a jink,
An's owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin' corps
Wha dearly like a random splore;
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar,
In social key;
For now he's ta'en anither shore,
An's owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear petitions place him;
The widows, wives, and a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea!

O Fortune, they ha'e room to grummle!
Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke and fummle,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wummle,
That's owre the sea!

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
And stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill make her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee;
He was her laureate mony a year,
That's owre the sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld nor'-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak' his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a berth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea!

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud independent stomach
Could ill agree,
So row't his hurdies in a hammock,
And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding,
He dealt it free:
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies! use him weel,
And hap him in a cozie biel;
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
And fu' o' glee!
He wad na wrang'd the vera de'il
That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea.

A DEDICATION

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

Expect na, sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication,
To roose you up, and ca' you guid,
And sprung o' great and noble bluid,
Because ye're surnamed like his Grace,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm tired, and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, sir, wi' thaim wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefu';
For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit! I can plough!
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit! I can beg;
Sae I shall say, and that's nae flatterin',
It's just sic poet, an' sic patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him!
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him;
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (sir, ye maun forgi'e me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain he winna tak' it,
What ance he says he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refuse't,
Till aft his guidness is abused;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang:
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor sinfu' corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best of moral works
'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of damnation;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal thro' a winnock frae a whore,
But point the rake that tak's the door;
Be to the poor like ony whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane;
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
No matter! stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs and half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, and lang wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,
For gumlie dubs o' your ain delvin'!
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gi'es him,
While o'er the harp pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, sir, for this digression,
I 'maist forgat my dedication;
But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, ye see, 'twas nae daft vapour;
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, sir, to You:
Because (ye need na tak' it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever
I had amaist said, ever pray,
But that's a word I need na say:
For praying I ha'e little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, and wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, sir——

"May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark
Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk!
May ne'er his gen'rous honest heart,
For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonny lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout and able
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, wi' mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
Till his wee curly John's ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last sad, mournful rites bestow!"

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion;
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest wi' Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent!)
That iron-hearted carle, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,

Your humble servant then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor?
But, by a poor man's hopes in heaven!
While recollection's power is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, through the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my master dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, sir, your hand—my friend and brother.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAUX*.

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
Nae mair shall fear him;
Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care
E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fasht him;
Except the moment that they crusht him;
For sune as chance or fate had husht 'em,
Though e'er sae short,
Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lasht 'em,
And thought it sport.

Though he was bred to kintra wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak' a man;
But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,
Ye roosed him then!

LETTER

TO JAMES TAIT, OF GLENCONNER.

Auld comrade dear and brither sinner,
How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
How stan' you this blae castlin' wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'd:
I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on;
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
An' meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tired,
An' in the depth of science mired,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel;
But hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
Peruse them and return them quickly;
For now I'm grown so cursed douce,
I pray and ponder butt the house,
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston;
Till by and by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan:
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men:
When bending down with auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him;
His worthy fam'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear.

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason billie,
An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, an' Meg the mither,
Just five-an'-forty years thegither!
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An' L—d! remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy;
An' her kind stars ha'e airted till her
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet;
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
For faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious:
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil!
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',
May guardian angels tak' a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell:
But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
An' ay enough o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you.—
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye'll fin' him just an honest man;
Sae I conclude an' quat my chanter,
Yours, saint or sinner,
Rob the Ranter.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

Born in peculiar circumstances of family distress.

Sweet flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love
And ward o' monie a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw!

* *Ruisseaux*—a play on his own name.

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscathed by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem,
Arise to deck our land!

TO MISS CRUICKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY,

Written on the Blank Leaf of a Book, presented to her by the Author.

Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming in thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem,
Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

THE FIRST PSALM.

The man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossoms bud in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, toss'd
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

(RECOMMENDING A BOY.)

Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.

I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty
To warn you now that Master Tootie,
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,*
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak' the tither day,
And wad ha'e done't aff-han';
But lest he learn the callan tricks,
As faith I muckle doubt him,
Like scrapin' out auld crummie's nicks,
An' telling lies about them;
As lieve then I'd have then
Your clerkship he should ser'e,
If sae be, ye may be
Not fitted otherwhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
The boy might learn to swear;
But then wi' you, he'll be sae taught,
An' get sic fair example straught,
I ha'e na ony fear.
Ye'll catechise him every quirk,
An' shore him weel wi' hell;
An' gar him follow to the kirk
—Ay when ye gang yoursel'.
If ye then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin' Friday,
Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I ha'e gie'n,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the Warld's worm;
To try to get the twa to gree,
An' name the airles an' the fee,
In legal mode an' form:
I ken he weel a snick can draw,
When simple bodies let him;
An' if a devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him.
To phrase you an' praise you,
Ye ken your Laureat scorns:
The prayer still you share still
Of grateful Minstrel Burns.

TO MR. M'ADAM

OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN,

In Answer to an obliging Letter he sent in the commencement of my Poetic Career.

Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud;
"See wha tak's notice o' the bard!"
I lap and cried fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million;
I'll cock my nose aboon them a',
I'm roosed by Craigen-Gillan!

* "Master Tootie then lived in Mauchline—a dealer in cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle to disguise their age.—He was an artful, trick-contriving character; hence, he is called a *snick-drawer*. In the Poet's 'Address to the De'il,' he styles that august personage an *auld, snick-drawing dog!*"—Reliques, p. 397.

'Twas noble, Sir—'twas like yoursel',
To grant your high protection:
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' weel,
Is aye a blest infection:

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy!
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand aye.—

And when those legs to guid warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me;
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail
And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flow'ry simmers!
And bless your bonnie lasses baith,
I'm tauld they're loosome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry;
And may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country.

TO A TAILOR,

IN ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE WHICH HE HAD SENT THE AUTHOR.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousy b—h,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh, man! ha'e mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin's bauld,
I did na suffer half sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times, when I grow crouse,
I gi'e their wames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse,
An' jag-the-flae!

King David, o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants,
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I'll gi'e auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet,
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs! the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upon anither plan
Than garrin' lasses cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body,
And sairly thole their mithers' ban
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport,
How I did with the Session sort—
Auld Clinkum at the inner port
Cried three times, "Robin!
Come hither, lad, an' answer for't,
Ye're blamed for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I pat a Sunday's face on,
An' snooved awa' before the Session—
I made an open, fair confession,
I scorn'd to lee;
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

* * * * * * * *

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason,
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason?

[On reading in the public papers, the Laureat's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following address.]

GUDE-MORNING to your Majesty!
May Heav'n augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new birth-day ye see,
A humble poet wishes!
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see
Amang the birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord and lady!
"God save the King!" 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye;
The poets too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,
Wad gar ye trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day.

For me! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor;
Sae nae reflection on your grace,
Your Kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
And downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft and clouted,
And now the third part o' the string,
And less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But faith! I muckle doubt, my sire,
Ye've trusted 'ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill their station
Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gi'en auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaster;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;

For me, thank God! my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges
(And Will's a true gude fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges),
That he intends to pay your debt,
And lessen a' your charges;
But, God-sake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonnie barges
And boats this day.

Adieu, my liege! may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
And may ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gi'e her for dissection.
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your queen, with due respect,
My fealty and subjection
This great birth-day.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gi'es ye?
Thae bonnie bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
And curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak' Diana's pales,
Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,
By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
To mak' a noble aiver;
Sae ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a' their clishmaclaver:
There, him* at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John †,
He was an unco shaver
For mony a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Although a riband at your lug
Wad been a dress completer;
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys of Peter,
Then swith! and get a wife to hug,
Or, troth! ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her,
A glorious galley ‡ stem and stern,
Weel rigged for Venus' barter,
But first hang out, that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple-airn,
And, large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak' you gude as weel as braw,
And gi'e you lads a-plenty!
But sneer na British boys awa',
For kings are unco scant aye;
And German gentles are but sma',
They're better just than want aye,
On ony day.

God bless you a'! consider now
Ye're unco muckle dautet;
But ere the course of life be through,
It may be bitter sautet;
And I ha'e seen their coggie fou,
That yet ha'e tarrow't at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they ha'e clautet
Fu' clean that day.

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakspeare's Henry IV.

‡ Alluding to the newspaper-account of a certain royal sailor's amour.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shaw'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shaw'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he;
But wad ha'e spent an hour caressin'
Ev'n wi' a tinkler gipsy's messin:
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stand as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang *,
Was made lang syne—Gude kens how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke;
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
And unco pack and thick thegither:
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
And worried ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the lords of the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies lived ava.

Our laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell!
He ca's his coach: he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
The yellow-letter'd geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en its nought but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
And though the gentry first are stechin,
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has on a' the lan':
And what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whiles they're fash't eneugh;
A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
Barin' a quarry, and sic like;
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddy weans,
And nought but his han'-darg to keep
Them right and tight in thack and rape.

And when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want of masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But how it comes I never kend yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
And buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit;
Lord, man! our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle,
They gang as saucy by poor folk
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
And mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp and threaten, curse, and swear
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
And hear it a', and fear and tremble!
I see how folk live that ha'e riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches!

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think;
Though constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gi'es them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided:
And though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

And, whyles, twalpenny worth o' nappy
Can mak' the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts;
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, rantin' kirns,
When rural life o' every station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
And sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin' pipe, and sneeshin' mill,
Are handed round wi' right gude-will;
The canty auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' through the house:
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy ha'e barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye ha'e said,
Sic game is now owre often play'd.
There's mony a creditable stock
O' decent, honest-fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin',
For Britan's gude his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's gude! gude faith, I doubt it!
Say rather, gaun, as Premiers lead him,
And saying ay or no's they bid him!
At operas and plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais tak's a waft,
To mak' a tour and tak' a whirl,
To learn bon ton, and see the warl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;

Or by Madrid he takes the route,
To thrum guitars and fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Whore-hunting amang groves o' myrtles;
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak' himsel' look fair and fatter,
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of carnival signoras.
For Britain's gude! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction.

LUATH.

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae monie a braw estate?
Are we sae foughten and harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last?

O wad they stay aback frae courts,
And please themsel's wi' country sports,
It wad for every ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, and the cotter!
For thae frank, rantin' ramblin' billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows,
Except for breaking o' their timmer,
Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life's a life of pleasure!
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true they need na starve or sweat,
Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat,
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them;
An' aye the less they ha'e to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.
A country fellow at the plough,
His acres till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Though de'il haet ails them, yet uneasy:
Their days, insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places;
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' whoring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' 'ither,
They're a' run deils and jads thegither.
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup and platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.
There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night:
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na *men* but *dogs;*
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

This wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
(Wi' rev'rence be it spoken;)
I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
When mighty squireships of the quorum
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
Up higher yet, my bonnet;
And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage, he o'erlooks them a'
As I look o'er my sonnet!

But oh for Hogarth's magic pow'r!
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
And how he stared and stammer'd,
When goavan as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd.

To meet good Stuart little pain is,
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes,
Thinks I, they are but men!
But Burns, my Lord—Guid God! I doited,
My knees on ane anither knoited,
As faultering I gaed ben!

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his Lordship steal't a look
Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense and social glee,
An' (what surprised me) modesty,
I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms of the great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as weel's another;
Nae honest, worthy man need care,
To meet with noble, youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarged, their lib'ral mind
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the sire of love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Famed heroes! had their royal home:
Alas! how changed the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wide-wand'ring roam!
Though rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led!

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs;
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near,
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs. himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, self control
Is wisdom's root.

THE BRIGS OF AYR:

A POEM.

Inscribed to J. Ballantyne, Esq. Ayr.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn-bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-toned plovers, grey, wild whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy Independence bravely bred.
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potato-bings are snugged up frae skaith
Of coming Winter's biting frosty breath;

The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs, delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree;
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.
'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh o' Ayr,
By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's * wheel'd the left about;
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why:)
The drowsy Dungeon-clock † had number'd two,
And Wallace Tower † had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln frith, with sullen sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore;
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream—

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sough of whistling winds he heard;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the gos ‡ drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers.
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo o' the sp'ritual folk:
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the very de'ils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face;
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warsl'd lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round wi' anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
It chanced his new-come neighbour took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he;
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this gude-e'en:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank,

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.
† The two steeples.
‡ The gos-hawk, or falcon.

But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith, that day, I doubt, ye'll never see!
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor narrow foot-path o' a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk, o' stane and lime,
Compare wi' bonnie Brigs o' modern time?
There's men o' taste wad tak' the Ducat-stream *,
Tho' they should cast the very sark and swim,
Ere they wad grate their feelings wi' the view
O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood and tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills, where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or whare the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal † draws his feeble source,
Aroused by blust'ring winds and spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
Sweeps dams, and mills, and brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck ‡ down to the Ratton-key §,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
Then down ye'll hurl—de'il nor ye never rise!
And dash the jumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson, sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost.

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't;
The L—d bethankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging, with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves;
Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms, like some bedlam-statuary's dream,
The crazed creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea;
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace;
Or cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our gude Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.
† The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.
‡ The source of the river Ayr.
§ A small landing-place above the large quay.

'Ye worthy Proveses, and mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye:
Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce Conveners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly Councils wha ha'e blest this town;
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly ga'e your hurdies to the smiters;
(And what wad now be strange) ye godly Writers:
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what wad ye say or do?
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And, agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base degenerate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots haud forth a plain braid story!
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, and douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d——d new
Brigs and Harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enow,
And muckle mair than ye can mak' to through;
As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spared;
To liken them to your auld-warl' squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can ha'e a handle
To mouth "a Citizen," a term o' scandal:
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In a' the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin' owre hops an' rais'ns,
Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and seisins.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shored them wi' a glimmer o' his lamp,
And would to Common-sense for ance betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they featly danced;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet;
While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
O had M'Lauchlan *, thairm-inspiring Sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When through his dear Strathspeys they bore with
Highland rage,
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fired,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch
inspired!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rang in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief, advanced in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty, hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair *;
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine, their long-loved abode:
Last, white-robed Peace, crown'd with a hazel
wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling
wrath.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

Tune—"The Dragon of Wantley"

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit and lore,
Among the first was number'd;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And wan his heart's desire,
Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p-ss in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case,
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purged was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the ass of Balaam.—

* * * * *

* The poet alludes here to Mrs. Stewart of Stair.—Stair was then in her possession. She afterwards removed to Afton-Lodge, on the banks of the Afton, a stream which he afterwards celebrated in a song, entitled "Afton Water."

TO AN OLD SWEETHEART,

AFTER HER MARRIAGE, WITH A PRESENT OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS.

Once fondly loved, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Friendship !—'tis all cold duty now allows :—

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him (he asks no more),
Who distant burns in flaming, torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

Sad thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt wi' pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smiled ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung ;
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

CLARINDA.

Clarinda, mistress of my soul,
The measured time is run !
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie,
Deprived of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy?

We part—but by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes !
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day :
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Jan. 1, 1787.

Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charged, perhaps too true ;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you!

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—" Killicrankie."

When Guildford good our pilot stood
And did our helm thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man ;
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man ;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was nae slaw, man ;
Down Lowrie's Burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man :
But yet, what reck, he, at, Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man ;
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his enemies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
Was kept in Boston ha', man ;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man :
Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man !
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man ;
But Clinton's glaive, frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man ;
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to thraw, man ;
For Paddy Burke like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man ;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lowsed his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game
Till death did on him ca', man ;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man.

Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man,
For North and Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace of Indian race,
Led him a sair faux pas, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man:
An' Scotland drew her pipe and blew,
"Up Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne, then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man:
While slee Dundas aroused the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired bardies saw, man,)
Wi' kindling eyes, cried "Willie, rise!
Would I ha'e fear'd them a', man?"

But word and blow, North, Fox, and Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron raise, and coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man.
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
And did her whittle draw, man;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To make it gude in law, man.

* * * * *

TO

THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE,

(*Mrs. Scott, of Wauchope*)

IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE WHICH SHE HAD SENT THE AUTHOR.

GUIDWIFE,

I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thresh the barn;
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
An' tho' forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn;
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa'.

E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
An' spared the symbol dear;
[illegible]mation, no station,
[illegible]y envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that hairst I said before,
My partner in the merry corps,
She roused the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pawky een
That gart my heart-strings tingle;
I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared ay to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
An' we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither:
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her.
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn or byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line:
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware;
'Twad please me to the nine.
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hinging o'er my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Fareweel then, lang heal then,
An', plenty be your fa':
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

March, 1787. R. BURNS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER*,

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY LORD, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain!
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glow'rin' trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry :
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was he shored me ;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
Enjoying large each spring and well
As nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel',
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Wad then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes ;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin, pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown o' flowers ;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care ;
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain grey ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed !
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land !
So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses !"

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT, A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels ;
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain !

In these savage liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

VERSES,

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON, THE POET, IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS, PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH 19, 1787.

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure !
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

TO A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
"The whole of human kind!"

"To those who love us!"—second fill;
But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third—"To thee and me love!"

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on its verdant side;
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village glittering in the noontide beam—
* * * * * *
Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—
* * * * * *
Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of fate half-reconciled,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man.
* * * * * *

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods,
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where thro' a shapeless breach his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear astonish'd rends.
Dim-seen thro' rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid cauldron boils—
* * * * * * *

POETICAL ADDRESS

TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER, OF WOODHOUSELEE,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have revered on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry;
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

But loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night;
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

WRITTEN IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,—
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:

Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,*
Seek the chimney-nook of ease,
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRAY.

When Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
And framed her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
The caput mortuum of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires:
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physic, politics, and deep divines:
Last, she sublimes the Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well-pleased, pronounced it very good;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter;
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to shew it;)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet.
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends,
Admired and praised—and there the homage ends:
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live:
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on Life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason, and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
Who make poor "will do" wait upon "I should"—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race;
Come thou, who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times,
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command:
But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit!
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front;
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist! assume the plough again:
The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more;
On eighteen-pence a week I've lived before.
Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift;
That placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
Where, Man and Nature fairer in her sight,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.

(Extempore Lines on returning a Newspaper.)

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and
through, Sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; [hewers,
But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is, to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced my darling's heart:
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,—
Now, fond I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR

The lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train*;
Or mused where limpid streams once hallow'd well†,
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane‡.

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky;
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war;
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.—

"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride!

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping Arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful Science heaves the heartfelt sigh.—

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

"My patriot falls—but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
No, every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Through future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs."—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

* The King's Park, at Holyrood House.
† St. Anthony's Well. ‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

January 1, 1789.

For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born!
But, oh! prodigious to reflect,
A towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events ha'e taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head.*
And my auld teethless Bawtie's dead;
The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt and Fox,
An' our gudewife's wee birdie cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's something dour o' treadin',
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupit;
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
And gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursel's, for little feck!

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een,
For some o' you ha'e tint a frien':
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep;
Nay, ev'n the yirth itself does cry,
For E'nbrugh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care!
Thou now hast got thy daddie's chair;
Nae handcuff'd, muzzled, half-shackl'd Regent,
But, like himsel', a full, free agent.
Be sure to follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man!
As muckle better as you can.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang;
And through my lugs gi'es mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
Our neighbours' sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

Of a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill hairsts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Tooth-Ache, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel,
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-ache.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation! mark
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo! there she goes—unpitied and unblest!
She goes—but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes
(Awhile forbear, ye tort'ring fiends),
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty *quondam mate*,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heav'n.

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play and that new sang is comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend like whiskey, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gi'e us sangs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how, hapless, fell?
Where are the muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
O for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all the omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman, though the phrase may seem uncivil,
As able and as cruel as the devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglases were heroes every age;
And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye ha'e generous done, if a' the land
Would take the muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say, the folks ha'e done their best!
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
Ye'll soon ha'e poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar Fame blow until her trumpet crack,
And warsle Time an' lay him on his back!

For us and for our stage should ony spier,
"Whase aught thae chiels mak' a' this bustle here?"
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We have the honour to belong to you!
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore before you strike,—
An' gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks;
God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

Inhuman man ! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little of that life remains :
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains,
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY EVENING.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
Tho', by the by, abroad why will you roam ?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home:
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new year !
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story :
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day ;"
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question ;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush'd with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way :
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle ;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him ;
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him ;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care !
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours ;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

DELIA.

Fair the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose ;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear ;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip ;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip ;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove !
O let me steal one liquid kiss,
For Oh ! my soul is parch'd with love !

FRAGMENT,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite ;
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white
How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction--
I sing : if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory,
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ;*
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits ; [strong,
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right ;
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man, for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks :
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one-ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours : [know him ?
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you
Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions, [him !
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe ;
Have you found this, or t'other ? there's more in the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find ;
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature call'd Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Ellisland, Oct. 21, 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie,
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
Wad bring ye to :
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south !
And never drink be near his drouth !
He tald mysel', by word o' mouth,
He'd tak' my letter !
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth
And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study ;
An' tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier ?
I'm turn'd a gauger—peace be here !
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,
Ye'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Loup, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I ha'e a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun ha'e brose an' brats o' duddies ;
Ye ken yoursel's my heart right proud is,
I needna vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care !
I'm weary sick o't late and ear' !
Not but I ha'e a richer share
Than mony ithers ;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers ?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !
And let us mind faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair :
Wha does the utmost that he can
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse and scant o' time,)
To mak' a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to Sister Beckie ;
And eke the same to honest Luckie,
I wat she is a daintie chuckie
As e'er tread clay !
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS.

SKETCH.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again :
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.
The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer ;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds ;
Coila's fair Rachael's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me in moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver ?
"Another year is gone for ever."
And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
"The passing moment's all we rest on !"
Rest on !—for what ? what do we here ?
Or why regard the passing year ?
Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more ?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss ?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss !
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies :
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight ;
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone ;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woful night.—
Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us th' important *now* employ,
And live as those that never die.
Tho' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale envy to convulse,)
Others now claim your chief regard ;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

TO A GENTLEMAN

WHO HAD SENT BURNS A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

Ellisland, 1790.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new !
How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I wanted ?
This monie a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin' ;
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doing ;
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off ;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks ;

Or, if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
If Denmark, any body spak' o't!
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin',
How libbet Italy was singin';
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court, keep up the game;
How Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaikct Charlie gat his nieve in:
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails,
Or if he was grown oughtlins doucer,
And no a perfect kintra cooser:
A' this and mair I never heard of;
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So, gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

ELEGY

ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON.

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

> But now his radiant course is run,
> For Matthew's course was bright
> His soul was like the glorious sun,
> A matchless, heav'nly light

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle deevil wi' a woodie
Harl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join ye, Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae linn to linn.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first of flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At e'en, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse, that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews, calling through a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay
Wham we deplore.

Ye howlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, autumn wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man,
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man,
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man!
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kin' man!

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whinging sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

THE FIVE CARLINES;

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

Tune—"Chevy Chase."

There were Five Carlines in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lunnun town
To bring them tidings hame;

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there,
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith *,
A dame wi' pride enough;
And Marjory o' the Monylochs †,
A carline auld and teugh;

And blinkin' Bess o'Annandale ‡,
That dwelt near Solway side;
And whiskey Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide §;

And black Joán frae Crichton Peel ||,
O' gipsy kith and kin,
Five wightier carlines were na foun'
The south countrie within.

To send a lad to Lunnun town,
They met upon a day,
And mony a knight and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae.

* Dumfries. † Lochmaben. ‡ Annan. § Kirkcudbright. || Sanquhar.

Oh! mony a knight and mony a laird
This errand fain wad gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please:
Oh! ne'er a ane but tway.

The first ane was a belted knight *,
Bred o' a Border band,
And he wad gae to Lunnun town,
Might nae man him withstand;

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lunnun court
Would bid to him gude day.

The niest came in a sodger youth †,
And spak' wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to Lunnun toun
If sae their pleasure was:

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend,
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, wham to choose and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlines fell,
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak' mim-mou'd Meg of Nith,
And she spak' up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide;

For the auld guidman o' Lunnun ‡ court
She didna care a pin;
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son §.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And a deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she wad vote the Border knight,
Though she should vote her lane;

For far-aff fowls ha'e feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain;
But I ha'e tried the Border knight,
And I'll try him yet again.

Says black Joán frae Crichton Peel,
A carline sour and grim,
The auld guidman or the young guidman
For me may sink or swim;

For fools may prate o' right or wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn;
But the sodger's friends ha'e blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn.

Then whiskey Jean spak' ower her drink:
Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lunnun court,
His back's been at the wa';

And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,
Is now a fremit wight,
But it's ne'er be said o' whiskey Jean,
We'll send the Border knight.

Then slow rase Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots heart was true;

* Sir J. Johnstone. † Mr. Miller. ‡ George III. § The Prince of Wales.

There's some great folks set light by me,
  I set as light by them;
But I will sen' to Lunnun toun
  Wham I like best at hame.

Sae how this weighty plea will end,
  Nae mortal wight can tell,
God grant the King and ilka man
  May look weel to himsel'!

ANSWER TO A MANDATE.

SENT BY THE SURVEYOR OF TAXES.

Mossgiel, Feb. 22nd, 1789.

Sir, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I'm free to tak' my aith.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,—
I ha'e four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle;
My land-afore, a guid auld has-been,
And wight and wilfu' a' his days been;
My land-ahin's a weel-gaun filly,
Wha aft has borne me safe frae Killie,
And your auld borough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime:
But ance when in my wooing pride
I like a blockhead boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(Lord, pardon a' my sins an' that too!)
I play'd my filly sic a shavie,
She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
My fur-ahin', a wordy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was traced:
The fourth, a Highland Donald hasty,
A d-mn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie,
Forby a cowte, of cowtes the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail;
An' he be spared to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pund at least.

Wheel carriages I ha'e but few:
Three carts, and twa are feckly new;
An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams are broken;
I made a poker o' the spindle,
And my auld mither brunt the trundle.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-deils for rantin' and for noise;
A gaudsman ane, a thresher t'other,
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And aften labour them completely;
And aye on Sundays duly nightly,
I on the Questions tairge them tightly,
Till, faith! wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
(Tho' scarcely langer than my leg,)
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling
As fast as ony in the dwalling.

I've nane in female servan' station,
Lord keep me aye frae a' temptation!
I ha'e nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye ha'e laid nae tax on misses;
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted;
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddie in her face,
Enough of ought ye like but grace.

But her, my bonny, sweet, wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already,
And if ye tax her or her mither,
B' the Lord, ye'se get them a' thegither!

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of license out I'm takin';
Frae this time forth, I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
I've sturdy stumps, the Lord be thankit!
And a' my gates on foot I'll shank it.
The Kirk an' you may tak' you that,
It puts but little in your pat;
Sae dinna scrieve me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under noted;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic,

Robert Burns.

ON THE LATE

CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
          I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
          And faith, he'll prent it!

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
          That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco sleight
          O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, howlet-haunted biggin'*,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
          Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin'
          At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
          Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
          Ye midnight b——es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
          And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
          I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets†,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets
          A towmont gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
          Before the Flood.

* *Vide* his Antiquities of Scotland.
† *Vide* his Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose
Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPT. GROSE.

TO BE LEFT WITH MR. CARDONNEL, ANTIQUARIAN.

Tune—"Sir John Malcolm"

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo & ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?
Igo & ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
Igo & ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo & ago.
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Whare'er he be, the Lord be near him?
Igo & ago,
As for the deil, he daur nae steer him.
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,
Igo & ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye ha'e auld stanes in store,
Igo & ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore.
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo & ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

TAM O' SHANTER,

A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this Buke.—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearin' late,
And folk begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit bousin' at the nappy,
And getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gatherin' her brows like gatherin' storm,
Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely,
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growin' better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;

Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
An' sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The ratt'ling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night a child might understand,
The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles hauding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and howlets nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebaugh we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na de'ils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gi'e them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gar't them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl!—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light;
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout;
And priests' hearts rotten black as muck,
Lay stinkin', vile, in every neuk:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carline swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strappin' in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white se'enteen-hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush o' gude blue hair,
I wad ha'e gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping and flinging on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the corps,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith muckle corn and bear,
And kept the country side in fear;)
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cower,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd:
Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;

As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane* of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carline claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

VERSES TO CHLORIS,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR ON A BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower;)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind.

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove;
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

* It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any further than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

[As the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland, with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was the last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friar's-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Fergusson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert: which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.]

I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda*, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw:
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

* See Ossian's Caric-thura.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More *,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet, lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a corps,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well worn out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high-ruling elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend;
Though fate said—a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep a bard
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down wi' years;
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

"Ye scatter'd birds, that faintly sing
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods, that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nought in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending, aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flower amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay;
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involved me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen grey with time?
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
O had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

* See Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"*

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD OF WHITEFOORD, BART. WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st;
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valued'st, I the patron loved;
His worth, his honour, all the world approved.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

POEM,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

Friend of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wantin' thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake! the meikle deil,
Wi' a' his witches,
Are at it, skelpin, jig and reel,
In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one-pound-one, I sairly want it:
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And, while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I'd bear 't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin'
To thee and thine—
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
And turned a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way:
Then farewell, folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and ay.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

Tune—Killicrankie.

LORD ADVOCATE.

He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation mist
His argument he tint it;
He gaped for't, he graped for't,
He fand it was awa', man;
But what his common sense came short,
He eked it out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
And ey'd the gathering storm, man:
Like wind-driven hail it did assail,
Like a torrent owre a linn, man;
The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST, AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

Written by desire of the Poet's friend, the Earl of Buchan.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between:

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.

OF FINTRAY.

Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest;)
Will generous Graham list his Poet's wail!
(It soothes poor misery, heark'ning to her tale,)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade!

Thou, Nature, partial Nature I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground.
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
In all the omnipotence of rule and power.—
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug.
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts

But oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those alas! not Amalthea's horn;
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur,
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics curcless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear.
Foil'd, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on through life,
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspired,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injured page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage.

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up;
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder, "some folks" do not starve.
The grave, sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad, worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clew of hope,
And through disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
Fintray, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown:
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.,

OF FINTRAY.

ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy—"Libertie!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna venture't in my rhymes.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

THOSE of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who will not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

TO JOHN MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTY,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!
Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspired, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf
This natal morn,
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second-sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet)
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah
In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lassies bonnie,
May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings funny,
Bless them and thee.

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the de'il he daurna steer ye:
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye:
For me, shame fa' me,
If niest my heart I dinna wear ye
While Burns they ca' me.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is protection:
The tender flower that lifts its head elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet—
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
In that blest sphere alone, we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired!
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired!
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection removed;
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,—
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear;
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay,
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

Hail, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd!
In chase o' thee what crowds hae swerved
Frae common sense, or sunk enerved
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! o'er aft thy joes ha'e starved,
'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin, skelp alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd sang,
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;

Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him 'rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Ev'n Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus: wha matches?
They 're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches:
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-famed Grecian, share
A rival place?

Yes, there is ane—a Scottish callan!
There's ane—come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk beyond the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou 's for ever!

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines:
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes,
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns grey,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love,
That charm, that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.

OF GLEN-RIDDEL.

April, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more!
Nor pour your descant, grating, on my soul:
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier;
The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH OF JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain!
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So, in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content, with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments—bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care!
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

IMPROMPTU

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTH-DAY, 4TH NOV. 1793.

Old Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd:
"What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless sons no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow:
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English hanging, drowning.
"Now, Jove, for once, be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me."
"'Tis done!" says Jove;—so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening blows;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.—

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous grace
The justling tears ran down his honest face!
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
And next the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobwebb'd gothic dome resounded Y!
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art;
So grim, deform'd with horrors, entering U,
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kicked him from his sight.

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among—
Thee famed for martial deed and sacred song—
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead!
Beneath that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.—
Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET,

OF MONBODDO.

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize,
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow
As that which laid the accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stored,
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care!
So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree,
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE, ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, DEC. 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

Still anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies;
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last my Prologue-business slily hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times;
Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears,—
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears,
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief;
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Would'st thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf,
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself;
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry may we still be wise.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

VERSES TO J. RANKINE.

[The person to whom his Poem on shooting the Partridge is addressed, while Rankine occupied the farm of Adamhill, in Ayrshire.]

Ae day, as Death, that grusome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter;
Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowrin' at the bitches,
"By God I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the spiritual corps present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this d——d infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"Lord God!" quoth he, "I have it now,
There's just the man I want, i' faith!"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

ON SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley;
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe!

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

Dumfries, 1796.

My honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your int'rest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart ha'e I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill
And potion glasses.

O what a cantie warl were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it;
And Fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve;
(And ay a rowth roast-beef and claret,
Syne wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;

Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrons by a ratton,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare,
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quit my pen:
The Lord preserve us from the devil!
Amen! Amen!

LINES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

The friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Not moony madness more astray;)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah, why should I such scenes outlive!
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES; WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward:
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

INSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSSON

HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

Born September 5th, 1751.—Died 15th October, 1774.

No sculptured marble here, no pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust,"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

FOR R. A., ESQ.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much loved, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

ON WEE JOHNNY

Hic jacet wee Johnny.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder'd Johnny!
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For saul, he ne'er had ony.

ON JOHN DOVE.

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pigeon;
What was his religion?
Wha' e'er desired to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carle,
For here Johnny Pigeon had nane!

Strong ale was ablution—
Small beer, persecution,
A dram was *memento mori;*
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved, or damn'd!

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Souter Hood in death does sleep;
To hell if he's gane thither,
Satan, gi'e him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b—ch
Into thy dark dominion.

ON A WRITER IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man!
Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER IN CLEISH PARISH, FIFE-SHIRE.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes:
O Satan, when ye tak' him,
Gi'e him the schoolin' of your weans;
For clever de'ils he'll mak' 'em!

ON A HEN-PECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled,
The devil ruled the woman.

ON THE SAME.

O DEATH! hadst thou but spared his life,
Whom we this day lament;
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
And a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't;
Tak' thou the carline's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the saul to boot.

ON THE SAME.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,
She reduced him to dust, and she drank up the powder;
But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have eat her dead lord on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense.

ON WAT.

Such a reptile was Wat,
Such a miscreant slave,
That the very worms damned him
When laid in his grave.
"In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starved reptile cries;
"And his heart is rank poison,"
Another replies.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

The devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonished, confounded, cry'd Satan, "By God!
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load."

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

Lament him Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye;
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye press
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on this grass,
Perhaps he was your father.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD,

WHO WAS NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too must rise:
For had he said, "the soul alone
From death I will deliver;"
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept for ever.

LINES ON MRS. KEMBLE.

Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

TO MR. SYME,

IN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO JOIN A DINNER PARTY.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O, had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of humankind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN THE REV. DR. B——'S VERY LOOKS.

That there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny,
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATIONS OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O thou, whom poesy abhors,
Whom prose has turned out of doors,
Heard'st thou that groan? proceed no farther;
Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder!

ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD MADE MISS DAVIES SO LITTLE, AND MRS. * * * SO LARGE.

Written on a pane of glass in the inn at Moffat.

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

ON MISS J. SCOTT OF AYR.

Oh! had each Scot of ancient times
Been Jeanie Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

The greybeard, Old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him, calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY.

What dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway! and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-famed sire!
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
So ended in a mire!

TO THE SAME,

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT.

Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

WRITTEN AT INVERARY.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland cauld and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in an anger!

A VERSE

Composed and repeated by Burns to the Master of the House, on taking leave at a place in the Highlands, where he had been hospitably entertained.

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give,
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things that were.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

WE came na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise:

But when we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
Och hone! the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels,
But—what'll ye say!
These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW AT THE KING'S ARMS TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing:—
What are your landlords' rent-rolls? teasing ledgers:
What premiers, what? even monarchs' mighty gaugers:
Nay, what are priests? those seeming godly wise men;
What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen?

EXTEMPORE.

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE OF BURNS, WISHING HIM TO SPEND AN HOUR AT A TAVERN.

THE King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by an' by,
Or else the devil's in it.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent:
And if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord bless us with content!
Amen.

THE CREED OF POVERTY

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be,
Bear this in mind—be deaf and blind;
Let great folks hear and see.

EXTEMPORE LINES

DELIVERED AT A MEETING OF THE DUMFRIES-SHIRE VOLUNTEERS, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF ADM. RODNEY'S VICTORY, APRIL 12, 1782, WHEN BURNS WAS CALLED ON FOR A SONG.

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,—
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
That we lost, did I say? nay, by heav'n, that we found,
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you the King—
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution;
And longer with Politics not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

CURSED be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has no sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell!
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—ch.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

HANDSOME NELL*.

Tune—"I am a man unmarried"

O, ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
  Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that honour warms my breast
  I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,
  And mony full as braw,
But for a modest gracefu' mien
  The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
  Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
  She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet;
  And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
  And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
  Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
  Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
  May slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty
  That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
  'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
  She reigns without control.

BONNIE LESLEY.

Tune—"The Collier's bonnie daughter"

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley
  As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
  To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
  And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
  And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
  Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
  The hearts o' men adore thee.

The de'il he could na scaith thee,
  Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
  And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee:
  Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
  That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
  Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we ha'e a lass
  There's nane again sae bonnie.

* This was our Poet's first attempt.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

'These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces.'—*Burns's Reliques*

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
  Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
  By a falling, crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
  Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
  O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
  Such the pleasure I enjoy'd;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
  A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle Fortune has deceived me,
  (She promised fair, and perform'd but ill;)
Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
  I bear a heart shall support me still.

TIBBIE, I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

Tune—"Invercauld's Reel"

CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day,
Ye wad nae been sae shy,
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
  But fient a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
  Whene'er ye like to try;

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows onie saucy quean
  That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
  And answer him fu' dry.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
  Be better than the kye.

But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,
Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice;
The de'il a ane wad spier your price,
  Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wad na gie her in her sark,
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark;
  Ye need na look sae high.

LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low ! O,
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low ! O.

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O ;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.

But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O,
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

* * * * * *

FRAGMENT.

Tune—"I had a horse, and I had nae mair."

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady,
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade
A mistress still I had aye :

But when I cam' roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreadin' ony body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady*.

* * *

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Tune—"The Deuks dang o'er my Daddy !"

NAE gentle dames, though e'er sae fair
Shall ever be my muse's care ;
Their titles a' are empty show ;
Gi'e me my highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will
To sing my highland lassie, O

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine !
The world then the love should know
I bear my highland lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ·
But while my crimson currents flow
I'll love my highland lassie, O.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band !
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low
I 'm thine, my highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O !
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O !
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my highland lassie, O !

* Miss Armour, afterwards the Poet's wife.

JOHN BARLEYCORN*.

A BALLAD.

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy ;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

Tune—"Corn rigs are bonnie"

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down wi' right good will
Amang the rigs o' barley.
I ken'd her heart was a' my ain;
I loved her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely!
My blessings on that happy place
Amang the rigs o' barley.
But by the moon and stars sae bright,
That shone that hour sae clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I ha'e been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I ha'e been merry drinking;
I ha'e been joyfu' gathering gear;
I ha'e been happy thinking;
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS

Corn rigs an' barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie,
I'll ne'er forget that happy night
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER*.

Tune—"The Weaver and his Shuttle"

My Father was a Farmer upon the Carrick border,
And carefully he bred me in decency and order.
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing,
For without an honest manly heart, no man was worth regarding.

Then out into the world, my course I did determine, [was charming.
Though to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great
My talents they were not the worst, nor yet my education; [tion.
Resolved was I, at least to try, to mend my situa-

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's favour;
Some cause unseen still stept between, to frustrate each endeavour;
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; sometimes by friends forsaken; [mistaken.
And when my hope was at the top I still was worst

Then sore harass'd, and tired at last, with fortune's vain delusion;
I dropt my schemes like idle dreams, and came to this conclusion;
The past was bad, and the future hid; its good or ill untried;
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I would enjoy it.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I; nor person to befriend me;
So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to sustain me.
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father bred me early;
For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for fortune fairly.

Thus all obscure, unknown and poor, through life I'm doom'd to wander,
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting slumber:
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me pain or sorrow;
I live to-day, as well's I may, regardless of to-morrow.

But cheerful still, I am as well as a monarch in a palace,
Though fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all her wonted malice;
I make indeed, my daily bread, but ne'er can make it farther;
But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little money, [me;
Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-natured folly;
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy.

All you who follow wealth and power with unremitting ardour,
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your view the farther:
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to adore you,
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before you.

* "This song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification, but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over."—Burns's *Reliques*, p. 389.

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY.

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"Galla Water"

Altho' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be
Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gi'e o' joy to me,
The sharin' 't with Montgomerie's Peggy
* * * * * * *

SONG.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

Now westlin' winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T*.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
Wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me whare I lie?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the fau't?
Wha will buy my groanin' maut?
Wha will tell me what to ca't?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gi'e me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak' me fidgin' fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

* "I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud."—BURNS's *Reliques*, p. 278.

NANNIE.

Tune—"My Nannie, O."

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar* flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin' wind blaws loud an' shill;
The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that haud his pleugh,
An' ha'e nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

* Originally Stinchar

FORLORN MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy,
No shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.
O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert thou, &c.

But dreary though the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert thou, &c.

THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE.

Tune—" Green grow the rashes."

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O!

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gi'e me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

* * * * * *

ROBIN.

Tune—" Dainty Davie."

THERE was a lad was born at Kyle,
But what na day o' what na style—
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
Blew handsel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof:
Quo' scho, "Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae cuif,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

"He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

"But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin'—
So leeze me on thee, Robin!

"Guid faith," quo' scho, "I doubt ye'll gar
The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
But twenty faults ye may ha'e waur,
So blessin's on thee, Robin!"

Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

Tune—" Braes o' Balquhidder."

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their handsel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O;
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O;—
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

MY JEAN.

[This beautiful Fragment is an early Composition.]

Tune—" The Northern Lass."

THOUGH cruel Fate should bid us part,
As far 's the Pole and Line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains frown and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O what a feast her bonnie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner.

O LEAVE NOVELS.

Tune—" Mauchline Belles."

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel,
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part,
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.
The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel,
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

YOUNG PEGGY.

[This is one of the Poet's earliest compositions. It is copied from a MS. book which he had before his first publication.—*Cromek.*]

Tune—"The last time I came owre the muir."

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With pearly gems adorning.
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them ;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them.
Her smiles are like the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her ;
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of savage, surly winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning powers to lessen ;
And spiteful envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of honour, love, and truth,
From every ill defend her ;
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her ;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
Responsive in each bosom ;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

[Recovered from the recitation of a lady in Glasgow, and first published by Cromek.]

Tune—"If he be a butcher neat and trim."

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass—
Could I describe her shape and mien ;
The graces of her weel-far'd face,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' een.

She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;
An' she 's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching Beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

Tune—"Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly."

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse ;
There centum per centum, the cit, with his purse ;
But see you the *Crown* how it waves in the air,
There, a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle 's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;—
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts,"*—a maxim laid down [gown ;
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Masonic Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw !
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

MENIE.

Tune—"Johnny's Grey Breeks."

Again rejoicing nature sees
  Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
  All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

And maun I still on Menie doat,
  And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
  An' it winna let a body be!*

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
  In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
  The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
  Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
But life to me 's a weary dream,
  A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
  Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
  And every thing is blest but I.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
  And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
  I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
  Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
  A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
  And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
  When nature all is sad like me!

And maun I still on Menie doat,
  And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
  An' it winna let a body be.

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's. Menie is the common abbreviation of *Marianne*.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
  On every blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
  And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In every glen the mavis sang,
  All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
  Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
  My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
  A maiden fair I chanced to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
  Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
  Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
  And sweet is night in autumn mild;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
  Or wandering in a lonely wild:
But woman, nature's darling child!
  There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
  By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
  And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
  That ever rose in Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
  With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
  The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
  Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
  Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
  To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
  With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

MARY.

Tune—"Blue Bonnets."

Powers celestial, whose protection
  Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander
  Let my Mary be your care:
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
  Fair and faultless as your own;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
  Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,
  Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
  Soothe her bosom into rest:
Guardian angels, O protect her,
  When in distant lands I roam;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
  Make her bosom still my home*.

ELIZA.

Tune—"Gilderoy."

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
  And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
  A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans roaring wide,
  Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
  My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
  The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
  We part to meet no more:
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
  While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
  And thine that latest sigh.

* Probably written on Highland Mary, on the eve of the poet's departure to the West Indies.

THE FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Though I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honoured with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the bard that's far awa'.

I AM MY MAMMY'S AE BAIRN.

[Of this song the chorus and second stanza are old.]

Tune—"I'm owre young to marry yet."

I AM my mammie's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir:
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd wad mak' me eerie, Sir.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
I'm owre young to marry yet,
I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammie yet.

My mammie coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun ha'e the gracing o't;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind Sir,
I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.
I'm owre young, &c.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
And you an' I in ae bed,
In troth I dare na venture, Sir.
I'm owre young, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
I'm owre young, &c.

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

[Burns intended this song as a farewell dirge to his native land, from which he was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. "I had taken," says he, "the last farewell of my friends: my chest was on the road to Greenock: I composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—'The gloomy night is gathering fast.'"]

Tune—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest wi' care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore:
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound:
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

BUT warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
And come, &c.
O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er you meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie:
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
Yet look, &c.
O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.
O whistle, &c.

BONNIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

Tune—"The Birks of Aberfeldy."

Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy,
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Tune—"M'Pherson's Lament."

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows' tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows tree.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

Tune—"An Gillie dubh ciar-dhubh."

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me!
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me,
Cruel charmer, can you go!
Cruel charmer, can you go!

By my love so ill requited;
By the faith you fondly plighted;
By the pangs of lovers slighted;
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

THICKEST NIGHT O'ERHANG MY DWELLING.

Tune—"Strathallan's Lament."

Thickest night o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets, gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes, softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

[The chorus of this song is old.]

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—"Morag."

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden:
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle Gordon.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Tune—"Bhannerach dhon na cri."

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair;
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune—"M'Grigor of Ruara's Lament."

Raving winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strewing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella strayed deploring:
"Farewell, hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow—
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load, to misery most distressing,
O how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Tune—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang,
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreariel
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang,
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Tune—"Andro and his cutty gun."

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
But blither in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb's upon a lea,
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
But blither in Glenturit glen.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Tune—"The Shepherd's Wife."

A rose-bud by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood;
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird! young Jeannie fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care,
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud! young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray,
That watch'd thy early morning.

STREAMS THAT GLIDE.

Tune—"Morag."

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains!
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands;
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood;
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave
By bonnie Castle Gordon.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—"Johnny M'Gill."

O WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I carena thy kin sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt ha'e me for better for waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

MY HARRY.

Tune—"Highlander's Lament."

MY Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain:
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I sit me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.

O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—"Druimion dubh."

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law;
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa'!

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes.
As one who, by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

BLOOMING NELLY.

Tune—"The lady of the flowery field."

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest:
When Willie, wand'ring through the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued;
He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheathed,
Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breathed,
They richer dyed the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace!
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace!

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul!

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings;
So Nelly, starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs:

But Willie follow'd—as he should,
He overtook her in the wood:
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

Tune—"Seventh of November."

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry Line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

MY BONNIE MARY.*

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

*This air is Oswald's; the first half-stanza of the song is old.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.*

Ye gallants bright, I rede you right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimpy laced her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van;
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

THE LAZY MIST.

Irish Air—"Coolun."

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year!
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!

How long I have lived, but how much lived in vain;
How little of life's scanty span may remain:
What aspects, old Time, in his progress has worn;
What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gained!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darkened, how pain'd!
This life's not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune—"Failte na Miosg."

[The first half-stanza of this song is old.]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

* "I composed this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, author of the air of Strathallan's Lament, and two or three others in this work."—*Burns' Reliques*, p. 266.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

[This song was written in honour of Mrs. Burns.]

Tune—"My love is [illegible] me."

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sel';
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
And write how dear I love thee!

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
How much—how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And ay I muse and sing thy name:
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I'd love thee.

FIRST WHEN MAGGIE WAS MY CARE.

Tune—"Whistle owre the lave o't."

FIRST when Maggie was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle owre the lave o't.
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child—
Wiser men than me's beguiled—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle owre the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle owre the lave o't.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lament."

THERE's a youth in this city,
It were a great pity
That he frae our lasses should wander awa';
For he's bonnie an' braw,
Weel-favoured an' a',
And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune
The laddie's been courtin';
Weel featured, weel tocher'd, weel mounted and braw
But chiefly the siller,
That gars him gang till her,
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There's Meg wi' the mailen
That fain wad a haen him;
And Susie, whose daddie was laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
Maist fetters his fancy;
But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

CA' THE EWES.

Tune—"Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes."

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie!

As I gaed down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An' he ca'd me his dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
Beneath the hazels spreading wide!
The moon it shines fu' clearly.
Ca' the, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.
Ca' the, &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff."

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.

[These verses were composed to celebrate a visit which the Poet and Allan Masterton made to William Nichol, of the High-school, Edinburgh, who happened to be at Moffat during the autumn vacation.—The air is by Masterton.]

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam' to see;
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na' fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
 But ay we'll taste the barley-bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift see hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!

We are na' fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw',
 But ay we'll taste the barley-bree.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL OF MAR.

Tune—"Cameronian Rant."

"O CAM' ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
 And did the battle see, man?"
I saw the battle, sair and teugh,
And reekin'-red ran monie a sheugh.
My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades
 To meet them were na slaw, man,
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
 And monie a bouk did fa', man.
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd while broadswords clash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
 Till fey men died awa', man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
 And skyrin' tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dared our whigs,
 And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets opposed the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
 They fled like frighted doos, man.

"O how de'il, Tam, can that be true?
 The chase gaed frae the north, man:
I saw mysel', they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And monie a huntit, poor red coat,
 For fear amaist did swarf, man."

My sister Kate cam' up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blood to spill
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
 And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
 Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But monie bade the world guid-night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE, YESTREEN.

Tune—"The Blue-eyed Lassie."

I GAED a waefu' gate, yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips, like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white;—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wyled,
She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
In a' our town or here awa';
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,*
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'!
He roosed my een sae bonnie blue,
He roosed my waist sae genty sma';
And aye my heart came to my mou',
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and sleet, thro' frost and snaw;
And o'er the lea I look fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
And aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he tak's me a';
And aye he vows he'll be my ain
As lang 's he has a breath to draw.

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR TITTIE.

Tune—"The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."

MY heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinkin', wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,
"Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men:
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

* The gaud,—at the plough.

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin',
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Air—"Miss Forbes."

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Through faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle.

Low in your wint'ry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING.

Tune—"Craigie burn wood."

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,*
And blithely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they ha'e nane for me
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie,
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

* "It is remarkable of this place that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music (so far as from the title, words, &c., we can localize it) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity.
"The song was composed on a passion which a Mr Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for Miss Lorimer, afterwards Mrs. Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigie-burn wood.—The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad."—BURNS's *Reliques*, p. 284.

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Tune—"Falkland Fair."

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me ha'e the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd, clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang the wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, fly the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share:
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement ha'e polished her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they fly to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

GANE IS THE DAY.

Tune—"Gudewife, count the lawin."

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine's the risin' sun.

Then gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin,
Then gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple folk maun fecht and fen',
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then gudewife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink deep ye'll find him out.
Then gudewife, &c.

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

Tune—"My Tocher's the Jewel."

O meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sa meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye 're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye 're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye 'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
An' ye 'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune—"Robie Donna Gorach."

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command.
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear?
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gayly bloom;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD.

Tune—"Over the hills an' far awa'."

O how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they ha'e disown'd me a',
But I ha'e ane will tak my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
And silken snoods he gave me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw;
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa'.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE.

Tune—"Jacobite Air."

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird:
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that sair bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR*.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve;
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Though thou may gayly bloom a while;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE.

[Altered from the old song of Eppie Macnab, which had more wit than decency.]

Tune—"Eppie Macnab."

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

* "This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland.—This poem is to be found in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, the earliest collection printed in Scotland.—I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress."

Burns's Reliques, p. 202.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

Tune—"Lass, an I come near thee."

Wha is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay!
Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here—
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak' ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in—
Let me in, quo' Findlay:
Ye'll keep me waukin' wi' your din—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay—
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain—
I'll remain, quo' Findlay:
I dread ye'll learn the gate again—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower—
Let it pass, quo' Findlay:
Ye maun conceal till your last hour—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang,
He's doylt and he's dozen, his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me tak's pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan; [him,
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Tune—"The Lads of Saltcoats."

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

CHLORIS.

Tune—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

Tune—"The sweet lass that lo'es me."

O leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theckit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel'
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the claver hay,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha would leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

AE FOND KISS.

Tune—"Rory Dall's port."

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung-tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

Tune—"The Posie."

O luve will venture in where it daurna weel be seen,
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the woods sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear:
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remuve,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

NAEBODY.

I HA'E a wife o' my ain,
I 'll partake wi' naebody;
I 'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
I 'll gi'e cuckold to naebody.

I ha'e a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I ha'e naething to lend,
I 'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I 'll be slave to naebody;
I ha'e a guid braid sword,
I 'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I 'll be merry and free,
I 'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I 'll care for naebody.

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

Tune—" The Moudiewort."

An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my aunty, Tam:
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam:
But hear'st thou, laddie? there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!

An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam!

SONG OF DEATH.

A Gaelic air.

SCENE—*A field of battle; time of the day, evening—the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following Song.*

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves, and friendships, ye dear, tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou for the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark?
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest with the brave!

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

[This is an old Highland air, and the title means "my love did deceive me." There is much feeling expressed in this song.]

Tune—" Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh."

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
The pipers and youngsters were making their game;
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him;
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleeping till dawnin' for greetin',
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain
Had I na got greetin', my heart would ha'e broken,
For, oh! love forsaken 's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
Than ever ha'e acted sae faithless to him.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Tune—" Tibbie Fowler."

WILLIE WASTLE dwelt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;
Willie was a wabster guid,
Could stown a clue wi' ony body:
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa, the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:
Her walie nieves like midden creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

Tune—"John, come kiss me now."

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will.
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild,
"O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

"It's ye ha'e wooers mony a ane,
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie but, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the luver's fire."

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae well his craps and kye,
He has nae luve to spare for me:
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gi'e
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

"O thoughtless lassie! life's a faught;
The canniest gate the strife is sair;
But aye fu'-han't is fechtin best,
A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve,
The gowd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve bring peace and joy,
What mair ha'e queens upon a throne?

THE BANKS O' DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

Tune—"Catharine Ogie."

Ye flowering banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree:
But my false luver stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

FAIR ELIZA.

Tune—"The bonnie brucket Lassie."

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gi'es to me.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss,
Owre the mountains he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beatin' rain!
Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting owre the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
Owre the day's fair, gladsome ee,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be!

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

Tune—" Captain O'Kane."

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Tune—" Afton Water."

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BONNIE BELL.

The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old time and nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER

Tune—" The Weaver's March."

Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flow'r, and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh! I had wooers eight or nine,
They gi'ed me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,
And I gi'ed it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher band,
To gi'e the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gi'e it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees rejoice in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

THE BAIRNS GAT OUT.

Tune—" The deuks dang o'er my daddie."

The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fien'-ma-care, quo' the feirie auld wife,
He was but a paidlin' body, O!
He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
An' he paidles late an' early, O!
This seven lang years I ha'e lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

O, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
O, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!
I've seen the day, and sae ha'e ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O!
But downa-do's come o'er me now,
And, oh! I feel it sairly, O!

SHE 'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

She 's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She 's broken her vow, she 's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof came in with routh o' gear,
And I ha'e tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
A woman has 't by kind:
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form 's faun to thy share,
'Twad been owre meikle to 've gi'en thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

THE EXCISEMAN.

The de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman;
And ilka wife cried—Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman:
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And monie thanks to the meikle black de'il
That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
Was—the de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman.

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune—"Wishaw's Favourite."

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

Tune—"My mother's aye glow'ring owre me."

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean:
Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations swith awa',
Rief randies, I disown ye!

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries—"Alas!"
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e:
"Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee.
Now wae to thee, thou cruel Duke!
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee."

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

Tune—"The Highland Watch's Farewell."

My heart is sair, I darena tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

POLLY STEWART.

Tune—"Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart."

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.

The flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gi'e to Polly Stewart.

May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

Tune—"Bonnie Mary."

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of heav'n.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass;
And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken-tree,
When trystin'-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O, haith, she's doubly dear again!
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

WHEN JANUAR' WIND.

Tune—"The lass that made the bed to me."

When Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak' a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae the chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she says,
"And dinna sae uncivil be;
If ye ha'e onie love for me,
O wrang na my virginitie!"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa'—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rose,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush'd and aye she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak' the bed to me."

She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me:
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

Tune—"I'll gang nae mair to yon town."

O wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she's a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinking sun's gaun down upon;
A fairer than 's in yon town,
His setting beams ne'er shone upon.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear!

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
And she—as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

TO THEE, LOVED NITH.

Tune—Unknown.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I ranged,
Tho' prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchanged.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he roved that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear!

O MAY, THY MORN.

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will ay remember;
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will ay remember.

And here's to them, that like oursel',
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum;
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!

WAE IS MY HEART.

Wae is my heart, and the tear 's in my e'e;
Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures; and deep ha'e I loved;
Love, thou hast sorrows; and sair I ha'e proved:
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O if I were happy, where happy I ha'e been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle green;
For there he is waud'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Tune—"Wandering Willie."

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure;
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, *O farewell for ever*,
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf of the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone;
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

Tune—Unknown.

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' banks when e'ening fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The chield wha boasts o' warld's walth
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain—
Ah! fortune canna gi'e me mair.
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink of Mary's e'e!

MY PEGGY'S FACE

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

AMANG THE TREES.

Tune—"The King of France, he rade a race."

Amang the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O;
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly O,
When there cam' a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O—

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike
Till we were wae and wearie, O;
But a royal ghaist wha once was cased
A prisoner aughteen year awa',
He fired a fiddler in the North
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

* * * *

THE WINSOME WEE THING.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

Tune—"Gregg's Pipes."

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her gentle limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns;
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to make him blest.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Catharine Ogie."

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!—
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine.
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;
As blithe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it would burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hoped she wad smiled upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin' owre a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Tune—"Banks of Banna."

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak' the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gi'e me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and tak' with Anna!

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day,
Awa', thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night!
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports with my Anna!

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

Tune—"The Lea Rig."

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and wearie, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If through that glen, I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

MARY CAMPBELL.

Tune—"Ewe-bughts, Marion."

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
I ha'e sworn by the heavens to be true;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us,
The hour, and the moment o' time!

O POORTITH CAULD.

Tune—"I had a horse."

O poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' twere na for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.

Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining?

OH! OPEN THE DOOR TO ME.

With Alterations.

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, O!
Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, O!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, O!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, O!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, O!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, O!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, O!
My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, O!—

WANDERING WILLIE.

Messrs. Erskine and Thomson having suggested some changes in the following song, our Poet, with his usual judgment, adopted some of their alterations, and rejected others. The last edition is as follows:—

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

Tune—"Onagh's Water-fall."

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form, and gracefu' air:
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

GALLA-WATER.

[illegible]'s braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
[illegible]t wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla-water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla-water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I ha'e na meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla-water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

LORD GREGORY.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be!

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwin side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven, that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

MARY MORISON.

Tune—"Bide ye yet."

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fau't is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

Air—"The Mill Mill O."

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless,
And monie a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting-thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like onie lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

JESSIE.

Tune—"Bonny Dundee."

True-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes his chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthroned in her een he delivers his law,
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger,
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air—"O bonnie lass, will you lie in a Barrack?"

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving:
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair movin
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gi'e me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

FRAGMENT,

IN WITHERSPOON'S COLLECTION OF SCOTS SONGS.

Air—"Hughie Graham."

"O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drop o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

"Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light."

* O were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.*

* These stanzas were added by Burns.

MISS LESLEY BAILLIE.

Tune—"Liggeram Cosh."

BLITHE ha'e I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

LOGAN WATER.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And ev'ning's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make monie a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie, hame to Logan braes!

BONNIE JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie:
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flow'rs,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride o' a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me,
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

WHILE larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
Glad did I share;
While yon wild flow'rs among,
Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare:
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

HAD I A CAVE, &c.

[An unfortunate circumstance which happened to his friend Cunningham, suggested this fine pathetic song to the Poet's fancy.]

To the same tune.

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air ?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there !

BY ALLAN STREAM.

Tune—"Allan Water."

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi ;
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready :
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony ;
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
O dearly do I love thee, Annie !

O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle mak' it eerie ;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie !
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever !"
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
How cheery thro' her shortening day
Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow !
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure !

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

Tune—"Cauld Kail."

Come, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur :
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her ?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure ;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure :
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever !
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never !

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare ;
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild ;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis !
For she is simplicity's child.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
How fair and how pure is the lily !
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day !
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare ;
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine ;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine :
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak' a right good-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.
Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

Tune—"Oran Gaoil."

Behold the hour, the boat arrive;
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Sever'd from thee can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail;
"E'en here I took the last farewell;
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me!

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

Tune—"Fee him, Father."

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I shall see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is breaking.
Soon my weary een I'll close—never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken.

FAIR JENNY.

Tune—"Saw ye my Father?"

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer 's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known;
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

Tune—"The Collier's Dochter."

Deluded swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion—
They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed,
To dote upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee:
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

NANCY.

Tune—"The Quaker's Wife."

Thine am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish:
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure:
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

BANNOCKBURN.

Tune—" Hey, tuttie, tattie."

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward ! chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By our sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Forward ! let us do, or die !

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

Tune—" My jo Janet."

Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idle rave, Sir ;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, Sir.
" One of two must still obey
Nancy, Nancy ;
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy ? "

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience ;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good b'ye allegiance !
" Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it !
" I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

Well, Sir, from the silent dead
Still I'll try to daunt you ;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you
" I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy ;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse. Nancy."

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune—" O'er the Hills," &c.

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad ?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe ?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love ;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away:
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy !
Bullets, spare my darling boy !
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power ;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet :
Then may heaven, with prosp'rous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away:
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are aye with him that's far away.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

Tune—" The Sutor's Dochter."

Wilt thou be my dearie ?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee ?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee !
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie ;
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
Or if thou wiltna be my ain,
Sayna thou'lt refuse me :
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me ;
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

CA' THE YOWES.

Tune—" Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart
I can die—but canna part—
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

BUT LATELY SEEN.

Tune—" The Winter of Life."

But lately seen in gladsome green
The woods rejoice the day,
Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa'!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again!

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Guid faith! she'll soon o'ergang ye.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was! I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are done, man,
My pains o' hell on earth are past—
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
Guid faith! she'll soon o'ergang ye.

TO MARY.

Tune—" Could aught of song."

Could aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee!
They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising;
Beyond what fancy e'er refined
The voice of nature prizing.

HERE IS THE GLEN.

Tune—" Banks of Cree."

Here is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has told the hour—
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call,
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
Mix'd with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little, faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
O welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Tune—" Deil tak' the Wars."

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky:
But when, in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart—
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

Tune—"The Maid's Complaint."

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I ha'e,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak' thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee;
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

LOVELY DAVIES.

Tune—"Miss Muir"

O how shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration?
Even they maun dare an effort mair,
Than aught they ever gave us,
Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That mak's us mair than princes;
A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances.
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble pow'rs surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour.
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

SAE FAR AWA'.

Tune—"Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

O, sad and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa';
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa'.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this fair sae far awa',
Gi'e body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa':
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While oh! she is sae far awa'.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but hers, sae far awa';
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than hers, the fair sae far awa'.

CHLOE.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

Tune—"Dainty Davie."

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—"Rothiemurchus' Rant."

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O?

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove:
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why then ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

Tune—"Nancy's to the Greenwood gane," &c.

Farewell thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemned to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had saved me:
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS.

Tune—"Roy's Wife."

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy;
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy.

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

O, PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY

Tune—"The Sow's Tail."

He—O Philly, happy be that day
When, roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

She—O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
While thou didst pledge the Powers above,
To be my ain dear Willy.

He—As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

She—As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

He—The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

She—The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

He—The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

She—The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is not sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

He—Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tine, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

She—What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e?
I care nae wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Tune—"Lumps o' Pudding."

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gi'e them a skelp, as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome Thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa,
A night o' guid fellowship southers it a':
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"

SAW YE MY PHELY.

Quasi dicat Phillis.

Tune—"When she cam ben she bobbit."

O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.

You're welcome to despots, Dumourier,
You're welcome to despots, Dumourier!
How does Dampierre do,
Aye, and Bournonville too,
Why did not they come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul I'll have a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier!

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

Tune—"Morag."

O wha is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted;
And thou art all delighted;

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Tune—"There'll never be peace," &c.

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

HERE'S A HEALTH.

Tune—"The Bonnets o' blue."

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa!
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Calodonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
And here's to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Although that his band be sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success!
May prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa',
And here's to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
And here's to them that's awa';
Here's Maitland and Wycombe, and wha does na like 'em,
We'll build in a hole o' the wa'.
Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
Here's fruit that's sound at the core!
May he that would turn the buff and blue coat,
Be turn'd to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
And here's to them that's awa';
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed,
And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

Tune—"Cordwainers' March."

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.
A slave to Love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best,
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

CALEDONIA.

Tune—"The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

THERE was once a day, but old Time then was young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore—
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her favourite resort;
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand*:
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside:
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the North,
The scourge of the seas and the dread of the shore †;
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore ‡;
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell §.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provoked beyond bearing at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life ‖:

The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguined the Tweed's silver flood;
But taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
Then ergo she'll match them, and match them always*.

* The Romans. † The Saxons. ‡ The Danes.
§ The two famous battles in which the Danes or Norwegians were defeated.
‖ The Highlanders of the Isles.

* This singular figure of poetry refers to the famous proposition of Pythagoras, the 47th of Euclid. In a right-angled triangle, the square of the hypothenuse is always equal to the squares of the two other sides.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

Tune—"Let me in this ae night."

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou wakin', I would wit?
For love has bound me, hand and fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak' pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That 's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed:
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

Tune—"For a' that, and a' that."

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that!
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that!

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd—a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa that!
For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

Tune—"The hopeless Lover."

Now spring has clad the groves in green,
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
 Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
 Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast,
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
 And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye;
As little reck'd I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
 Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known.
The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair!"
 What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Tune—"Aye wakin', O."

Long, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
 Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care?
 Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
 Is on the couch of anguish?

Every hope is fled,
 Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
 Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
 Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
 But my Chloris spare me!

Long, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
 Is on her bed of sorrow.

CALEDONIA.

Tune—"Humours of Glen."

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Tune—"Where'll bonnie Ann lie?" or "Loch-Eroch-Side."

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay !
Nor quit for me the trembling spray ;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art ;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind ?
Och, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care ;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
Or my poor heart is broken !

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

Tune—"John Anderson, my Jo."

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife ;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin,
A while her pinions tries ;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

CHLORIS.

Tune—"De'il tak' the wars."

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride :
But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures ?
What are the noisy pleasures ?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art :
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array ;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day.
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul !
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—"Push about the Jorum."

April, 1795.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally !

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided ;
Till slap come in an unco loon
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursel's united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;
But de'il a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By heaven ! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together !
Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple ;
But while we sing, "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Tune—"This is no my ain House."

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
It wants, to me, the witchin' grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean
To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks ;
It may escape the learned clerks ;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

Tune—"The Lothian Lassie."

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me!

He spak' o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked, for Jean—
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or cared,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess—
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But heavens! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

Tune—"I wish my love was in a mire."

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow,
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland Air.

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow
I'd see my jo,
Beside me, ere the gloaming,
But he sae trig,
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck!
Did least expec'
To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.
De'il tak' the war!
I late and air
Ha'e wish'd since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As short-syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en,
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blythe and merry,
I cared na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest!
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
At kirk and fair,
I'se ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

[This is altered from an old favourite song of the same name.]

Tune—"Coming through the rye."

COMING through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.
Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—
Coming through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a' body ken!
Jenny's a' wat, poor body
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

'TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE EEN.

Tune—"Laddie, lie near me."

'Twas na her bonnie blue een was my ruin;
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me!
But though fell fortune should fate us to sever
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest,
And thou art the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

AN UNFINISHED SKETCH.

There was a bonnie lass,
And a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear;
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and tear.

Over sea, over shore,
Where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear:
And nocht could him quell,
Or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed so dear.

TO CHARLOTTE HAMILTON.

The Poet's last Song.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear!
O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so?"

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, O, let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

ALTHO' THOU MAUN NEVER BE MINE.

Tune—"Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney."

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Thou art as sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms:
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But, why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Thou art as sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Tune—"Balinamona Ora."

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonny green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonny white yowes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possest;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye ha'e them—the mair they're carest.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"John Anderson my jo."

One night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root:
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushat crowded o'er me,
That echoed through the braes.

* * * * *

FRAGMENT.

CHLORIS.

Tune—"The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

Why, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy!
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy, raptured, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme;
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel!
Wake thy lover from his dream?

END OF THE SONGS AND BALLADS.

GLOSSARY.

[In the present edition the original Glossary has been carefully examined, and much augmented. In all the Poems and Songs, where the Scotch words vary, in orthography or pronunciation, from English ones merely by literal elision (such as *an'* for *and*, *ha'e* for *have*, *singin'* for *singing*, &c.), apostrophes have been uniformly inserted, to indicate the place of dropped letters; by which means the English admirers of our Poet will the more readily understand his verses. Such words, therefore, have been retrenched altogether from the glossary; and those purely Scotch only (or, being English, having Scotch meanings) will be found below.—Ed.]

"The *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo* is commonly spelt *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo* or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey* sounds like the Latin *ei*."—Burns.

Aback, away, aloof
Abeigh, at a shy distance
Aboon, above, up, over
Abread, abroad, in sight
Abreed, in breadth
Adle, caudle; a cordial
Ae, one
Aff, off; aff-loof, off-hand, unpremeditated
Afore, before
Aft, oft
Aften, often
Agley, awry, wrong
Aiblins, perhaps
Aik, an oak*
Ain, own
Air, ear', early, soon
Airles, earnest-money
Airn, iron
Airt, quarter of the heavens; to direct
Aith, an oath
Aits, oats
Aiver, an old horse
Aizle, a hot cinder
Ajee, ajar; on one side
Alake, alas!
Alane, alone
Akwart, awkward
Amaist, 'maist, almost
Ance, once
Ane, one, an
Anent, concerning; fore-anent, over-against
Anither, another
Ase, ashes
Asteer, abroad, stirring
Atween, between
Aught, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my stock
Auld, old; auld-warl', antediluvian, out-of-date, absurd; auld-used, experienced
Auldfarran, or auldfarrant, quaint, cunning, prudent; precocious in mind
Aumis, alms, aumis-dish, charity plate or box
Ava, at all
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.; awnie, bearded
Ayont, beyond

Ba', ball
Backets, ash-boards
Backlins, comin', coming back, returning
Bad, did bid
Baide, endured, did stay
Baggie, the belly
Bailie, borough magistrate, alderman
Bairn, a child
Bairn-time, a family of children, a brood
Baith, both
Ban, to swear, to curse
Band, bonds, bondage
Bane, bone; bany, bony
Bang, to beat, to strive
Bannocks, flat, round, soft cakes
Bardie, diminutive of bard; Sir Bardie, our poet
Barefit, barefooted
Barm, yeast
Barmie, yeasty
Batch, a crew, a gang
Batts, botts
Baudrons, a cat
Bauld, bold
Bawbee, a halfpenny
Bawk, a ridge, a bank
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face
Be, to let be, to give over
Bear, big, barley
Beast, full-grown animal
Beastie, dimin of beast
Beet, to add fuel to fire
Beld, bald
Bell, flower; in the bell, in blossom
Belyve, by and by
Ben, in; into the room; benmost, inmost
Bethankit, grace after meat
Beuk, a book
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish; a short race
Biel, or bield, shelter
Bien, wealthy, plentiful, comfortable
Big, bigg, to build
Biggin', building, a house
Biggit, built
Bill, a bull
Billie, a brother; a young fellow, a companion
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c
Birk, birch-tree
Birkie, lively young fellow
Birring, noise of partridges, &c. when they spring
Bit, crisis, nick of time
Bizz, a bustle; to buzz
Bizzie, busy
Blae, blue; livid
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt
Blastit, blasted, degenerate
Blate, bashful, sheepish
Blather or blether, bladder
Blaud, a good piece of anything; to slap
Blaw, to blow, to boast
Bleerit, bleared
Bleezing, blazing
Blellum, idle talking fellow
Blether, talk idly, nonsense
Bleth'rin, talking idly
Blink, a gleam; a little while; a smiling look; to look kindly; to shine by fits
Blinker, a term of contempt
Blinkin', smirking
Bloom, blossom, blooming, blossoming
Blue-gown, an authorised beggar, such as *Edie Ochiltree*: they were generally invalid soldiers, and their "badges" conferred donations and privileges, now abolished
Bluid, blude, blood
Bluntie, one abashed
Blype, a shred, a strip
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently
Bocked, gushed, vomited
Bodle, a small copper coin
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins
Bole, recess or hole in a wall
Bonnie, or bonny, handsome, beautiful
Boord, a board
Boortree, the shrub elder
Boost, behoved, must needs
Bore, hole in a wall, crevice
Botch, an angry tumour
Bousing, drinking
Bow-kail, cabbage
Bowt, bended, crooked
Brackens, fern
Brae, a hillock, a declivity
Braid, broad; braid Scotch or Scots, plain language
Braindg't, reeled forward
Braik, a kind of harrow
Brainge, to run rashly
Brak', broke, made insolvent
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses
Brash, a sudden illness
Brats, clothes; aprons, &c.
Brattle, a short race, hurry
Braw, fine, handsome
Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily
Braxie, a morbid sheep
Breastie, dimin. of breast
Breastit, did spring forth
Brechan, breckans, fern
Bree, liquor; barley-bree, ale, whiskey
Breef, an irresistible spell
Breeks, breeches
Brent, smooth; brent new, quite new; brent brow, high smooth forehead
Brie, brow; e'e-brie, eyebrow
Brig, a bridge
Brisket, the breast
Brither, a brother
Brock, a badger
Brogue, a trick
Broo, broth, liquid, water
Broose, a race at weddings
Brose, stirabout; water-brose, oatmeal gruel
Browst, brewing; browster-wife, tavern landlady
Brugh, burgh, a borough
Bruilzie, a broil
Brunstane, brimstone
Brunt, did burn, burnt
Brust, to burst, burst
Buckie, spirited lad
Buff, a blow; buff our beef, beat one soundly
Bught, a pen
Bughtin'-time, time of collecting ewes to be milked
Buirdly, stout-made
Bum, hum as a bee, exalt
Bum-clock, a humming beetle
Bumming, humming as of bees
Bummle, to blunder
Bummler, a blunderer
Bunker, a window-seat
Burdies, dimin. of birds
Bure, did bear; bure the gree, bore the bell
Burn, water, a brook, a rivulet
Burnie, diminutive of burn
Busk, to put on dress; buskit, dressed
Buskie, bushy
Buss, a bush
But, without
But an' ben, kitchen and parlour; two rooms
Butching, killing
By himself, lunatic
Bye attour, besides that
Byke, a bee-hive, a swarm
Byre, a cow-house

Ca', to call, to name, to drive
Ca't, or ca'd, called, driven, calved
Cadger, costermonger
Cadie (cadet), younger son, lackland; menial
Caff, chaff
Caird, a tinker; gipsy man
Cairn, a heap of stones serving as a rude kind of monument; also a pinnacle
Calf-ward, small enclosure for calves
Callan, callant, a boy
Caller, fresh, sound
Callet, camp trull
Canny, or cannie, gentle, careful; softly; quietly
Cant, chant, song
Cantie, or canty, cheerful
Cantrip, a charm, a spell
Cap-stane, key-stone
Careerin', moving cheerily
Carkin', fretting, gnawing, corroding
Carl-hemp, male stalk
Carle, an old man
Carline, a stout old woman
Cartes, cards
Caudron, a cauldron
Cauk and keel, chalk and red or black-lead pencil
Cauld, caul', cold
Caup, a wooden drinking vessel; a cup
Cavie, a coop; chicken-cavie, hen-roost
Chanter, part of a bagpipe
Chap, a man, fellow
Chapmen billies, pedlars, petty traders (not buyers)
Chaup, a stroke, a blow
Cheekit, cheeked
Cheep, chirping, to chirp
Chiel, chield, a young fellow
Chimla or chimlie, chimney a fire-grate, a fire-place
Chimla-lug, the fire-side
Chittering, chattering, shivering, trembling
Chow, to chew; cheek-for-chow, side by side
Chuffie, fat-faced
Clachan, a countrytown, or village having a church
Claise, or claes, clothes
Claith, cloth
Claithing, clothing
Claivers, clavers, nonsense
Clamb, did climb
Clap, clapper of a mill
Clarkit, kept accompts
Clash, an idle tale, story of the day; to scandalize
Clatter, idle stories
Claught, snatched at
Claut, a handful, a quantity; also to clean, to scrape
Clauted, scraped
Cleed, to clothe
Cleekit, hooked on; having caught
Clinkin', jerking, squatting
Clinkumbell, bell-ringer; clinkum, beadle
Clips, wool-shears
Clishmaclaver, idle talk
Clock, to cluck, to hatch; a beetle
Clockin', clucking, hatching; clockin-time, brooding-time
Cloot, hoof
Clootie, Cloots, the devil
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow
Clud, a cloud
Cobie, a fishing-boat
Cockernony, lock of hair tied on a girl's head; a cap
Cod, a pillow
Coft, bought
Cog, a wooden dish; sieve
Coggie, diminutive of cog
Coila, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire
Collie, a name for country curs
Collieshangie, a dog-fight; fierce quarrel
Commaun, command
Convener, principal craftsman
Cood, the cud
Coof, a blockhead, dullard
Cooser, a stallion
Coost, did cast, cast off
Coot, the ancle or foot
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish; fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are also said to be cootie
Corbies, ravens
Corn, oats; corn't, oat-fed
Cotter, inhabitant of a cot
Couthie, kind, loving; kindly, lovingly
Cove, a cave
Cow, to diminish
Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright; a branch of furze, &c.
Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; cowp the cran, completely overturn; a gang
Cowpit, tumbled
Cowte, a colt
Cozie, snug; cozily, snugly
Crabbit, fretful
Crack, conversation, to converse
Craft, or croft, a grass field
Craig, crag; throat
Craigie, craggy
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly; landrails
Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggrel verses
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel; bad verse
Crankous, fretful, captious
Cranreuch, hoar frost
Crap, a crop, to crop
Craw, crow of a cock; a crow, a rook
Crazed, worn out
Creel, a large basket; my head (or senses) is in a creel—I am stupified, or under a delusion
Creepie-chair, stool of repentance
Creeshie, greasy
Crood, or croud, to coo as a dove
Croon, a continued moan
Crooning, humming
Crouchie, crook-backed
Crouse, cheerful, courageous, boastful
Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time
Crowlin', crawling
Crump, crisp
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns
Cuif, coof, a blockhead

Cummock, a short staff
Curch, a woman's cap
Curchie, a curtsey
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, called curling
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise
Curpin, the crupper
Curple, the rear
Cushat, the stock-dove, or wood-pigeon
Cutty, short; a spoon; cutty stool, stool of repentance

DAFFIN, merriment, foolery
Daez't, stupified, deprived of vigour or sensibility
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish
Dalmen, rare, now and then; dalmen-icker, an ear of corn now and then
Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable
Damies, dames, ladies
Dam (to tine), pass urine
Dandered, wandered
Dang, knocked, vanquished
Danton, to daunt
Darklins, without light
Darg, a day's labour
Daud, to thrash, to abuse
Daunton, to frighten; dauntonly, fearlessly
Daur, to dare
Daut, to caress
Davoc, dimin. of David
Dawd, or daud, a large piece
Dawtit, or dautit, caressed
Dead (be my), be my death
Dearthfu', dear, expensive
Deave, to deafen
De'il-ma-care! no matter!
Deleerit, delirious
Den, a dingle
Descrive, to describe
Deuks, ducks
Devel, stunning blow
Din, dun, dark, swarthy
Dight, to wipe; to clean corn from chaff
Dine, sundown; sunset
Ding, to outdo, exceed, to worst, to push
Dink, ladylike
Dinna, do not
Dirl, a stroke or pain; tremulous concussion
Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen
Dochter, daughter
Dolted, stupid, anile
Dolt, stupified, crazed
Dossie, unlucky; affectedly neat: of vicious temper
Dool, sorrow, mourning
Doos, doves, pigeons
Dorty, saucy, nice
Douce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent
Dought, was or were able
Doup, backside
Doure, stout, durable; sullen, stubborn
Dow, am or are able, can
Downa, unable; downa-do, impotent
Dowff, wanting force
Dowie, pensive, melancholy; worn with grief, fatigue, &c.; half asleep
Doytit, stupid; doytin, loitering, stumbling
Draiglet, bedraggled
Drap, a drop; draps, lead drops, small shot; to drop
Draunting, drawling
Dree, bear, suffer
Dreep, to ooze, to drip
Dribble, drizzling; slaver
Driddle, awkward motion
Driegh, slow, plodding; of steep ascent
Drift, a drove; heap of snow
Droddum, the breech
Drone, part of a bagpipe
Droop-rumpl't, thin flankt
Droukit, wet
Drouth, thirst, drought
Drucken, drunk, drunken
Drumly, muddy; turbid
Drummock, meal and water mixed raw
Drunt, pet, sour humour
Dub, a small pond; a puddle
Duds, rags, clothes
Duddie, ragged
Dung, overcome; pushed
Dunted, beaten, boxed; throbbed, as the pulse
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dyke, inclosure wall
Dyvor, bankrupt; infamous

EARN, an eagle
E'e, eye; een (eyen), eyes
Eebree, or eebrie, eyebrow
E'en, even
Eerie, frighted, dreading spirits; melancholy
Eild, old age
Elbuck, the elbow
Eldritch, elvish; ghastly
Enbrugh, Edinburgh
Enerv'd, enervated
Eneuch, or eneugh, enough
Ettle, to try, attempt
Evendown, downright
Evermair, evermore
Eydent, diligent

FA, fate
Fa', fall, lot, to fail; befal; fa'n, fallen
Fa's, does fail; water-falls
Faddom't, fathomed
Fae, a foe
Faem, foam
Faiket, forgiven or excused
Fain, glad; fainness, rapture
Fair-strae, chance-medley
Fallow, fellow
Fand, found, did find
Farl, a cake of bread
Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, care for
Fasht, troubled
Fatt'rills, plaits, overlaps
Fastern-e'en, Shrove-Tuesday
Faught, fight
Fauld, a fold, to fold
Faulding, folding
Faut, fault; fautor, culprit
Fawsont, decent, seemly
Feal, loyal, steadfast
Fear't, affrighted
Feat, neat, spruce, clever
Fecht, to fight
Fech't, strained
Feck, the most; many; plenty
Fecket, waistcoat
Feckfu', large, stout
Feckless, puny, weak
Feckly, mostly
Fee, to hire; penny-fee, wages
Feg, fig; fegs! faith
Feide, feud, enmity
Feirie, bustling, active
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a level field on the side or top of a hill
Felly, relentless
Fend, to keep off; to make shift; to live comfortably
Ferlie, or ferly, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt
Fetch, to pull by fits
Fetch't, pulled intermittently
Fey, strange; doomed
Fidge, to fidget; fidgin' fain, very desirous of; fidge fu' fain, to be joyous
Fiel, soft, smooth
Fient, fiend, deuce; a petty oath
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend
Fissle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget; a bustle
Fit, a foot
Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough
Fizz, make a hissing noise
Flae, a flea
Flannen, flannel
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner
Fleechin, fawning
Fleesh, a fleece
Fleg, a random blow
Flether, to decoy by fair words
Flewit, a smart blow
Fley, to scare, to frighten
Flichter, to flutter as young nestlings, when their dam approaches
Flie, flee, fly
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces
Flingin'-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail
Flisk, to fret at the yoke
Fliskit, fretted
Flitter, to flutter
Flunkie, a servant in livery
Flyte, to scold
Fog, dry moss; foggage, stray vegetable materials used by birds, &c. in constructing nests
Foord, a ford
Forbears, forefathers
Forbye, besides
Forfairn, worn out, jaded
Forfoughten, fatigued
Forgather, to meet with
Forgi'e, to forgive
Forjesket, fatigued
Forrit, forward
Fother, fodder
Fou, drunk
Foughten, troubled, harassed
Foul-thief, arch-fiend
Foumart, weasel
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough
Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitch-fork
Frae, from
Freath, froth
Fu', full
Fud, scut of the hare, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently
Fuff't, did blow
Fur, a furrow
Fur-ahin, plough horse
Furder, further; succeed
Furm, a form, bench
Fusionless, or fizzenless, tasteless, feeble, useless
Fyke, fidget, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles
Fyle, to soil, to dirty
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied

GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly
Gaberlunzie, a wallet; gaberlunzie-man, one who bears a wallet, a beggar
Gadsman, ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough
Gae, to go; gaed, went; gane, gone; gaun, going
Gaet, or gate, way, manner, road
Gairs, showy ornaments; gown with gairs, dress of brocade
Gang, to go, to walk
Gangrel, tramper
Gar, to make, to force to
Gar't, forced to
Garten, a garter
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative
Gashin', conversing
Gat, got
Gaunt, a yawn; gaunted, yawned
Gawcey, gaucy, jolly, plump
Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping
Gear, riches of any kind
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn
Ged, a pike
Gentles, great folks
Genty, slim, elegant
Geordie, a guinea
Get, a child; brat
Ghaist, a ghost
Gi'e, to give; gied, gave; gi'en, given
Git, if
Giglets, mocking children
Gillie, dimin. of gill
Gilpey, a half-grown, half-informed, boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old
Gin, if, before; against
Gipsy, a young girl
Girdin', girthing a horse
Girdle, griddle; also girder, or rafter
Girning, grinning; crying with contortions of visage
Girr, a hoop
Gizz, a periwig
Glaikit, inattentive, foolish
Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like glass
Glamour, witchery; also an enchanted atmosphere in which objects are seen in a false light
Glaum'd, grasped, snatched
Gled, a hawk
Gleg, sharp, ready
Gleib, glieb, glebe; portion of land; ground attached to a manse or parsonage
Gley, a squint, to squint; a-gley, off at a side, awry
Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily
Glint, to peep; pass quickly
Gloamin, the twilight; gloamin-shot, interval of evening recreation
Glowr, to stare, to look
Goavan, walking aimlessly
Gor-cocks, red game
Gowan, the flower of the wild daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
Gowany, flowery; gowany glens, daisied vales
Gowd, gold
Gowdie (heels o'er), topsy-turvy; presto!
Gowdspink, goldfinch
Gowff, the game of golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf; a fool
Gowff'd, struck
Gowk, the cuckoo; a term of contempt
Gowl, to howl
Grane, or grain, a groan, to groan; grain'd, grinned, groaned
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, horse gear
Grape, to grope; grapit, or graipit, groped
Grat, wept, shed tears
Great, intimate, familiar
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be the victor
Gree't, agreed
Greet, to shed tears
Greetin', crying, weeping
Grewsome, loathsome, grim
Grippet, catched, seized
Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game
Grozet, groset, gooseberry
Grumph, a grunt, to grunt
Grumphie, a sow
Grun', ground
Grunstane, a grindstone
Gruntle, the phiz, snout; grunting noise
Grunzie, mouth like a pig's
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth
Gude, the Supreme Being
Guid, gude, good
Guidman and Guidwife, the master and mistress of a house; young guidman, man newly married
Gully, or gullie, a large pocket-knife
Gulravage, joyous mischief
Guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law, and mother-in-law
Gumlie, muddy
Gusty, tasteful
Gutcher, grandfather

HA', hall
Hae, here! take this
Ha'e, to have
Haen, had, the participle
Haet, fient haet, a petty oath of negation; nothing
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head
Hafflins, nearly half, partly, almost; not fully grown
Hag, hagg, a scar, or gulf in mosses and moors
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
Hain, to spare, to save
Hairst, harvest
Haith, a petty oath
Haivers, havers, nonsense, speaking without due thought
Ha', hal', or hald, an abiding place; ha'-bible, family bible
Hale, or haill, entire, whole; tight, healthy
Haly, holy
Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or, more properly, a seat of turf at the outside
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October
Hame, home
Hamely, homely, affable
Hammered, clattered
Han', or haun', hand; han'-breed, hand's-breadth
Hanks, skeins of thread, &c
Hansel', luck-money, a present; hansel'-throne, one newly arrived at
Handsome, well-shaped in body—*not* pretty in face
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c.; to wrap, to cover, to hap
Happer, a hopper
Happing, hopping
Hap-step-an'-loup, hop skip and leap
Harkit, hearkened
Harn, very coarse linen huckaback
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety
Hastit, hastened
Haud, to hold
Hauf, half; hauf-lang, stunted
Haughs, low lying rich lands; valleys
Haurl, or harl, to drag, to strip, to peel
Haurlin, dragging; peeling
Haverel, a half witted person; half-witted
Havins, acquirements; decorous manners; good sense
Hawkie, familiar name for a cow; properly one with a white face
Healsome, or hailsome, wholesome, healthful
Heapit, heaped
Hearse, hoarse
Heather, heath
Hech! oh! strange!
Hecht, promised to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; thing foretold; offered
Heckle, flax-dresser's comb
Heeze, to elevate
Heft, haft, handle
Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks of sheep or droves of cattle
Herry, to plunder; properly to plunder birds' nests
Herryment, a plundering; devastation
Het, hot
Heugh, a crag, or precipice; coal-pit; furnace
Hilch, a hobble, to halt
Highland gill, half-a-pint
Hiltie-skiltie, in rapid succession
Hind, farmer's labourer
Hiney, honey
Hing, to hang
Hirple, to walk crazily or lonely, to creep
Histie, dry, chapt, barren
Hitcht (a loop), cast a knot
Hizzie, or hizzy, hussy, a young girl
Hoast, a cough; hoastin', coughing
Hoddin, jolting motion; humble; hoddin gray, coarse woolen stuff
Hoggie, two-year old sheep
Hog-shouther (to), selfishly justling with the shoulder; to justle recklessly
Hool, outer skin or case, husk or shell; heart's hool, pericardium
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely
Hoolie! take time
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard
Hoordit, hoarded
Horn, a spoon made of horn
Hornie, the devil
Hotch, to shake the sides with joy or laughter
Houghmagandie, trivial name of fornication
Houp, hope
Housie, dimin. of house
Hove, to heave, to swell
Howdie, a midwife
Howe, hollow *adj.*, a hollow
Howe-back, sunken back
Howff, a house of resort
Howk, to dig; howkit, dug
Howlet, an owl
Hoy, to urge; hoy't, urged
Hoyse, a pull upwards
Hoyte, to amble crazily
Hughoc, dimin. of Hugh
Hums and hankers, fumbles
Hunkers, the hams, the hinder part of the thigh
Hurcheon, a hedgehog
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper
Hushion, a cushion; also a footless stocking

ICKER, an ear of corn
Ier-oe, a great grandchild
Ilk, or ilka, each, every
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
Ingine, genius, ingenuity
Ingle, fire, fire-place; ingle cheek, chimney-corner
Ise, I shall or will
Ither, other, one another

Jad, or jaud, jade; also a giddy young girl
Jag, a puncture; to prick
Jauk, to dally, to trifle
Jaup, a splash, a jerk of water; jumlie jaups, disturbed fluids
Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out as water
Jee, ajee, ajar; wrong bias
Jillet, a jilt; a giddy girl
Jimp, to jump; slender, handsome; scanty
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning
Jinker, that turns quickly; a sprightly girl; a wag
Jirk, jirt, a jerk
Jocteleg, a clasp-knife
Jo, joe (joy), a lover
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head; to conceal
Jow, to jow, the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell
Jundie, to drive against

Kae, a daw
Kail, kale, colewort; broth
Kail-runt, stem of colewort
Kain, kane, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer
Kebars, rafters
Kebbuck, a cheese
Keckle, cackle; laugh
Keek, a peep; to peep; to spy
Kelpies, mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night
Ken, to know; ken't, known
Kennin, a small matter
Kenspeckle, easily known
Ket, fleece
Killy, dim. of Kilmarnock
Kilt, to truss up the clothes
Kimmer, cummer, a girl, a gossip; common woman
Kin, kindred; kin', kind
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of the ox
Kintra, kintrie, country
Kintra-cooser, a stallion
Kirk, church, chapel
Kirn, the harvest supper; a churn
Kirsen, to christen
Kist, a chest
Kitchen, seasoning, savoury accompaniment
Kith, kindred
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish; slippery, coquettish
Kitlen, a young cat
Knaggy, knotty, showing the bones
Knappin'-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones
Knowe, a round hillock
Knurl, dwarf
Knurled, gnarled, knotty
Knittle, to cuddle
Kurchie, a curtsey
Kye, cows; buckskin-kye, buffaloes
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire
Kyte, the belly
Kythe, to discover, to show one's self

Labour, thrash, beat; try
Lade, a load
Laddie, lad, boy
Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish
Laigh, low
Lair (lair), burial-place
Laird, landlord; chieftain, lord of the manor
Lairing, sink in snow, &c.
Laith, loath
Laithfu', bashful, reserved
Lallans, Lowlands; Scottish dialect
Lambie, dimin. of lamb
Lampit, limpet, a kind of shell-fish
Lan', land, estate; lan'-afore, foremost plough-horse; lan'-ahin', the hindmost one
Lane, lone; my lane, thy lane, myself, &c. alone
Lanely, lonely
Lang, long, to weary
Lap, did leap
Lave, the rest, remainder
Laverock, the lark; laverock-height, high as the clouds
Lawin', reckoning
Lawlan', lowland
Lay, or ley, lea; pasture ground, unploughed
Leal, loyal, true
Lea-rig, grassy ridge
Lear, or lair, learning
Leddy, lady
Lee, a lie
Lee-lang, live-long
Leesome, pleasant
Leeze-me, a phrase of endearment, I am happy or proud of thee
Leister, 3 pronged fish-dart
Leugh, did laugh
Leuk, a look; to look
Libbet, gelded
Lick, a blow; licket, licked; beaten
Liein, lying
Lift, sky, firmament
Lightly, to undervalue; sneeringly
Lilt, ballad, a tune; to sing
Limmer, a kept-mistress, a strumpet
Link, to trip along; fall to
Linn, a waterfall, precipice
Lint, flax; lint i' the bell, flax in flower
Lintwhite, linnet; flaxen
Lippened, trusted to
Loan, or loaning, the place of milking; country lane
Loch, lake; inlet of the sea
Loof, the palm of the hand
Loot, did let; let fly
Looves, plural of loof
Loon, a fellow, a ragamuffin; woman of easy virtue
Loup, jump, leap
Lowe, a flame; lowan, blazing
Lowrie, Lawrence
Lowse, to loose
Lucky, Mother such a one
Lug, the ear, a handle
Lugget, having a handle
Luggie, small hooped wooden dish with a handle
Lum, the chimney
Lunardi, a kind of high-crowned lady's bonnet, so termed in honour of the Italian aeronaut of that name
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke
Lyart, silvery, light-coloured; grey; sere

Mae, mair, more
Maist, most; 'maist, almost
Maistly, mostly
Mailen, farm; estate
Mallie, Molly, Mary
Mang, among
Manse, the parish minister's house
Manteele, a mantle
Mark, marks. (This and severel other nouns which in English require an *s*, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.)
Marled, party-coloured
Mar's year, the year 1715
Mashlum, mixed corn
Mask, to mash; to infuse
Maskin-pot, a tea-pot
Masons, free-masons
Maukin, a hare
Maun, must; maunna, may not
Maut, malt; groanin' maut, liquor provided for a lying-in or christening
Mavis, the thrush
Maw, mow; mawn, mown
Meere, a mare
Meikle, or Mickle, much
Melancholious, mournful
Melder, corn or grain sent to be ground
Mell, to meddle, associate with; also a mallet
Melvie, to soil with meal
Men', to mend, amend
Mense, good manners
Menseless, ill-bred, rude
Merle, a blackbird
Messin, a small dog
Mess John, a clergyman, the parish priest
Midden, a dunghill
Midden-creels, dungbaskets
Midden-hole, gutter at the bottom of a dung-hill
Mim, prim, affectedly meek
Min', mind, resemblance
Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending; remember it. (To mind, in the Scotch dialect, generally means, to recollect.)
Minnie, mother, dam
Mirk, murky, murkiness; dark, darkness
Misca', to abuse, call names
Mischanter, evil; cross accident
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly; led astray
Miss, a kept-woman
Misteuk, mistook
Mither, mother
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed
Moil, labour
Moistify, to moisten
Mony, or Monie, many
Mool, mould, earth; raked in the mools, buried
Moop, to nibble as a sheep
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors
Morn, next day, to-morrow
Motty, full of dusty particles
Mou', the mouth
Moudiewort, a mole
Mousie, dimin. of mouse
Muckle, great, big, much
Muir, a moor
Muses'-stank, Helicon
Musie, dimin. of muse
Muslin-kail, thin and poor vegetable broth
Mutchkin, liquid measure of nearly an English pint
Mystic-knot, conclave of gossips

Na, no, not, nor; nae, no, not any; naething, naithing, nothing
Naig, a horse, a nag
Nane, none
Nappy, ale
Near-hand, nearly
Neebor, neighbour
Negleckit, neglected
Neuk, nook, corner
Nick, to cut
Nicket, cut off
Niest, or neist, next
Nieve, the fist
Niffer, an exchange
Nines (paint to the), depict to the life
Nit, a nut
Nocht, nothing
Nowte, black cattle

Ochils, name of mountains
O haith! O faith! an oath
Oe, grandchild; ier-oe, great-grandchild
Ony, or Onie, any
Or, is often used for ere, before
Ora, or orra, superfluous; orra things, stray articles
Oughtlins, in least degree
Ourie, shivering, drooping
Outlers, outliers, cattle not housed
Out-ower, over, across
Ower, owre, over, upon, too
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm
Owsen, oxen

Pack, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool
Paidl't, waded, splashed about; crawling walk
Painch, paunch
Paitrick, a partridge
Pang, to cram
Parle, speech
Parritch, oatmeal pudding
Pat, did put; a pot
Patt'e, or pettle, a plough-scraper
Paughty, proud, haughty
Pawky, pauky, or pawkie, cunning, sly
Pay't, paid, beat; pay their skin, beat them
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma
Pechan, the stomach
Pet, a domesticated sheep
Pettle, to cherish
Philibeg, the kilt
Phraise, fair speeches, to flatter; phraisin, flattery
Pibroch, Celtic war-song adapted to the bag-pipe
Pickle, a small quantity
Pigmy-scraper, bad fiddler
Pikes, grains, particles
Pin, a wooden skewer
Pine, pain, uneasiness
Pint (Scots), nearly two English quarts
Pit, to put
Plack, an old Scottish coin, of small value
Plackless, pennyless
Plaid, plaidie, an outer loose garment
Platie, dimin. of plate
Plea, quarrel, lawsuit
Plew, or pleugh, a plough
Pliskie, a trick
Pliver, a plover
Plot, offence, trick
Pock, a bag, a small sack
Poind, to seize on cattle, take goods in execution
Poortith, poverty
Posie, a nosegay, a garland
Pouk, to pluck at
Pousse, pouse, to push, to penetrate
Poussie, a hare; a cat
Pout, powt, a poult, a chick
Pow, the head, the skull
Pownie, pony, a little horse
Powther, pouther, powder; pouthery, powdery
Preen, a pin
Prent, print; printing
Prie, to taste; prie't, tasted
Prief, proof
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute; priggin, haggling
Primsie, demure, precise
Propone, to lay down, to propose
Provoses, provosts, chief magistrates of boroughs
Pu', to pull; pu't, did pull
Puir, poor
Pund, pound
Pyet, magpie
Pyke, pick
Pyle, a particle; pyle o' caff, a single grain of chaff

Quak, quake; cry of a duck
Quat, to quit; quitted
Quey, a cow from one to two years old
Quo, quoth, said

Ragweed, herb ragwort
Raible, to rattle nonsense
Rair, to roar; to lament
Raize, to madden, inflame
Ram-feezl'd, overpowered, fatigued
Ram-stam, headlong, forward, thoughtless
Randy, a scold, a jade; brutal fellow; — randie gangrels, sturdy trampers
Rantin', ranting; romping, frolicking
Rape, a rope
Raploch, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an adnoun for coarse
Rase, raise, did rise
Rash, a rush; rash-buss, a tuft of rushes
Ratton, a rat
Raucle, stout, fearless
Raught, reached
Raw, a row
Rax, to stretch; puff out
Ream, cream; to cream, to foam
Reamin, brimful, frothing
Reave, take by force
Reck, to heed
Red, to warn
Red peats, burning turf
Rede, counsel, to counsel
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops
Red-wud, stark mad
Ree, half drunk, fuddled
Reek, smoke; reekit, smoky
Reestit, stood restive; also stunted, withered; smoke dried
Remead, remedy
Rest, to stand restive
Restricked, restricted
Rew, relent, repent
Riddle, a sieve
Rief, reef, plunder; plenty
Rief randies, sturdy beggars; ruffians
Rickles, shocks of grain
Rig, a ridge; hain'd-rig, reserved grassy corner
Riggin, roof, rafters
Rigwoodie, long, gaunt
Rin, to run, to melt
Rink, the course of the stones in curling on ice
Rip, ripp, a handful of unthreshed corn
Ripple, a blow
Riskit, a wrenching noise
Rive, to tear, pluck
Rock, or roke, distaff
Rockin, spinning on the distaff; also a friendly meeting, for work and pleasure combined
Roose, to praise
Roun', round
Roupet, hoarse from thirst, or a cold
Routhie, plentiful
Rowe, row; to roll, to wrap
Rowt, to low, to bellow
Rowth, or routh, plenty
Rozet, rosin
Rung, a cudgel
Runkled, wrinkled
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage
Ruth, sorrow
Ryke, reach

Sabbin, sobbing; also commingling
Sae, so
Saft, soft
Sair, ser'e, to serve; a sore; unlucky; sair-won, hard-earned
Sairly, or sairlie, sorely
Sair't, served
Sall, shall
Sark, a shirt or shift; half-sarkit, poorly clad
Saugh, the willow
Saul, soul
Saumont, salmon
Saunt, a saint
Saut, salt; sautit, salted; saut-basket, salt-box
Saw, to sow; sawin, sowing
Sax, six
Scaith or skaith, to damage, to injure
Scar, to scare; a scar, or scaur, foot of a precipice
Scaud, to scald
Scauld, to scold
Scaur, apt to be scared
Scawl, or scaul, a scold
Scone, a kind of bread
Sconner, scunner, a loathing; to loathe
Scraich, skreigh, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear; a rent; detached portion
Scriechin, shrieking, grating noise
Scrieve, to glide swiftly on; scrievin', going along briskly
Scrimp, to scant; scrimpet, scanty; scrimply, scarcely
Seam, needlework
Sel', self; a body's sel' one's self alone
Sell't, did sell
Session, kirk session, petty spiritual court
Sets, sets off, goes away
Settlin, settling; to get a settlin, to be frighted into quietness
Shaird, a shred, a shard
Shackl't, mis-shapen
Shame (think), be ashamed
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into
Shaul, shallow
Shaver, a humorous wag; a barber
Shavie, a trick
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place
Shearer, a reaper; shearing, reaping corn
Sheen, bright, shining
Sheep-shank, to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited
Sherra-Muir, battle of Sherriffmuir, fought A.D. 1715 (*Mar's year*).
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice
Shiel, a shepherd's shed
Shill, shrill
Shog, a shock; a push off at one side
Shool, a shovel
Shoon, shoes
Shore, to grant, deal out; to offer; to threaten
Shouther, shoulder
Sic, such
Sicker, sure, steady, firm
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting
Silken snood, virgin's fillet
Siller, silver, money
Silly, weak, frail, helpless
Simmer, summer
Sin, a son
Sin', since, sinsyne, since that time

Skaith, harm, damage
Skellum, a reckless fellow
Skelp, a slap; to strike; to walk briskly
Skelpie-limmer, a young jade; term of reproach
Skelpin' on, brisk motion
Skiegh, skeigh, proud, nice, high-mettled; skittish
Skinklin, thin, tinselly
Skinking ware, trashy slops
Skirl, shriek, cry shrilly
Skirl't, shrieked
Sklent, slant; to run aslant, to deviate from truth
Skreigh, a scream, also to scream; to neigh
Skyte, a blast
Slae, sloe
Slade, did slide
Slap, gate, breach in a fence
Slaps, slops, dregs, remains
Slaw, slow
Slee, sly; slee'st, slyest
Sleekit, sleek, sly
Sliddery, slippery
Sloken, to slake thirst, &c.
Slype, to fall over
Slypet o'er, slipped, fell
Smeddum, powder; mettle; sense; red smeddum, precipitate of mercury
Smeek, smoke
Smiddy, a smithy
Smoor, to smother
Smoutie, sooty; obscene
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
Snapper, stumble
Snash, reprimand; abuse
Snaw, snow; to snow
Snaw broo, melting snow
Sneck, snick, latch of a door
Sned, to lop, to cut off; to sned besoms, thraw saugh woodies, to make brooms, willow baskets
Sneeshin, snuff
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box
Snell, bitter, biting
Snick-drawing, tricky
Snirtle, sneer
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely; to sneak
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly; to sneak
Sonnet, a song
Snowk, to scent or snuff as a dog
Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks, comely, plump
Soom, to swim
Sot, a fool
Sooth, truth! a petty oath
Sough, or sugh, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear
Souk, suck, draught
Souple, flexible, swift
Souter, a cobbler, a shoemaker
Southron, English
Sowens, a dish made of the seeds of oatmeal soured
Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle
Sowther, solder; to solder, to cement
Spae, to prophesy, to divine
Spak', spoke
Spaul, a limb
Spat, spot
Spairge, to sprinkle, to asperse, to dash; to soil
Spaviet, having the spavin
Spean, to wean; to disgust
Speat, or spate, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw
Speel, to climb
Spence, inner room of a cot
Spier, to ask, to inquire
Spier't, inquired
Splatter, a splutter; to splutter
Spleuchan, a tobacco-pouch
Splore, a frolic, noise, riot
Spouts, leaps
Sprachle, to scramble
Spreckled, speckled
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scotch reel; play'd mysel' a bonny spring, done myself a great injury
Sprit, a rush-like plant
Sprush, spruce, smart
Spunk, brimstone match; fire, mettle, wit
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o'-wisp, ignis fatuus

Spurtle, a stick used in making hasty-pudding
Squad, a crew, a party
Squatter, to flutter as a wild duck, &c.
Squattle, to squat, sprawl
Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream
Stacher, to stagger
Stack, rick of corn, hay, &c.
Staggie, dimin. of stag
Stalwart, strong, stout
Stan', to stand; stan't, did stand
Stane, a stone
Stang, sting, stung
Stank, a pool of standing water; a wet ditch
Stap, stop
Stark, stout, potent
Starns, stamles, stars
Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gadfly
Staumrel, a blockhead; half-witted creature
Staw, did steal; a surfeit
Stech, to cram the belly
Steek, to shut; a stitch
Steer, to molest; to stir
Steeve, firm, compact
Stell, a still
Sten, to rear as a horse
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind
Stey, steep
Stibble, stubble; stibble-rig, the reaper who takes the lead
Stick an stowe, totally, altogether
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
Stipend, clergyman's pay
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
Stock, a plant or sprout of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stoitered, staggered, tottered
Stook, a sheaf; stooked, made up in shocks as corn
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse
Stound, a numbing blow
Stot, an ox
Stoup, or stowp, a kind of jug with a handle
Stoure, or stour, dust
Stowlins, by stealth
Stown, stolen
Stoyte, stumbling walk
Strack, did strike
Strae, straw
Straik, stroke, did strike
Straikit, stroked
Strathspey, lively Highland tune or dance
Straught, straight
Streek, to stretch; streekit, stretched
Striddle, straddle
Stroan, to spout; to urine
Studdie, an anvil
Strunt, spirituous liquor; walk sturdily; be piqued
Sturt, to trouble; unquietness; sturtin, frighted
Sucker, sugar
Sud, should
Sumph, a fool, stupid fellow
Swaird, sward
Swall'd, swelled
Swank, stately, well built
Swankie, or swanker, a strapping fellow or girl
Swarf, swoon
Swat, did sweat
Swatch, a sample
Swats, drink, ale
Sweer, lazy, averse; dead-sweer, extremely averse
Swoor, swore, did swear
Swinge, to beat, to whip
Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool; knot in wood
Swirlie, gnarled, knotty
Swith, get away!
Swither, hesitate in choice
Sybow, thick-necked onion
Syne, since, ago, then, afterwards; auld lang syne, the dear olden time

Tackets, kind of shoe-nails
Tack, a lease
Tae, a toe; three-tae'd, having three prongs
Thief (the foul), Satan
Tairge, target; to examine
Tamtallan, an old feudal castle on the south-east coast of Scotland

Tangle, kind of sea-weed
Tap, the top
Tapetless, heedless, foolish
Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance
Tarrow't, murmured
Tarry-breeks, a sailor
Tassie (Fr. *tasse*), drinking-cup, beaker
Tauld, or tald, told
Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young woman
Tauted, tawted, or tautie hair, &c. matted together
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled
Teat, a small quantity; a handful
Tedding, spreading after the mower
Temper-pin, part of a spinning-wheel
Ten-hour's-bite, early bait
Tent, a field pulpit; heed, caution; take heed
Tentie, heedful, cautious
Tentless, regardless, heedless
Teugh, tough
Thack, thatch; thack-an'-rape (figuratively), clothing and necessaries
Thae, thir, these
Thaim, them
Thairms, fiddle-strings
Theekit, thatched
Thegither, together
Themsel', themselves
Thick, intimate, familiar
Thieveless, cold, dry; said of a person's demeanour
Thirl, to thrill
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated
Thole, to suffer, to endure
Thowe, a thaw; to thaw
Thowless, thewless, slack, lazy
Thrang, throng, a crowd; thickly; much occupied
Thrapple, throat, windpipe
Thraw, to turn, to sprain, to twist; to counterwork obstinately or maliciously
Thrawin, twisting, &c.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted; cross grained (in temper)
Threap, to maintain by dint of obstinate assertion
Threshin, thrashing
Threteen, thirteen
Thristle, thistle
Through, to go on with, to make out
Throuther, thro'ither, pell-mell, confusedly
Thud, a blow producing a dull heavy sound
Thumpit, thumped
Tightly, completely; severely
Till, to; till't, to it
Timmer, timber; also trees
Tine, tyne, to lose; tint, lost
Tinkler, a tinker
Tint the gate, lost the way
Tip, tuip, toop, a ram
Tippence, two-pence; tippenny, country ale
Tirl, to make a slight noise; to uncover
Tirlin, uncovering
Tither, the other
Tittie, female cousin
Tittle, to whisper
Tittlin', whispering
Tocher, marriage portion
Tod, a fox
Toddle, to totter, like a child; toddlin', tottering
Toom, empty; to empty
Toss, toast
Toun, a hamlet; also a farm-house
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.
Tow, a rope; wallop in a tow, dangle in a halter
Towmond, a twelvemonth
Towzie, rough, shaggy
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress
Toyte, to totter like old age
Traced, put in traces
Trams, shafts of a vehicle
Transmogrified, transformed
Trashtrie, trash, rubbish
Trews, trowsers
Trig, spruce, neat
Trimly, excellently
Trowth, truth; by my truth!

Tryste, country wake, fair
Trysted, appointed; to tryste, to make an appointment
Try't, tried
Tug, raw hide, of which, in old times, plough-traces were frequently made
Tug or tow, leather or rope
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight
Twa, two; twa-three, a few
'Twad, it would
Twal, twelve; the twalt, twelfth part; twal pennie worth, a small quantity, one English pennyworth
Twin, to part
Tyke, a dog

Unco, strange, uncouth; very, very great, prodigious; unco folks, strangers; uncos, uncommon events; news
Unfauld, to unfold
Unkenn'd, unknown
Unsicker, unsure
Unskaith'd, undamaged
Unweeting, unknowingly
Urchin, a hedgehog

Vapour, vap'rin, vapouring, bullying, bragging
Vauntie, vain, proud
Vera, very
Virl, a ring round a cane, column, &c.

Wa', wall
Wab, web
Wabster, a weaver
Wad, would; to bet, a bet, a pledge; to wed
Wadna, would not
Wae, wae, sorrowful; wae worth! woe to
Waefu' woodie, hangman's rope
Waesucks! or wae's me! alas! O the pity
Waft, woot
Waifu', waefu', wailing
Wair, ware, to lay out, to expend
Wale, choice; to choose
Waled, chose, chosen
Walie, ample, large, plump; also an exclamation of distress
Wallop (in a tether) be hanged
Wame (womb), the belly
Wamefu', a belly-full
Wanchancie, unlucky
Wanner, wander
Wanrestfu', restless
Wark, work
Wark-loom (best), membrum virile
Warl', or warld, world
Warlock, a wizard; warlock-brief, a spell
Warlock-knowes, knolls of haunted repute
Warl'y, worldly, eager in amassing wealth
Warran', a warrant; to warrant
Warst, worst
Warstled, or warsled, wrestled; rolled over
Was (often stands for) wast
Wa's, walls
Wastrie, prodigality
Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know; red-wat-shod, over the shoes in blood
Water-brose, brose made of oatmeal and water
Wattle, a twig, a wand
Wauble, to swing, to reel; to waddle
Waught, draught; willie-waught, hearty pull
Wauk, wake
Wauken, waking, awake
Waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth; callous
Waukrife, wakeful
Waur, worse, to worst
Waur't, worsted, overcome
Ways (come thy), come away
Wean, or weanie, a child
Weason, weasand
Weave stockings, knit hose
Wee, little; wee things, little ones; wee bit, a small matter
Weel, well; weel-fa'rd, well-favour'd, handsome
Weelfare, welfare
Weet, rain, wetness

Weird, fate
We'se, we shall
Wha, who
Whaizle, to wheeze
Whalpit, whelped
Whang, a leathern thong a piece of cheese, bread, &c.; give the strappado
Whare, where; whare'er, wherever
Whase, whose
What-reck, nevertheless
Whaup, the curlew
Wheep, fly nimbly, to jerk, penny-wheep, small beer
Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frighted; a lie
Whiddin, running as a hare or coney
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets
Whingein, crying, complaining, fretting
Whins, furze bushes
Whirligigums, useless ornaments
Whisht, silence!
Whisk, to sweep, to lash
Whisking (beard), cat-like
Whitter, whet; a hearty draught of liquor
Whittle, a knife
Whunstane, a whinstone
Whup, whip
Whyles, whiles, sometimes
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction; a term in the winter diversion of curling
Wicker, willow, (*i. e.* the smaller sort)
Widdieful, twisted like a withy; contemptible; one deserving the gallows
Wiel, a small whirlpool
Wifie, a dimin. or endearing term for wife
Willyart, bewildered
Wimple, to meander
Win, to win, to get, to earn
Win', wind; win's, winds; a'so to winnow
Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn; winnin, winding
Winna, will not
Winnock, a window
Winsome, comely, vaunted
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel
Winze, an oath
Wiss, to wish; to have a strong desire
Wit, to know
Withouten, without
Witless, simple, easily imposed on
Wizen'd, dried, shrunk
Wonner, an intruder
Wons, dwells
Woo', wool
Woodie, a rope, properly one made of withies
Wooer-bab, lover's rosette; the garter knotted outwardly below the knee
Wordy, worthy
Worset, worsted
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder
Wrack, to teaze, to vex
Wraith, wrath; also a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, boding his death
Wrang, wrong, to wrong
Wreath, drifted snow
Writers, attorneys, lawyers
Wud, enraged
Wud-mad, distracted
Wummle, a wimble
Wyle, beguile, wheedle
Wylie-coat, a flannel vest
Wyte, blame; to blame

Yard, a kitchen garden
Ye; this pronoun is frequently used for thou
Yearlings, yealings, born in the same year, coevals
Yell, barren, milkless
Yerk, to lash, to jerk
Yerkit, jerked, lashed
Yestreen, yesternight, the night before
Yett, a gate, such as leads to a farm-yard or field
Yeuking, itching
Yill, ale
Yird, earth
Yokin', yoking, a bout
Yont, ayont, beyond
Yowe, yowie, a ewe
Yule, Christmas

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

POEMS.

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE END.

THE

POEMS AND PLAYS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WITH

A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

THE

POEMS AND PLAYS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



" All but yon widow'd solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring.'

The Deserted Village.

MEMOIR.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born on the 29th day of November, 1728*, at a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney, and county of Longford, Ireland. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was rector of the parish of Kilkenny West. He had seven children, five sons and two daughters. Oliver, the second son, was born very unexpectedly, after an interval of seven years from the former child. Mr. Goldsmith's income was but small; and having strained his means to the uttermost to procure a learned education for his eldest son, Henry, whose abilities were very superior, and of whose success he had conceived the most sanguine hopes, he could only propose to bring up Oliver to some mercantile employment. With this view he was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, by a schoolmaster in his father's village, who had been a quarter-master in the army in Queen Anne's wars in that detachment which was sent to Spain. Having travelled over a considerable part of Europe, and being of a very romantic turn, he used to entertain Oliver with his adventures; and the impressions these made on his scholar were believed by the family to have given him that wandering and unsettled turn which appeared in his future life.

His fondness for books and learning, and a taste for poetry, which so early as eight or nine years old was manifested by poetical attempts, were encouraged, and he was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Griffin, then schoolmaster of Elphin; and at length his father consented to change his destination, and to send him to the university; some of his relations, who were very respectable clergymen, kindly offered to contribute towards the expense, particularly the Rev. Thomas Contarine, a gentleman of distinguished learning and good preferment, who had married Oliver's aunt. He was removed to the school of Athlone, where he continued about two years, and was then placed under the care of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, at Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, where he was fitted for the university. In his last journey to this school he met with the adventure on which he afterwards founded his comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer." He reached Ardagh at night-fall, and, inquiring for the best house in the place, was answered in a literal sense, and, instead of being sent to an inn, was directed to a private house. Here the servants, supposing him to be a friend of their master's, admitted him and took charge of his horse; and Oliver, walking into the parlour, found the host at the fire-side. This gentleman soon perceived the mistake, and being fond of a laugh, humoured the joke. Goldsmith called about him, treated his landlord, his wife and his daughters, and never found out his error till he called for his bill. The thoughtless extravagance which, during his whole life, perpetually ruined his projects and embarrassed his pursuits, so that, as he himself said, he seemed to be in love with difficulties, was here displayed. The poor student, with barely sufficient money to meet necessary expenses, and that not his own, could not refrain from treating the landlord of the inn to wine and good cheer. Truly the life of Goldsmith affords a striking lesson to all who are apt to forget the wise old saying, "Be just before you are generous."

In June 1744, Goldsmith, then fifteen years of age, was sent to Dublin, and entered in Trinity College as a sizar under the Rev. Mr. Wilder, one of the fellows, to whom he was particularly recommended. He was a man of harsh temper and violent manners, and very quickly disgusted his pupil. Oliver soon found acquaintance in Dublin, and on one occasion was in his heedless manner foolish enough, regardless of prudence and economy, to break through all college rules, and invite a party of both sexes to a supper and dance at his rooms. His tutor burst in upon the astonished assembly, and, not satisfied with putting an end to the unlawful revelry, proceeded so far as to subject Goldsmith to personal chastisement in the midst of the assembled company. Oliver was indignant, and immediately quitted the college and disposed of all his books and spare clothes; but he lingered about Dublin till but a solitary shilling was left in his pocket, when he set out on his travels. His intention was to go on ship-board at Cork, for some other country—he knew not whither. On this shilling he supported himself, as he affirmed, for three days, and then parting by degrees with the clothes off his back, was reduced to such extremity of famine, that, after fasting twenty-four hours, he thought a handful of grey peas, given him by a girl at a wake, the most comfortable repast he had ever made. At length he contrived to send to his brother, who brought him back to college. But he and his tutor could never forget what had passed, and the savage disposition of Wilder delighted in tormenting his victim; he persecuted him with unremitting cruelty, especially at the quarterly examinations, when he would insult him before his fellow students, by sarcastic taunts and ironical applauses of the severest malignity. This treatment produced its natural effects, an habitual despondency and its concomitant idleness. One of his contemporaries described him as perpetually lounging about the gate of the college.

It is not surprising that, under such circumstances, Goldsmith was not a candidate for the usual premiums, and obtained no scholarship; we only wonder when we find that he did succeed in procuring an exhibition on the foundation of Erasmus Smyth, on the 15th of June, 1747. His college life was irregular, and on one occasion he narrowly escaped from expulsion, on account of his share in a riot, in which the scholars attacked the bailiffs, and afterwards attempted to break open the prisons.

In February 1749, O.S. (two years after the regular time), he obtained his degree of Bachelor of Arts. His father was now dead, but his loss was supplied by his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine. This gentleman, who was ever a kind friend to his nephew, was descended from the noble Venetian family of Contarini; and it may

* In the epitaph engraven on his tomb he is erroneously stated to have been born in 1731

perhaps be allowable here to remark, that the adventures of his Italian ancestor furnished Mr. D'Israeli with the groundwork of his delightful tale of Contarini Fleming. Mr. Contarine wished his nephew to enter the church, but he had no liking to the profession, having always a strong inclination for visiting foreign countries; however, he did make an application to the bishop, but was rejected,—according to some accounts, on account of his youth; according to others, either because he had neglected his professional studies, or from a (perhaps exaggerated) report of irregularities at college. His uncle now procured for him the office of tutor to the family of a neighbouring gentleman, where he continued about a year; but as soon as he found himself possessed of a little money, the desire of wandering seized him. He resigned his office, bought a horse, and rode away, no one knew whither. At the end of six weeks he returned to his mother's house without a penny, bringing nothing with him but the clothes on his back, and a little raw-boned horse not worth twenty shillings, which he called Fiddleback. To account for his absence he said he had been to Cork, where he had sold his horse, paid for his passage to America, and embarked all his property; but being detained three weeks for a wind, the captain had at length sailed without him whilst he was absent on a party of pleasure, leaving him with scarcely sufficient to buy Fiddleback and get home. Indeed his finances had run so low, that he was obliged to borrow a guinea and a half from a friend he encountered on the road home.

His uncle's kindness still continued, and he now resolved to send him to the Temple, that he might make the law his profession But in his way to London, he met at Dublin with a sharper who tempted him to play, and emptied his pockets of fifty pounds, with which he had been furnished for his voyage and journey. Notwithstanding this terrible imprudence, his uncle again forgave him; and it was now decided that he should go to Edinburgh for the purpose of studying physic, the law being now given up, though for what reason his biographers have not informed us. To Edinburgh he accordingly went, about the latter end of the year 1752, or the beginning of the following year. His conduct here was precisely what might have been expected from his previous life. The same habits of prodigality, inconsiderate generosity, and alternate dissipation and study, which he had hitherto pursued, he still continued. He did not seek the best society, but preferred that in which he was sure to shine: the adulation of fools being sweeter to the ears of vanity than the approbation of wise men. He had been initiated in the treacherous excitement of the gaming-table at Dublin, and he never afterwards abandoned the practice. Notwithstanding all he did to hinder his own advancement, he did advance; and, after passing through the regular courses at Edinburgh, his uncle furnished him with the means of proceeding to Leyden, for the purpose of completing his medical education. At Leyden he continued about a year, and studied chemistry and anatomy, but at this time he was stripped of every shilling at the gaming-table. In this exigency he received pecuniary relief from a fellow-student, (Dr. Ellis, afterwards clerk of the Irish House of Commons,) with which he determined to quit Holland and to visit the adjacent countries. But unfortunately his curiosity led him to view a garden, where the choicest flowers were reared for sale. Poor Goldsmith, recollecting that his uncle was an admirer of such rarities, without reflecting on the reduced state of his own finances was tempted to purchase some of those costly flower roots to be sent as a present to Ireland, and thereby left himself so little cash, that he is said to have set out on his travels with only one clean shirt, and no money in his pocket.

He used to give an account of his own travels, so nearly resembling those of the wanderer in his "Vicar of Wakefield," that some of the following particulars are believed to belong to himself:—"I had some knowledge of music, and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play to people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me with even a trifle." His classical learning procured him also entertainment at the monasteries, especially those of the Irish nation. And in some of the foreign universities and convents, upon certain days, theses are maintained against any adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with some dexterity, he may claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for the night. This afforded another resource for our forlorn pilgrim. "Thus," says he, "I fought my way towards England, walked alone from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture." In this manner he travelled through Flanders and some parts of France and Germany, till he arrived in Switzerland; and here he wrote, as he tells us in the dedication of his poem of "The Traveller," part of that beautiful poem. From Switzerland he proceeded to Italy, and spent six months at Padua, and, either at this city or at Louvain, it is not quite certain which, he took his medical degree. He visited all the northern part of Italy, and saw Venice, Verona, and Florence; but on hearing of his uncle's death, he turned his steps towards England, and, still travelling on foot, he passed through France After spending about a year in his travels he at length landed at Dover, about the breaking out of the war in 1756.

On his arrival in London he found himself utterly destitute. His German flute and his talents for disputation, were now of no avail. He endeavoured to obtain employment as usher in an academy, but his want of references was a bar to his success. He, however, bethought him of writing to Dr. Radcliffe, who had been joint tutor with Wilder in Trinity College, and he kindly gave him a sufficient recommendation. How long he continued an usher is not known, but his next attempt was as an assistant to an apothecary. It was long before he could obtain employment, and he suffered many a repulse on account of "his threadbare coat, his uncouth figure, and Hibernian dialect." At length he was admitted into the laboratory of a chemist, in which situation he was discovered by Dr. Sleigh, an old fellow-student of his at Edinburgh, who was then in London. This gentleman liberally assisted Goldsmith with his purse, and enabled him to commence practice as a physician, at Bankside, Southwark. Here, however, he had more patients than fees; but he had leisure to pursue literature, and endeavoured from that source to draw the support denied by his profession.

While he was thus endeavouring to support himself between his prescriptions and his pen, he renewed his acquaintance with several of the young physicians whom he had known at Edinburgh. Among these was a son of the Rev. Dr. Milner, a dissenting minister, who kept a classical school at Peckham in Surrey, of considerable eminence. Observing Dr. Goldsmith's distressed situation, he invited him to take charge of his father's school, while he was confined by a long illness, which at length proved fatal; and in return, his father, who had some interest with several of the India directors, promised to exert it in procuring for him employment on the medical establishment of the East India Company. This he faithfully performed, and Dr. Goldsmith obtained a regular appointment as physician to one of the factories in India, in the year 1758. To prepare for his equipment, he began to write his "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe," and published proposals for printing it by subscriptions of five shillings each; but he appears to have soon given up his East India appointment, and meeting with Mr. Griffiths, the publisher and proprietor of the Monthly Review, he entered into

engagements with him as a writer in that periodical. At the end of seven or eight months, this connexion was dissolved by mutual consent.

Goldsmith now resided in miserable lodgings in Green Arbour Court, in the Old Bailey, where he completed his "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe," which was published by Dodsley in 1759. Whilst he was writing his "Enquiry," he conducted a "Lady's Magazine," for Wilkie, a bookseller, and was also engaged with other literary associates in a weekly publication called "The Bee, being Essays on the most interesting subjects," and he subsequently contributed a series of letters in the character of a Chinese Philosopher, to a periodical paper called "The Ledger," which were afterwards collected and published under the title of "The Citizen of the World." He afterwards removed to lodgings of a much better description in Wine-Office Court, Fleet Street, where he wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield." Boswell, in his Life of Johnson, gives a curious anecdote connected with this work, as it was related to him by Johnson. "I received one morning," said Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." The bookseller, Mr. Newberry, had but little hope for the success of the work, and kept it by him, till the publication of "The Traveller" had established Goldsmith's fame. The "Vicar of Wakefield" was then published, and at once attained that popularity which it has ever since enjoyed. We forget the improbability of the story in the charm of that beautiful picture of simple-minded virtue.

His acquaintance with Johnson commenced in the early part of 1761, and the first visit he ever received from that great man was in May in that year, when he gave an invitation to him and much other company, many of them literary men, to a supper in Wine-Office Court. Johnson was dressed with a neatness and precision so unusual with him as to surprise a friend who called to accompany him. "Why, Sir," said Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency, by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

His introduction to Mr. Newberry led to frequent connection with him. He corrected and revised many of his publications, and wrote the letters on English History, originally attributed to Lord Lyttleton. In 1763 he had lodgings at Canonbury House, Islington, where it is believed that he completed his poem of "The Traveller," which he finished with the greatest care. When composing poetry, he always wrote with wide lines to give room for corrections, which were frequently so considerable, that each word was often several times altered. This beautiful poem established his reputation, and his fame was widely spread. It was published in 1765, and met with the most decided success.

Dr. Goldsmith had in 1764 fixed his abode in the Temple, where he ever afterwards resided; first in the Library Stair-Case; afterwards in the King's Bench Walk; and lastly at No. 2 in Brick Court, where he had chambers in the first floor elegantly furnished, and where he was visited by literary friends of the most distinguished merit. Goldsmith was one of the original members of the celebrated "Literary Club," commemorated in his poem of "Retaliation."

The love of wandering was never quite extinguished in Goldsmith's mind, and the year before the publication of "The Traveller," he made unsuccessful applications, first to Lord Bute, and afterwards to the Duke, then Earl, of Northumberland and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for assistance in a project he had formed of visiting Asia, for the purpose of investigating the arts peculiar to the East, and introducing them to England. His interview with the Earl of Northumberland is a curious illustration of Goldsmith's character. He went primed with a set address, which by an unfortunate mistake he expended on his lordship's groom of the chambers; the discovery of his blunder threw him into such confusion that when the Earl himself appeared, and expressed his desire of serving him, he was utterly unable to enter on the real object of his visit; and to use his own words, as related by Sir John Hawkins, "could say nothing but that he had a poor brother in Ireland, who stood in need of help; as for himself, he had no dependence on the promises of great men: he looked to the booksellers for support; they were his best friends, and he was not inclined to forsake them for others."

In 1768 "The Good-natured Man" was produced at Covent Garden It kept possession of the stage for nine nights, but was not judged by the author's friends to have all the success it deserved. The "Deserted Village" appeared in the succeeding year, and was hailed by the public with all that delight its perusal is so well calculated to bestow. While composing this fine poem, he wrote his well-known histories of Rome and England, and an abridgment of the former, which, although he never considered as conducive to his fame, were favourably spoken of by Dr. Johnson, and have kept their place as school-books to the present day. He was frequently occupied in writing dedications and introductions for the works of others; and in one of these, a preface or introduction to Dr. Brooks's "System of Natural History," a very dull and uninteresting work, he gave such an admirable display of the subject, and rendered it so interesting and captivating, that he was invited to engage in his larger work, "The History of the Earth and Animated Nature." This work, although elegantly written, is disfigured by many errors and inaccuracies.

He also drew up a "Life of Parnell," to be prefixed to an edition of his poems, in which the want of incidents in the private life of a scholar is very ingeniously supplied by the biographer's reflections. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, says, "The life of Dr. Parnell is a task which I should very willingly decline, since it has lately been written by Goldsmith, a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that *he always seemed to do best that which he was doing*; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion: whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness. What such an author told, who would tell again?"

At the establishment of the Royal Academy of Painting, his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds had procured for him the appointment of Professor of Ancient History; a mere complimentary distinction attended neither with emolument nor trouble, but which gave him a right to a seat at their occasional meetings, and, what was perhaps better, at their annual dinner

On the 15th March, 1773, "The Mistakes of a Night; or She Stoops to Conquer," made its appearance at Covent Garden, where it was not admitted by Mr. Colman without some difficulty, and even much and urgent solicitation of their common friends. But it was received by the audience with the highest applause, contrary to the expectation of the manager. Dr. Johnson said, "That he knew of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry." The success of this piece excited the envy of a jealous scribbler, who attacked him in a scurrilous letter published in the London Packet. Goldsmith determined to revenge the affront by beating the publisher, and attended by a friend repaired to his shop in Paternoster Row, and attacked him with his stick, but the other was not slow to return the blows, and had not they been separated, the result might have been unfortunate for Goldsmith. As it was, he did not escape without several severe bruises.

The career of Goldsmith was now drawing towards its close. One of his last publications was his "History of the Earth and Animated Nature," in 8 vols. 8vo., which was published in 1774, and which for two or three years before he had been preparing. The elegance and purity of the style, the interesting and striking reflections with which it abounds, and the powers of description which so frequently appear, must atone for the want of original information on the subjects introduced, and for the occasional mistakes, which were impossible to be avoided by a writer who took all his materials on trust, and, as far as they could be supplied, chiefly from Buffon. For this work he is said to have been paid by the bookseller £850, and during the time he was engaged in this undertaking, he had received the copy money for his comedy, and the profits of his third nights; so that his receipts amounted at this time to a considerable sum. He was, however. so liberal in his donations, and profuse in his disbursements; he was so unfortunately attached to the pernicious practice of gaming; and from his unsettled habits of life, his supplies being precarious and uncertain, he had been so little accustomed to regulate his expenses by any system of economy, that his debts far exceeded his resources; and he was obliged to take up money in advance from the managers of the two theatres, for comedies which he engaged to furnish to each; and from the booksellers for publications which he was to finish for the press. Amongst other works, he had projected "A Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," and had engaged all his literary friends and the members of the club to contribute articles, each on the subject in which he excelled. All these engagements he fully intended, and doubtless would have been able, to fulfil with the strictest honour, as he had done on former occasions in similar exigencies; but his premature death unhappily prevented the execution of his plans, and gave occasion to malignity to impute those failures to deliberate intention, which were merely the result of inevitable mortality.

He was subject to severe fits of strangury, owing probably to the intemperate manner in which he confined himself to the desk, when he was employed in his compilations, often indeed for several weeks successively, without taking exercise. On such occasions he usually hired lodgings in some farm-house a few miles from London, and wrote without cessation till he had finished his task. He then carried his copy to the bookseller, received his compensation, and gave himself up, perhaps for months, without interruption, to the gaieties, amusements, and societies of London.

In the spring of 1774, being embarrassed in his circumstances and attacked by his usual malady, his indisposition, aggravated by the anxiety of his mind, terminated in a fever, which, on the 25th of March, had become exceedingly violent, when he called in medical assistance. Although he had then taken ipecacuanha as an emetic, he would proceed to the use of James's powder, contrary to the advice of the medical gentleman who attended him. From the application of these powders, he had received the greatest benefit in a similar attack nearly two years before, but then they were administered by Dr. James in person. But now the progress of the disease was as unfavourable as possible; every symptom became more alarming, and on Monday the 4th April he died, aged 45.

Thus early was cut off a man whose taste, and elegance of style, have adorned English literature with productions which will ever shed a halo of fame around his name. He died loved and lamented by his friends, who, justly prizing his real worth and warm heart, forgave his follies and forgot his faults. It was debated among the poet's friends whether they should not give him a public funeral, but that being considered unadvisable, probably on account of his debts, it was resolved to inter him privately. and to reserve the expenditure for a monument. He was accordingly buried in the Temple burying-ground on the 9th April; and subsequently, by a subscription raised among the poet's friends, and chiefly by his brethren of the club, a marble monument executed by Nollekens was erected in Westminster Abbey, consisting of a large medallion with a good resemblance of the Doctor in profile, and below a tablet of white marble inscribed with an epitaph written by Dr. Johnson.

In stature, Goldsmith was under the middle size, his body strongly built, and his limbs more sturdy than elegant; his complexion was pale, his forehead low, his face almost round and pitted with the small-pox; but marked with strong lines of thinking. His first appearance was not captivating; but when he grew easy and cheerful in company he relaxed into a display of great good humour. He did not, however, appear to so much advantage in company as might have been expected from a person of his genius and talents. His overweening vanity was perpetually leading him astray, and in attempting to do too much, he was led to speak without reflection, and frequently tempted to manifest an absurd jealousy of due attention in a manner that often rendered him ridiculous. "No man," said Johnson, "was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had. As a writer he was of the most distinguished abilities. *Whatever he composed, he did it better than any other man could.* And whether we consider him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, (so far as regards his powers of composition, he was one of the first writers of his time, and will ever stand in the foremost class."

THE

POEMS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

Poems and Plays

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

TO THE REV HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication, and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition—what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party—that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, painting and music come in for a share As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her, they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, —I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have endeavoured to moderate the rage of all I have attempted to show, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most affectionate brother,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent,
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content;
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride:
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;

And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest;
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame,
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a-year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please!
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire;
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a-year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies:
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,—
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.

Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth im-
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts: [parts
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here:
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;—
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man. [here,
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd:
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil, [toil;
That those that think must govern those that
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom, when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous
ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE HERMIT.

A BALLAD.

"Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego;
All earth born cares are wrong;
'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'"

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smiled;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care opprest:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the trifling things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name;
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest,
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray:
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And, when beside me in the dale
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die,
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine?

"No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Dear Sir,

I can have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written, that I [illegible] all possible pains in my country excur[illegible] four or five years past, to be certain of [illegible], and that all my views and inquiries have [illegible] those miseries real, which I here attempt [illegible]. But this [illegible] the place to enter [illegible] an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages, and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear Sir,
Your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose:
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green,
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron! forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double [illegible]
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd [illegible]
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic [illegible]
E'en children follow'd with endearing [illegible]
And pluck'd his gown, to share the [illegible]

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could guage:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the royal game of Goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
[illegible] maid, half willing to be press'd,
[illegible] cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art:
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy!

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from he shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same,
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art, the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd;
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride!
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there!
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.

The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train:
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy! [eyes
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, [last,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At every draught more largo and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade:
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride:
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement climo;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my Lord, for your Ven'son; for finer or fatter,
Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I *had* thoughts in my chamber to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtù;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.

But hold—let me pause—Don't I hear you pronounce
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce?
Well! suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn*.
To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the Haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose—
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love ven'son—I know they love beef;
There's my countryman, Higgins—Oh! let him alone
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But, hang it! to poets, who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd:
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he look'd at the Ven'son and me.
"What have we got here?—Why, this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I, with a flounce,
"I get these things often"—but that was a bounce.
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this Ven'son to make out a dinner.
What say you—a pasty?—it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter!—this Ven'son with me to Mile-end;
No stirring, I beg,—my dear friend—my dear friend!"
Thus, snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself,†"
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good Ven'son pasty,
Were things that I never disliked in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.
When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine,)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come:
"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the 'Snarler,' the other the 'Scourge:'
Some think he writes 'Cinna'—he owns to 'Panurge.'"
While thus he described them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.
At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swingeing tureen;
At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the Pasty—was not.
Now, my Lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most was that d——d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue;
And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on!
Pray, a slice of your liver, though, may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
"The tripe!" quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week;
I like these here dinners, so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all."
"O—ho!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice;
There's a Pasty"—"A Pasty!" repeated the Jew,
"I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
"What the de'il, mon, a Pasty!" re-echoed the Scot,
"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echoed about.
While thus we resolved, and the Pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified enter'd the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out—for who could mistake her?—
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out; for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the Pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And, now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour misplaced,
To send such good verses to one of your taste:
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

* Lord Clare's nephew.

† See the letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry Duke of Cumberland, and Lady Grosvenor. 12mo. 1769.

THE CAPTIVITY.

An Oratorio.

THE PERSONS.

FIRST JEWISH PROPHET.
SECOND JEWISH PROPHET.
ISRAELITISH WOMAN.
FIRST CHALDEAN PRIEST.
SECOND CHALDEAN PRIEST.
CHALDEAN WOMAN,
CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SCENE—*The Banks of the River Euphrates, near Babylon.*

ACT I.

ISRAELITES *sitting on the Banks of the Euphrates.*

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

Ye captive tribes, that hourly work and weep
Where flows Euphrates murmuring to the deep;
Suspend your woes awhile, the task suspend,
And turn to God, your father and your friend:
Insulted, chain'd, and all the world our foe,
Our God alone is all we boast below.

Air.

Our God is all we boast below,
To him we turn our eyes;
And every added weight of woe
Shall make our homage rise.

SECOND PROPHET.

And though no temple richly drest,
Nor sacrifice is here;
We'll make his temple in our breast,
And offer up a tear.
[*The first stanza repeated by the* CHORUS.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Recitative.

That strain once more! it bids remembrance rise,
And brings my long-lost country to mine eyes.
Ye fields of Sharon, dress'd in flowery pride;
Ye plains, where Kedron rolls its glassy tide;
Ye hills of Lebanon, with cedars crown'd;
Ye Gilead groves, that fling perfumes around:
How sweet those groves! those plains how wondrous fair!
But doubly sweet when Heaven was with us there.

Air.

O Memory, thou fond deceiver!
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Hence, intruder most distressing!
Seek the happy and the free;
The wretch who wants each other blessing,
Ever wants a friend in thee.

SECOND PROPHET.

Recitative.

Yet, why complain? What, though by bonds confined,
Should bonds repress the vigour of the mind?
Have we not cause for triumph, when we see
Ourselves alone from idol-worship free?
Are not, this very morn, those feasts begun,
Where prostrate Error hails the rising sun?
Do not our tyrant lords this day ordain
For superstitious rites and mirth profane?
And should we mourn? Should coward Virtue fly,
When vaunting Folly lifts her head on high?
No! rather let us triumph still the more,
And as our fortune sinks, our spirits soar.

Air.

The triumphs that on vice attend
Shall ever in confusion end;
The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain:
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

But hush, my sons! our tyrant lords are near;
The sounds of barbarous pleasure strike mine ear;
Triumphant music floats along the vale;
Near, nearer still, it gathers on the gale:
The growing sound their swift approach declares;—
Desist, my sons, nor mix the strain with theirs.

Enter CHALDEAN PRIESTS, *attended.*

FIRST PRIEST.

Air.

Come on, my companions, the triumph display,
Let rapture the minutes employ;
The sun calls us out on this festival day,
And our monarch partakes in the joy.

SECOND PRIEST.

Like the sun, our great monarch all rapture supplies,
Both similar blessings bestow:
The sun with his splendour illumines the skies,
And our monarch enlivens below.

A CHALDEAN WOMAN.

Air.

Haste, ye sprightly sons of pleasure;
Love presents the fairest treasure,
Leave all other joys for me.

A CHALDEAN ATTENDANT.

Or rather, Love's delights despising,
Haste to raptures ever rising,
Wine shall bless the brave and free.

FIRST PRIEST.

Wine and beauty thus inviting,
Each to different joys exciting,
Whither shall my choice incline?

SECOND PRIEST.

I'll waste no longer thought in choosing;
But neither this nor that refusing,
I'll make them both together mine.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

But whence, when joy should brighten o'er the land,
This sullen gloom in Judah's captive band?
Ye sons of Judah, why the lute unstrung?
Or why those harps on yonder willows hung?
Come, take the lyre, and pour the strain along,
The day demands it; sing us Sion's song.
Dismiss your griefs, and join our warbling choir;
For who like you can wake the sleeping lyre!

SECOND PROPHET.

Chain'd as we are, the scorn of all mankind,
To want, to toil, and every ill consign'd,
Is this a time to bid us raise the strain,
Or mix in rites that Heaven regards with pain?
No, never! May this hand forget each art
That wakes to finest joys the human heart,
Ere I forget the land that gave me birth,
Or join to sounds profane its sacred mirth!

FIRST PRIEST.

Rebellious slaves! if soft persuasion fail,
More formidable terrors shall prevail.

[*Exeunt* CHALDEANS.

FIRST PROPHET.

Why, let them come! one good remains to cheer—
We fear the Lord, and scorn all other fear.

CHORUS.

Can chains or tortures bend the mind,
On God's supporting breast reclined?
Stand fast, and let our tyrants see
That fortitude is victory.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

O peace of mind, angelic guest!
Thou soft companion of the breast!
Dispense thy balmy store;
Wing all our thoughts to reach the skies,
Till earth receding from our eyes,
Shall vanish as we soar.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

No more! Too long has justice been delay'd;
The king's commands must fully be obey'd:
Compliance with his will your peace secures,
Praise but our gods, and every good is yours.
But if, rebellious to his high command,
You spurn the favours offer'd from his hand,
Think, timely think, what terrors are behind;
Reflect, nor tempt to rage the royal mind.

SECOND PRIEST.

Air.

Fierce is the whirlwind howling
O'er Afric's sandy plain,
And fierce the tempest rolling
Along the furrow'd main;

But storms that fly,
To rend the sky,
Every ill presaging,
Less dreadful show
To worlds below
Than angry monarch's raging.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Recitative.

Ah, me! what angry terrors round us grow;
How shrinks my soul to meet the threaten'd blow!
Ye prophets, skill'd in Heaven's eternal truth,
Forgive my sex's fears, forgive my youth!
Ah! let us one, one little hour obey;
To-morrow's tears may wash the stain away.

Air.

Fatigued with life, yet loth to part,
On Hope the wretch relies;
And every blow that sinks the heart
Bids the deluder rise.

Hope, like the taper's gleamy light,
Adorns the wretch's way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SECOND PRIEST.

Why this delay? At length for joy prepare;
I read your looks, and see compliance there.
Come on, and bid the warbling rapture rise,
Our monarch's fame the noblest theme supplies.
Begin, ye captive bands, and strike the lyre;
The time, the theme, the place, and all conspire.

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

Air.

See the ruddy morning smiling,
Hear the grove to bliss beguiling;
Zephyrs through the woodland playing,
Streams along the valley straying.

FIRST PRIEST.

While these a constant revel keep,
Shall Reason only teach to weep?
Hence, intruder! we'll pursue
Nature, a better guide than you.

SECOND PRIEST.

Every moment, as it flows,
Some peculiar pleasure owes;
Then let us, providently wise,
Seize the debtor ere it flies.

Think not to-morrow can repay
The debt of pleasure lost to-day;
Alas! to-morrow's richest store
Can but pay its proper score.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

But, hush! see, foremost of the captive choir,
The master-prophet grasps his full-toned lyre.
Mark where he sits, with executing art,
Feels for each tone, and speeds it to the heart.
See, how prophetic rapture fills his form,
Awful as clouds that nurse the growing storm;
And now his voice, accordant to the string,
Prepares our monarch's victories to sing.

FIRST PROPHET.

Air.

From north, from south, from east, from west,
Conspiring nations come;
Tremble, thou vice-polluted breast,
Blasphemers, all be dumb.

The tempest gathers all around,
On Babylon it lies;
Down with her! down—down to the ground,
She sinks, she groans, she dies.

SECOND PROPHET.

Down with her, Lord, to lick the dust,
Ere yonder setting sun;
Serve her as she has served the just!
'Tis fix'd—it shall be done.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

No more! when slaves thus insolent presume,
The king himself shall judge, and fix their doom.
Unthinking wretches! have not you and all
Beheld our power in Zedekiah's fall?
To yonder gloomy dungeon turn your eyes;
See where dethroned your captive monarch lies,
Deprived of sight and rankling in his chain;
See where he mourns his friends and children slain.
Yet know, ye slaves, that still remain behind,
More ponderous chains, and dungeons more confined.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Arise, all-potent ruler, rise,
And vindicate thy people's cause:
Till every tongue in every land
Shall offer up unfeign'd applause.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

Yes, my companions, Heaven's decrees are passed,
And our fix'd empire shall for ever last;
In vain the madd'ning prophet threatens woe,
In vain Rebellion aims her secret blow;
Still shall our name and growing power be spread,
And still our justice crush the traitor's head.

Air.

Coeval with man
Our empire began,
And never shall fall
Till ruin shakes all.
When ruin shakes all,
Then shall Babylon fall.

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

'Tis thus that Pride triumphant rears the head,—
A little while, and all their power is fled;
But, ah! what means yon sadly plaintive train,
That this way slowly bend along the plain?
And now, behold! to yonder bank they bear
A pallid corse, and rest the body there.
Alas! too well mine eyes indignant trace
The last remains of Judah's royal race:
Fallen is our king, and all our fears are o'er,
Unhappy Zedekiah is no more!

Air.

Ye wretches, who by fortune's hate
In want and sorrow groan,
Come, ponder his severer fate,
And learn to bless your own.

You vain, whom youth and pleasure guide,
Awhile the bliss suspend;
Like yours, his life began in pride,
Like his, your lives shall end.

SECOND PROPHET.

Behold his wretched corse with sorrow worn,
His squalid limbs with ponderous fetters torn;
Those eyeless orbs that shock with ghastly glare,
Those unbecoming rags—that matted hair!
And shall not Heaven for this avenge the foe,
Grasp the red bolt, and lay the guilty low?
How long, how long, Almighty God of all,
Shall wrath vindictive threaten ere it fall!

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Air

As panting flies the hunted hind,
Where brooks refreshing stray;
And rivers through the valley wind,
That stop the hunter's way:

Thus we, O Lord, alike distress'd,
For streams of mercy long.
Those streams which cheer the sore oppress'd,
And overwhelm the strong.

FIRST PROPHET.

Recitative.

But whence that shout? Good heavens! amazement all!
See yonder tower just nodding to the fall:
Behold, an army covers all the ground,
'Tis Cyrus here that pours destruction round!
The ruin smokes, destruction pours along,
How low the great, how feeble are the strong!
And now, behold, the battlements recline—
O God of hosts, the victory is thine!

CHORUS OF CAPTIVES.

Down with them, Lord, to lick the dust!
Thy vengeance be begun;
Serve them as they have served the just,
And let thy will be done.

FIRST PRIEST.

Recitative.

All, all is lost. The Syrian army fails;
Cyrus, the conqueror of the world, prevails!
The ruin smokes, the torrent pours along,—
How low the proud, how feeble are the strong!
Save us, O Lord! to thee, though late, we pray,
And give repentance but an hour's delay.

FIRST AND SECOND PRIESTS.

Air.

O happy, who in happy hour
To God their praise bestow,
And own his all-consuming power,
Before they feel the blow.

SECOND PROPHET.

Recitative.

Now, now's our time! ye wretches bold and blind,
Brave but to God, and cowards to mankind;
Ye seek in vain the Lord unsought before,
Your wealth, your pride, your kingdom are no more!

Air.

O Lucifer, thou son of morn,
Alike of Heaven and man the foe,—
Heaven, men, and all,
Now press thy fall,
And sink thee lowest of the low.

FIRST PROPHET.

O Babylon, how art thou fallen!
Thy fall more dreadful from delay!
Thy streets forlorn,
To wilds shall turn,
Where toads shall pant and vultures prey

SECOND PROPHET.

Recitative.

Such be her fate! But hark! how from afar
The clarion's note proclaims the finish'd war!
Our great restorer, Cyrus, is at hand,
And this way leads his formidable band.
Give, give your songs of Zion to the wind,
And hail the benefactor of mankind:
He comes, pursuant to divine decree,
To chain the strong, and set the captive free.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Rise to transports past expressing,
Sweeter by remember'd woes;
Cyrus comes, our wrongs redressing,
Comes to give the world repose.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Cyrus comes, the world redressing,
Love and pleasure in his train;
Comes to heighten every blessing,
Comes to soften every pain.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Hail to him with mercy reigning,
Skill'd in every peaceful art;
Who, from bonds our limbs unchaining,
Only binds the willing heart.

LAST CHORUS.

But chief to Thee, our God, defender, friend,
Let praise be given to all eternity;
O Thou, without beginning, without end,
Let us, and all, begin and end in Thee.

RETALIATION.

A Poem.

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXXIV., AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

[Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.]

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord[1] supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our Dean[2] shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke[3] shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
Our Will[4] shall be wild-fowl of excellent flavour,
And Dick[5] with his pepper shall heighten the savour;
Our Cumberland's[6] sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas[7] is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's[8] a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge[9] is anchovy, and Reynolds[10] is lamb;
That Hickey's[11] a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various—at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.
Here lies the good Dean, reunited to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,
That Sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.
Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend[12] to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient,
And too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.
Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home:
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none:
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.
Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb[13]!
Now wrangling and grumbling, to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.
Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care,
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say was it, that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?
Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;

[1] The master of the St. James's coffee house, where the Poet, and the friends he has characterised in this poem, occasionally dined.

[2] Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland.

[3] The Right Hon. Edmund Burke.

[4] Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, member for Bedwin, and afterwards holding office in India.

[5] Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Granada: afterwards Recorder of Bristol.

[6] Richard Cumberland, Esq., author of the West-Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, Calvary, &c. &c.

[7] Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lander on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

[8] David Garrick, Esq.

[9] Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

[10] Sir Joshua Reynolds.

[11] An eminent attorney.

[12] Mr. Thomas Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

[13] Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on these accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds[1] shall be pious, our Kenricks[2] shall lecture;
Macpherson[3] write bombast, and call it a style,
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys[4], and Woodfalls[5] so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper!
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah, no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye?
He was, could he help it?—a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet[6], and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this Poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord[7], from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith.

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily lived, he is now a grave[8] man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoiced in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free,
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confined!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set in a roar;"
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall[9] confessed him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, Ship-news, and Mistakes of the Press[10].

Merry Whitefoord, farewell; for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit:
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
"Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd Muse."

---

[1] The Rev. Dr. William Dodd.

[2] Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakspeare."

[3] James Macpherson, Esq., who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

[4] Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementina, School for Wives, &c., &c.

[5] Mr. William Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

[6] Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf, as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

[7] Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

[8] Mr. Whitefoord was so notorious a punster, that Dr. Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep his company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

[9] Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

[10] Mr. Whitefoord had frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces, under these titles, in the Public Advertiser.

MISCELLANIES.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears;
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved!—without thinking on asses."

Edinburgh, 1753.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE POET LABERIUS, A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

Preserved by Macrobius.

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age!
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
Unawed by power, and unappall'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For, ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclined to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame:
No more my titles shall my children tell;
The old buffoon will fit my name as well:
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defined
As rational the human mind:
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em;
And must in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em—
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery?
Or friends beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court:
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe;
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob*.
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster Row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape:
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But both in malice and grimaces
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators;
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their master's manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court, both great and small,
Behave alike, for all ape all.

EPIGRAM

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH, STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

STANZAS

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC, AND DEATH OF GEN. WOLFE.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing, we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

* Sir Robert Walpole.

STANZAS.

Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight,
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection?
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS, IN BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em;
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion:
Such short-lived off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil,—
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid!—
I'll give thee—to the Devil.

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wond'rous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

Where the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal Game of Goose was there in view,
And the Twelve Rules the royal martyr drew;
The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night——a stocking all the day!

SONG.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

SONG.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on Hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.
  Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six?
O! had the Archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
O, had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze;
O!——But let exclamations cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.
  Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains closed around?
Let it suffice that each had charms:
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.
  The honey-moon like lightning flew,
The second brought its transports too;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,—
That very face had robb'd her mind.
  Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle.
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half-naked, at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations:
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee and spleen.
  Thus, as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shows
Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.
  Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,—
Lo! the small-pox, with horrid glare,
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.
  The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright;
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes;
In vain she tries her paste and creams
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens;
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.
  Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old:
With modesty her cheeks are dyed,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean;
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day:
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind—
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite—
Till reading—I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there
To suit my purpose to a hair.
But let us not proceed too furious,—
First please to turn to god Mercurius:
You'll find him pictured at full length,
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.
  Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bard's decreed:
A just comparison—proceed.
  In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air.

And here my simile unites;
For in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.
Lastly, vouchsafe t'observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand,
By classic authors termed caduceus,
And highly famed for several uses:
To wit,—most wond'rously endued,
No poppy-water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore;
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.
Now to apply, begin we then:—
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twined
Denote him of the reptile kind,
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike, too, both conduce to sleep;
This difference only, as the god
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.
And here my simile almost tript:
Yet grant a word by way of postscript
Moreover Merc'ry had a failing;
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he.
But even this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance:
Our modern bards! why, what a pox
Are they—but senseless stones and blocks!

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied:
The man recover'd of the bite—
The dog it was that died.

EPITAPH

ON EDWARD PURDON.

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack:
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF "THE SISTERS."

What? five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking,
Have pleased our eyes, and saved the pain of thinking.
Well! since she thus has shown her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade?—I will.
But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*] I've got my cue:
The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you, you. [*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*
Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em:
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore;
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing—but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems t' have robb'd his visor from the lion;

Who frowns and talks and swears, with round parade,
Looking, as who should say, dam'me! who's afraid?
Strip but this vizor off, and, sure I am, [*Mimicking.*
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems, to every gazer, all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's in [black!
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

EPILOGUE*

TO THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

Spoken by Mrs. Bulkley.

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure;
Thus, on the stage, our play-wrights still depend
For epilogues and prologues on some friend,
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
And make full many a bitter pill go down:
Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
And teased each rhyming friend to help him out.
An epilogue! things can't go on without it;
It could not fail, would you but set about it:
"Young man," cries one, (a bard laid up in clover,)
"Alas! young man, my writing days are over;
Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I;
Your brother doctor there, perhaps, may try."
"What I! dear Sir," the doctor interposes;
"What, plant my thistle, Sir, among his roses!
No, no, I've other contests to maintain;
To-night I head our troops at Warwick-lane.
Go ask your manager"—"Who, me! Your pardon,
Those things are not our forte at Covent Garden."
Our author's friends, thus placed at happy distance,
Give him good words indeed, but no assistance.
As some unhappy wight, at some new play,
At the pit door stands elbowing a way,
While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug;
His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise:
He nods, they nod; he cringes, they grimace;
But not a soul will budge to give him place.
Since, then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform
"To 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,"
Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the *Good-natured Man.*

EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL.

This tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
Whilst converts thank their poet in the skies.

* See p. 45.

PROLOGUE TO ZOBEIDE,

A TRAGEDY; WRITTEN BY JOSEPH CRADDOCK, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. Quick, in the Character of a Sailor.

In these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
The distant climate, and the savage shore;
When wise astronomers to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling;
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With Scythian stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading;
Yet ere he lands he's order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? our reckoning sure is lost
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder: [*Upper Gallery.*
There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen 'em— [*Pit.*
Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in 'em— [*Balconies.*
Here ill-conditioned oranges abound— [*Stage.*
And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground. [*Tasting them.*
The inhabitants are cannibals, I fear:
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!
O, there the people are—best keep my distance;
Our Captain, gentle natives! craves assistance;
Our ship's well-stored;—in yonder creek we've laid [her,
His Honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his first adventure; lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from [far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What! no reply to promises so ample?
I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

AN EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR MRS. BULKLEY.

There is a place—so Ariosto sings—
A treasury for lost and missing things;
Lost human wits have places there assign'd them,
And they who lose their senses, there may find them.
But where's this place, this storehouse of the age?
The Moon, says he;—but I affirm, the Stage—
At least, in many things, I think I see
His lunar and our mimic world agree:
Both shine at night, for, but at Foote's alone,
We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down;
Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
And sure the folks of both are lunatics.
But in this parallel my best pretence is,
That mortals visit both to find their senses:
To this strange spot, rakes, macaronies, cits,
Come thronging to collect their scatter'd wits.
The gay coquette, who ogles all the day,
Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
Hither the affected city dame advancing,
Who sighs for operas, and doats on dancing,
Taught by our art, her ridicule to pause on,
Quits the *ballet*, and calls for *Nancy Dawson.*

The gamester, too, whose wit's all high or low,
Oft risks his fortune on one desperate throw,
Comes here to saunter, having made his bets,
Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts.
The Mohawk, too, with angry phrases stored—
As "Dam'me, Sir!" and, "Sir, I wear a sword!"
Here lesson'd for awhile, and hence retreating,
Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating.
Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser,
Our Author's the least likely to grow wiser;
Has he not seen how you your favour place
On sentimental queens and lords in lace?
Without a star, a coronet, or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter?
No high-life scenes, no sentiment:—the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy nature.
Yes, he's far gone:—and yet some pity fix,
The English laws forbid to punish lunatics.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following may more properly be termed a compilation than a poem. It was prepared for the composer in little more than two days; and may therefore rather be considered as an industrious effort of gratitude than of genius. In justice to the composer it may likewise be right to inform the public, that the music was composed in a period of time equally short.

OVERTURE.—*A solemn Dirge.*

Air.—Trio.

ARISE, ye sons of worth, arise,
And waken every note of woe!
When truth and virtue reach the skies,
'Tis ours to weep the want below.

CHORUS.

When truth and virtue, &c.

MAN SPEAKER.

The praise attending pomp and power,
The incense given to Kings,
Are but the trappings of an hour—
Mere transitory things:
The base bestow them; but the good agree
To spurn the venal gifts as flattery.
But when to pomp and power are join'd
An equal dignity of mind;
When titles are the smallest claim;
When wealth, and rank, and noble blood,
But aid the power of doing good;
Then all their trophies last—and flattery turns to fame.

Blest spirit thou, whose fame, just born to bloom,
Shall spread and flourish from the tomb;
How hast thou left mankind for Heaven!
E'en now reproach and faction mourn,
And, wondering how their rage was born,
Request to be forgiven!
Alas! they never had thy hate;
Unmoved, in conscious rectitude,
Thy towering mind self-centred stood,
Nor wanted man's opinion to be great.
In vain, to charm thy ravish'd sight,
A thousand gifts would fortune send;
In vain, to drive thee from the right,
A thousand sorrows urged thy end:
Like some well-fashion'd arch thy patience stood,
And purchased strength from its increasing load.
Pain met thee like a friend to set thee free,
Affliction still is virtue's opportunity!

SONG.—BY A MAN.

Virtue, on herself relying,
Every passion hush'd to rest,
Loses every pain of dying,
In the hopes of being blest.

Every added pang she suffers,
Some increasing good bestows,
And every shock that malice offers,
Only rocks her to repose.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Yet, ah! what terrors frown'd upon her fate—
Death, with its formidable band,
Fever, and pain, and pale consumptive care,
Determined took their stand.
Nor did the cruel ravagers design
To finish all their efforts at a blow;
But, mischievously slow,
They robb'd the relic and defaced the shrine.
With unavailing grief,
Despairing of relief,
Her weeping children round
Beheld each hour
Death's growing power,
And trembled as he frown'd.
As helpless friends who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
While winds and waves their wishes cross,—
They stood, while hope and comfort fail,
Not to assist, but to bewail
The inevitable loss.
Relentless tyrant, at thy call
How do the good, the virtuous fall!
Truth, beauty, worth, and all that most engage,
But wake thy vengeance and provoke thy rage.

SONG.—BY A MAN.

When vice my dart and scythe supply,
How great a king of terrors I!
If folly, fraud, your hearts engage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage!
Fall, round me fall, ye little things,
Ye statesmen, warriors, poets, kings!
If virtue fail her counsel sage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage!

MAN SPEAKER.

Yet let that wisdom, urged by her example,
Teach us to estimate what all must suffer;
Let us prize death as the best gift of nature,
As a safe inn, where weary travellers,
When they have journey'd through a world of cares,
May put off life and be at rest for ever.
Groans, weeping friends, indeed, and gloomy sables,
May oft distract us with their sad solemnity:
The preparation is the executioner.
Death, when unmask'd, shows me a friendly face,
And is a terror only at a distance;
For as the line of life conducts me on
To Death's great court, the prospect seems more fair.
'Tis Nature's kind retreat, that's always open,
To take us in when we have drain'd the cup
Of life, or worn our days to wretchedness.
In that secure, serene retreat,
Where, all the humble, all the great,
Promiscuously recline;
Where, wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie,
May every bliss be thine.

And, ah! blest spirit, wheresoe'er thy flight,
Through rolling worlds, or fields of liquid light,
May cherubs welcome their expected guest,
May saints with songs receive thee to their rest;
May peace, that claim'd while here thy warmest love,
May blissful, endless peace be thine above!

SONG.—BY A WOMAN.

Lovely, lasting Peace, below,
Comforter of ev'ry woe,
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky,
Lovely, lasting Peace, appear,
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Our vows are heard! long, long to mortal eyes,
Her soul was fitting to its kindred skies;
Celestial-like her bounty fell,
Where modest want and silent sorrow dwell.
Want pass'd for merit at her door,
Unseen the modest were supplied,
Her constant pity fed the poor,—
Then only poor, indeed, the day she died.
And, oh! for this, while sculpture decks thy shrine,
And art exhausts profusion round,
The tribute of a tear be mine,
A simple song, a sigh profound.
There Faith shall come a pilgrim grey,
To bless the tomb that wraps thy clay;
And calm Religion shall repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.
Truth, Fortitude, and Friendship shall agree
To blend their virtues while they think of thee

Air.—Chorus.

Let us—let all the world agree,
To profit by resembling thee.

PART II.

OVERTURE.—*Pastorale.*

MAN SPEAKER.

Fast by that shore where Thames' translucent stream
Reflects new glories on his breast,
Where, splendid as the youthful poet's dream,
He forms a scene beyond Elysium blest;
Where sculptured elegance and native grace
Unite to stamp the beauties of the place;
While, sweetly blending, still are seen,
The wavy lawn, the sloping green;
While novelty, with cautious cunning,
Through every maze of fancy running,
From China borrows aid to deck the scene:—
There, sorrowing by the river's glassy bed,
Forlorn a rural band complain'd,
All whom Augusta's bounty fed,
All whom her clemency sustain'd.
The good old sire, unconscious of decay,
The modest matron, clad in homespun grey,
The military boy, the orphan'd maid,
The shatter'd veteran, now first dismay'd,—
These sadly join beside the murmuring deep,
And as they view the towers of Kew,
Call on their mistress, now no more, and weep.

CHORUS.

Ye shady walks, ye waving greens,
Ye nodding towers, ye fairy scenes,
Let all your echoes now deplore,
That she who form'd your beauties is no more.

MAN SPEAKER.

First of the train the patient rustic came,
Whose callous hand had form'd the scene,
Bending at once with sorrow and with age,
With many a tear, and many a sigh between:
"And where," he cried, "shall now my babes have bread,
Or how shall age support its feeble fire?
No lord will take me now, my vigour fled,
Nor can my strength perform what they require;
Each grudging master keeps the labourer bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care.
My noble mistress thought not so:
Her bounty, like the morning dew,
Unseen, though constant, used to flow,
And, as my strength decay'd, her bounty grew."

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In decent dress, and coarsely clean,
The pious matron next was seen,
Clasp'd in her hand a godly book was borne,
By use and daily meditation worn;
That decent dress, this holy guide,
Augusta's care had well supplied.
"And, ah!" she cries, all woe-begone,
"What now remains for me?
Oh! where shall weeping want repair
To ask for charity!
Too late in life for me to ask,
And shame prevents the deed,
And tardy, tardy are the times
To succour, should I need.
But all my wants, before I spoke,
Were to my Mistress known;
She still relieved, nor sought my praise,
Contented with her own.
But every day her name I'll bless,
My morning prayer, my evening song;
I'll praise her while my life shall last,
A life that cannot last me long."

SONG.—BY A WOMAN.

Each day, each hour, her name I'll bless,
My morning and my evening song,
And when in death my vows shall cease,
My children shall the note prolong.

MAN SPEAKER.

The hardy veteran after struck the sight,
Scarr'd, mangled, maim'd in every part,
Lopp'd of his limbs in many a gallant fight,
In nought entire—except his heart;
Mute for awhile, and sullenly distress'd,
At last the impetuous sorrow fired his breast:—
"Wild is the whirlwind rolling
O'er Afric's sandy plain,
And wild the tempest howling
Along the billow'd main;
But every danger felt before
The raging deep, the whirlwind's roar,
Less dreadful struck me with dismay
Than what I feel this fatal day.
Oh, let me fly a land that spurns the brave,
Oswego's dreary shores shall be my grave;
I'll seek that less inhospitable coast,
And lay my body where my limbs were lost."

SONG.—BY A MAN.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurell'd field,
To do thy memory right;
For thine and Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the avenging fight.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In innocence and youth complaining,
Next appear'd a lovely maid;
Affliction, o'er each feature reigning,
Kindly came in beauty's aid;
Every grace that grief dispenses,
Every glance that warms the soul,
In sweet succession charms the senses,
While pity harmonized the whole.
"The garland of beauty," 'tis thus she would say,
"No more shall my crook or my temples adorn:
I'll not wear a garland—Augusta's away,
I'll not wear a garland until she return;
But, alas! that return I never shall see: [claim,
The echoes of Thames shall my sorrows pro-
There promised a lover to come—but, ah me!
'Twas Death—'twas the death of my mistress that came.
But ever, for ever, her image shall last,
I'll strip all the spring of its earliest bloom;
On her grave shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the new blossom'd thorn shall whiten her tomb."

SONG.—BY A WOMAN.

Pastorale.

With garlands of beauty the Queen of the May
No more will her crook or her temples adorn;
For who'd wear a garland when she is away,
When she is removed and shall never return?

On the grave of Augusta these garlands be placed,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom,
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the new-blossom'd thorn shall whiten her tomb.

CHORUS.

On the grave of Augusta this garland be placed,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom,
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
The tears of her country shall water her tomb.

EPILOGUE

TO "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Spoken by Mrs. Bulkley, in the character of Miss Hardcastle.

Well, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still, as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you:
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, composed to please;
"We have our exits and our entrances."
The first act shows the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of every thing afraid;
Blushes when hired, and, with unmeaning action,
"I hopes as how to give you satisfaction."
Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
The unblushing bar-maid of a country inn,
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling *connoisseurs:*
On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts;
And, as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
E'en common-councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shows her wedded to the 'squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher;
Pretends to taste, at operas cries *caro!*
And quits her Nancy Dawson for Che Faro:
Doats upon dancing, and, in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the Heinelle of Cheapside:
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till, having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such through our lives the eventful history—
The fifth and last act still remains for me:
The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns female barrister, and pleads for bays.

EPILOGUE

TO "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Intended to be spoken by Mrs. Bulkley and Miss Catley.

Enters Mrs. Bulkley, *who curtsies very low as beginning to speak. Then enters* Miss Catley, *who stands full before her, and curtsies to the Audience.*

MRS. BULKLEY.

Hold, Ma'am, your pardon. What's your business here?

MISS CATLEY.

The Epilogue.

MRS. BULKLEY.

The Epilogue?

MISS CATLEY.

Yes, the Epilogue, my dear.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Sure you mistake, Ma'am. The Epilogue, *I* bring it.

MISS CATLEY.

Excuse me, Ma'am. The author bid *me* sing it.

Recitative.

Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Why, sure the girl's beside herself! an Epilogue of singing,
A hopeful end, indeed, to such a blest beginning.
Besides, a singer in a comic set—
Excuse me, Ma'am, I know the etiquette.

MISS CATLEY.

What if we leave it to the house?

MRS. BULKLEY.

The house!—Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And she whose party's largest shall proceed.
And first, I hope you'll readily agree
I've all the critics and the wits for me.
They, I am sure, will answer my commands;
Ye candid judging few, hold up your hands.
What! no return? I find too late, I fear,
That modern judges seldom enter here.

MISS CATLEY.

I'm for a different set:—Old men, whose trade is
Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies.

Recitative.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
Still thus address the fair with voice beguiling.

Air.—Cotillon.

Turn, my fairest, turn, if ever
Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye.
Pity take on your swain so clever,
Who without your aid must die.
Yes, I shall die, hu, hu, hu, hu!
Yes, I must die, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Da Capo.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Let all the old pay homage to your merit;
Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.
Ye travell'd tribe, ye macaroni train,
Of French friseurs and nosegays justly vain,
Who take a trip to Paris once a year
To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here,—
Lend me your hand: O fatal news to tell,
Their hands are only lent to the Heinelle.

MISS CATLEY.

Ay, take your travellers—travellers indeed!
Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the Tweed.
Where are the chiels?—Ah! ah, I well discern
The smiling looks of each bewitching bairn.

Air.—A bonny young Lad is my Jocky.

I sing to amuse you by night and by day,
And be unco merry when you are but gay;
When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
My voice shall be ready to carol away
With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey,
With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Ye gamesters, who, so eager in pursuit,
Make but of all your fortune one *va toute:*
Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few,
"I hold the odds.—Done, done, with you, with you."
Ye barristers, so fluent with grimace,
"My Lord,—Your Lordship misconceives the case."
Doctors, who cough and answer every misfortuner,
"I wish I'd been called in a little sooner:"
Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty,
Come end the contest here, and aid my party.

MISS CATLEY.

Air.—Ballinamony.

Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack,
Assist me, I pray, in this woful attack;
For—sure I don't wrong you—you seldom are slack,
When the ladies are calling, to blush and hang back.
For you're always polite and attentive,
Still to amuse us inventive,
And death is your only preventive:
Your hands and your voices for me.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Well, Madam, what if, after all this sparring,
We both agree, like friends, to end our jarring?

MISS CATLEY.

And that our friendship may remain unbroken,
What if we leave the Epilogue unspoken?

MRS. BULKLEY.

Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And now with late repentance,
Un-epilogued the Poet waits his sentence.
Condemn the stubborn fool who can't submit
To thrive by flattery, though he starves by wit.
[*Exeunt.*

SONG.

"AH ME! WHEN SHALL I MARRY ME?"

Intended to have been sung in the Comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Ah me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, nor a smile shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWIS, IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

Hold! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense:
I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said
My heels eclipsed the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a piebald vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.
[*Takes off his mask.*
Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns, thy mirth;
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued?
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities.
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me if I do!
No—I will act—I'll vindicate the stage:
Shakspeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns;
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme,—
"Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—'twas but a dream."
Ay, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating,
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
"The deuce confound," he cries, "these drumstick shanks,
They never have my gratitude nor thanks;
They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead;
But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head:
How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
My horns!—I'm told horns are the fashion now."

Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd, to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew;
Hoicks! hark forward! came thundering from behind,
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze:
At length, his silly head, so prized before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself—like me.
[*Taking a jump through the stage door.*

THE PLAYS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

A Comedy.

PREFACE.

When I undertook to write a comedy, I confess I was strongly prepossessed in favour of the poets of the last age, and strove to imitate them. The term *genteel comedy* was then unknown amongst us, and little more was desired by an audience, than nature and humour, in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous. The author of the following scenes never imagined that more would be expected of him, and therefore to delineate character has been his principal aim. Those who know any thing of composition, are sensible, that in pursuing humour, it will sometimes lead us into the recesses of the mean; I was even tempted to look for it in the master of a spunging-house: but in deference to the public taste, grown of late, perhaps, too delicate, the scene of the bailiffs was retrenched in the representation. In deference also to the judgment of a few friends, who think in a particular way, the scene is here restored. The author submits it to the reader in his closet; and hopes that too much refinement will not banish humour and character from ours, as it has already done from the French theatre. Indeed the French comedy is now become so very elevated and sentimental, that it has not only banished humour and *Molière* from the stage, but it has banished all spectators too.

Upon the whole, the author returns his thanks to the public for the favourable reception which the Good-Natured Man has met with: and to Mr. Colman in particular, for his kindness to it. It may not also be improper to assure any who shall hereafter write for the theatre, that merit, or supposed merit, will ever be a sufficient passport to his protection.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON:

SPOKEN BY MR. BENSLEY.

Press'd by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of humankind;
With cool submission joins the labouring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain.
Our anxious bard, without complaint, may share
This bustling season's epidemic care;
Like Cæsar's pilot, dignified by fate,
Toss'd in one common storm with all the great;
Distress'd alike, the statesman and the wit,
When one a borough courts, and one the pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame,
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same
Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd, on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote!"
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet: I hiss him, and he dies!"
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet, judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;
But, confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts, without fear, to merit, and to you.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. Honeywood.
Croaker.
Lofty.
Sir William Honeywood.
Leontine.
Jarvis.
Butler.
Bailiff.
Dubardieu.
Postboy.

WOMEN.

Miss Richland.
Olivia.
Mrs. Croaker.
Garnet.
Landlady.

Scene—*London.*

ACT I.

Scene I.—*An Apartment in* Young Honeywood's *House.*

Enter Sir William Honeywood, *and* Jarvis.

Sir Will. Good Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity like yours is the best excuse for every freedom.

Jarvis. I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of disinheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

Sir Will. Say rather, that he loves all the world; that is his fault.

Jarvis. I'm sure there is no part of it more dear to him than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

Sir Will. What signifies his affection to me?

or how can I be proud of a place in a heart where every sharper and coxcomb finds an easy entrance?

Jarvis. I grant that he's rather too good-natured; that he's too much every man's man; that he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another: but whose instructions may he thank for all this?

Sir Will. Not mine, sure! My letters to him during my employment in Italy, taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend, his errors.

Jarvis. Faith, begging your honour's pardon, I'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all; it has only served to spoil him. This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an errant jade on a journey. For my own part, whenever I hear him mention the name on't, I'm always sure he's going to play the fool.

Sir Will. Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I entreat you. No, Jarvis, his good-nature arises rather from his fears of offending the importunate, than his desire of making the deserving happy.

Jarvis. What it rises from, I don't know. But, to be sure, every body has it, that asks it.

Sir Will. Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a concealed spectator of his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipation.

Jarvis. And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance, generosity; and his trusting every body, universal benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of exalted mu—mu—munificence; ay, that was the name he gave it.

Sir Will. And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, though with very little hopes to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now, my intention is, to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has plunged himself into real calamity; to arrest him for that very debt, to clap an officer upon him, and then let him see which of his friends will come to his relief.

Jarvis. Well, if I could but any way see him thoroughly vexed, every groan of his would be music to me; yet, faith, I believe it impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years; but, instead of being angry, he sits as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hair-dresser.

Sir Will. We must try him once more, however, and I'll go this instant to put my scheme into execution; and I don't despair of succeeding, as, by your means, I can have frequent opportunities of being about him, without being known. What a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good will to others should produce so much neglect of himself, as to require correction! Yet, we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue. [*Exit.*

Jarvis. Well, go thy ways, sir William Honeywood. It is not without reason that the world allows thee to be the best of men. But here comes his hopeful nephew; the strange, good-natured, foolish, open-hearted—And yet, all his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them.

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeyw. Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning?

Jarvis. You have no friends.

Honeyw. Well; from my acquaintance then?

Jarvis. (*Pulling out bills.*) A few of our usual cards of compliment, that's all. This bill from your tailor; this from your mercer; and this from the little broker in Crooked-lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

Honeyw. That I don't know; but I'm sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

Jarvis. He has lost all patience.

Honeyw. Then he has lost a very good thing.

Jarvis. There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth, for a while at least.

Honeyw. Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the mean time? Must I be cruel because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his avarice, leave them to insupportable distress?

Jarvis. 'Sdeath, sir, the question now is, how to relieve yourself. Yourself—Haven't I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at sixes and sevens?

Honeyw. Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you'll allow that I'm not quite unreasonable for continuing in mine.

Jarvis. You're the only man alive in your present situation that could do so—Every thing upon the waste. There's Miss Richland and her fine fortune gone already, and upon the point of being given to your rival.

Honeyw. I'm no man's rival.

Jarvis. Your uncle in Italy preparing to disinherit you; your own fortune almost spent; and nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, and a pack of drunken servants that your kindness has made unfit for any other family.

Honeyw. Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.

Jarvis. So! What will you have done with him that I caught stealing your plate in the pantry? In the fact; I caught him in the fact.

Honeyw. In the fact? If so, I really think that we should pay him his wages, and turn him off.

Jarvis. He shall be turned off at Tyburn, the dog; we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest of the family.

Honeyw. No, Jarvis: it's enough that we have lost what he has stolen, let us not add to it the loss of a fellow-creature.

Jarvis. Very fine; well, here was the footman just now, to complain of the butler; he says he does most work, and ought to have most wages.

Honeyw. That's but just: though perhaps here comes the butler to complain of the footman.

Jarvis. Ay, it's the way with them all, from the scullion to the privy-counsellor. If they have a bad master, they keep quarrelling with him; if they have a good master, they keep quarrelling with one another.

Enter BUTLER, *drunk.*

Butler. Sir, I'll not stay in the family with Jona-

than: you must part with him, or part with me, that's the ex-ex-position of the matter, sir.

Honeyw. Full and explicit enough. But what's his fault, good Philip?

Butler. Sir, he's given to drinking, sir, and I shall have my morals corrupted, by keeping such company.

Honeyw. Ha! ha! he has such a diverting way—

Jarvis. O! quite amusing.

Butler. I find my wines a-going, sir; and liquors don't go without mouths, sir; I hate a drunkard, sir.

Honeyw. Well, well, Philip, I'll hear you upon that another time, so go to bed now.

Jarvis. To bed! Let him go to the devil.

Butler. Begging your honour's pardon, and begging your pardon, master Jarvis, I'll not go to bed, nor to the devil neither. I have enough to do to mind my cellar. I forgot, your honour, Mr. Croaker is below. I came on purpose to tell you.

Honeyw. Why didn't you show him up, blockhead?

Butler. Show him up, sir? With all my heart, sir. Up or down, all's one to me. [*Exit.*

Jarvis. Ay, we have one or other of that family in this house from morning till night. He comes on the old affair, I suppose; the match between his son, that's just returned from Paris, and Miss Richland, the young lady he's guardian to.

Honeyw. Perhaps so. Mr. Croaker, knowing my friendship for the young lady, has got it into his head that I can persuade her to what I please.

Jarvis. Ah! if you loved yourself but half as well as she loves you, we should soon see a marriage that would set all things to rights again.

Honeyw. Love me! Sure, Jarvis, you dream. No, no; her intimacy with me never amounted to more than friendship—mere friendship. That she is the most lovely woman that ever warmed the human heart with desire, I own. But never let me harbour a thought of making her unhappy, by a connexion with one so unworthy her merits, as I am. No, Jarvis, it shall be my study to serve her, even in spite of my wishes; and to secure her happiness, though it destroys my own.

Jarvis. Was ever the like? I want patience.

Honeyw. Besides, Jarvis, though I could obtain Miss Richland's consent, do you think I could succeed with her guardian, or Mrs. Croaker his wife; who, though both very fine in their way, are yet a little opposite in their dispositions, you know?

Jarvis. Opposite enough, Heaven knows; the very reverse of each other; she all laugh and no joke, he always complaining and never sorrowful; a fretful poor soul, that has a new distress for every hour in the four-and-twenty—

Honeyw. Hush, hush, he's coming up! he'll hear you.

Jarvis. One whose voice is a passing-bell—

Honeyw. Well, well, go, do.

Jarvis. A raven that bodes nothing but mischief; a coffin and cross bones; a bundle of rue; a sprig of deadly nightshade; a—(HONEYWOOD, *stopping his mouth, at last pushes him off.)* [*Exit* JARVIS.

Honeyw. I must own, my old monitor is not entirely wrong. There is something in my friend Croaker's conversation that quite depresses me. His very mirth is an antidote to all gaiety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop.—Mr. Croaker, this is such a satisfaction—

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. A pleasant morning to Mr. Honeywood, and many of them. How is this? You look most shockingly to-day, my dear friend. I hope this weather does not affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather continues—I say nothing—but God send we be all better this day three months!

Honeyw. I heartily concur in the wish, though I own, not in your apprehensions.

Croaker. May be not. Indeed what signifies what weather we have, in a country going to ruin like ours? Taxes rising and trade falling. Money flying out of the kingdom, and Jesuits swarming into it. I know at this time no less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing-cross and Temple-bar.

Honeyw. The Jesuits will scarce pervert you or me, I should hope?

Croaker. May be not. Indeed what signifies whom they pervert in a country that has scarce any religion to lose? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters.

Honeyw. I have no apprehensions for the ladies, I assure you.

Croaker. May be not. Indeed what signifies whether they be perverted or not? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady dressed from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly. But now-a-days the devil a thing of their own manufacture about them, except their faces.

Honeyw. But, however these faults may be practised abroad, you don't find them at home, either with Mrs. Croaker, Olivia, or Miss Richland.

Croaker. The best of them will never be canonised for a saint when she's dead. By the by, my dear friend, I don't find this match between Miss Richland and my son much relished, either by one side or t'other.

Honeyw. I thought otherwise.

Croaker. Ah, Mr. Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far: I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

Honeyw. But would not that be usurping an authority that more properly belongs to yourself?

Croaker. My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

Honeyw. But a little spirit exerted on yourself might perhaps restore your authority.

Croaker. No, though I had the spirit of a lion. I do rouse sometimes. But what then? always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better, before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

Honeyw. It's a melancholy consideration indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

Croaker. Ah, my dear friend, these were the

very words of poor Dick Doleful to me not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. Ah, there was merit neglected for you! and so true a friend; we loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

Honeyw. Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last?

Croaker. I don't know, some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me; because we used to meet now and then, and open our hearts to each other. To be sure I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk; poor dear Dick! He used to say, that Croaker rhymed to joker; and so we used to laugh—Poor Dick! [*Going to cry.*

Honeyw. His fate affects me.

Croaker. Ay, he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

Honeyw. To say truth, if we compare that part of life which is to come, by that which we have passed, the prospect is hideous.

Croaker. Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

Honeyw. Very true, sir; nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

Croaker. Ah, my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. I am willing to show him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself—And what if I bring my last letter to the Gazetteer on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Canary islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again. [*Exit*

Honeyw. Poor Croaker! His situation deserves the utmost pity. I shall scarce recover my spirits these three days. Sure, to live upon such terms is worse than death itself. And yet, when I consider my own situation, a broken fortune, a hopeless passion, friends in distress; the wish but not the power to serve them—(*pausing and sighing.*)

Enter BUTLER.

Butler. More company below, sir; Mrs. Croaker and Miss Richland; shall I show them up? But they're showing up themselves. [*Exit.*

Enter MRS. CROAKER *and* MISS RICHLAND.

Miss Rich. You're always in such spirits.

Mrs. Croaker. We have just come, my dear Honeywood, from the auction. There was the old deaf dowager, as usual, bidding like a fury against herself. And then so curious in antiques! herself the most genuine piece of antiquity in the whole collection.

Honeyw. Excuse me, ladies, if some uneasiness from friendship makes me unfit to share in this good humour: I know you'll pardon me.

Mrs. Croaker. I vow, he seems as melancholy as if he had taken a dose of my husband this morning. Well, if Richland here can pardon you, I must.

Miss Rich. You would seem to insinuate, madam, that I have particular reasons for being disposed to refuse it.

Mrs. Croaker. Whatever I insinuate, my dear, don't be so ready to wish an explanation.

Miss Rich. I own I should be sorry Mr. Honeywood's long friendship and mine should be misunderstood.

Honeyw. There's no answering for others, madam; but I hope you'll never find me presuming to offer more than the most delicate friendship may readily allow.

Miss Rich. And, I shall be prouder of such a tribute from you, than the most passionate professions from others.

Honeyw. My own sentiments, madam: friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves.

Miss Rich. And, without a compliment, I know none more disinterested or more capable of friendship than Mr. Honeywood.

Mrs. Croaker. And indeed I know nobody that has more friends, at least among the ladies. Miss Fruzz, Miss Oddbody, and Miss Winterbottom, praise him in all companies. As for Miss Biddy Bundle, she's his professed admirer.

Miss Rich. Indeed! an admirer! I did not know, sir, you were such a favourite there. But is she seriously so handsome? Is she the mighty thing talked of?

Honeyw. The town, madam, seldom begins to praise a lady's beauty, till she's beginning to lose it. [*Smiling.*

Mrs. Croaker. But she's resolved never to lose it, it seems; for as her natural face decays, her skill improves in making the artificial one. Well, nothing diverts me more than one of those fine old dressy things, who thinks to conceal her age by everywhere exposing her person; sticking herself up in the front of a side-box; trailing through a minuet at Almack's; and then, in the public gardens looking for all the world like one of the painted ruins of the place.

Honeyw. Every age has its admirers, ladies. While you, perhaps, are trading among the warmer climates of youth, there ought to be some to carry on a useful commerce in the frozen latitudes beyond fifty.

Miss Rich. But then the mortifications they must suffer before they can be fitted out for traffic! I have seen one of them fret a whole morning at her hair-dresser, when all the fault was her face.

Honeyw. And yet I'll engage, has carried that face at last to a very good market. This good-natured town, madam, has husbands, like spectacles, to fit every age, from fifteen to fourscore.

Mrs. Croaker. Well, you're a dear good-natured creature. But you know you're engaged with us this morning upon a strolling party. I want to show Olivia the town, and the things; I believe I shall have business for you for the whole day.

Honeyw. I am sorry, madam, I have an appoint-

ment with Mr. Croaker, which it is impossible to put off.

Mrs. Croaker. What! with my husband? Then I'm resolved to take no refusal. Nay, I protest you must. You know I never laugh so much as with you.

Honeyw. Why, if I must, I must. I'll swear, you have put me into such spirits. Well, do you find jest, and I'll find laugh, I promise you. We'll wait for the chariot in the next room. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LEONTINE *and* OLIVIA.

Leont. There they go, thoughtless and happy. My dearest Olivia, what would I give to see you capable of sharing in their amusements, and as cheerful as they are!

Olivia. How, my Leontine, how can I be cheerful, when I have so many terrors to oppress me? The fear of being detected by this family, and the apprehensions of a censuring world, when I must be detected——

Leont. The world! my love, what can it say? At worst, it can only say that, being compelled by a mercenary guardian to embrace a life you disliked, you formed a resolution of flying with the man of your choice; that you confided in his honour, and took refuge in my father's house; the only one where yours could remain without censure.

Olivia. But consider, Leontine, your disobedience and my indiscretion: your being sent to France to bring home a sister; and, instead of a sister, bringing home——

Leont. One dearer than a thousand sisters; one that I am convinced will be equally dear to the rest of the family, when she comes to be known.

Olivia. And that, I fear, will shortly be.

Leont. Impossible till we ourselves think proper to make the discovery. My sister, you know, has been with her aunt, at Lyons, since she was a child; and you find every creature in the family takes you for her.

Olivia. But mayn't she write? mayn't her aunt write?

Leont. Her aunt scarce ever writes, and all my sister's letters are directed to me.

Olivia. But won't your refusing Miss Richland, for whom you know the old gentleman intends you, create a suspicion?

Leont. There, there's my master-stroke. I have resolved not to refuse her; nay, an hour hence I have consented to go with my father, to make her an offer of my heart and fortune.

Olivia. Your heart and fortune!

Leont. Don't be alarmed, my dearest. Can Olivia think so meanly of my honour, or my love, as to suppose I could ever hope for happiness from any but her? No, my Olivia, neither the force, nor, permit me to add, the delicacy of my passion, leave any room to suspect me. I only offer Miss Richland a heart, I am convinced she will refuse; as I am confident, that, without knowing it, her affections are fixed upon Mr. Honeywood.

Olivia. Mr. Honeywood! You'll excuse my apprehensions; but when your merits come to be put in the balance—

Leont. You view them with too much partiality. However, by making this offer, I show a seeming compliance with my father's commands; and perhaps, upon her refusal, I may have his consent to choose for myself.

Olivia. Well, I submit. And, yet my Leontine, I own, I shall envy her, even your pretended addresses. I consider every look, every expression of your esteem, as due only to me. This is folly, perhaps: I allow it; but it is natural to suppose, that merit which has made an impression on one's own heart, may be powerful over that of another.

Leont. Don't, my life's treasure, don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter. At worst, you know, if Miss Richland should consent, or my father refuse his pardon, it can but end in a trip to Scotland; and——

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Where have you been, boy? I have been seeking you. My friend Honeywood here has been saying such comfortable things. Ah! he's an example indeed. Where is he? I left him here.

Leont. Sir, I believe you may see him, and hear him too, in the next room: he's preparing to go out with the ladies.

Croaker. Good gracious, can I believe my eyes or my ears? I'm struck dumb with his vivacity, and stunned with the loudness of his laugh. Was there ever such a transformation? (*A laugh behind the scenes;* CROAKER *mimics it.*) Ha! ha! ha! there it goes: a plague take their balderdash; yet I could expect nothing less, when my precious wife was of the party. On my conscience, I believe she could spread a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle.

Leont. Since you find so many objections to a wife, sir, how can you be so earnest in recommending one to me?

Croaker. I have told you, and tell you again, boy, that Miss Richland's fortune must not go out of the family; one may find comfort in the money, whatever one does in the wife.

Leont. But, sir, though in obedience to your desire, I am ready to marry her; it may be possible, she has no inclination to me.

Croaker. I'll tell you once for all how it stands. A good part of Miss Richland's large fortune consists in a claim upon government, which my good friend, Mr. Lofty, assures me the treasury will allow. One half of this she is to forfeit, by her father's will, in case she refuses to marry you. So if she rejects you, we seize half her fortune; if she accepts you, we seize the whole, and a fine girl into the bargain.

Leont. But, sir, if you will but listen to reason—

Croaker. Come, then produce your reasons. I tell you I'm fixed, determined, so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.

Leont. You have alleged that a mutual choice was the first requisite in matrimonial happiness—

Croaker. Well, and you have both of you a mutual choice. She has her choice—to marry you, or lose half her fortune; and you have your choice—to marry her, or pack out of doors without any fortune at all.

Leont. An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.

Croaker. An only father, sir, might expect more obedience; besides, has not your sister here, that

never disobliged me in her life, as good a right as you? He's a sad dog, Livy my dear, and would take all from you. But he shan't, I tell you he shan't, for you shall have your share.

Olivia. Dear sir, I wish you'd be convinced that I can never be happy in any addition to my fortune, which is taken from his.

Croaker. Well, well, it's a good child; so say no more, but come with me, and we shall see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure, I promise you; old Ruggins, the curry-comb maker, lying in state: I'm told he makes a very handsome corpse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously. He was an intimate friend of mine, and these are friendly things we ought to do for each other. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, CROAKER'S *house.*

MISS RICHLAND, GARNET.

Miss Rich. Olivia not his sister? Olivia not Leontine's sister? You amaze me?

Garnet. No more his sister than I am; I had it all from his own servant; I can get any thing from that quarter.

Miss Rich. But how? Tell me again, Garnet.

Garnet. Why madam, as I told you before, instead of going to Lyons to bring home his sister, who has been there with her aunt these ten years, he never went further than Paris; there he saw and fell in love with this young lady: by the by, of a prodigious family.

Miss Rich. And brought her home to my guardian, as his daughter.

Garnet. Yes, and daughter she will be. If he don't consent to their marriage, they talk of trying what a Scotch parson can do.

Miss Rich. Well, I own they have deceived me—And so demurely as Olivia carried it too!—Would you believe it, Garnet, I told her all my secrets; and yet the sly cheat concealed all this from me?

Garnet. And, upon my word, madam, I don't much blame her; she was loth to trust one with her secrets, that was so very bad at keeping her own.

Miss Rich. But, to add to their deceit, the young gentleman, it seems, pretends to make me serious proposals. My guardian and he are to be here presently, to open the affair in form. You know I am to lose half my fortune if I refuse him.

Garnet. Yet what can you do? for being, as you are, in love with Mr. Honeywood, madam—

Miss Rich. How, idiot! what do you mean? In love with Mr. Honeywood! Is this to provoke me?

Garnet. That is, madam, in friendship with him; I meant nothing more than friendship, as I hope to be married; nothing more.

Miss Rich. Well, no more of this. As to my guardian and his son, they shall find me prepared to receive them; I'm resolved to accept their proposals with seeming pleasure, to mortify them by compliance, and so throw the refusal at last upon them.

Garnet. Delicious! and that will secure your whole fortune to yourself. Well, who could have thought so innocent a face could cover so much cuteness?

Miss Rich. Why, girl, I only oppose my prudence to their cunning, and practise a lesson they have taught me against themselves.

Garnet. Then you're likely not long to want employment; for here they come, and in close conference.

Enter CROAKER, LEONTINE.

Leont. Excuse me, sir, if I seem to hesitate upon the point of putting to the lady so important a question.

Croaker. Lord, good sir! moderate your fears; you're so plaguy shy, that one would think you had changed sexes. I tell you, we must have the half or the whole. Come, let me see with what spirit you begin. Well, why don't you? Eh? What? Well then—I must, it seems. Miss Richland, my dear, I believe you guess at our business; an affair which my son here comes to open, that nearly concerns your happiness.

Miss Rich. Sir, I should be ungrateful not to be pleased with any thing that comes recommended by you.

Croaker. How, boy, could you desire a finer opportunity? Why don't you begin, I say? [*To* LEONT.

Leont. 'Tis true, madam, my father, madam, has some intentions—hem—of explaining an affair—which—himself—can best explain, madam.

Croaker. Yes, my dear; it comes entirely from my son; it's all a request of his own, madam. And I will permit him to make the best of it.

Leont. The whole affair is only this, madam; my father has a proposal to make, which he insists none but himself shall deliver.

Croaker. My mind misgives me, the fellow will never be brought on (*Aside.*) In short, madam, you see before you one that loves you; one whose whole happiness is all in you.

Miss Rich. I never had any doubts of your regard, sir; and I hope you can have none of my duty.

Croaker. That's not the thing, my little sweeting, my love. No, no, another-guess lover than I there he stands, madam; his very looks declare the force of his passion—Call up a look, you dog—But then, had you seen him, as I have, weeping, speaking soliloquies and blank verse, sometimes melancholy, and sometimes absent—

Miss Rich. I fear, sir, he's absent now; or such a declaration would have come most properly from himself.

Croaker. Himself, madam! He would die before he could make such a confession; and if he had not a channel for his passion through me, it would ere now have drowned his understanding.

Miss Rich. I must grant, sir, there are attractions in modest diffidence, above the force of words. A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

Croaker. Madam, he has forgot to speak any other language; silence is become his mother-tongue.

Miss Rich. And it must be confessed, sir, it speaks very powerfully in his favour. And yet, I shall be thought too forward in making such a confession; shan't I, Mr. Leontine?

Leont. Confusion! my reserve will undo me. But, if modesty attracts her, impudence may disgust her. I'll try. (*Aside.*) Don't imagine from my silence, madam, that I want a due sense of the honour and happiness intended me. My father, madam, tells me, your humble servant

s not totally indifferent to you. He admires you; I adore you: and when we come together, upon my soul I believe we shall be the happiest couple in all St. James's.

Miss Rich. If I could flatter myself, you thought as you speak, sir——

Leont. Doubt my sincerity, madam? By your dear self I swear. Ask the brave if they desire glory, ask cowards if they covet safety——

Croaker. Well, well, no more questions about it.

Leont. Ask the sick if they long for health, ask misers if they love money, ask——

Croaker. Ask a fool if he can talk nonsense! What's come over the boy? What signifies asking, when there's not a soul to give you an answer? If you would ask to the purpose, ask this lady's consent to make you happy.

Miss Rich. Why indeed, sir, his uncommon ardour almost compels me, forces me, to comply. And yet I'm afraid he'll despise a conquest gained with too much ease; won't you, Mr. Leontine?

Leont. Confusion! (*Aside.*) O, by no means, madam, by no means. And yet, madam, you talked of force. There is nothing I would avoid so much as compulsion in a thing of this kind. No, madam; I will still be generous, and leave you at liberty to refuse.

Croaker. But I tell you, sir, the lady is not at liberty. It 's a match. You see she says nothing. Silence gives consent.

Leont. But, sir, she talked of force. Consider, sir, the cruelty of constraining her inclinatio....

Croaker. But I say there's no cruelty. Don't [illegible] blockhead, that girls have always a [illegible]about way of saying Yes before company? [illegible] get you both gone together into the next room, [illegible] hang him that interrupts the tender explana- [illegible] Get you gone, I say; I'll not hear a word.

Leont. But, sir, I must beg leave to insist—

Croaker. Get off, you puppy, or I'll beg leave [illegible] upon knocking you down. Stupid whelp! [illegible] don't wonder; the boy takes entirely after [illegible] ther. [*Exeunt* MISS RICH. *and* LEONT.

Enter MRS. CRO[illegible]ER.

Mrs. Croaker. Mr. Croaker, I bring you something, my dear, that I believe will make you smile.

Croaker. I'll hold you a guinea of that, my dear.

Mrs. Croaker. A letter; and, as I knew the hand, I ventured to open it.

Croaker. And how can you expect your breaking open my letters should give me pleasure?

Mrs. Croaker. Pooh, it's from your sister at Lyons, and contains good news: read it.

Croaker. What a Frenchified cover is here! That sister of mine h[illegible] some good qualities, but I could never teach her to fold a letter.

Mrs. Croaker. Fold a fiddlestick! Read what it contains.

Croaker (*reading*).

Dear Nick,

An English gentleman, of large fortune, has for some time made private, though honourable, proposals to your daughter Olivia. They love each other tenderly, and I find she has consented, without letting any of the family know, to crown his addresses. As such good offers don't come every day, your own good sense, his large fortune, and family considerations, will induce you to forgive her.

Yours ever, RACHEL CROAKER.

My daughter Olivia privately contracted to a man of large fortune! This is good news indeed. My heart never foretold me of this. And yet, how slily the little baggage has carried it since she came home! Not a word on't to the old ones, for the world! Yet I thought I saw something she wanted to conceal.

Mrs. Croaker. Well, if they have concealed their amour, they shan't conceal their wedding; that shall be public, I'm resolved.

Croaker. I tell thee, woman, the wedding is the most foolish part of the ceremony. I can never get this woman to think of the more serious part of the nuptial engagement.

Mrs. Croaker. What, would you have me think of their funeral? But come, tell me, my dear, don't you owe more to me than you care to confess? Would you have ever been known to Mr. Lofty, who has undertaken Miss Richland's claim at the treasury, but for me? Who was it first made him an acquaintance at Lady Shabbaroon's rout? Who got him to promise us his interest? Is not he a back-stairs favourite, one that can do what he pleases with those that do what they please? Isn't he an acquaintance that all your groaning and lamentations could never have got us?

Croaker. He is a man of importance, I grant you; and yet, what amazes me is, that while he is giving away places to all the world, he can't get one for himself.

Mrs. Croaker. That perhaps may be owing to his nicety. Great men are not easily satisfied.

Enter French Servant.

Servant. An expresse from Monsieur Lofty. He vil be vait upon your honours instamment. He be only giving four five instruction, read two tree memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vil be vid you in one tree minutes.

Mrs. Croaker. You see now, my dear, what an extensive department. Well, friend, let your master know, that we are extremely honoured by this honour. Was there any thing ever in a higher style of breeding? All messages among the great are now done by express.

Croaker. To be sure, no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect, than he. But he's in the right on't. In our bad world, respect is given where respect is claimed.

Mrs. Croaker. Never mind the world, my dear; you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving him with proper respect: (*a loud rapping at the door*) and there he is, by the thundering rap.

Croaker. Ay, verily, there he is; as close upon the heels of his own express, as an indorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive him, whilst I go to chide my little Olivia for intending to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt's consent. I must seem to be angry, or she too may begin to despise my authority. [*Exit.*

Enter LOFTY, *speaking to his Servant.*

Lofty. And if the Venetian ambassador, or that teazing creature the marquis, should call, I'm not at home. Dam'me, I'll be packhorse to none of them. My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—And if the expresses to his grace be ready, let them be sent off; they're of importance. Madam, I ask a thousand pardons.

Mrs. Croaker. Sir, this honour——

Lofty. And, Dubardieu, if the person calls about the commission, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumbercourt's stale request, it can keep cold: you understand me. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

Mrs. Croaker. Sir, this honour——

Lofty. And, Dubardieu, if the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him, I say. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. And if the Russian ambassador calls: but he will scarce call to-day, I believe. And now, madam, I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

Mrs. Croaker. Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine: and yet, I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

Lofty. Sink the public, madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in affairs? Thus it is eternally; solicited for places here, teazed for pensions there, and courted everywhere. I know you pity me. Yes, I see you do.

Mrs. Croaker. Excuse me, sir. 'Toils of empires pleasures are,' as Waller says.

Lofty. Waller, Waller; is he of the house?

Mrs. Croaker. The modern poet of that name, sir.

Lofty. Oh, a modern! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but not for us. Why now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp-act, or a jaghire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

Mrs. Croaker. The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

Lofty. I vow to gad, madam, you make me blush. I'm nothing, nothing, nothing, in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees. Yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so. Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm—that is, as mere men.

Mrs. Croaker. What importance, and yet what modesty!

Lofty. Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam; there, I own, I'm accessible to praise: modesty is my foible: it was so, the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. I love Jack Lofty, he used to say: no man has a finer knowledge of things; quite a man of information; and when he speaks upon his legs, by the Lord he's prodigious; he scouts them: and yet all men have their faults; too much modesty is his, says his grace.

Mrs. Croaker. And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your friends.

Lofty. O, there indeed I'm in bronze. Apropos, I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain personage; we must name no names. When I ask, I am not to be put off, madam. No, no, I take my friend by the button. 'A fine girl, sir; great justice in her case. A friend of mine. Borough-interest. Business must be done, Mr. Secretary. I say, Mr. Secretary, her business must be done, sir.' That's my way, madam.

Mrs. Croaker. Bless me! you said all this to the secretary of state, did you?

Lofty. I did not say the secretary, did I? Well, curse it, since you have found me out I will not deny it. It was to the secretary.

Mrs. Croaker. This was going to the fountain-head at once; not applying to the understrappers, as Mr. Honeywood would have had us.

Lofty. Honeywood! he-he! He was, indeed, a fine solicitor. I suppose you have heard what has just happened to him?

Mrs. Croaker. Poor dear man! no accident, I hope.

Lofty. Undone, madam, that's all. His creditors have taken him into custody. A prisoner in his own house.

Mrs. Croaker. A prisoner in his own house! How! At this very time? I'm quite unhappy for him.

Lofty. Why, so am I. The man, to be sure, was immensely good-natured; but then, I could never find that he had any thing in him.

Mrs. Croaker. His manner, to be sure, was excessive harmless; some, indeed, thought it a little dull. For my part, I always concealed my opinion.

Lofty. It can't be concealed, madam; the man was dull, dull as the last new comedy! A poor impracticable creature! I tried once or twice to know if he was fit for business, but he had scarce talents to be groom-porter to an orange-barrow.

Mrs. Croaker. How differently does Miss Richland think of him! for, I believe, with all his faults, she loves him.

Lofty. Loves him! Does she! You should cure her of that, by all means. Let me see: what if she were sent to him this instant, in his present doleful situation? My life for it, that works her cure. Distress is a perfect antidote to love. Suppose we join her in the next room? Miss Richland is a fine girl, has a fine fortune, and must not be thrown away. Upon my honour, madam, I have a regard for Miss Richland; and, rather than she should be thrown away, I should think it no indignity to marry her myself. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Olivia *and* Leontine.

Leont. And yet, trust me, Olivia, I had every reason to expect Miss Richland's refusal, as I did every thing in my power to deserve it. Her indelicacy surprises me.

Olivia. Sure, Leontine, there's nothing so indelicate in being sensible of your merit. If so, I fear I shall be the most guilty thing alive.

Leont. But you mistake, my dear. The same attention I used to advance my merit with you, I practised to lessen it with her. What more could I do?

Olivia. Let us now rather consider what's to be done. We have both dissembled too long—I have always been ashamed, I am now quite weary, of it. Sure, I could never have undergone so much for any other but you.

Leont. And you shall find my gratitude equal

to your kindest compliance. Though our friends should totally forsake us, Olivia, we can draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

Olivia. Then why should we defer our scheme of humble happiness, when it is now in our power? I may be the favourite of your father, it is true; but can it ever be thought, that his present kindness to a supposed child, will continue to a known deceiver?

Leont. I have many reasons to believe it will. As his attachments are but few, they are lasting. His own marriage was a private one, as ours may be. Besides, I have sounded him already at a distance, and find all his answers exactly to our wish. Nay by an expression or two that dropp'd from him, I am induced to think he knows of this affair.

Olivia. Indeed! But that would be a happiness too great to be expected.

Leont. However it be, I'm certain you have power over him; and am persuaded, if you informed him of our situation, that he would be disposed to pardon it.

Olivia. You had equal expectations, Leontine, from your last scheme with Miss Richland, which you find has succeeded most wretchedly.

Leont. And that's the best reason for trying another.

Olivia. If it must be so, I submit.

Leont. As we could wish, he comes this way. Now, my dearest Olivia, be resolute. I'll just retire within hearing, to come in at a proper time, either to share your danger, or confirm your victory. [*Exit.*

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Yes, I must forgive her; and yet not too easily, neither. It will be proper to keep up the decorums of resentment a little, if it be only to impress her with an idea of my authority.

Olivia. How I tremble to approach him!—Might I presume, sir—If I interrupt you—

Croaker. No, child; where I have an affection, it is not a little thing can interrupt me. Affection gets over little things.

Olivia. Sir, you're too kind. I'm sensible how ill I deserve this partiality. Yet Heaven knows there is nothing I would not do to gain it.

Croaker. And you have but too well succeeded, you little hussy, you. With those endearing ways of yours, on my conscience, I could be brought to forgive any thing, unless it were a very great offence indeed.

Olivia. But mine is such an offence—When you know my guilt—Yes, you shall know it, though I feel the greatest pain in the confession.

Croaker. Why then, if it be so very great a pain, you may spare yourself the trouble, for I know every syllable of the matter before you begin.

Olivia. Indeed! Then I'm undone.

Croaker. Ay, miss, you wanted to steal a match, without letting me know it, did you? But I'm not worth being consulted, I suppose, when there's to be a marriage in my own family. No, I'm to have no hand in the disposal of my own children. No, I'm nobody. I'm to be a mere article of family lumber; a piece of crack'd china to be stuck up in a corner.

Olivia. Dear sir, nothing but the dread of your authority could induce us to conceal it from you.

Croaker. No, no, my consequence is no more; I'm as little minded as a dead Russian in winter, just stuck up with a pipe in his mouth till there comes a thaw—It goes to my heart to vex her.

Olivia. I was prepared, sir, for your anger, and despaired of pardon, even while I presumed to ask it. But your severity shall never abate my affection, as my punishment is but justice.

Croaker. And yet you should not despair neither, Livy. We ought to hope all for the best.

Olivia. And do you permit me to hope, sir? Can I ever expect to be forgiven? But hope has too long deceived me.

Croaker. Why then, child, it shan't deceive you now, for I forgive you this very moment; I forgive you all; and now you are indeed my daughter.

Olivia. O transport! This kindness overpowers me.

Croaker. I was always against severity to our children. We have been young and giddy ourselves, and we can't expect boys and girls to be old before their time.

Olivia. What generosity! But can you forget the many falsehoods, the dissimulation——

Croaker. You did indeed dissemble, you urchin you; but where's the girl that won't dissemble for a husband? My wife and I had never been married, if we had not dissembled a little beforehand.

Olivia. It shall be my future care never to put such generosity to a second trial. And as for the partner of my offence and folly, from his native honour, and the just sense he has of his duty, I can answer for him that——

Enter LEONTINE.

Leon. Permit him thus to answer for himself. (*Kneeling.*) Thus, sir, let me speak my gratitude for this unmerited forgiveness. Yes, sir, this even exceeds all your former tenderness: I now can boast the most indulgent of fathers. The life he gave, compared to this, was but a trifling blessing.

Croaker. And, good sir, who sent for you, with that fine tragedy face, and flourishing manner? I don't know what we have to do with your gratitude upon this occasion.

Leont. How, sir, is it possible to be silent when so much obliged? Would you refuse me the pleasure of being grateful? Of adding my thanks to my Olivia's? Of sharing in the transports that you have thus occasioned?

Croaker. Lord, sir, we can be happy enough, without your coming in to make up the party. I don't know what's the matter with the boy all this day; he has got into such a rhodomontade manner all the morning!

Leont. But, sir, I that have so large a part in the benefit, is it not my duty to show my joy? Is the being admitted to your favour so slight an obligation? Is the happiness of marrying my Olivia so small a blessing?

Croaker. Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia! marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of his senses! His own sister!

Leont. My sister!

Olivia. Sister! How have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*

Leont. Some cursed mistake in all this, I find. [*Aside.*

Croaker. What does the booby mean, or has he

any meaning? Eh, what do you mean, you blockhead you?

Leont. Mean, sir—why, sir—only when my sister is to be married, that I have the pleasure of marrying her, sir; that is, of giving her away, sir—I have made a point of it.

Croaker. O, is that all? Give her away. You have made a point of it. Then you had as good make a point of first giving away yourself, as I'm going to prepare the writings between you and Miss Richland this very minute. What a fuss is here about nothing! Why, what's the matter now? I thought I had made you at least as happy as you could wish.

Olivia. O! yes, sir, very happy.

Croaker. Do you foresee anything, child? You look as if you did. I think if anything was to be foreseen, I have as sharp a look-out as another: and yet I foresee nothing. [*Exit.*

LEONTINE, OLIVIA.

Olivia. What can it mean?

Leont. He knows something, and yet for my life I can't tell what.

Olivia. It can't be the connexion between us, I'm pretty certain.

Leont. Whatever it be, my dearest, I'm resolved to put it out of Fortune's power to repeat our mortification. I'll haste, and prepare for our journey to Scotland this very evening. My friend Honeywood has promised me his advice and assistance. I'll go to him, and repose our distresses on his friendly bosom: and I know so much of his honest heart, that if he can't relieve our uneasinesses, he will at least share them. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE—YOUNG HONEYWOOD'S *House.*

BAILIFF, HONEYWOOD, FOLLOWER.

Bailiff. Look-ye, sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time; no disparagement of you neither. Men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to show a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

Honeyw. Without all question, Mr. ——. I forget your name, sir?

Bailiff. How can you forget what you never knew? he, he, he!

Honeyw. May I beg leave to ask your name?

Bailiff. Yes, you may.

Honeyw. Then, pray, sir, what is your name, sir?

Bailiff. That I didn't promise to tell you; he, he, he! A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

Honeyw. You may have reason for keeping it a secret perhaps.

Bailiff. The law does nothing without reason. I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, sir. If you can show cause, as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—But, come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

Honeyw. Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

Bailiff. Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

Honeyw. But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe, you'll have no scruple. (*Pulling out his purse.*) The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thought of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

Bailiff. Oh! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get anything by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

Honeyw. Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch, and yours is a necessary one. (*Gives him money.*)

Bailiff. Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

Honeyw. Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

Bailiff. Ay, sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

Honeyw. Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

Bailiff. Humanity, sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say that we, in our way, have no humanity; but I'll show you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children, a guinea or two would be more to him, than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't show him any humanity myself, I must beg you'll do it for me.

Honeyw. I assure you, Mr. Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation. (*Giving money to the* FOLLOWER.)

Bailiff. Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But, to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes.—Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face; a very good face: but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

Honeyw. Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, Miss Richland is below.

Honeyw. How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve, my good friend, little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver—Do you hear?

Servant. That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

Honeyw. The white and gold then.

Servant. That, your honour, I made bold to sell because it was good for nothing.

Honeyw. Well, the first that comes to hand then. The blue and gold. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue. [*Exit* FLANIGAN.

Bailiff. Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in anything. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he. Scents like a hound; sticks like a weasel. He was master of the ceremonies to the black queen of Morocco when I took him to follow me. [*Re-enter* FLANIGAN.] Heh, ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

Honeyw. Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

Bailiff. Never you fear me, I'll show the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another, that's all the difference between them.

Enter MISS RICHLAND *and her* Maid.

Miss Rich. You'll be surprised, sir, with this visit. But you know I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

Honeyw. Thanks, madam, are unnecessary, as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

Miss Rich. Who can these odd-looking men be? I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. [*Aside.*

Bailiff (after a pause). Pretty weather, very pretty weather, for the time of the year, madam.

Follower. Very good circuit weather in the country.

Honeyw. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave.

Miss Rich. Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, sir?

Honeyw. Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam. A dangerous service.

Miss Rich. I'm told so. And I own, it has often surprised me, that, while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

Honeyw. I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought; but, they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more.

Miss Rich. I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

Honeyw. We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one, but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

Follower. Damn the French, the parle vous, and all that belongs to them.

Miss Rich. Sir!

Honeyw. Ha, ha, ha, honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, madam; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

Miss Rich. Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste, that has brought them in turn to taste us.

Bailiff. Taste us! By the Lord, madam, they devour us. Give Monseers but a taste, and I'll be damn'd, but they come in for a bellyful.

Miss Rich. Very extraordinary this.

Follower. But very true. What makes the bread rising? the parle vous that devour us. What makes the mutton five pence a pound? the parle vous that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence halfpenny a pot—

Honeyw. Ah! the vulgar rogues, all will be out. Right, gentlemen, very right upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste, and that of our senses. We are injured as much by French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

Miss Rich. Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet, I'll own, that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

Bailiff. That's all my eye. The king only can pardon, as the law says; for set in case——

Honeyw. I'm quite of your opinion, sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly our presuming to pardon any work, is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

Bailiff. By his habus corpus. His habus corpus can set him free at any time. For set in case—

Honeyw. I'm obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

Follower. Ay, but if so be a man's nabbed, you know—

Honeyw. Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

Bailiff. As for the matter of that, mayhap—

Honeyw. Nay, sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves: what is it, but aiming our unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Bailiff. Justice! O, by the elevens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there; for, in a course of law—

Honeyw. My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at perfectly, and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of his course of law?

Miss Rich. I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bailiff. Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now to explain the thing—

Honeyw. O! curse your explanations. [*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Leontine, sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

Honeyw. That's lucky (*aside*). Dear madam, you'll excuse me, and my good friends here, for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must; but I know your natural politeness.

Bailiff. Before and behind, you know.

Follower. Ay, ay, before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt* HONEYWOOD, BAILIFF, *and* FOLLOWER.

Miss Rich. What can all this mean, Garnet?

Garnet. Mean, madam? why what should it mean, but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers, are officers sure enough: sheriff's officers; bailiffs, madam.

Miss Rich. Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure; yet I own there's something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

Garnet. And so they are. But I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts and set him free, has not done it by this time. He ought at least to have been here before now. But lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles, than out of them.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Will. For Miss Richland to undertake setting him free, I own, was quite unexpected. It has totally unhinged my schemes to reclaim him. Yet, it gives me pleasure to find, that, among a number of worthless friendships, he has made one acquisition of real value; for there must be some softer passion on her side that prompts this generosity. Ha! here before me: I'll endeavour to sound her affections. Madam, as I am the person that have had some demands upon the gentleman of this house, I hope you'll excuse me, if, before I enlarged him, I wanted to see yourself.

Miss Rich. The precaution was very unnecessary, sir. I suppose your wants were only such as my agent had power to satisfy.

Sir Will. Partly, madam. But, I was also willing you should be fully apprised of the character of the gentleman you intended to serve.

Miss Rich. It must come, sir, with a very ill grace from you. To censure it, after what you have done, would look like malice; and to speak favourably of a character you have oppressed, would be impeaching your own. And sure, his tenderness, his humanity, his universal friendship, may atone for many faults.

Sir Will. That friendship, madam, which is exerted in too wide a sphere, becomes totally useless. Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears when diffused too widely. They, who pretend most to this universal benevolence, are either deceivers, or dupes—men who desire to cover their private ill-nature by a pretended regard for all; or men who, reasoning themselves into false feelings, are more earnest in pursuit of splendid, than of useful virtues.

Miss Rich. I am surprised, sir, to hear one who has probably been a gainer by the folly of others, so severe in his censure of it.

Sir Will. Whatever I may have gained by folly, madam, you see I am willing to prevent your losing by it.

Miss Rich. Your cares for me, sir, are unnecessary. I always suspect those services which are denied where they are wanted, and offered, perhaps, in hopes of a refusal. No, sir, my directions have been given, and I insist upon their being complied with.

Sir Will. Thou amiable woman, I can no longer contain the expressions of my gratitude—my pleasure. You see before you, one who has been equally careful of his interest: one, who has for some time been a concealed spectator of his follies, and only punished, in hopes to reclaim them—His uncle.

Miss Rich. Sir William Honeywood! You amaze me. How shall I conceal my confusion? I fear, sir, you'll think I have been too forward in my services. I confess I ——

Sir Will. Don't make any apologies, madam. I only find myself unable to repay the obligation. And yet, I have been trying my interest of late to serve you. Having learnt, madam, that you had some demands upon government, I have, though unasked, been your solicitor there.

Miss Rich. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to your intentions; but my guardian has employed another gentleman, who assures him of success.

Sir Will. Who, the important little man that visits here! Trust me, madam, he's quite contemptible among men in power, and utterly unable to serve you. Mr. Lofty's promises are much better known to people of fashion, than his person, I assure you.

Miss Rich. How have we been deceived! As sure as can be, here he comes.

Sir Will. Does he? Remember I'm to continue unknown. My return to England has not as yet been made public. With what impudence he enters!

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Let the chariot—let my chariot drive off, I'll visit to his grace's in a chair. Miss Richland here before me! Punctual, as usual, to the calls of humanity. I'm very sorry, madam, things of this kind should happen, especially to a man I have shewn everywhere, and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

Miss Rich. I find, sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

Lofty. My dear madam, what can a private man like me do? One man can't do every thing; and then, I do so much in this way every day. Let me see, something considerable might be done for him by subscription; it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace of dukes, two dozen lords, and half the lower house, at my own peril.

Sir Will. And after all, it is more than probable, sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage.

Lofty. Then, madam, what can we do? You know I never make promises. In truth, I once or twice tried to do something with him in the way of business; but as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly impracticable.

Sir Will. His uncle! Then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of yours.

Lofty. Meaning me, sir?—Yes, madam, as I often said, My dear Sir William, you are sensible I would do anything as far as my poor interest goes, to serve your family; but what can be done? there's no procuring first-rate places for ninth-rate abilities.

Miss Rich. I have heard of Sir William Honeywood; he's abroad in employment; he confided in your judgment, I suppose.

Lofty. Why, yes, madam; I believe Sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment; one little reason, perhaps.

Miss Rich. Pray, sir, what was it?

Lofty. Why, madam—but let it go no further—it was I procured him his place.

Sir Will. Did you, sir?

Lofty. Either you or I, sir.

Miss Rich. This, Mr. Lofty, was very kind, indeed.

Lofty. I did love him, to be sure; he had some amusing qualities; no man was fitter to be toast-master to a club, or had a better head.

Miss Rich. A better head?

Lofty. Ay, at a bottle. To be sure, he was as dull as a choice spirit; but hang it, he was grateful, very grateful; and gratitude hides a multitude of faults.

Sir Will. He might have reason, perhaps. His place is pretty considerable, I'm told.

Lofty. A trifle, a mere trifle, among us men of business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill up a greater.

Sir Will. Dignity of person, do you mean, sir? I'm told he's much about my size and figure, sir.

Lofty. Ay, tall enough for a marching regiment; but then he wanted a something—a consequence of form—a kind of a—I believe the lady perceives my meaning.

Miss Rich. O perfectly; you courtiers can do any thing, I see.

Lofty. My dear madam, all this is but a mere exchange; we do greater things for one another every day. Why, as thus, now: let me suppose you the first lord of the treasury; you have an employment in you that I want; I have a place in me that you want; do me here, do you there: interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and done, and it's over.

Sir Will. A thought strikes me (*aside*). Now you mention Sir William Honeywood, madam, and as he seems, sir, an acquaintance of yours, you'll be glad to hear he's arrived from Italy; I had it from a friend who knows him as well as he does me, and you may depend on my information.

Lofty. The devil he is! If I had known that, we should not have been quite so well acquainted (*aside*).

Sir Will. He is certainly returned; and as this gentleman is a friend of yours, he can be of signal service to us, by introducing me to him; there are some papers relative to your affairs, that require dispatch and his inspection.

Miss Rich. This gentleman, Mr. Lofty, is a person employed in my affairs: I know you'll serve us.

Lofty. My dear madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon him, if you think proper to command it.

Sir Will. That would be quite unnecessary.

Lofty. Well, we must introduce you then. Call upon me—let me see—ay, in two days.

Sir Will. Now, or the opportunity will be lost for ever.

Lofty. Well, if it must be now, now let it be. But damn it, that's unfortunate; my lord Grig's cursed Pensacola business comes on this very hour, and I'm engaged to attend—another time—

Sir Will. A short letter to Sir William will do.

Lofty. You shall have it; yet, in my opinion, a letter is a very bad way of going to work; face to face, that's my way.

Sir Will. The letter, sir, will do quite as well.

Lofty. Zounds, sir, do you pretend to direct me? direct me in the business of office? Do you know me, sir? who am I?

Miss Rich. Dear Mr. Lofty, this request is not so much his as mine; if my commands—but you despise my power.

Lofty. Delicate creature! your commands could even control a debate at midnight; to a power so constitutional, I am all obedience and tranquillity. He shall have a letter; where is my secretary? Dubardieu! And yet, I protest, I don't like this way of doing business. I think if I spoke first to Sir William—But you will have it so.

[*Exit with* Miss Rich.

Sir William, *alone.*

Sir Will. Ha, ha, ha! This too is one of my nephew's hopeful associates. O vanity, thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt, serve but to sink us! thy false colourings, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy. I'm not displeased at this interview; exposing this fellow's impudence to the contempt it deserves, may be of use to my design; at least, if he can reflect, it will be of use to himself.

Enter Jarvis.

Sir Will. How now, Jarvis, where's your master my nephew?

Jarvis. At his wit's end, I believe; he's scarce gotten out of one scrape, but he's running his head into another.

Sir Will. How so?

Jarvis. The house has but just been cleared of the bailiffs, and now he's again engaging tooth and nail in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

Sir Will. Ever busy to serve others.

Jarvis. Ay, any body but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland, and he supplies them with money for the journey.

Sir Will. Money! how is he able to supply others, who has scarce any for himself?

Jarvis. Why, there it is; he has no money, that's true; but then, as he never said No to any request in his life, he has given them a bill drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city, which I am to get changed; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

Sir Will. How!

Jarvis. It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare a place for their reception, when they return; so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

Sir Will. To the land of matrimony! A pleasant journey, Jarvis.

Jarvis. Ay, but I'm only to have all the fatigues on't.

Sir Will. Well, it may be shorter, and less fatiguing, than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady's family and connexions, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that Miss Richland is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephew; and will endeavour, though I fear in vain, to establish that connexion. But, come, the letter I wait for must be almost finished; I'll let you further into my intentions in the next room. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE—CROAKER'S *House.*

Lofty. Well, sure the devil's in me of late, for running my head into such defiles, as nothing but a genius like my own could draw me from. I was formerly contented to husband out my places and pensions with some degree of frugality; but, curse it, of late I have given away the whole Court Register in less time than they could print the title-page; yet, hang it, why scruple a lie or two to come at a fine girl, when I every day tell a thousand for nothing? Ha! Honeywood here before me. Could Miss Richland have set him at liberty?

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Mr. Honeywood, I'm glad to see you abroad again. I find my concurrence was not necessary in your unfortunate affairs. I had put things in a train to do your business; but it is not for me to say what I intended doing.

Honeyw. It was unfortunate indeed, sir. But what adds to my uneasiness is, that while you seem to be acquainted with my misfortune, I, myself, continue still a stranger to my benefactor.

Lofty. How! not know the friend that served you?

Honeyw. Can't guess at the person.

Lofty. Inquire.

Honeyw. I have, but all I can learn is, that he chooses to remain concealed, and that all inquiry must be fruitless.

Lofty. Must be fruitless?

Honeyw. Absolutely fruitless.

Lofty. Sure of that?

Honeyw. Very sure.

Lofty. Then I'll be damn'd if you shall ever know it from me.

Honeyw. How, sir!

Lofty. I suppose now, Mr. Honeywood, you think my rent-roll very considerable, and that I have vast sums of money to throw away; I know you do. The world, to be sure, says such things of me.

Honeyw. The world, by what I learn, is no stranger to your generosity. But where does this tend?

Lofty. To nothing; nothing in the world. The town, to be sure, when it makes such a thing as me the subject of conversation, has asserted, that I never yet patronised a man of merit.

Honeyw. I have heard instances to the contrary, even from yourself.

Lofty. Yes, Honeywood, and there are instances to the contrary that you shall never hear from myself.

Honeyw. Ha, dear sir, permit me to ask you but one question.

Lofty. Sir, ask me no questions: I say, sir, ask me no questions; I'll be damn'd if I answer them.

Honeyw. I will ask no further. My friend, my benefactor, it is, it must be here, that I am indebted for freedom, for honour. Yes, thou worthiest of men, from the beginning I suspected it, but was afraid to return thanks; which, if undeserved, might seem reproaches.

Lofty. I protest I don't understand all this, Mr. Honeywood. You treat me very cavalierly, I do assure you, sir.—Blood, sir, can't a man be permitted to enjoy the luxury of his own feelings without all this parade?

Honeyw. Nay, do not attempt to conceal an action that adds to your honour. Your looks, your air, your manner, all confess it.

Lofty. Confess it, sir! Torture itself, sir, shall never bring me to confess it. Mr. Honeywood, I have admitted you upon terms of friendship. Don't let us fall out; make me happy, and let this be buried in oblivion. You know I hate ostentation; you know I do. Come, come, Honeywood, you know I always loved to be a friend, and not a patron. I beg this may make no kind of distance between us. Come, come, you and I must be more familiar—indeed we must.

Honeyw. Heavens! Can I ever repay such friendship? Is there any way? Thou best of men, can I ever return the obligation?

Lofty. A bagatelle, a mere bagatelle. But I see your heart is labouring to be grateful. You shall be grateful. It would be cruel to disappoint you.

Honeyw. How! teach me the manner. Is there any way?

Lofty. From this moment you're mine. Yes, my friend, you shall know it—I'm in love.

Honeyw. And can I assist you?

Lofty. Nobody so well.

Honeyw. In what manner? I'm all impatience.

Lofty. You shall make love for me.

Honeyw. And to whom shall I speak in your favour?

Lofty. To a lady with whom you have great interest, I assure you—Miss Richland.

Honeyw. Miss Richland!

Lofty. Yes, Miss Richland. She has struck the blow up to the hilt in my bosom, by Jupiter.

Honeyw. Heavens! was ever anything more unfortunate? It is too much to be endured.

Lofty. Unfortunate indeed! and yet I can endure it, till you have opened the affair to her for me. Between ourselves, I think she likes me: I'm not apt to boast, but I think she does.

Honeyw. Indeed! But do you know the person you apply to?

Lofty. Yes, I know you are her friend, and mine: that's enough. To you, therefore, I commit the success of my passion. I'll say no more, let friendship do the rest. I have only to add, that if at any time my little interest can be of service—but, hang it, I'll make no promises—you know my interest is yours at any time. No apologies, my friend; I'll not be answered; it shall be so. [*Exit.*

Honeyw. Open, generous, unsuspecting man! He little thinks that I love her too; and with such an ardent passion!—But then it was ever but a vain and hopeless one; my torment, my persecution! What shall I do? Love, friendship, a

hopeless passion, a deserving friend! Love, that has been my tormentor; a friend, that has, perhaps, distressed himself to serve me. It shall be so. Yes, I will discard the fondling hope from my bosom, and exert all my influence in his favour. And yet to see her in the possession of another!—Insupportable. But then to betray a generous, trusting friend!—Worse, worse. Yes, I'm resolved. Let me but be the instrument of their happiness, and then quit a country, where I must for ever despair of finding my own. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* GARNET, *who carries a milliner's box.*

Olivia. Dear me, I wish this journey were over. No news of Jarvis yet? I believe the old peevish creature delays purely to vex me.

Garnet. Why, to be sure, madam, I did hear him say, a little snubbing before marriage would teach you to bear it the better afterwards.

Olivia. To be gone a full hour, though he had only to get a bill changed in the city! How provoking!

Garnet. I'll lay my life Mr. Leontine, that had twice as much to do, is setting off by this time from his inn, and here you are left behind.

Olivia. Well, let us be prepared for his coming, however. Are you sure you have omitted nothing, Garnet?

Garnet. Not a stick, madam—all's here. Yet I wish you could take the white and silver to be married in. It's the worst luck in the world, in any thing but white. I knew one Bett Stubbs, of our town, that was married in red, and, as sure as eggs is eggs, the bridegroom and she had a miff before morning.

Olivia. No matter—I'm all impatience till we are out of the house.

Garnet. Bless me, madam, I had almost forgot the wedding-ring!—The sweet little thing—I don't think it would go on my little finger. And what if I put in a gentleman's night-cap, in case of necessity, madam? But here's Jarvis.

Enter JARVIS.

Olivia. O, Jarvis, are you come at last? We have been ready this half hour. Now let's be going—Let us fly!

Jarvis. Ay, to Jericho; for we shall have no going to Scotland this bout, I fancy.

Olivia. How! What's the matter?

Jarvis. Money, money, is the matter, madam. We have got no money. What the plague do you send me of your fool's errand for? My master's bill upon the city is not worth a rush. Here it is; Mrs. Garnet may pin up her hair with it.

Olivia. Undone! How could Honeywood serve us so! What shall we do? Can't we go without it?

Jarvis. Go to Scotland without money! To Scotland without money! Lord, how some people understand geography! We might as well set sail for Patagonia upon a cork jacket.

Olivia. Such a disappointment! What a base insincere man was your master, to serve us in this manner! Is this his good-nature?

Jarvis. Nay, don't talk ill of my master, madam: I won't bear to hear any body talk ill of him but myself.

Garnet. Bless us! now I think on't, madam, you need not be under any uneasiness: I saw Mr. Leontine receive forty guineas from his father just before he set out, and he can't yet have left the inn. A short letter will reach him there.

Olivia. Well remembered, Garnet; I'll write immediately. How's this? Bless me, my hand trembles so I can't write a word. Do you write, Garnet; and, upon second thought, it will be better from you.

Garnet. Truly, madam, I write and indite but poorly: I never was cute at my larning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose?

Olivia. Whatever you please.

Garnet (*writing*). Muster Croaker—Twenty guineas, madam?

Olivia. Ay, twenty will do.

Garnet. At the bar of the Talbot till called for. Expedition—will be blown up—All of a flame—Quick, dispatch—Cupid, the little God of Love—I conclude it, madam, with Cupid; I love to see a love-letter end like poetry.

Olivia. Well, well, what you please, anything. But how shall we send it? I can trust none of the servants of this family.

Garnet. Odso, Madam, Mr. Honeywood's butler is in the next room; he's a dear, sweet man; he'll do anything for me.

Jarvis. He! the dog, he'll certainly commit some blunder. He's drunk and sober ten times a day.

Olivia. No matter. Fly, Garnet; any body we can trust will do. [*Exit* GARNET.] Well, Jarvis, now we can have nothing more to interrupt us. You may take up the things, and carry them on to the inn. Have you no hands, Jarvis?

Jarvis. Soft and fair, young lady. You, that are going to be married, think things can never be done too fast: but we that are old, and know what we are about, must elope methodically, madam.

Olivia. Well, sure, if my indiscretions were to be done over again—

Jarvis. My life for it you would do them ten times over.

Olivia. Why will you talk so? If you knew how unhappy they make me—

Jarvis. Very unhappy, no doubt: I was once just as unhappy when I was going to be married myself. I'll tell you a story about that—

Olivia. A story! when I'm all impatience to be away. Was there ever such a dilatory creature!—

Jarvis. Well, madam, if we must march, why we will march; that's all. Though, odds-bobs we have still forgot one thing we should never travel without—a case of good razors, and a box of shaving-powder. But no matter, I believe we shall be pretty well shaved by the way. [*Going.*

Enter GARNET.

Garnet. Undone, undone, madam. Ah, Mr. Jarvis, you said right enough. As sure as death, Mr. Honeywood's rogue of a drunken butler dropped the letter before he went ten yards from the door. There's old Croaker has just picked it up, and is this moment reading it to himself in the hall.

Olivia. Unfortunate! we shall be discovered.

Garnet. No, madam, don't be uneasy, he can make neither head nor tail of it. To be sure, he looks as if he was broke loose from Bedlam about it, but he can't find what it means for all

that. O Lud, he is coming this way all in the horrors!

Olivia. Then let us leave the house this instant, for fear he should ask farther questions. In the mean time, Garnet, do you write and send off just such another. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Death and destruction! Are all the horrors of air, fire, and water, to be levelled only at me? Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder-plots, combustibles and conflagration? Here it is—An incendiary letter dropped at my door. 'To Muster Croaker, these, with speed.' Ay, ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil. 'With speed!' O, confound your speed. But let me read it once more. (*Reads.*) 'Muster Croakar as sone as yoew see this leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talboot tell caled for or yowe and yower experetion will be al blown up.' Ah, but too plain. Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dog! All blown up! Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up! (*Reads.*) 'Our pockets are low, and money we must have.' Ay, there's the reason; they'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. (*Reads.*) 'It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame.' Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and then burn us. The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. (*Reads.*) 'Make quick dispatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little God of Love, go with you wherever you go.' The little God of Love! Cupid, the little God of Love go with me! Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together; I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! We shall be all burnt in our beds; we shall be all burnt in our beds.

Enter MISS RICHLAND.

Miss Rich. Lord, sir, what's the matter?

Croaker. Murder's the matter. We shall be all blown up in our beds before morning.

Miss Rich. I hope not, sir.

Croaker. What signifies what you hope, madam, when I have a certificate of it here in my hand? Will nothing alarm my family? Sleeping and eating, sleeping and eating, is the only work from morning till night in my house. My insensible crew could sleep, though rocked by an earthquake; and fry beef-steaks at a volcano.

Miss Rich. But, sir, you have alarmed them so often already, we have nothing but earthquakes, famines, plagues, and mad dogs, from year's end to year's end. You remember, sir, it is not above a month ago you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers, to poison us in our bread; and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

Croaker. And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without? Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity. [*Exit.*

MISS RICHLAND *alone.*

Miss Rich. What can he mean by all this? Yet, why should I inquire, when he alarms us in this manner almost every day? But Honeywood has desired an interview with me in private. What can he mean? or, rather, what means this palpitation at his approach? It is the first time he ever showed any thing in his conduct that seemed particular. Sure he cannot mean to——but he's here.

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeyw. I presumed to solicit this interview, madam, before I left town, to be permitted—

Miss Rich. Indeed! Leaving town, sir?—

Honeyw. Yes, madam; perhaps the kingdom. I have presumed, I say, to desire the favour of this interview—in order to disclose something which our long friendship prompts. And yet my fears—

Miss Rich. His fears! what are his fears to mine? [*Aside.*]—We have indeed been long acquainted, sir; very long. If I remember, our first meeting was at the French ambassador's.—Do you recollect how you were pleased to rally me upon my complexion there?

Honeyw. Perfectly, madam; I presumed to reprove you for painting: but your warmer blushes soon convinced the company, that the colouring was all from nature.

Miss Rich. And yet you only meant it, in your good-natured way, to make me pay a compliment to myself. In the same manner you danced that night with the most awkward woman in company, because you saw nobody else would take her out.

Honeyw. Yes; and was rewarded the next night, by dancing with the finest woman in company, whom every body wished to take out.

Miss Rich. Well, sir, if you thought so then, I fear your judgment has since corrected the errors of a first impression. We generally show to most advantage at first. Our sex are like poor tradesmen, that put all their best goods to be seen at the windows.

Honeyw. The first impression, madam, did indeed deceive me. I expected to find a woman with all the faults of conscious flattered beauty. I expected to find her vain and insolent. But every day has since taught me that it is possible to possess sense without pride, and beauty without affectation.

Miss Rich. This, sir, is a style very unusual with Mr. Honeywood; and I should be glad to know why he thus attempts to increase that vanity, which his own lesson hath taught me to despise.

Honeyw. I ask pardon, madam. Yet, from our long friendship, I presumed I might have some right to offer, without offence, what you may refuse without offending.

Miss Rich. Sir! I beg you'd reflect; though, I fear, I shall scarce have any power to refuse a request of yours; yet, you may be precipitate: consider, sir.

Honeyw. I own my rashness; but, as I plead the cause of friendship, of one who loves—Don't be alarmed, madam—Who loves you with the

most ardent passion; whose whole happiness is placed in you—

Miss Rich. I fear, sir, I shall never find whom you mean, by this description of him.

Honeyw. Ah, madam, it but too plainly points him out; though he should be too humble himself to urge his pretensions, or you too modest to understand them.

Miss Rich. Well; it would be affectation any longer to pretend ignorance; and, I will own, sir, I have long been prejudiced in his favour. It was but natural to wish to make his heart mine, as he seemed himself ignorant of its value.

Honeyw. I see she always loved him (*aside*). I find, madam, you're already sensible of his worth, his passion. How happy is my friend, to be the favourite of one with such sense to distinguish merit, and such beauty to reward it!

Miss Rich. Your friend! sir. What friend?

Honeyw. My best friend—My friend Mr. Lofty, madam.

Miss Rich. He, sir!

Honeyw. Yes, he, madam. He is, indeed, what your warmest wishes might have formed him. And to his other qualities, he adds that of the most passionate regard for you.

Miss Rich. Amazement!—No more of this, I beg you, sir.

Honeyw. I see your confusion, madam, and know how to interpret it. And since I so plainly read the language of your heart, shall I make my friend happy, by communicating your sentiments?

Miss Rich. By no means.

Honeyw. Excuse me; I must; I know you desire it.

Miss Rich. Mr. Honeywood, let me tell you, that you wrong my sentiments and yourself. When I first applied to your friendship, I expected advice and assistance; but now, sir, I see that it is vain to expect happiness from him who has been so bad an economist of his own; and that I must disclaim his friendship, who ceases to be a friend to himself. [*Exit.*

Honeyw. How is this? she has confessed she loved him, and yet she seemed to part in displeasure. Can I have done anything to reproach myself with? No, I believe not; yet, after all, these things should not be done by a third person; I should have spared her confusion. My friendship carried me a little too far.

Enter CROAKER, *with the letter in his hand, and* MRS. CROAKER.

Mrs. Croaker. Ha, ha, ha! And so, my dear, it's your supreme wish that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion? ha, ha!

Croaker (*mimicking*). Ha, ha, ha! and so, my dear, its your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation?

Mrs. Croaker. Positively, my dear, what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me? Our house may travel through the air like the house of Loretto, for aught I care, if I'm to be miserable in it.

Croaker. Would to heaven it were converted into a house of correction for your benefit! Have we not every thing to alarm us? Perhaps, this very moment the tragedy is beginning.

Mrs. Croaker. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them.

Croaker. Give them my money!—And pray, what right have they to my money?

Mrs. Croaker. And pray, what right then have you to my good humour?

Croaker. And so your good humour advises me to part with my money? Why then, to tell your good humour a piece of my mind, I'd sooner part with my wife. Here's Mr. Honeywood, see what he'll say to it. My dear Honeywood, look at this incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze you with terror; and yet lovey here can read it—can read it, and laugh.

Mrs. Croaker. Yes, and so will Mr. Honeywood.

Croaker. If he does, I'll suffer to be hanged the next minute in the rogue's place, that's all.

Mrs. Croaker. Speak, Mr. Honeywood; is there any thing more foolish than my husband's fright upon this occasion?

Honeyw. It would not become me to decide, madam; but doubtless, the greatness of his terrors now, will but invite them to renew their villany another time.

Mrs. Croaker. I told you, he'd be of my opinion.

Croaker. How, sir! do you maintain that I should lie down under such an injury, and show, neither by my tears, nor complaints, that I have something of the spirit of a man in me?

Honeyw. Pardon me, sir. You ought to make the loudest complaints, if you desire redress. The surest way to have redress, is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

Croaker. Ay, whose opinion is he of now?

Mrs. Croaker. But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way?

Honeyw. What is the best, madam, few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

Croaker. But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber.

Honeyw. Why, sir, as to the best, that—that's a very wise way too.

Mrs. Croaker. But can any thing be more absurd, than to double our distresses by our apprehensions, and put it in the power of every low fellow, that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling, to torment us?

Honeyw. Without doubt, nothing more absurd.

Croaker. How! would it not be more absurd to despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake?

Honeyw. Without doubt, perfectly absurd.

Croaker. Then you are of my opinion?

Honeyw. Entirely.

Mrs. Croaker. And you reject mine?

Honeyw. Heavens forbid, madam. No, sure no reasoning can be more just than yours. We ought certainly to despise malice, if we cannot oppose it, and not make the incendiary's pen as fatal to our repose as the highwayman's pistol.

Mrs. Croaker. O! then you think I'm quite right?

Honeyw. Perfectly right.

Croaker. A plague of plagues, we can't both be right. I ought to be sorry, or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head, or my hat must be off.

Mrs. Croaker. Certainly, in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfectly right.

Honeyw. And why may not both be right, madam; Mr. Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good humour? Pray let me see the letter again. I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot inn. If it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, sir, go there; and when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him?

Croaker. My dear friend, it's the very thing; the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall plant yourself in ambush near the bar; burst out upon the miscreant like a masqued battery; extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise.

Honeyw. Yes; but I would not choose to exercise too much severity. It is my maxim, sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

Croaker. Well, but we may upbraid him a little, I suppose? (*Ironically.*)

Honeyw. Ay, but not punish him too rigidly.

Croaker. Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

Honeyw. Well, I do; but remember that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

[*Exeunt* HONEYWOOD *and* MRS. CROAKER.

Croaker. Yes; and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra.

ACT V.

SCENE—*An Inn.*

Enter OLIVIA, JARVIS.

Olivia. Well, we have got safe to the inn, however. Now, if the post-chaise were ready—

Jarvis. The horses are just finishing their oats; and, as they are not going to be married, they choose to take their own time.

Olivia. You are for ever giving wrong motives to my impatience.

Jarvis. Be as impatient as you will, the horses must take their own time; besides, you don't consider, we have got no answer from our fellow-traveller yet. If we hear nothing from Mr. Leontine, we have only one way left us.

Olivia. What way?

Jarvis. The way home again.

Olivia. Not so. I have made a resolution to go, and nothing shall induce me to break it.

Jarvis. Ay; resolutions are well kept when they jump with inclination. However, I'll go hasten things without. And I'll call too at the bar to see if any thing should be left for us there. Don't be in such a plaguy hurry, madam, and we shall go the faster, I promise you. [*Exit* JARVIS.

Enter LANDLADY.

Landlady. What! Solomon; why don't you move? Pipes and tobacco for the Lamb there.—Will nobody answer? To the Dolphin; quick. The Angel has been outrageous this half hour. Did your Ladyship call, madam?

Olivia. No, madam.

Landlady. I find, as you're for Scotland, madam —But, that's no business of mine; married, or not married, I ask no questions. To be sure, we had a sweet little couple set off from this two days ago for the same place. The gentleman, for a tailor, was, to be sure, as fine a spoken tailor, as ever blew froth from a full pot. And the young lady so bashful, it was near half an hour before we could get her to finish a pint of raspberry between us.

Olivia. But this gentleman and I are not going to be married, I assure you.

Landlady. May be not. That's no business of mine; for certain, Scotch marriages seldom turn out. There was, of my own knowledge, Miss Macfag, that married her father's footman.—Alack-a-day, she and her husband soon parted, and now keep separate cellars in Hedge-lane.

Olivia. A very pretty picture of what lies before me. [*Aside.*

Enter LEONTINE.

Leont. My dear Olivia, my anxiety till you were out of danger, was too great to be resisted. I could not help coming to see you set out, though it exposes us to a discovery.

Olivia. May every thing you do prove as fortunate. Indeed, Leontine, we have been most cruelly disappointed. Mr. Honeywood's bill upon the city has, it seems, been protested, and we have been utterly at a loss how to proceed.

Leont. How! An offer of his own too. Sure, he could not mean to deceive us.

Olivia. Depend upon his sincerity; he only mistook the desire for the power of serving us. But let us think no more of it. I believe the post-chaise is ready by this.

Landlady. Not quite yet: and, begging your ladyship's pardon, I don't think your ladyship quite ready for the post-chaise. The north road is a cold place, madam. I have a drop in the house of as pretty raspberry as ever was tipt over tongue. Just a thimble-full, to keep the wind off your stomach. To be sure, the last couple we had here, they said, it was a perfect nosegay. Ecod I sent them both away as good-natured—Up went the blinds, round went the wheels, and, Drive away, post-boy! was the word.

Enter CROAKER.

Croaker. Well, while my friend Honeywood is upon the post of danger at the bar, it must be my business to have an eye about me here. I think I know an incendiary's look; for, wherever the devil makes a purchase, he never fails to set his mark. Ha! who have we here? My son and daughter! What can they be doing here?

Landlady. I tell you, madam, it will do you good; I think I know by this time what's good for the north road. It's a raw night, madam.—Sir—

Leont. Not a drop more, good madam. I should now take it as a greater favour, if you hasten the horses; for I am afraid to be seen myself.

Landlady. That shall be done. Wha, Solomon! are you all dead there? Wha, Solomon, I say.

[*Exit, bawling.*

Olivia. Well; I dread, lest an expedition begun in fear, should end in repentance.—Every moment we stay increases our danger, and adds to my apprehensions.

Leont. There's no danger, trust me, my dear; there can be none: if Honeywood has acted with honour, and kept my father, as he promised, in employment, till we are out of danger, nothing can interrupt our journey.

Olivia. I have no doubt of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity, and even his desires to serve us. My

fears are from your father's suspicions. A mind so disposed to be alarmed without a cause, will be but too ready when there's a reason.

Leont. Why, let him, when we are out of his power. But, believe me, Olivia, you have no great reason to dread his resentment. His repining temper, as it does no manner of injury to himself, so will it never do harm to others. He only frets to keep himself employed, and scolds for his private amusement.

Olivia. I don't know that; but I'm sure, on some occasions, it makes him look most shockingly.

Croaker (discovering himself). How does he look now?—How does he look now?

Olivia. Ah!

Leont. Undone.

Croaker. How do I look now? Sir, I am your very humble servant. Madam, I am yours. What! you are going off, are you? Then, first, if you please, take a word or two from me with you before you go. Tell me first where you are going; and when you have told me that, perhaps, I shall know as little as I did before.

Leont. If that be so, our answer might but increase your displeasure, without adding to your information.

Croaker. I want no information from you, puppy! and you too, madam, what answer have you got? Eh! [*A cry without, Stop him!*] I think I heard a noise. My friend, Honeywood, without—has he seized the incendiary? Ah, no, for now I hear no more on't.

Leont. Honeywood without? Then, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood that directed you hither.

Croaker. No, sir, it was Mr. Honeywood conducted me hither.

Leont. Is it possible?

Croaker. Possible! Why he's in the house now, sir. More anxious about me, than my own son, sir.

Leont. Then, sir, he's a villain.

Croaker. How, sirrah! a villain, because he takes most care of your father? I'll not bear it. I tell you I'll not bear it. Honeywood is a friend to the family, and I'll have him treated as such.

Leont. I shall study to repay his friendship as it deserves.

Croaker. Ah, rogue, if you knew how earnestly he entered into my griefs, and pointed out the means to detect them, you would love him as I do. [*A cry without, Stop him!*] Fire and fury! they have seized the incendiary: they have the villain, the incendiary in view. Stop him, stop an incendiary, a murderer! stop him. [*Exit.*

Olivia. Oh, my terrors! What can this new tumult mean?

Leont. Some new mark, I suppose, of Mr. Honeywood's sincerity. But we shall have satisfaction: he shall give me instant satisfaction.

Olivia. It must not be, my Leontine, if you value my esteem, or my happiness. Whatever be our fate, let us not add guilt to our misfortunes. Consider that our innocence will shortly be all we have left us. You must forgive him.

Leont. Forgive him! Has he not in every instance betrayed us? Forced me to borrow money from him, which appears a mere trick to delay us: promised to keep my father engaged, till we were out of danger, and here brought him to the very scene of our escape?

Olivia. Don't be precipitate. We may yet be mistaken.

Enter POSTBOY, *dragging in* JARVIS: HONEYWOOD *entering soon after.*

Postboy. Ay, master, we have him fast enough. Here is the incendiary dog. I'm entitled to the reward; I'll take my oath I saw him ask for the money at the bar, and then run for it.

Honeyw. Come, bring him along. Let us see him. Let him learn to blush for his crimes. (*Discovering his mistake.*) Death! what's here?—Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia! What can all this mean?

Jarvis. Why, I'll tell you what it means: that I was an old fool, and that you are my master—that's all.

Honeyw. Confusion.

Leont. Yes, sir; I find you have kept your word with me. After such baseness, I wonder how you can venture to see the man you have injured.

Honeyw. My dear Leontine, by my life, my honour—

Leont. Peace, peace, for shame; and do not continue to aggravate baseness by hypocrisy. I know you, sir, I know you.

Honeyw. Why, won't you hear me? By all that's just, I knew not—

Leont. Hear you, sir, to what purpose? I now see through all your low arts; your ever complying with every opinion; your never refusing any request; your friendship as common as a prostitute's favours, and as fallacious; all these, sir, have long been contemptible to the world, and are now perfectly so to me.

Honeyw. Ha! contemptible to the world! That reaches me. [*Aside.*

Leont. All the seeming sincerity of your professions, I now find, were only allurements to betray; and all your seeming regret for their consequences, only calculated to cover the cowardice of your heart. Draw, villain!

Enter CROAKER *out of breath.*

Croaker. Where is the villain? Where is the incendiary! (*Seizing the* POSTBOY.) Hold him fast, the dog; he has the gallows in his face. Come, you dog, confess; confess all, and hang yourself.

Postboy. Zounds, master! what do you throttle me for?

Croaker (beating him). Dog, do you resist? do you resist?

Postboy. Zounds, master! I'm not he; there's the man that we thought was the rogue, and turns out to be one of the company.

Croaker. How!

Honeyw. Mr. Croaker, we have all been under a strange mistake here: I find there is nobody guilty; it was all an error; entirely an error of our own.

Croaker. And I say, sir, that you're in an error: for there's guilt, and double guilt; a plot, a damn'd jesuitical, pestilential plot; and I must have proof of it.

Honeyw. Do but hear me.

Croaker. What! you intend to bring him off, I suppose? I'll hear nothing.

Honeyw. Madam, you seem at least calm enough to hear reason.

Olivia. Excuse me.

Honeyw. Good Jarvis, let me then explain it to you.

Jarvis. What signifies explanation, when the thing is done?

Honeyw. Will nobody hear me? Was there ever such a set, so blinded by passion and prejudice!—(*To the* POSTBOY). My good friend, I believe you'll be surprised when I assure you——

Postboy. Sure me nothing—I'm sure of nothing but a good beating.

Croaker. Come then, you, madam; if you ever hope for any favour or forgiveness, tell me sincerely all you know of this affair.

Olivia. Unhappily, sir, I'm but too much the cause of your suspicions; you see before you, sir, one, that with false pretences has stept into your family, to betray it: not your daughter—

Croaker. Not my daughter!

Olivia. Not your daughter—but a mean deceiver—who—support me, I cannot—

Honeyw. Help, she's going! give her air.

Croaker. Ay, ay, take the young woman to the air; I would not hurt a hair of her head, whose-ever daughter she may be—not so bad as that neither. [*Exeunt all but* CROAKER.

Croaker. Yes, yes, all's out; I now see the whole affair; my son is either married, or going to be so, to this lady, whom he imposed upon me as his sister. Ay, certainly so; and yet I don't find it afflicts me so much as one might think. There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand, we never feel them when they come.

Enter MISS RICHLAND *and* SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Will. But how do you know, madam, that my nephew intends setting off from this place?

Miss Rich. My maid assured me he was come to this inn, and my own knowledge of his intending to leave the kingdom, suggested the rest. But what do I see? my guardian here before us! Who, my dear sir, could have expected meeting you here? to what accident do we owe this pleasure?

Croaker. To a fool, I believe.

Miss Rich. But to what purpose did you come?

Croaker. To play the fool.

Miss Rich. But with whom?

Croaker. With greater fools than myself.

Miss Rich. Explain.

Croaker. Why, Mr. Honeywood brought me here, to do nothing now I am here; and my son is going to be married to I don't know who that is here; so now you are as wise as I am.

Miss Rich. Married! to whom, sir?

Croaker. To Olivia; my daughter, as I took her to be; but who the devil she is, or whose daughter she is, I know no more than the man in moon.

Sir Will. Then, sir, I can inform you; and though a stranger, yet you shall find me a friend to your family: it will be enough at present, to assure you, that, both in point of birth and fortune, the young lady is at least your son's equal. Being left by her father, Sir James Woodville—

Croaker. Sir James Woodville! What of the west!

Sir Will. Being left by him, I say, to the care of a mercenary wretch, whose only aim was to secure her fortune to himself, she was sent into France, under pretence of education; and there every art was tried to fix her for life in a convent, contrary to her inclinations. Of this I was informed upon my arrival at Paris; and as I had been once her father's friend, I did all in my power to frustrate her guardian's base intentions. I had even meditated to rescue her from his authority, when your son stept in with more pleasing violence, gave her liberty, and you a daughter.

Croaker. But I intend to have a daughter of my own choosing, sir. A young lady, sir, whose fortune, by my interest with those that have interest, will be double what my son has a right to expect. Do you know Mr. Lofty, sir?

Sir Will. Yes, sir; and know that you are deceived in him. But step this way, and I'll convince you. [CROAKER *and* SIR WILLIAM *seem to confer.*

Enter HONEYWOOD.

Honeyw. Obstinate man, still to persist in his outrage! Insulted by him, despised by all, I now begin to grow contemptible even to myself. How have I sunk, by too great an assiduity to please! How have I overtaxed all my abilities, lest the approbation of a single fool should escape me! But all is now over; I have survived my reputation, my fortune, my friendships; and nothing remains henceforward for me but solitude and repentance.

Miss Rich. Is it true, Mr. Honeywood, that you are setting off, without taking leave of your friends? The report is, that you are quitting England. Can it be?

Honeyw. Yes, madam; and though I am so unhappy as to have fallen under your displeasure, yet, thank Heaven, I leave you to happiness; to one who loves you, and deserves your love; to one who has power to procure you affluence, and generosity to improve your enjoyment of it.

Miss Rich. And are you sure, sir, that the gentleman you mean is what you describe him?

Honeyw. I have the best assurances of it, his serving me. He does, indeed, deserve the highest happiness, and that is in your power to confer. As for me, weak and wavering as I have been, obliged by all and incapable of serving any, what happiness can I find, but in solitude? What hope, but in being forgotten?

Miss Rich. A thousand! to live among friends that esteem you; whose happiness it will be to be permitted to oblige you.

Honeyw. No, madam; my resolution is fixed. Inferiority among strangers is easy; but among those that once were equals, insupportable. Nay, to show you how far my resolution can go, I can now speak with calmness of my former follies, my vanity, my dissipation, my weakness. I will even confess, that, among the number of my other presumptions, I had the insolence to think of loving you. Yes, madam, while I was pleading the passion of another, my heart was tortured with its own. But it is over, it was unworthy our friendship, and let it be forgotten.

Miss Rich. You amaze me!

Honeyw. But you'll forgive it, I know you will; since the confession should not have come from me even now, but to convince you of the sincerity of my intention of—never mentioning it more. [*Going.*

Miss Rich. Stay, sir, one moment—Ha! he here—

Enter LOFTY.

Lofty. Is the coast clear? None but friends. I have followed you here with a trifling piece of intelligence: but it goes no farther; things are not yet ripe for a discovery I have spirits working

at a certain board: your affair at the treasury will be done in less than—a thousand years. Mum!

Miss Rich. Sooner, sir, I should hope.

Lofty. Why, yes, I believe it may, if it falls into proper hands, that know where to push and where to parry; that know how the land lies—eh, Honeywood?

Miss Rich. It is fallen into yours.

Lofty. Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your thing is done. It is done, I say—that's all. I have just had assurances from Lord Neverout, that the claim has been examined, and found admissible. *Quietus* is the word, madam.

Honeyw. But how! his lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

Lofty. Indeed. Then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most damnably mistaken. I had it of him.

Miss Rich. He! why Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

Lofty. This month! It must certainly be so—Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket, so that he must have met his lordship there; and so it came about. I have his letter about me; I'll read it to you. (*Taking out a large bundle.*) That's from Paoli of Corsica; that's from the Marquis of Squilachi. Have you a mind to see a letter from Count Poniatowski, now king of Poland—Honest Pon—— (*Searching*). O, sir, what are you here *too*? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do without him.

Sir Will. Sir, I have delivered it, and must inform you, it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

Croaker. Contempt! Mr. Lofty, what can that mean?

Lofty. Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something presently.

Sir Will. Yes, sir, I believe you'll be amazed, if, after waiting some time in the ante-chamber; after being surveyed with insolent curiosity by the passing servants, I was at last assured, that Sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

Lofty. Good; let me die, very good. Ha! ha! ha!

Croaker. Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

Lofty. You can't. Ha! ha!

Croaker. No, for the soul of me; I think it was as confounded a bad answer, as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.

Lofty. And so you can't find out the force of the message? Why, I was in the house at that very time. Ha! ha! It was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha! ha!

Croaker. Indeed! How! why!

Lofty. In one word, things between Sir William and me, must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with lord Buzzard; I side with Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery.

Croaker. And so it does, indeed, and all my suspicions are over.

Lofty. Your suspicions? What, then, you have been suspecting, have you? Mr. Croaker, you and I were friends; we are friends no longer. Never talk to me. It's over; I say, it's over.

Croaker. As I hope for your favour, I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed.

Lofty. Zounds, sir, but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be treated thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the Gazetteer, and praised in the St. James's? Have I been chaired at Wildman's, and a speaker at Merchant Tailors' Hall? Have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops; and talk to me of suspects?

Croaker. My dear sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon?

Lofty. Sir, I will not be pacified.—Suspects! Who am I? To be used thus, have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends, the lords of the treasury, Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects? Who am I, I say? who am I?

Sir Will. Since, sir, you're so pressing for an answer, I'll tell you who you are—a gentleman, as well acquainted with politics as with men in power; as well acquainted with persons of fashion as with modesty; with lords of the treasury as with truth; and with all as you are with Sir William Honeywood. I am Sir William Honeywood.

[*Discovering his ensigns of the Bath.*

Croaker. Sir William Honeywood!

Honeyw. Astonishment! my uncle! [*Aside.*

Lofty. So then, my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

Croaker. What, Mr. Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You, who have been dreaded by the ins and outs: you, who have had your hand to addresses, and your head stuck up in print-shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in the pillory.

Lofty. Ay, stick it where you will; for, by the Lord, it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

Sir Will. Well, Mr. Croaker, I hope you now see how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little Miss Richland has to expect from his influence.

Croaker. Ay, sir, too well I see it, and I can't but say I have had some boding of it these ten days. So I'm resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate fortune, to be satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr. Lofty in helping him to a better.

Sir Will. I approve your resolution; and here they come, to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent.

Enter MRS. CROAKER, JARVIS, LEONTINE, OLIVIA.

Mrs. Croaker. Where's my husband? Come, come, lovey, you must forgive them. Jarvis here has been to tell me the whole affair; and, I say, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

Croaker. I wish we could both say so: however, this gentleman, Sir William Honeywood, has been beforehand with you in obtaining their pardon. So, if the two poor fools have a mind to marry, I think we can tack them together without crossing the Tweed for it. [*Joining their hands.*

Leont. How blest and unexpected! What, what can we say to such goodness? But our

future obedience shall be the best reply. And as for this gentleman, to whom we owe——

Sir Will. Excuse me, sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have here an interest that calls me. (*Turning to* HONEYWOOD.) Yes, sir, you are surprised to see me; and I own that a desire of correcting your follies led me hither. I saw with indignation the errors of a mind that only sought applause from others; that easiness of disposition which, though inclined to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw with regret those splendid errors, that still took name from some neighbouring duty. Your charity, that was but injustice; your benevolence, that was but weakness; and your friendship but credulity. I saw, with regret, great talents and extensive learning only employed to add sprightliness to error, and increase your perplexities. I saw your mind, with a thousand natural charms; but the greatness of its beauty served only to heighten my pity for its prostitution.

Honeyw. Cease to upbraid me, sir: I have for some time but too strongly felt the justice of your reproaches. But there is one way still left me. Yes, sir, I have determined this very hour to quit for ever, a place where I have made myself the voluntary slave of all; and to seek among strangers that fortitude which may give strength to the mind, and marshal all its dissipated virtues. Yet, ere I depart, permit me to solicit favour for this gentleman; who, notwithstanding what has happened, has laid me under the most signal obligations. Mr. Lofty—

Lofty. Mr. Honeywood, I am resolved upon a reformation, as well as you. I now begin to find, that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth, was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you that you owe your late enlargement to another; as, upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place. I'm determined to resign. [*Exit.*

Honeyw. How have I been deceived!

Sir Will. No, sir, you have been obliged to a kinder, fairer friend for that favour—to Miss Richland. Would she complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her friendship happy in her love, I should then forget all, and be as blest as the welfare of my dearest kinsman can make me.

Miss Rich. After what is past, it would be but affectation to pretend to indifference. Yes, I will own an attachment, which, I find, was more than friendship. And if my entreaties cannot alter his resolution to quit the country, I will even try if my hand has not power to detain him.

[*Giving her hand.*

Honeyw. Heavens! how can I have deserved all this? How express my happiness, my gratitude! A moment like this overpays an age of apprehension.

Croaker. Well, now I see content in every face; but Heaven send we be all better this day three months.

Sir Will. Henceforth, nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping.

Honeyw. Yes, sir, I now too plainly perceive my errors. My vanity, in attempting to please all, by fearing to offend any. My meanness in approving folly, lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and my love for her who first taught me what it is to be happy.

EPILOGUE*.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure,
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure;
Thus on the stage, our play-wrights still depend,
For Epilogues and Prologues, on some friend,
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
And make full many a bitter pill go down.
Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
And teazed each rhyming friend to help him out.
"An Epilogue, things can't go on without it;
It could not fail, would you but set about it."
"Young man," cries one (a bard laid up in clover),
"Alas, young man, my writing days are over;
Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I;
Your brother-doctor there, perhaps, may try."
"What I, dear sir?" the doctor interposes;
"What! plant my thistle, sir, among his roses?
No, no; I've other contests to maintain;
To-night I head our troops at Warwick-lane.
Go, ask your manager."—"Who, me? your pardon;
Those things are not our forte at Covent Garden."
Our author's friends, thus placed at happy distance,
Give him good words, indeed, but no assistance.
As some unhappy wight, at some new play,
At the pit door stands elbowing away,
While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug;
His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise:
He nods, they nod; he cringes, they grimace;
But not a soul will budge to give him place.
Since then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform,
"To 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm:"
Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the *Good-natured Man.*

* The author, in expectation of an Epilogue from a friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself till the very last hour. What is here offered, owes all its success to the graceful manner of the actress who spoke it.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

A Comedy.

TO

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

DEAR SIR,

By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a Comedy not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, dear sir,
Your most sincere friend, and admirer,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

PROLOGUE,

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Enter MR. WOODWARD,

Dressed in black, and holding a handkerchief to his eyes.

EXCUSE me, sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week!
'*Tis not alone this mourning suit*, good masters;
I've that within—for which there are no plasters!
Pray, would you know the reason why I'm crying?
The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a-dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop;
For as a play'r, I can't squeeze out one drop:
I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
I'd rather—but that's nothing—lose my head
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter and *I* shall be chief mourners here.
To *her* a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in *sentimentals* will succeed!
Poor *Ned* and *I* are dead to all intents,
We can as soon speak *Greek* as *sentiments!*
Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do?—If Comedy forsake us!
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us.
But why can't I be moral?—Let me try—
My heart thus pressing—fixed my face and eye—
With a sententious look, that nothing means,
(Faces are blocks, in sentimental scenes)
Thus I begin—*All is not gold that glitters,*
Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters.
When ignorance enters, folly is at hand;
Learning is better far than house and land.
Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble.
I give it up—morals won't do for me;
To make you laugh I must play tragedy.
One hope remains: hearing the maid was ill,
A *doctor* comes this night to show his skill.
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
He in *five draughts* prepared, presents a potion:
A kind of magic charm—for be assured,
If you will *swallow it*, the maid is cured:
But desperate the doctor, and her case is,
If you reject the dose, and make wry faces!
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
No *poisonous drugs* are mixed with what he gives;
Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;
If not, within he will receive no fee!
The college *you*, must his pretensions back,
Pronounce him *regular*, or dub him *quack*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	WOMEN.
SIR CHARLES MARLOW.	MRS. HARDCASTLE.
YOUNG MARLOW (HIS SON).	MISS HARDCASTLE.
HARDCASTLE.	MISS NEVILLE.
HASTINGS.	MAID.
TONY LUMPKIN.	
DIGGORY.	

LANDLORD, SERVANTS, &C. &C.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A scene in an old-fashioned house.*

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* MR. HARDCASTLE.

MRS. HARDCASTLE.

I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach.

its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. Hard. Ay, *your* times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of *them* for many a long year. Here we live in an old rambling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment, your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy (*taking her hand*), you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. Hard. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothys, and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. Hard. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught *him* finely.

Mrs. Hard. No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a-year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. Hard. Humour, my dear: nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footmen's shoes, frighting the maids, worrying the kittens—be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. Hard. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him!

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no, the ale-house and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. Hard. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. Hard. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. Hard. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet—(*Tony hallooing behind the scenes*)—O there he goes—A very consumptive figure, truly.

Enter TONY, *crossing the stage.*

Mrs. Hard. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother, I cannot stay.

Mrs. Hard. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hard. Ay; the ale-house, the old place: I thought so.

Mrs. Hard. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low neither. There's Dick Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse-doctor, little Aminadab, that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist, that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. Hard. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing *them*, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint *myself*.

Mrs. Hard. (*Detaining him.*) You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. Hard. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is the strongest, you or I!

[*Exit, hauling her out.*

HARDCASTLE, *solus.*

Hard. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze, and French frippery, as the best of them.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Drest out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss Hard. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hard. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the by, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss Hard. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave! It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of

his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hard. Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss Hard. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss Hard. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard And very handsome.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, say no more (*kissing his hand*), he's mine, I'll have him!

Hard. And to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hard. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved*, has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hard. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager, he may not have *you*.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so!—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved! In the meantime I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*

MISS HARDCASTLE, *sola.*

Miss Hard. Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young—handsome: these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible—good-natured: I like all that. But then—reserved, and sheepish: that's much against him. Yet, can't he be cur'd of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes; and can't I—But, I vow, I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

Miss Hard. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance: how do I look this evening? Is there any thing whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

Miss Nev. Perfectly, my dear. Yet, now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds, or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or, has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hard. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss Nev. And his name——

Miss Hard. Is Marlow.

Miss Nev. Indeed!

Miss Hard. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Nev. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, *my* admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him while when we lived in town.

Miss Hard. Never.

Miss Nev. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

Miss Hard. An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual!

Miss Nev. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss Hard. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Nev. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But, at any rate if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hard. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Nev. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to any body but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. *Allons!* Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hard. Would it were bed-time, and all were well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*An ale-house room. Several shabby Fellows, with punch and tobacco.* TONY *at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest: a mallet in his hand.*

Omnes. Hurrea, hurrea, hurrea, bravo!

1 *Fel.* Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song!

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this ale-house, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

Let school-masters puzzle their brain,
  With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
  Give *genus* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
  Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;
Their *quis*, and their *quæs*, and their *quods*,
  They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
          Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist-preachers come down,
  A preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
  They always preach best with a skin full.
But when you come down with your pence,
  For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
  But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
          Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever!
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons!
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo! bravo!

1 *Fel.* The 'squire has got spunk in him.

2 *Fel.* I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's *low.*

3 *Fel.* O damn anything that's *low,* I cannot bear it.

4 *Fel.* The genteel thing, is the genteel thing at any time. If so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3 *Fel.* I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What though I am obligated to dance a bear? a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes: "Water parted," or "The minuet in Ariadne."

2 *Fel.* What a pity it is the 'squire is not come to his own! It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

2 *Fel.* O he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old 'squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you! I have been thinking of Bett Bouncer, and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning.—Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister.—Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit* LANDLORD.) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon.

[*Exeunt mob.*

TONY, *solus.*

Tony. Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a-year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, *conducting* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

Marl. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Marl. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen; but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in those parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Marl. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marl. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face; a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall trapesing, trolloping, talkative May-pole——The son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of.

Marl. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up, and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's; (*winking upon the landlord.*) Mr. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh; you understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's? Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash-lane.

Marl. Cross down Squash-lane?

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

Marl. Come to where four roads meet!

Tony. Aye; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Marl. O sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull-common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right-about again, till you find out the old mill——

Marl. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Marl. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with—three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

Marl. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—then let me see—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hast. O, ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. (*Apart to* Tony.) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you. Let *them* find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road-side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way.

Tony. No, no. But I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of the peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Marl. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the landlord.*) Mum.

Land. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant—damn'd mischievous son of a whore.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*An old-fashioned house.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, *followed by three or four awkward Servants.*

Hard. Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can show that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind *my* chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Digg. Ay; mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory, You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Digg. By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a belly-full in the kitchen, as good as a belly-full in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Digg. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Digg. Then ecod, you worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please. (*To* DIGGORY.)—Eh, why don't you move?

Digg. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upon the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

1 *Serv.* I'm not to leave this place.

2 *Serv.* I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.

3 *Serv.* Nor mine, for sartain.

Digg. Wauns, and I'm sure, it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again.——But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time, and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate.

[*Exit* HARDCASTLE.

Digg. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be everywhere.

1 *Serv.* Where the devil is mine?

2 *Serv.* My pleace is to be no where at all; and so Ize go about my business.

[*Exeunt* Servants, *running about as if frighted, different ways.*

Enter Servant *with candles, showing in* MARLOW *and* HASTINGS.

Serv. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a

clean room, and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable.

Marl. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good side-board, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame the bill confoundedly.

Marl. Travellers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Hast. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised, that you, who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Marl. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn; in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother—But among females of another class, you know—

Hast. Aye, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

Marl. They are of *us*, you know.

Hast. But in the company of women of reputation, I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler: you look, for all the world, as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Marl. Why man that's because I *do* want to steal out of the room! Faith, I have often formed a resolution, to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty; but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hast. If you could but say half the fine things to them, that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker—

Marl. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle: but to me, a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

Marl. Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad-star question, of—*madam, will you marry me?* No, no; that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Marl. As I behave to all other ladies: bow very low; answer yes, or no, to all her demands—But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face, till I see my father's again.

Hast. I am surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Marl. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down, was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you, as my friend you are a sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Hast. My dear Marlow!—But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask; and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Marl. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I am doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward prepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury-lane.—Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marl. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To* HASTINGS.) I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Marl. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery, to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison.

Marl. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Hast. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Marl. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the duke

of Marlborough, to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks; 'I'll pawn my dukedom,' says he, 'but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood.' So——

Marl. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the mean time? It would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir! (*Aside.*) This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Marl. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's cup, sir.

Marl. (*Aside.*) So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hard. (*Taking the cup.*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. [*Drinks.*

Marl. (*Aside.*) A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*

Hast. (*Aside.*) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an inn-keeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marl. From the excellence of your cup my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose.

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business *for us that sell ale.*

Hast. So, then you have no turn for politics I see.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but, finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about *Heyder Alley*, or *Ally Cawn*, than about *Ally Croaker.*—Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that with eating above stairs, and drinking below; with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good pleasant bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Marl. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an inn-keeper's philosophy!

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this.—Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marl. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir! (*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house?

Marl. Yes, sir; supper, sir: I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*) Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cook-maid, settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Marl. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-by, I believe they are in actual consultation, upon what's for supper, this moment in the kitchen.

Marl. Then I beg they'll admit *me* as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence I hope, sir.

Hard. O no, sir, none in the least; yet, I don't know how, our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marl. (*To* HARDCASTLE, *who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hast. (*Aside.*) All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

Marl. (*Perusing.*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole joiners' company, or the corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But, let's hear it.

Marl. (*Reading.*) For the first course at the top, a pig, and pruin sauce.

Hast. Damn your pig, I say.

Marl. And damn your pruin sauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with pruin sauce, is very good eating.

Marl. At the bottom, a calf's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

Marl. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench, or alter, gentlemen?

Marl. Item, A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

Hast. Confound your made dishes. I shall be as much at a loss in this house, as at a green and yellow dinner, at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to——

Marl. Why really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper: and now to see that our beds are aired and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marl. Leave that to you? I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Marl. You see I'm resolved on it. (*Aside.*) A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside.*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned impudence. *Exeunt* MARL. *and* HARD.

HASTINGS, *solus.*

Hast. So I find, this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities, which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

Miss Nev. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hast. Rather, let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dear Constance at an inn.

Miss Nev. An inn? sure you mistake! my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hast. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss Nev. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often, ha! ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss Nev. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him, if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him; and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hast. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here, to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down, are now fatigued with their journey; but they'll soon be refresh'd; and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France; where, even among slaves, the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss Nev. I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I am very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hast. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the mean time, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake; I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house, before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss Nev. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him? ——This, this way—— [*They confer.*

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family.—What have we got here?—

Hast. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted?

Marl. Cannot guess.

Hast. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called, on their return, to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stept into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky, eh?

Marl. (*Aside.*) I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hast. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Marl. Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter—But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder—What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow?—To-morrow, at her own house—It will be every bit as convenient—And rather more respectful—To-morrow let it be. [*Offering to go.*

Miss Nev. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardour of your impatience: besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marl. O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hast. Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marl. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, *as returning from walking, a bonnet, &c.*

Hast. (*Introducing him.*) Miss Hardcastle—Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy, and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir—I'm told, you had some accidents by the way.

Marl. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents; but should be

sorry—madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hast. (*To him.*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll ensure you the victory.

Miss Hard. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You, that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marl. (*Gathering courage.*) I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Nev. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hast. (*To him.*) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance for ever.

Marl. (*To him.*) Hem! Stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two, to set me up again.

Miss Hard. An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Marl. Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hast. (*To him.*) Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well! Miss Hardcastle, I see, that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Marl. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. (*To him.*) Zounds! George, sure you won't go: how can you leave us?

Hast. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. (*To him.*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own. [*Exeunt.*

Miss Hard. (*After a pause.*) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir: the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Marl. (*Relapsing into timidity.*) Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss Hard. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marl. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex.——But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hard. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever. Indeed—I have often been surprised how a man of *sentiment* could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marl. It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish—for—um-a-um.

Miss Hard. I understand you, sir. There must be some, who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marl. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a—

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions? (*To him.*) You were going to observe, sir——

Marl. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) I vow, and so do I. (*To him.*) You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy, something about hypocrisy, sir.

Marl. Yes, madam; in this age of hypocrisy there are few who, upon strict inquiry, do not—a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I understand you perfectly, sir.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hard. You mean that, in this hypocritical age, there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marl. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hard. Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable, and spirited, in your manner; such life and force—pray, sir, go on.

Marl. Yes, madam; I was saying—that there are some occasions—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the—and puts us—upon a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions, assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marl. Yes, madam; morally speaking, madam—But I see Miss Neville, expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Marl. Yes, madam; I was—But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you?

Miss Hard. Well then, I'll follow.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*

MISS HARDCASTLE, *sola.*

Miss Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense; but then, so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody, that I know of, a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*

Enter TONY *and* MISS NEVILLE, *followed by* MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* HASTINGS.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed, to be so very engaging.

Miss Nev. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame?

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance; I want no nearer relationship. [*She follows, coquetting him to the back-scene.*

Mrs. Hard. Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hast. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all

your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. Hard. O! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places, where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do, is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tete from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked-lane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

Hast. Extremely elegant and *dégagée*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. Hard. I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum Book for the last year.

Hast. Indeed! such a head in a side-box, at the play-house, would draw as many gazers, as my lady Mayoress at a city ball.

Mrs. Hard. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

Hast. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress. [*Bowing.*

Mrs. Hard. Yet what signifies *my* dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle? all I can say will not argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my ord Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right, madam; for as, among he ladies, there are none ugly, so, among the men, here are none old.

Mrs. Hard. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual gothic vivacity, he said, I only wanted him to throw off his wig, to convert it into a tête for my own wearing.

Hast. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. Hard. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

Hast. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Miss Hard. Seriously! then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hast. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. Hard. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? and that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. Hard. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening.

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now, that's left to myself, but the stable.

Mrs. Hard. Never mind him, Con my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss Nev. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded—crack.

Mrs. Hard. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. [*Measuring.*

Miss Nev. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. Hard. O, the monster! For shame, Tony You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat, to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

Tony. Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the Complete Huswife ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through *Quincy* next spring. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone then. Snubbing this way, when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. Hard. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse, or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. Hard. Was ever the like! But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. Hard. Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation. Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy?

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Hard. *and* Miss Neville.

Hastings. Tony.

Tony. (*Singing.*)

> There was a young man riding by,
> And fain would have his will.
> Rang do didlo dee.

Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfor of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together; and they said, they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer: and yet she appears to me a pretty, well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantanckerous toad in all Christendom.

Hast. (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes; but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hast. Well; but you must allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer, of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend? for who would take *her?*

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise, that shall trundle you off in a twinkling; and may be, get you a part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me.

[*Singing.*

> We are the boys,
> That fears no noise,
> Where the thundering cannons roar.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *solus.*

Hard. What could my old friend Sir Charles mean, by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fire-side already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter Miss HARDCASTLE, *plainly dressed.*

Hard. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress, as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss Hard. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to obey them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my *modest* gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss Hard. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss Hard. I never saw anything like it: and a man of the world too!

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad,—what a fool was I, to think a young a man could learn modesty by travelling! He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hard. It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company, and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hard. Sure you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look,—that awkward address,—that bashful manner—

Hard. Whose look? whose manner, child?

Miss Hard. Mr. Marlow's: his mauvaise honte, his timidity struck me at the first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first-sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss Hard. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious! I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy, since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hard. Surprising! he met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hard. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and, 'Madam, I would not for the world detain you.'

Hard. He spoke to me, as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch!

Miss Hard. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hard. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss Hard. Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and

I move importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so—but that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hard. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hard. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure, for every virtue.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense, won't end with a sneer at my understanding.

Hard. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hard. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

Hard. But depend on't I'm in the right.

Miss Hard. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TONY *running in with a casket.*

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs, and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. O! my genius, is that you?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin; and that you are willing be reconciled at last. Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way. (*Giving the casket.*) Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them; and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

Hast. But how have you procured them from your mother.

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob of himself his own at any time.

Hast. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you; Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. I know how it will be well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morrice. Prance. [*Exit* HASTINGS.

TONY, MRS. HARDCASTLE, MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs. Hard. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence; when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss Nev. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs. Hard. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-day-light, and Mr. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

Miss Nev. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. Hard. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see, if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does your cousin Con want jewels, in your eyes to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss Nev. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. Hard. A parcel of old fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of king Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. (*Apart to* MRS. HARDCASTLE.) Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. (*Apart to* TONY.) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So, if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with mine own eyes.

Miss Nev. I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. Hard. To be plain with you, my dear Constance; if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss Nev. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss.

Mrs. Hard. Don't be alarmed, Constance; if they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. Hard. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we [illegible] our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Nev. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. Hard. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense, should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the mean time, you shall make use of my garnets, till your jewels be found.

Miss Nev. I detest garnets.

Mrs. Hard. The most becoming things in the world, to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You *shall* have them. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir.—Was ever anything so provoking? to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage *her*.

Miss Nev. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds! how she fidgets, and spits about like a Catharine-wheel!

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

Mrs. Hard. We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest; ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Hard. Why, boy, I *am* ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that; ha, ha, ha! stick to that; I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

Tony. Sure, I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. Hard. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh; ha! ha! I know who took them well enough; ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest? I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right. You must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of *her*! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

[*He runs off, she follows him.*

Enter Miss Hardcastle *and* Maid.

Miss Hard. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the bar-maid? He mistook you for the bar-maid, madam.

Miss. Hard. Did he? Then as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux' Stratagem?

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hard. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss Hard. I vow, I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss Hard. In the first place, I shall be *seen*, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall, perhaps, make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one, who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hard. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar-cant.—Did your honour call?—Attend the Lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—The Lamb has been outrageous this half-hour.

Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here. [*Exit* Maid.

Enter Marlow.

Marl. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess, with her curtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. [*Walks and muses.*

Miss Hard. Did you call, sir? did your honour call?

Marl. (*Musing.*) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hard. Did your honour call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*

Marl. No, child. (*Musing.*) Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hard. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marl. No, no. (*Musing.*) I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking out his tablets, and perusing.*

Miss Hard. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir.

Marl. I tell you, no.

Miss Hard. I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

Marl. No, no, I tell you. (*Looks full in her face.*) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hard. O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marl. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it, in the house?

Miss Hard. No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marl. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss Hard. Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

Marl. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hard. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marl. Eighteen years? Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss Hard. O! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marl. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. (*Approaching.*) Yet nearer, I don't think so much. (*Approaching.*) By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed—

[*Attempting to kiss her.*

Miss Hard. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marl. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

Miss Hard. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here a while ago, in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! she has hit it, sure enough. (*To her.*) In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing; no, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, *curse me!*

Miss Hard. O! then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies.

Marl. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the ladies' club in town, I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service. [*Offering to salute her.*

Miss Hard. Hold, sir; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there, you say?

Marl. Yes, my dear; there's Mrs. Mantrap, lady Betty Blackleg, the countess of Sligo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hard. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

Marl. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women, can make us.

Miss Hard. And their agreeable Rattle; ha! ha! ha!

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child!

Miss Hard. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Marl. (*Aside.*) All's well, she don't laugh at me. (*To her.*) Do *you* ever work, child?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marl. Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider, and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. [*Seizing her hand.*

Miss Hard. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

Marl. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven, that I did not throw ames-ace three times following. [*Exit* MARLOW.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *who stands in surprise.*

Hard. So, madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

Miss Hard. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for, you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milk-maid? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss Hard. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty; that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age; I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one run mad; I tell you, I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hard. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time; for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hard. Give me that hour, then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me?

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.

Enter HASTINGS *and* MISS NEVILLE.

Hast. You surprise me! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night? Where have you had your information?

Miss Nev. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hast. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Nev. The jewels, I hope, are safe.

Hast. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the mean time, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. Well! success attend you. In the mean time, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.*

Enter MARLOW, *followed by a* Servant.

Marl. I wonder, what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have, is the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door.—Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands

Serv. Yes, your honour.

Marl. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Serv. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it, and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself. [*Exit* Servant.

Marl. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-maid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her, that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

Marl. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hast. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Marl. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing, that runs about the house, with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hast. Well, and what then?

Marl. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

Hast. But are so sure, so very sure of her?

Marl. Why man, she talked of showing me her work above-stairs, and I'm to improve the pattern.

Hast. But how can *you*, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

Marl. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honour of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to *rob* her, take my word for it; there's nothing in this house I shan't honestly *pay* for.

Hast. I believe the girl has virtue.

Marl. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hast. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? Is it in safety?

Marl. Yes, yes; it's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach, at an inn-door, a place of safety? Ah! numb-skull! I have taken better precautions for you, than you did for yourself.—I have—

Hast. What?

Marl. I have sent it to the landlady, to keep for you.

Hast. To the landlady!

Marl. The landlady.

Hast. You did!

Marl. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

Hast. Yes, she'll bring it forth, with a witness.

Marl. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow, that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

Hast. (*Aside.*) He must not see my uneasiness.

Marl. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened.

Hast. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Marl. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket; but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He! he! he! They are safe, however.

Marl. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hast. (*Aside.*) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. (*To him.*) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid; and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me. [*Exit.*

Marl. Thank ye, George! I ask no more; ha! ha! ha!

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. (*To him.*) Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*

Marl. Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside.*) What's to be the wonder now?

Hard. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so.

Marl. I do, from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marl. I protest, my very good sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, *they* are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar: I did, I assure you. (*To the side scene.*) Here, let one of my servants come up. (*To him.*)

My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then, they had your orders for what they do! I'm satisfied.

Marl. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter Servant, *drunk.*

Marl. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hard. (*Aside.*) I begin to lose my patience.

Jeremy. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-street for ever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper; but a good supper will not sit upon —(*Hiccup.*)—upon my conscience, sir.

Marl. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow, sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Marl. Leave your house?—Sure you jest, my good friend! What, when I'm doing what I can to please you?

Hard. I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marl. Sure you cannot be serious! At this time o'night, and such a night! You only mean to banter me.

Hard. I tell you, sir, I'm serious; and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly!

Marl. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a serious tone.*) This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, *This house is mine, sir.* By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! Pray, sir, (*Bantering.*) as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows, perhaps you may take a fancy to them.

Marl. Bring me your bill, sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There are a set of prints too. What think you of the Rake's Progress for your own apartment?

Marl. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

Marl. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marl. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say; and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man, as a visitor here; but now I find him no better than a coxcomb, and a bully. But he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*

Marl. How's this? Sure I have not mistaken the house! Every thing looks like an inn. The servants cry, *Coming.* The attendance is awkward; the bar-maid too to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child! A word with you.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Miss Hard. Let it be short then. I'm in a hurry. (*Aside.*) I believe he begins to find out his mistake; but it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marl. Pray, child, answer me one question.—What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hard. A relation of the family, sir.

Marl. What; a poor relation?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir; a poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marl. That is, you act as the bar-maid of this inn.

Miss Hard. O law!—What brought that in your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn! Ha, ha, ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

Marl. Mr. Hardcastle's house? Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure. Whose else should it be?

Marl. So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops: the Dullissimo Maccaroni. To mistake this house, of all others, for an inn; and my father's old friend for an inn-keeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

Miss Hard. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my *behaviour* to put me upon a a level with one of that stamp.

Marl. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw every thing the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over—This house I no more show *my* face in.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry (*Pretending to cry.*) if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry, people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Marl. (*Aside.*) By heaven, she weeps. This is

the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. (*To her.*) Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, make an honourable connexion impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Generous man! I now begin to admire him. (*To him.*) But I'm sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's; and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Marl. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hard. Because it puts me a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pound I would give it all too.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This simplicity bewitches me so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her.*) Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly; and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell. [*Exit*

Miss Hard. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stooped to conquer; but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

Enter TONY, MISS NEVILLE.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss Nev. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damn'd bad things; but what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes, we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us. [*They retire and seem to fondle*

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hard. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? Fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What! billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs? Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. Hard. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss Nev. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. O! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you, when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss Nev. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless, (*patting his cheek*) ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs. Hard. Pretty innocence!

Tony. I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. Hard. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Mr Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

Digg. Where's the 'squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Digg. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Digg. Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know, though (*turning the letter and gazing on it*).

Miss Nev. (*Aside.*) Undone, undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employed a little if I can. (*To* MRS. HARDCASTLE.) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed—You must know, madam—this way a little; for he must not hear us. [*They confer.*

Tony (*Still gazing.*) A damn'd cramp piece of penmanship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. *To Anthony Lumpkin, Esq.* It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it is all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss Nev. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. Hard. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A damned up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) *Dear Sir.* Ay, that's that. Then there's an *M*, and a *T*, and *S*; but whether the next be an *izzard* or an *R*, confound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs. Hard. What's that, my dear. Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Nev. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody

reads a cramp hand better than I. (*Twitching the letter from her.*) Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

Miss Nev. Ay, so it is. (*Pretending to read.*) Dear 'Squire, Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of Goose green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um—Here, here; it's all about cocks, and fighting: it's of no consequence; here, put it up, put it up.

[*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence!

[*Giving* Mrs. Hardcastle *the letter.*

Mrs. Hard. How's this? (*Reads.*) Dear 'Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the *hag* (ay the hag), your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings. Grant me patience. I shall run distracted. My rage chokes me.

Miss Nev. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design that belongs to another.

Mrs. Hard (*Curtseying very low.*) Fine-spoken madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (*Changing her tone.*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut. Were you too joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with *me*. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory, I'll show you, that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. So, now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss Nev. What better could be expected, from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him?

Tony. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice, and so busy, with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. So, sir, I find by my servant, that you have shown my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss there, who betrayed you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter Marlow.

Marl. So, I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss Nev. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Marl. What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection?

Hast. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss Nev. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub.

Marl. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both, one after the other,——with baskets.

Marl. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Marl. But, sir——

Miss Nev. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit* Servant.

Miss Nev. Well, well; I'll come presently.

Marl. (*To* Hastings.) Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hast. Was it well done, sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I intrusted to yourself, to the care of another, sir?

Miss Nev. Mr. Hastings, Mr. Marlow, why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient.

Miss Nev. I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss Nev. O, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Marl. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hast. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss Nev. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connexion. If—

Mrs. Hard. (*Within.*) Miss Neville. Constance, why Constance, I say.

Miss Nev. I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. [*Exit.*

Hast. My heart, how can I support this! To be so near happiness, and such happiness.

Marl. (*To* TONY.) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. (*From a reverie.*) Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor sulky. My boots there, ho! Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho! [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

Scene continues.

Enter HASTINGS *and* SERVANT.

Hast. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

Serv. Yes, your honour; they went off in a post-coach, and the young 'squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hast. Then all my hopes are over.

Serv. Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr Marlow's mistake this half-hour. They are coming this way.

Hast. Then I must not be seen. So, now to my fruitless appointment, at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands!

Sir Charles. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances!

Hard. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common inn-keeper too.

Sir Charles. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon inkeeper, ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of any thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is but small——

Sir Charles. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do—

Hard. *If*, man! I tell you they *do* like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir Charles. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hard. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs*, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again.—She'll never like you the worse for it.

Marl. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow: if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me.

Marl. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has passed between you; but mum.

Marl. Sure, sir, nothing has passed between us, but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family?

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't say that—Not quite impudence—Though girls like to be played with, and rumpled a little too sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Marl. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hard. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over-acting, young gentleman. You *may* be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Marl. May I die sir, if I ever——

Hard. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her——

Marl. Dear sir—I protest, sir——

Hard. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Marl. But hear me, sir——

Hard. Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so——

Marl. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hard. (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir Charles. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations?

Marl. As Heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [*Exit.*

Sir Charles. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir Charles. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve: has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss Hard. The question is very abrupt, sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. (*To* SIR CHARLES.) You see.

Sir Charles. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, several.

Hard. (*To* SIR CHARLES.) You see.

Sir Charles. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hard. A lasting one.

Sir Charles. Did he talk of love?

Miss Hard. Much, sir.

Sir Charles. Amazing! and all this formally?

Miss Hard. Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied?

Sir Charles. And how did he behave, madam?

Miss Hard. As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face; talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart; gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir Charles. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I am confident he never sat for the picture.

Miss Hard. Then what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir Charles. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the back of the Garden.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter Tony, *booted and spattered.*

Hast. My honest 'squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

Hast. But how? Where did you leave your fellow travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five-and-twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbet me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such *varment.*

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them? Why where should I leave them, but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hast. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place, but they can tell the taste of.

Hast. Ha, ha, ha! I understand: you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill—I then introduced them to the gibbet, on Heavy-tree-Heath; and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

Hast. But no accident, I hope.

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble 'squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn *your* way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But, if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one. [*Exit* Hastings.

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish. She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook. Battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt, that laid us against the quickset hedge, has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. Hard. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crack-skull Common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. Hard. O lud! O lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hard. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see any thing like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. Hard. O death!

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma: don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hard. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us we are undone.

Tony. (*Aside.*) Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. (*To her.*) Ah! it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill looking fellow.

Mrs. Hard. Good Heaven defend us! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and

leave me to manage him. If there be any danger, I'll cough, and cry—hem! When I cough, be sure to keep close.

[*Mrs.* HARDCASTLE *hides behind a tree, in the back scene.*

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. O, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem!

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Ah, death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; sure that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem!

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

Tony. It was I, sir; talking to myself, sir. I was saying, that forty miles in three hours, was very good going—hem! As, to be sure, it was—hem! I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please—hem!

Hard. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*Raising his voice*) to find the other out.

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, sir, if I tell you—hem! I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem! I'll tell you all, sir. [*Detaining him.*

Hard. I tell you, I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs. Hard. (*Running forward from behind.*) O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life; but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife! as I'm a Christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean?

Mrs. Hard. (*Kneeling.*) Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have; but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice; indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know *me?*

Mrs. Hard. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door! (*To him.*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you. (*To her.*) Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree? and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

Mrs. Hard. Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live: I have caught my death in it. (*To* TONY.) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. Hard. I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the stage.* *Exit.*

Hard. There's morality, however, in his reply. [*Exit.*

Enter HASTINGS *and* MISS NEVILLE.

Hast. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Nev. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hast. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune. Love and content will increase what we possess, beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.

Miss Nev. No, Mr. Hastings; no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised; but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hast. But though he had the will, he has not the power, to relieve you.

Miss Nev. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hast. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes.

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* MISS HARDCASTLE.

Sir Charles. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss Hard. I am proud of your approbation, and to show I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir Charles. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [*Exit* SIR CHARLES.

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss Hard. (*In her own natural manner.*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by showing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This girl every moment improves upon me. (*To her.*) It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight, and nothing can restore me to myself, but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss Hard. Then go, sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit; and my

education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages, without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter HARDCASTLE *and* SIR CHARLES *from behind.*

Sir Charles. Here, behind this screen.

Hard. Ay, ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

Marl. By heavens, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.

Sir Charles. What can it mean? He amazes me!

Hard. I told you how it would be. Hush!

Marl. I am now determined to stay, madam; and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss Hard. No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connexion in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

Marl. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss Hard. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion where *I* must appear mercenary, and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Marl. (*Kneeling.*) Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam; every moment that shows me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue——

Sir Charles. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

Hard. Your cold contempt; your formal interview? What have you to say now?

Marl. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hard. It means, that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Marl. Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

Hard. Yes, sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be?

Marl. Oh, the devil!

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, that very indentical tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. (*Curtseying.*) She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable rattle of the ladies' club; ha, ha, ha!

Marl. Zounds, there's no bearing this; it's worse than death.

Miss Hard. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning? ha, ha, ha!

Marl. O, curse on my noisy head! I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, she tormenting him to the back scene.*

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE, TONY.

Mrs. Hard. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who gone?

Mrs. Hard. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir Charles. Who, my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives; and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hard. Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connexion.

Mrs. Hard. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune; that remains in this family, to console us for her loss.

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary.

Mrs. Hard. Ay, that's my affair, not yours. But you know, if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Hard. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter HASTINGS *and* MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs. Hard. (*Aside.*) What, returned so soon? I begin not to like it.

Hast. (*To* HARDCASTLE.) For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded on duty.

Miss Nev. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I am now recovered from the delusion, and hope, from your tenderness, what is denied me from a nearer connexion.

Mrs. Hard. Pshaw, pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hard. Be it what it will, I'm glad they are come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony

boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire, to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare, you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. (*Taking* MISS NEVILLE'S *hand.*) Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of *blank* place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constantia Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir Charles. O brave 'squire!

Hast. My worthy friend!

Mrs. Hard. My undutiful offspring!

Marl. Joy, my dear George; I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here, to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Hast. (*To* MISS HARDCASTLE.) Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hard. (*Joining their hands*) And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us; and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning. So, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

EPILOGUE.

By DR. GOLDSMITH

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you:
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, composed to please,
"We have our exits and our entrances."
The first act shows the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of every thing afraid;
Blushes when hired, and with unmeaning action,
I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.
Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
Th' unblushing bar-maid of a country inn:
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next, the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts—
And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
Even common-councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shows her wedded to the 'squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher;
Pretends to taste, at operas cries *Caro,*
And quits her Nancy Dawson, for *Che Faro;*
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the *Heinel* of Cheapside:
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such, through our lives, the eventful history—
The fifth and last act still remains for me.
The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns female barrister, and pleads for Bayes.

THE END.

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